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Cicero.

T. De Quincey.

In drawing attention to a great question of whatsoever nature connected with Cicero, there is no danger of missing our purpose through any want of reputed interest in the subject. *Nominally*, it is not easy to assign a period more eventful, a revolution more important, or a personal career more dramatic, than that period—that revolution—that career, which, with almost equal right, we may describe as all essentially *Ciceronian*, by the quality of the interest which they excite. For the age, it was fruitful in great men; but amongst them all, if we except the sublime Julian leader, none as regards splendour of endowments stood upon the same level as Cicero. For the revolution, it was that unique event which brought ancient civilization into contact and commerce with modern: since, if we figure the two worlds of Paganism and Christianity under the idea of two great continents, it is through the isthmus of Rome imperialized that the one has virtually communicated with the other. Civil law and Christianity, the two central forces of modern civilization, were upon that isthmus of time ripened into potent establishments. And through those two establishments, combined with the antique literature, as through so many organs of metempsychosis, did the pagan world pass onwards, whatever portion of its own life was fitted for surviving its own peculiar forms. Yet, in a revolution thus unexampled for grandeur of results, the only great actor who stood upon the authority of his character was Cicero. All others, from Pompey, Curio, Domitius, Cato, down to the final partisans at Actium, moved by the authority of arms; "*tantum auctoritate valebant, quantum militi:*" and they could have moved by no other. Lastly, as regards the personal biography, although the same series of trials, perils, and calamities, would have been in any case interesting for themselves, yet undeniably they derive a separate power of affecting the mind from the peculiar merits of the individual concerned. Cicero is one of the very few pagan statesmen who can be described as a thoughtfully conscientious man.

It is not, therefore, any want of splendid attraction in our subject from which we are likely to suffer. It is of this very splendour that we complain, as having long ago defeated the simplicities of truth, and preoccupied the minds of all readers with ideas politically romantic. All tutors, schoolmasters, academic authorities, together with the collective *corps* of editors, critics, commentators, have a natural bias in behalf of a literary man who did so much honour to literature, and who, in all the storms of his difficult life, manifested so much attachment to the pure literary interest. Readers of sensibility acknowledge the effect from any large influence of deep halcyon repose, when relieving the agitations of history; as, for example, that which arises in our domestic annals from interposing between two bloody reigns, like those of Henry VIII. and his daughter Mary, the serene morning of a childlike king, destined to an early grave, yet in the mean time occupied with benign counsels for propagating religion or for protecting the poor. Such a repose, the same luxury of rest for the mind,

is felt by all who traverse the great circumstantial record of those tumultuous Roman times, viz. the Ciceronian epistolary correspondence. Upon coming suddenly into deep lulls of angry passions—here, upon some scheme for the extension of literature by a domestic history, or by a comparison of Greek with Roman jurisprudence; there, again, upon some ancient problem from the quiet fields of philosophy—literary men are already prejudiced in favour of one who, in the midst of belligerent partisans, was the patron of intellectual interest. But amongst Christian nations this prejudice has struck deeper: Cicero was not merely a philosopher; he was one who cultivated ethics; he was himself the author of an ethical system, composed with the pious purpose of training to what he thought just moral views his only son. This system survives, is studied to this day, is honoured perhaps extravagantly, and has repeatedly been pronounced the best practical theory to which pagan principles were equal. Were it only upon this impulse, it was natural that men should receive a *clinamen*, or silent bias, towards Cicero, as a *moral* authority amongst disputants whose arguments were legions. The author of a moral code cannot be supposed indifferent to the moral relations of his own party views. If he erred, it could not be through want of meditation upon the grounds of judgment, or want of interest in the results. So far Cicero has an advantage. But he has more lively advantage in the comparison by which he benefits, at *every* stage of his life, with antagonists whom the reader is taught to believe dissolute, incendiary, almost desperate citizens. Verres in the youth of Cicero, Catiline and Clodius in his middle age, Mark Antony in his old age, have all been left to operate on the modern reader's feelings precisely through that masquerade of misrepresentation which invariably accompanied the political eloquence of Rome. The monstrous caricatures from the forum, or the senate, or the democratic rostrum, which were so *confessedly* distortions, by original design, for attaining the ends of faction, have imposed upon scholars pretty generally as faithful portraits. Recluse scholars are rarely politicians; and in the timid horror of German literati at this day, when they read of real brickbats and paving-stones, not metaphorical, used as figures of speech by a Clodian mob, we British understand the little comprehension of that rough horse-play proper to the hustings, which can yet be available for the rectification of any continental judgment. "*Play*, do you call it?" says a German commentator; "why, that brickbat might break a man's leg; and this paving-stone would be sufficient to fracture a skull." Too true: they certainly might do so. But, for all that, our British experience of electioneering "rough-and-tumbling" has long blunted the edge of our moral anger. Contested elections are unknown to the continent—hitherto even to those nations of the continent which boast of representative governments. And with no experience of their inconveniences, they have as yet none of the popular forces in which such contests originate. We, on the other hand, are familiar with such scenes. What Rome saw upon one sole hustings, we see repeated upon hundreds. And we all know, that the bark of electioneering mobs is worse than their bite. Their fury is without malice, and their insurrectionary violence is without system. Most undoubtedly the mobs and seditions of Clodius are entitled to the same benefits of construction. And with regard to the graver charges against Catiline or Clodius, as men sunk irredeemably in sensual debaucheries, these are exaggerations which have told only from want of attention to Roman habits. Such charges were the standing material, the stock in trade, of every orator against every antagonist. Cicero, with the same levity as every other public speaker, tossed about such atrocious libels at random. And with little blame where there was really no discretion allowed. Not *are they true?* but *will they tell?* was the question. Insolvency and monstrous debauchery were the two ordinary reproaches on the Roman hustings. No man escaped them who was rich enough, or had expectations notorious enough, to win for such charges any colourable plausibility. Those only were unmolested in this way who stood in no man's path of ambition; or who had been obscure (that is to say, poor) in youth; or who, being splendid by birth or connexions, had been notoriously occupied in distant campaigns. The ob-

ject in such calumnies was, to produce a momentary effect upon the populace; and sometimes, as happened to Cæsar, the merest falsehoods of a partisan orator were adopted subsequently for truths by the simple-minded soldiery. But the misapprehension of these libels in modern times originates in erroneous appreciation of Roman oratory. Scandal was its proper element. Senate or law-tribunal, forum or mob rostrum, made no difference in the licentious practice of Roman eloquence. And, unfortunately, the calumnies survive; whilst the state of things, which made it needless to notice them in reply, has entirely perished. During the transitional period between the old Roman frugality and the luxury succeeding to foreign conquest, a reproach of this nature would have stung with some severity; and it was not without danger to a candidate. But the age of growing voluptuousness weakened the effect of such importations: and this age may be taken to have commenced in the youth of the Gracchi, about 100 years before Pharsalia. The change in the direction of men's sensibilities since then, was as marked as the change in their habits. Both changes had matured themselves in Cicero's days; and one natural result was, that few men of sense valued such reproaches, (incapable, from their generality, of specific refutation,) whether directed against friends or enemies. Cæsar, when assailed for the thousandth time by the old fable about Nicomedes the sovereign of Bithynia, no more troubled himself to expose its falsehood in the senate, than when previously dispersed over Rome through the libellous *facetiæ* of Catullus. He knew that the object of such petty malice was simply to tease him; and for himself to lose any temper, or to manifest anxiety, by a labour so hopeless as any effort towards the refutation of an unlimited scandal, was childishly to collude with his enemies. He treated the story, therefore, as if it had been true; and showed that, even under that assumption, it would not avail for the purpose before the house. Subsequently, Suetonius, as an express collector of anecdotage and pointed personalities against great men, has revived many of these scurrilous jests; but *his* authority, at the distance of two generations, can add nothing to the credit of calumnies originally founded on plebeian envy, or the jealousy of rivals. We may possibly find ourselves obliged to come back upon this subject. And at this point, therefore, we will not further pursue it than by remarking, that no one snare has proved so fatal to the sound judgment of posterity upon public men in Rome, as this blind credulity towards the oratorical billingsgate of ancient forensic license, or of παρρησια electioneering. Libels, whose very point and jest lay in their extravagance, have been received for historical truth with respect to many amongst Cicero's enemies. And the reaction upon Cicero's own character has been naturally to exaggerate that imputed purity of morals, which has availed to raise him into what is called a "pattern man."

The injurious effect upon biographic literature of all such wrenches to the truth, is diffused every where. Fénélon, or Howard the philanthropist, may serve to illustrate the effect we mean, when viewed in relation to the stern simplicity of truth. Both these men have long been treated with such uniformity of dissimulation, "petted" (so to speak) with such honeyed falsehoods, as beings too bright and seraphic for human inquisition, that now their real circumstantial merits, quite as much as their human frailties, have faded away in this blaze of fabling idolatry. Sir Isaac Newton, again, for about one entire century since his death in 1727, was painted by all biographers as a man so saintly in temper—so meek—so detached from worldly interest, that, by mere strength of potent falsehood, the portrait had ceased to be human, and a great man's life furnished no interest to posterity. At length came the odious truth, exhibiting Sir Isaac in a character painful to contemplate, as a fretful, peevish, and sometimes even malicious, intriguer; traits, however, in Sir Isaac already traceable in the sort of chicanery attending his subornation of managers in the Leibnitz controversy, and the publication of the *Commercium Epistolicum*. For the present, the effect has been purely to shock and to perplex. As regards moral instruction, the lesson comes too late: it is now defeated by its inconsistency with our previous training in steady theatrical delusion.

We do not make it a reproach to Cicero, that his reputation with posterity has been affected by these or

similar arts of falsification. Eventually this has been his misfortune. Adhering to the truth, his indiscreet eulogists would have presented to the world a much more interesting picture; not so much the representation of "*vir bonus cum malâ fortunâ compositus*," which is, after all, an ordinary spectacle for so much of the conflict as can ever be made public; but that of a man generally upright, matched as in single duel with a standing temptation to error, growing out of his public position; often seduced into false principles by the necessities of ambition, or by the coercion of self-consistency; and often, as he himself admits, biassed finally in a public question by the partialities of friendship. The violence of that crisis was overwhelming to all moral sensibilities: no sense, no organ, remained true to the obligations of political justice: principles and feelings were alike darkened by the extremities of the political quarrel: the feelings obeyed the personal engagements: and the principles indicated only the position of the individual—as between the senate struggling for interests and the democracy struggling for rights.

So far nothing has happened to Cicero which does not happen to all men entangled in political feuds. There are few cases of large party dispute which do not admit of contradictory delineations, as the mind is previously swayed to this extreme or to that. But the peculiarity in the case of Cicero is—not that he has benefited by the mixed quality or the doubtfulness of that cause which he adopted, but that the very dubious character of the cause has benefited by *him*. Usually it happens, that the individual partisan is sheltered under the authority of *his* cause. But here the whole merits of the cause have been predetermined and adjudged by the authority of the partizan. Had Cicero been absent, or had Cicero practised that neutrality to which he often inclined, the general verdict of posterity on the great Roman civil war would have been essentially different from that which we find in history. At present the error is an extreme one; and we call it such without hesitation, because it has maintained itself by imperfect reading, even of such documents as survive, and by too general an oblivion of the important fact, that these surviving documents (meaning the *contemporary* documents) are pretty nearly all *ex parte*.*

To judge of the general equity in the treatment of Cicero considered as a political partisan, let us turn to the most current of the regular biographies. Amongst the infinity of slighter sketches, which naturally draw for their materials upon those which are most elaborate, it would be useless to confer a special notice upon any. We will cite the two which at this moment stand foremost in European literature—that of Conyers Middleton, now about one century old, as the memoir most generally read; that of Bernhard Abeken,† (amongst that limited class of memoirs which build upon any political principles,) accidentally the latest.

Conyers Middleton is a name that cannot be mentioned without an expression of disgust. We sit down in perfect charity, at the same table, with sceptics in every degree. To us, simply in his *social* character, and supposing him sincere, a sceptic is as agreeable as another. Anyhow he is better than a craniologist, than a punster, than a St Simonian, than a Jeremy-Bentham-cock, or an anti-corn-law lecturer. What signifies a name? Free-thinker he calls himself? Good—let him "free-think" as fast as he can; but let him obey the ordinary laws of good faith. No sneering,

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* Even here there is a risk of being misunderstood. Some will read this term *ex parte* in the sense, that now there are no neutral statements surviving. But such statements there never were. The controversy moving for a whole century in Rome before Pharsalia, was not about facts, but about constitutional principles; and as to that question there could be no neutrality. From the nature of the case, the truth must have lain with one of the parties; compromise, or intermediate temperament, was inapplicable. What we complain of as overlooked is, not that the surviving records of the quarrel are partisan records, (that being a mere necessity,) but in the forensic use of the term *ex parte*, that they are such without benefit of equilibrium or modification from the partizan statements in the opposite interest.

† *Cicero in Seinen Briefen*, Von Bernhard Rudolf Abeken, Professor am Raths-Gymnas., zu Osnabrück. Hanover, 1835.

in the first place, because, though it is untrue that "a sneer cannot be answered," the answer too often imposes circumlocution. And upon a subject which makes wise men grave, a sneer argues so much perversion of heart, that it cannot be thought uncandid to infer some corresponding perversion of intellect. Perfect sincerity never existed in a professional sneerer. Secondly, no treachery, no betrayal of the cause which the man is sworn and paid to support. Conyers Middleton held considerable preferment in the church of England. Long after he had become an enemy to that church, (not separately for itself, but generally as a strong form of Christianity,) he continued to receive large quarterly cheques upon a bank in Lombard Street, of which the original condition had been, that he should defend Christianity "with all his soul, and with all his strength." Yet such was his perfidy to this sacred engagement, that even his private or personal feuds grew out of his capital feud with the Christian faith. From the church he drew his bread: and the labour of his life was to bring the church into contempt. He hated Bentley, he hated Warburton, he hated Waterland; and why? all alike as powerful champions of that religion which he himself daily betrayed; and Waterland, as the strongest of these champions, he hated most. But all these bye-currents of malignity emptied themselves into one vast *cloaca maxima* of rancorous animosity to the mere spirit, temper, and tendencies, of Christianity. Even in treason there is room for courage; but Middleton, in the manner, was as cowardly as he was treacherous in the matter. He wished to have it whispered about that he was worse than he seemed, and that he would be a *fort esprit* of a high cast, but for the bigotry of his church. It was a fine thing, he fancied, to have the credit of infidelity, without paying for a license; to sport over those manors without a qualification. As a scholar, meantime, he was trivial and incapable of labour. Even the Roman antiquities, political or juristic, he had studied neither by research and erudition, nor by meditation on their value and analogies. Lastly, his English style, for which at one time he obtained some credit through the caprice of a fashionable critic, is such, that by weeding away from it whatever is colloquial, you would strip it of all that is characteristic; removing its idiomatic vulgarisms, you would remove its principle of animation.

That man misapprehends the case, who fancies that the infidelity of Middleton can have but a limited operation upon a memoir of Cicero. On the contrary, because this prepossession was rather a passion of hatred* than any aversion of the intellect, it operated as a false bias universally; and in default of any sufficient analogy between Roman politics, and the politics of England at Middleton's time of publication, there was no other popular bias derived from modern ages which could have been available. It was the object of Middleton to paint, in the person of Cicero, a pure Pagan model of scrupulous morality; and to show that, in most difficult times, he had acted with a self-restraint and a considerate integrity to which Christian ethics could have added no element of value. Now this object had the effect of, already in the preconception, laying a restraint over all freedom in the execution. No man could start from the assumption of Cicero's uniform uprightness, and afterwards retain any latitude of free judgment upon the most momentous transaction of Cicero's life: because, unless some plausible hypothesis could be framed for giving body and consistency to the pretences of the Pompeian cause, it must, upon any examination, turn out to have been as merely a selfish cabal, for the benefit of a few lordly families, as ever yet has prompted a conspiracy. The slang words "*respublica*" and "*causa*," are caught up by Middleton from the letters of Cicero; but never, in any one instance, has either Cicero or a modern commentator, been able to explain what general interest of the

* "*Hatred.*"—It exemplifies the pertinacity of this hatred to mention, that Middleton was one of the men who sought, for twenty years, some historical facts that might conform to Leslie's four conditions, (*Short Method with the Deists,*) and yet evade Leslie's logic. We think little of Leslie's argument, which never could have been valued by a sincerely religious man. But the rage of Middleton, and his perseverance, illustrate his temper of warfare.

Roman people was represented by these vague abstractions. The strife, at that era, was not between the conservative instinct as organized in the upper classes, and the destroying instinct as concentrated in the lowest. The strife was not between the property of the nation and its rapacious pauperism—the strife was not between the honours, titles, institutions, created by the state, and the plebeian malice of levellers, seeking for a commencement *de novo*, with the benefits of a general scramble—it was a strife between a small faction of confederated oligarchs upon the one hand, and the nation upon the other. Or, looking still more narrowly into the nature of the separate purposes at issue, it was, on the Julian side, an attempt to make such a redistribution of constitutional functions, as should harmonize the necessities of the public service with the working of the republican machinery. Whereas, under the existing condition of Rome, through the silent changes of time operating upon the relations of property and upon the character of the populace, it had been long evident that armed supporters—now legionary soldiers, now gladiators—enormous bribery, and the constant reserve of anarchy in the rear, were become the *regular* counters for conducting the desperate game of the mere ordinary civil administration. Not the demagogue only, but the peaceful or patriotic citizen, and the constitutional magistrate, could now move and exercise their public functions only through the deadliest combinations of violence and fraud. This dreadful condition of things, which no longer acted through that salutary opposition of parties essential to the energy of free countries, but involved all Rome in a permanent panic, was acceptable to the senate only; and of the senate, in sincerity, to a very small section. Some score of great houses there was, that by vigilance of intrigues, by far-sighted arrangements for armed force or for critical retreat, and by overwhelming command of money, could always guarantee their own domination. For this purpose all that they needed was a secret understanding with each other, and the interchange of mutual pledges by means of marriage alliances. Any revolution which should put an end to this anarchy of selfishness, must reduce the exorbitant power of the paramount grandees. They naturally confederated against a result so shocking to their pride. Cicero, as a new member of this faction, himself rich* in a degree sufficient for the indefinite aggrandizement of his son, and sure of support from all the interior cabal of the senators, had adopted their selfish sympathies. And it is probable enough that all changes in a system which worked so well for himself, to which also he had always looked up from his youngest days as the reward and haven of his toils, did seriously strike him as dreadful innovations. Names were now to be altered for the sake of things; forms for the sake of substances; this already gave some *verbal* power of delusion to the senatorial faction. And a prospect still more startling to them all, was the necessity, towards any restoration of the old republic, that some one eminent grandee should hold provisionally a dictatorial power during the period of transition.

Abeken, and it is honourable to him as a scholar of a section not conversant with politics, saw enough into the situation of Rome at that time, to be sure that Cicero was profoundly in error upon the capital point of the dispute; that is, in mistaking a cabal for the commonwealth, and the narrowest of intrigues for a public "cause." Abeken, like an honest man, had sought for any national interest cloaked by the wordy pretences of Pompey, and he had found none. He had seen the necessity towards any regeneration of Rome, that Cæsar, or some leader pursuing the same objects, should be armed for a time with extraordinary power. In that way only had both Marius and Sylla, each in the same *general* circumstances, though with different feelings, been enabled to preserve Rome from total anarchy. We give Abeken's express words,

* "*Rich.*"—We may consider Cicero as worth, in a case of necessity, at least L.400,000. Upon that part of this property which lay in money, there was always a very high interest to be obtained; but not so readily a good security for the principal. The means of increasing this fortune by marriage, was continually offering to a leading senator, such as Cicero, and the facility of divorce aided this resource.

that we may not seem to tax him with any responsibility beyond what he courted. At p. 342, (8th sect.) he owns it as a rule of the sole conservative policy possible for Rome:—"Dass Cæsar der einzige war, der ohne weitere stuerme, Rom zu dem ziele zu fuehren vermochte, welchem es seit einem jahrhundert sich zuwendete;" that Cæsar was the sole man who had it in his power, without further convulsions, to lead Rome onwards to that final mark towards which, in tendency, she had been travelling throughout one whole century. Neither could it be of much consequence whether Cæsar should personally find it safe to imitate the example of Sylla in laying down his authority, provided he so matured the safeguards of the reformed constitution, that, on the withdrawal of this temporary scaffolding, the great arch was found capable of self-support. Thus far, as an ingenuous student of Cicero's correspondence, Abeken gains a glimpse of the truth which has been so constantly obscured by historians. But, with the natural incapacity for practical politics which besieges all Germans, he fails in most of the subordinate cases to decipher the intrigues at work, and oftimes finds special palliation for Cicero's conduct, where, in reality, it was but a reiteration of that selfish policy in which he had united himself with Pompey.

By way of slightly reviewing this policy, as it expressed itself in the acts or opinions of Pompey, we will pursue it through the chief stages of the contest. When was it that Cicero first heard the appalling news of a civil war inevitable? It was at Ephesus; at the moment of reaching that city on his return homewards from his proconsular government in Cilicia, and the circumstances of his position were these. On the last day of July 703, *Ab Urb. Cond.*, he had formally entered on that office. On the last day but one of the same month in 704, he laid it down. The conduct of Cicero in this command was meritorious. And, if our purpose had been generally to examine his merits, we could show cause for making a higher estimate of those merits than has been offered by his professional eulogists. The circumstances, however, in the opposite scale, ought not to be overlooked. He knew himself to be under a jealous supervision from the friends of Verres, or all who might have the same interest. This is one of the two facts which may be pleaded in abatement of his disinterested merit. The other is, that, after all, he did undeniably pocket a large sum of money (more than twenty thousand pounds) upon his year's administration; whilst on the other hand the utmost extent of that sum by which he refused to profit was *not* large. This at least we are entitled to say with regard to the only specific sum brought under our notice, as *certainly* awaiting his private disposal.

Here occurs a very important error of Middleton's. The question of money very much will turn upon the specific amount. An abstinence which is exemplary may be shown in resisting an enormous gain: whereas under a slight temptation the abstinence may be little or none. Middleton makes the extravagant, almost maniacal, assertion, that the sum available by custom as a perquisite to Cicero's suite was "eight hundred thousand pounds sterling." Not long after the period in which Middleton wrote, newspapers and the increased facilities for travelling in England, had begun to operate powerfully upon the character of our English universities. Rectors and students, childishly ignorant of the world, (such as Parson Adams and the Vicar of Wakefield,) became a rare class. Possibly Middleton was the last clergyman of that order; though, in any good sense, having little enough of guileless simplicity. In our own experience we have met with but one similar case of heroic ignorance. This occurred near Caernarvon. A poor Welshwoman, leaving home to attend an annual meeting of the Methodists, replied to us who had questioned her as to the numerical amount of members likely to assemble?—"That perhaps there would be a matter of four millions!" This in little Caernarvon, that by no possibility could accommodate as many thousands! Yet, in justice to the poor cottager, it should be said that she spoke doubtingly, and with an anxious look, whereas Middleton announces his little *bonus* of L.800,000 with a glib fluency that demonstrates him to have seen nothing in the amount worth a comment. Let the reader take with him these little adjuncts of the case. First of all, the money was a mere *surplus* arising on the public expenditure, and resigned in any case

to the suite of the governor, only under the presumption that it must be too trivial to call for any more deliberate appropriation. Secondly, it was the surplus on a *single* year's expenditure. Thirdly, the province itself was chiefly Grecian in the composition of its population; that is, poor, in a degree not understood by most Englishmen, frugally penurious in its habits. Fourthly, the public service was of the very simplest nature. The administration of justice, and the military application of about 8000 regular troops to the local seditions of the Isaurian freebooters, or to the occasional sallies from the Parthian frontier—these functions of the proconsul summed up his public duties. To us the marvel is, how then could arise a surplus even equal to eight thousand pounds, which some copies countenance? Eight pounds we should have surmised. But to justify Middleton, he ought to have found in the text "*millies*"—a reading which exists nowhere. Figures, in such cases, are always so suspicious as scarcely to warrant more than a slight bias to the sense which they establish: and words are little better, since they may always have been derived from a previous authority in figures. Meantime, simply as a blunder in accurate scholarship, we should think it unfair to have pressed it. But it is in the light of an evidence against Middleton's good sense and thoughtfulness that we regard it as capital. The man who *could* believe that a sum not far from a million sterling had arisen in the course of twelve months, as a little bagatelle of office, a *pot-de-vin*, mere customary fees, payable to the discretional allotment of one who held the most fleeting relation to the province, is not entitled to an opinion upon any question of doubtful tenor. Had this been the scale of regular profits upon a poor province, why should any Verres create risk for himself by an arbitrary scale?

The cases, therefore, where the merit turns upon money, unavoidably the ultimate question will turn upon the amount. And the very terms of the transaction, as they are reported by Cicero, indicating that the sum was entirely at his own disposal, argue its trivial value. Another argument implies the same construction. Former magistrates, most of whom took such offices with an express view to the creation of a fortune by embezzlement and by bribes, had established the precedent of relinquishing this surplus to their official "family." This fact of itself shows that the amount must have been uniformly trifling: being at all subject to fluctuations in the amount, most certainly it would have been made to depend for its appropriation upon the separate merits of each annual case as it came to be known. In this particular case, Cicero's suite grumbled a little at his decision: he ordered that the money should be carried to the credit of the public. But, had a sum so vast as Middleton's been disposable in mere perquisites, *proh deûm atque hominum fidem!* the honourable gentlemen of the suite would have taken unpleasant liberties with the proconsular throat. They would have been entitled to divide on the average forty thousand pounds a-man; and they would have married into senatorian houses. Because a score or so of monstrous fortunes existed in Rome, we must not forget that in any age of the Republic a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds would have constituted a most respectable fortune for a man not embarked upon a public career; and with sufficient connexions it would furnish the early costs even for such a career.

We have noticed this affair with some minuteness, both from its importance to the accuser of Verres, and because we shall here have occasion to insist on this very case, as amongst those which illustrate the call for political revolution at Rome. Returning from Cicero the governor to Cicero the man, we may remark, that, although his whole life had been adapted to purposes of ostentation, and *à fortiori* this particular provincial interlude was sure to challenge from his enemies a vindictive scrutiny, still we find cause to think Cicero very sincere in his purity as a magistrate. Many of his acts were not mere showy renunciations of doubtful privileges; but were connected with painful circumstances of offence to intimate friends. Indirectly we may find in these cases a pretty ample violation of the Roman morals. Pretended philosophers in Rome who prated in set books about "virtue" and the "summum bonum," made no scruple, in the character of magistrates, to pursue the most extensive plans of extortion,

through the worst abuses of military license; some, as the "virtuous" Marcus Brutus, not stopping short of murder—a foul case of this description had occurred in the previous year under the sanction of Brutus, and Cicero had to stand his friend in nobly refusing to abet the further prosecution of the very same atrocity. Even in the case of the perquisites, as stated above, Cicero had a more painful duty than that of merely sacrificing a small sum of money: he was summoned by his conscience to offend those men with whom he lived, as a modern prince or ambassador lives amongst the members of his official "family." Naturally it could be no trifle to a gentle-hearted man, that he was creating for himself a necessity of encountering frowns from those who surrounded him, and who might think, with some reason, that in bringing them to a distant land, he had authorized them to look for all such remunerations as precedent had established. Right or wrong in the casuistical point—we believe him to have been wrong—Cicero was eminently right when once satisfied by arguments, sound or not sound as to the point of duty, in pursuing that duty through all the vexations which it entailed. This justice we owe him pointedly in a review which has for its general object the condemnation of his political conduct.

Never was a child, torn from its mother's arms to an odious school, more homesick at this moment than was Cicero. He languished for Rome; and when he stood before the gates of Rome, about five months later, not at liberty to enter them, he sighed profoundly after the vanished peace of mind which he had enjoyed in his wild mountainous province. "Quæsivit lucem—ingemuitque repertam." Vainly he flattered himself that he could compose, by his single mediation, the mighty conflict which had now opened. As he pursued his voyage homewards, through the months of August, September, October, and November, he was met, at every port where he touched for a few days' repose, by reports, more and more gloomy, of the impending rupture between the great partizan leaders. These reports ran along, like the undulations of an earthquake, to the last recesses of the east. Every king and every people had been canvassed for the coming conflict; and many had been already associated by pledges to the one side or the other. The fancy faded away from Cicero's thoughts as he drew nearer to Italy, that any effect could now be anticipated for mediatorial counsels. The controversy, indeed, was still pursued through diplomacy; and the negotiations had not yet reached an *ultimatum* from either side. But Cicero was still distant from the parties; and, before it was possible that any general congress, representing both interests, could assemble, it was certain that reciprocal distrust would coerce them into irrevocable measures of hostility. Cicero landed at Otranto. He went forward by land to Brundusium, where, on the 25th of November, his wife and daughter, who had come forward from Rome to meet him, entered the public square of that town at the same moment with himself. Without delay he moved forward towards Rome; but he could not gratify his ardour for a personal interference in the great crisis of the hour, without entering Rome; and *that* he was not at liberty to do, without surrendering his pretensions to the honour of a triumph.

Many writers have amused themselves with the idle vanity of Cicero, in standing upon a claim so windy, under circumstances so awful. But, on the one hand, it should be remembered how eloquent a monument it was of civil grandeur, for a *novus homo* to have established his own amongst the few surviving triumphal families of Rome; and, on the other hand, he could have effected nothing by his presence in the senate. No man could at this moment; Cicero least of all; because his policy had been thus arranged—ultimately to support Pompey; but in the mean time, as strengthening the chances against war, to exhibit a perfect neutrality. Bringing, therefore, nothing in his counsels, he could hope for nothing influential in the result. Cæsar was now at Ravenna, as the city nearest to Rome of all which he could make his military headquarters within the Italian (*i. e.* the Cisalpine) province of Gaul. But he held his forces well in hand, and ready for a start, with his eyes literally fixed on the walls of Rome, so near had he approached. Cicero warned his friend Atticus, that a dreadful and perfectly unexampled war—

a struggle "of life and death"—was awaiting them; and that in his opinion nothing could avert it, short of a great Parthian invasion, deluging the Eastern provinces—Greece, Asia Minor, Syria—such as might force the two chieftains into an instant distraction of their efforts. Out of that would grow the absence of one or other; and upon that separation, for the present, might hang an incalculable series of changes. Else, and but for this one contingency, he announced the fate of Rome to be sealed.

The new year came, the year 705, and with it new consuls. One of these, C. Marcellus, was distinguished amongst the enemies of Cæsar by his personal rancour—a feeling which he shared with his twin-brother Marcus. In the first day of this month, the senate was to decide upon Cæsar's proposals, as a basis for future arrangement. They did so; they voted the proposals, by a large majority, unsatisfactory—instantly assumed a fierce martial attitude—fulminated the most hostile of all decrees, and authorized shocking outrages upon those who, in official situations, represented Cæsar's interest. These men fled for their lives. Cæsar, on receiving their report, gave the signal for advance; and in forty-eight hours had crossed the little brook called the Rubicon, which determined the marches or frontier line of his province. Earlier by a month than this great event, Cicero had travelled southwards. Thus his object was—to place himself in personal communication with Pompey, whose vast Neapolitan estates drew him often into that quarter. But, to his great consternation, he found himself soon followed by the whole stream of Roman grandees, flying before Cæsar through the first two months of the year. A majority of the senators had chosen, together with the consuls, to become emigrants from Rome, rather than abide any compromise with Cæsar. And, as these were chiefly the rich and potent in the aristocracy, naturally they drew along with themselves many humble dependants, both in a pecuniary and a political sense. A strange rumour prevailed at this moment, to which even Cicero showed himself maliciously credulous, that Cæsar's natural temper was cruel, and that his policy also had taken that direction. But the brilliant result within the next six or seven weeks changed the face of politics, disabused every body of their delusions, and showed how large a portion of the panic had been due to monstrous misconceptions. For already, in March, multitudes of refugees had returned to Cæsar. By the first week of April, that "monster of energy," (that τερας of superhuman dispatch,) as Cicero repeatedly styles Cæsar, had marched through Italy—had received the submission of every strong fortress—had driven Pompey into his last Calabrian retreat of Brundusium, (at which point it was that this unhappy man unconsciously took his last farewell of Italian ground)—had summarily kicked him out of Brundusium—and, having thus cleared all Italy of enemies, was on his road back to Rome. From this city, within the first ten days of April he moved onwards to the Spanish war, where, in reality, the true strength of Pompey's cause—strong legions of soldiers, chiefly Italian—awaited him in strong positions, chosen at leisure, under Afranius and Petreius. For the rest of this year, 705, Pompey was unmolested. In 706, Cæsar, victorious from Spain, addressed himself to the task of overthrowing Pompey in person; and, on the 9th of August in that year, took place the ever-memorable battle on the river Pharsalus in Thessaly.

During all this period of about one year and a half, Cicero's letters, at intermitting periods, hold the same language. They fluctuate, indeed, strangely in temper; for they run through all the changes incident to hoping, trusting, and disappointed friendship. Nothing can equal the expression of his scorn for Pompey's *inertia*, when contrasted with energy so astonishing on the part of his antagonist. Cicero had also been deceived as to facts. The plan of the campaign had, to him in particular, not been communicated—he had been allowed to calculate on a final resistance in Italy. This was certainly impossible. But the policy of maintaining a show of opposition, which it was intended to abandon at *every* point, or of procuring for Cæsar the credit of so many successive triumphs, which might all have been evaded, has never received any explanation.

Towards the middle of February, Cicero acknowledges the receipt of letters from Rome, which in one sense are valuable, as exposing the system of

self-delusion prevailing. Domitius, it seems, who soon after laid down his arms *at* Corfinium, and *with* Corfinium, parading his forces only to make a more solemn surrender, had, as the despatches from Rome asserted, an army on which he could rely; as to Cæsar, that nothing was easier than to intercept him; that such was Cæsar's own impression; that honest men were recovering their spirits; and that the rogues at Rome [*Romæ improbos*] were one and all in consternation. It tells powerfully for Cicero's sagacity, that now, amidst this general explosion of childish hopes, he only was sternly incredulous. "*Hæc metuo, equidem, ne sint somnia.*" Yes, he had learned by this time to appreciate the windy reliances of his party. He had an argument from experience for slighting their vain demonstrations; and he had a better argument from the future, as that future was *really* contemplated in the very counsels of the leader. Pompey, though nominally controlled by other men of consular rank, was at present an autocrat for the management of the war. What was his policy? Cicero had now discovered, not so much through confidential interviews, as by the mute tendencies of all the measures adopted—Cicero was satisfied that his total policy had been, from the first, a policy of de pair.

The position of Pompey, as an old invalid, from whom his party exacted the services of youth, is worthy of separate notice. There is not, perhaps, a more pitiable situation than that of a veteran reposing upon his past laurels, who is summoned from beds of down, and from the elaborate system of comforts engrafted upon a princely establishment, suddenly to re-assume his armour—to prepare for personal hardships of every kind—to renew his youthful anxieties, without support from youthful energies—once again to dispute sword in hand the title to his own honours—to pay back into the chancery of war, as into some fund of abeyance, all his own prizes, and palms of every kind—to re-open every decision or award by which he had ever benefited—and to view his own national distinctions of name, trophy, laurel crown,* as all but so many stakes provisionally resumed, which must be redeemed by services tenfold more difficult than those by which originally they had been earned.

Here was a trial painful, unexpected, sudden; such as any man, at any age, might have honourably declined. The very best contingency in such a struggle was, that nothing might be lost; whilst, along with this doubtful hope, ran the certainty—that nothing could be gained. More glorious in the popular estimate of his countrymen, Pompey could not become, for his honours were already historical, and touched with the autumnal hues of antiquity, having been won in a generation now gone by; but on the other hand, he might lose every thing, for, in a contest with so dreadful an antagonist as Cæsar, he could not hope to come off unscorched; and, whatever might be the final event, one result must have struck him as inevitable, viz. that a new generation of men, who had come forward into the arena of life within the last twenty years, would watch the approaching collision with Cæsar as putting to the test a question much canvassed of late, with regard to the soundness and legitimacy of Pompey's military exploits. As a commander-in-chief Pompey was known to have been unusually fortunate. The bloody contests of Marius, Cinna, Sylla, and their vindictive, but perhaps, unavoidable, proscription, had thinned the ranks of natural competitors, at the very opening of Pompey's career. That interval of about eight years, by which he was senior to Cæsar, happened to make the whole difference between a crowded list of candidates for offices of trust, and no list at all. Even more lucky had Pompey found himself in the character of his appointments, and in the quality of his antagonists. All his wars had been of that class which yield great splendour of external show, but impose small exertion and less

* "*Laurel crown.*"—Amongst the honours granted to Pompey at a very early period, was the liberty to wear a diadem or *corona* on ceremonial occasions. The common reading was "*auream coronam,*" until Lipsius suggested *lauream*; which correction has since been generally adopted into the text. This distinction is remarkable when contrasted with the same trophy as afterwards conceded to Cæsar, in relation to the popular feelings, so different in the two cases.

risk. In the war with Mithridates he succeeded to great captains who had sapped the whole stamina and resistance of the contest; besides that, after all the varnishings of Cicero, when speaking for the Manilian law, the enemy was too notoriously effeminate. The bye-battle with the Cilician pirates, is more obscure; but it is certain that the extraordinary powers conferred on Pompey by the Gabinian law, gave to *him*, as compared with his predecessors in the same effort at cleansing the Levant from a nuisance, something like the unfair superiority above their brethren enjoyed by some of Charlemagne's paladins, in the possession of enchanted weapons. The success was already ensured by the great armament placed at Pompey's disposal; and still more by his unlimited commission, which enabled him to force these water-rats out of their holes, and to bring them all into one focus; whilst the pompous name of *Bellum Piraticum*, exaggerated to all after years a success which had been at the moment too partially facilitated. Finally, in his triumph over Sertorius, where only he would have found a great Roman enemy capable of applying some measure of power to himself, by the energies of resistance, although the transaction is circumstantially involved in much darkness, enough remains to show that Pompey shrank from open contest—passively, how far co-operatively it is hard to say, Pompey owed his triumph to mere acts of decoy and subsequent assassination.

Upon this sketch of Pompey's military life, it is evident that he must have been regarded, after the enthusiasm of the moment had gone by, as a hollow scenical pageant. But what had produced this enthusiasm at the moment? It was the remoteness of the scenes. The pirates had been a troublesome enemy, precisely in that sense which made the Pindarrees of India such to ourselves; because, as flying marauders, lurking and watching their opportunities, they could seldom be brought to action; so that not their power, but their want of power, made them formidable, indisposing themselves to concentration, and consequently weakening the motive to a combined effort against them. Then, as to Mithridates, a great error prevailed in Rome with regard to the quality of his power. The spaciousness of his kingdom, its remoteness, his power of retreat into Armenia—all enabled him to draw out the war into a lingering struggle. These local advantages were misinterpreted. A man who could resist Sylla, Lucullus, and others, approved himself to the raw judgments of the multitude as a dangerous enemy. Whence a very disproportionate appreciation of Pompey—as of a second Scipio who had destroyed a second Hannibal. If Hannibal had transferred the war to the gates of Rome, why not Mithridates, who had come westwards as far as Greece? And, upon that argument, the panic-struck people of Rome fancied that Mithridates might repeat the experiment. They overlooked the changes which nearly one hundred and fifty years had wrought. As possible it would have been for Scindia and Holkar forty years ago, as possible for Tharawaddie at this moment, to conduct an expedition into England, as for Mithridates to have invaded Italy at the era of 670–80 of Rome. There is a wild romantic legend, surviving in old Scandinavian literature, that Mithridates did not die by suicide, but that he passed over the Black Sea; from Pontus on the south-east of that sea to the Baltic; crossed the Baltic; and became that Odin whose fierce vindictive spirit reacted upon Rome, in after centuries, through the Goths and Vandals, his supposed descendants: just as the blood of Dido, the Carthaginian queen, after mounting to the heavens—under her dying imprecation,

> "Exoriare aliquis nostro de sanguine vindex"—

came round in a vast arch of bloodshed upon Rome, under the retaliation of Hannibal, four or five centuries later. This Scandinavian legend might answer for a grand romance, carrying with it, like the Punic legend, a semblance of mighty retribution; but, as an historical possibility, any Mithridatic invasion of Italy would be extravagant. Having been swallowed, however, by Roman credulity as a danger, always *in procinctu*, so long as the old Pontic lion should be unchained, naturally it had happened that this groundless panic, from its very indistinctness and shadowy outline, became more available for Pompey's immoderate glorification than any service so much nearer to home

as to be more rationally appreciable. With the same unexampled luck, Pompey, as the last man in the series against Mithridates, stepped into the inheritance of merit belonging to the entire series in that service; and as the labourer who easily reaped the harvest, practically threw into oblivion all those who had so painfully sown it.

But a special Nemesis haunts the steps of men who become great and illustrious by appropriating the trophies of their brothers. Pompey, more strikingly than any man in history, illustrates the moral in his catastrophe. It is perilous to be dishonourably prosperous; and equally so, as the ancients imagined, whether by direct perfidies, (of which Pompey is deeply suspected,) or by silent acquiescence in unjust honours. Seared as Pompey's sensibilities might be through long self-indulgence, and latterly by annual fits of illness, founded on dyspepsy, he must have had, at this great era, a dim misgiving that his good genius was forsaking him. No Shakspeare, with his unusual warnings, had then proclaimed the dark retribution which awaited his final year: but the sentiment of Shakspeare (see his sonnets) is eternal; and must have whispered itself to Pompey's heart, as he saw the billowy war advancing upon him in his old age—

"The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories — *once* foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd."

To say the truth, in this instance as in so many others, the great moral of the retribution escapes us—because we do not connect the scattered phenomena into their rigorous unity. Most readers pursue the early steps of this mightiest amongst all civil wars with the hopes and shifting sympathies natural to those who *accompanied* its motions. Cicero must ever be the great authority for the daily fluctuations of public opinion in the one party, as Cæsar, with a few later authors, for those in the other. But inevitably these coeval authorities, shifting their own positions as events advanced, break the uniformity of the lesson. They did not see, as we may if we will, to the end. Sometimes the Pompeian partizans are cheerful; sometimes even they are sanguine; once or twice there is absolutely a slight success to colour their vaunts. But much of this is mere political dissimulation. We now find, from the confidential parts of Cicero's correspondence, that he had never heartily hoped from the hour when he first ascertained Pompey's drooping spirits, and his desponding policy. And in a subsequent stage of the contest, when the war had crossed the Adriatic, we now know, by a remarkable passage in his *De Divinatione*, that, whatever he might think it prudent to say, never from the moment when he personally attached himself to Pompey's camp, had he felt any reliance whatever on the composition of the army. Even to Pompey's misgiving ear in solitude, a fatal summons must have been sometimes audible, to resign his quiet life and his showy prosperity. The call was in effect—"Leave your palaces; come back to camps—never more to know a quiet hour!" What if he could have heard *arrière pensée* of the silent call! "Live through a brief season of calamity; live long enough for total ruin; live for a morning on which it will be said—*all is lost;* as a panic-stricken fugitive, sue to the mercies of slaves; and in return, as a headless trunk, lie like a poor mutilated mariner, rejected by the sea, a wreck from a wreck—owing even the last rites of burial to the pity of a solitary exile." This doom, and thus circumstantially, no man could know. But, in features that were even gloomier than these, Pompey might, through his long experience of men, have foreseen the bitter course which he had to traverse. It did not require any extraordinary self-knowledge to guess, that continued opposition upon the plan of the campaign would breed fretfulness in himself; that the irritation of frequent failure, inseparable from a war so widely spread, would cause blame or dishonour to himself; that his coming experience would be a mere chaos of obstinacy in council, loud remonstrance in action, crimination and recrimination, insolent dictation from rivals, treachery on the part of friends, flight and desertion on the part of confidants. Yet even this fell short of the shocking consummation into which the frenzy of faction ripened itself within a few months. We know of but one case which resembles it, in one remarkable feature. Those readers who are ac-

quainted with Lord Clarendon's *History*, will remember the very striking portrait which he draws of the king's small army of reserve in Devonshire and the adjacent districts, subsequently to the great parliamentary triumph of Naseby in June 1645. The ground was now cleared; no work remained for Fairfax but to advance to Northampton, and to sweep away the last relics of opposition. In every case this would have proved no trying task. But what was the condition of the hostile forces? Lord Clarendon, who had personally presided at their headquarters whilst in attendance upon the Prince of Wales, describes them in these emphatic terms as "a wicked beaten army." Rarely does history present us with such a picture of utter debasement in an army—coming from no enemy, but from one who, at the very moment of recording his opinion, knew this army to be the king's final resource. Reluctant as a wise man must feel to reject as irredeemable in vileness that which he knows to be indispensable for hope, this solemn opinion of Lord Clarendon's, upon his royal master's last stake, had been in earlier ages anticipated by Cicero, under the very same circumstances, with regard to the same ultimate resource. The army which Pompey had concentrated in the regions of northern Greece, *was* the ultimate resource of that party: because, though a strong *nucleus* for other armies existed in other provinces, these remoter dependencies were in all likelihood contingent upon the result from this—were Pompey prosperous, *they* would be prosperous; if not, not. Knowing, therefore, the fatal emphasis which belonged to his words, not blind to the inference which they involved, Cicero did, notwithstanding, pronounce confidentially that same judgment of despair upon the army soon to perish at Pharsalia, which, from its strange identity of tenor and circumstances, we have quoted from Lord Clarendon. Both statesmen spoke confessedly of a last sheet anchor; both spoke of an army vicious in its military composition: but also, which is the peculiarity of the case, both charged the *onus* of their own despair upon the non-professional qualities of the soldiers; upon their licentious unclvic temper; upon their open anticipations of plunder; and upon their tiger-training towards a great festival of coming revenge.

Lord Clarendon, however, it may be said, did not include the commander of the Devonshire army in his denunciation. No: and *there* it is that the two reports differ. Cicero *did* include the commander. It was the commander whom he had chiefly in his eye. Others, indeed, were parties to the horrid conspiracy against the country which he charged upon Pompey: for *non datur conjuratio aliter quam per plures*: but these "others" were not the private soldiers—they were the leading officers, the staff, the council at Pompey's headquarters, and generally the men of senatorial rank. Yet still, to complete the dismal unity of the prospect, these conspirators had an army of ruffian foreigners under their orders, such as formed an appropriate engine for their horrid purposes.

This is a most important point for clearing up the true character of the war; and it has been utterly neglected by historians. It is notorious that Cicero, on first joining the faction of Pompey after the declaration of hostilities, had for some months justified his conduct on the doctrine—that the "causa," the constitutional merits of the dispute, lay with Pompey. He could not deny that Cæsar had grievances to plead; but he insisted on two things—1. that the mode of redress, by which Cæsar made his appeal, was radically illegal—2. that the certain tendency of this redress was to a civil revolution. Such had been the consistent representation of Cicero, until the course of events made him better acquainted with Pompey's real temper and policy. It is also notorious—and here lies the key to the error of all biographers—that about two years later, when the miserable death of Pompey had indisposed Cicero to remember his wicked unaccomplished purposes, and when the assassination of Cæsar had made it safe to resume his ancient mysterious animosity to the very name of the great man, Cicero did undoubtedly go back to his early way of distinguishing between them. As an orator, and as a philosopher, he brought back his original distortions of the case. Pompey, it was again pleaded, had been a champion of the state, (sometimes he ventured upon saying, of liberty,) Cæsar

had been a traitor and a tyrant. The two extreme terms of his own politics, the earliest and the last, do in fact meet and blend. But the proper object of scrutiny for the sincere enquirer is this parenthesis of time, that intermediate experience which placed him in daily communion with the real Pompey of the year *ab Urbe Cond.* 705, and which extorted from his indignant patriotism revelations to his confidential friend so atrocious, that nothing in history approaches them.

This is the period to examine; for the logic of the case is urgent. Were Cicero now alive, he could make no resistance to a construction, and a personal appeal such as this. Easily you might have a motive, subsequently to your friend's death, for dissembling the evil you had once imputed to him. But it is impossible that, as an unwilling witness, you could have had any motive at all for counterfeiting or exaggerating on your friend an evil purpose that did not exist. The dissimulation might be natural—the simulation was inconceivable. To suppress a true scandal was the office of a sorrowing friend—to propagate a false one was the office of a knave: not, therefore, that later testimony which to have garbled was amiable, but that coeval testimony which to have invented was insanity—this it is which we must abide by. Besides that, there is another explanation of Cicero's later language than simple piety to the memory of a friend. His discovery of Pompey's execrable plans was limited to a few months; so that, equally from its brief duration, its suddenness, and its astonishing contradiction to all he had previously believed of Pompey, such a painful secret was likely enough to fade from his recollection, after it had ceased to have any practical importance for the world. On the other hand, Cicero had a deep vindictive policy in keeping back any evil that he knew of Pompey. It was a mere necessity of logic, that, if Pompey had meditated the utter destruction of his country by fire and sword—if, more atrociously still, he had cherished a resolution of unchaining upon Italy the most ferocious barbarians he could gather about his eagles, Getæ for instance, Colchians, Armenians—if he had ransacked the ports of the whole Mediterranean world, and had mustered all the shipping from fourteen separate states enumerated by Cicero, with an express purpose of intercepting all supplies from Rome, and of inflicting the slow torments of famine upon that vast yet non-belligerent city—then, in opposing such a monster, Cæsar was undeniably a public benefactor. Not only would the magnanimity and the gracious spirit of forgiveness in Cæsar, be recalled with advantage into men's thoughts, by any confession of this hideous malignity in his antagonist; but it really became impossible to sustain any theory of ambitious violence in Cæsar, when regarded under his relations to such a body of parricidal conspirators. Fighting for public objects that are difficult of explanation to a mob, easily may any chieftain of a party be misrepresented as a child of selfish ambition. But, once emblazoned as the sole barrier between his native land and a merciless avenger by fire and famine, he would take a tutelary character in the minds of all men. To confess one solitary council—such as Cicero had attended repeatedly at Pompey's headquarters in Epirus—was, by acclamation from every house in Rome, to evoke a hymn of gratitude towards that great Julian deliverer, whose Pharsalia had turned aside from Italy a deeper woe than any which Paganism records.

We insist inexorably upon this state of relations, as existing between Cicero and the two combatants. We refuse to quit this position. We affirm that, at a time when Cicero argued upon the purposes of Cæsar in a manner confessedly conjectural, on the other hand, with regard to Pompey, from confidential communications, he reported it as a dreadful discovery, that mere destruction to Rome was, upon Pompey's policy, the catastrophe of the war. Cæsar, he might persuade himself, would revolutionize Rome; but Pompey, he knew in confidence, meant to leave no Rome in existence. Does any reader fail to condemn the selfishness of the Constable Bourbon—ranging himself at Pavia in a pitched battle against his sovereign, on an argument of private wrong? Yet the Constable's treason had perhaps identified itself with his self-preservation; and he had no reason to anticipate a lasting calamity to his country from any act possible to an individual. If we look into ancient history, the case of Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, scarcely approaches to this. He in-

deed returned to Athens in company with the invading hosts of Darius. But he had probably been expelled from Athens by violent injustice; and, though attending a hostile invasion, he could not have caused it. Hardly a second case can be found in all history as a parallel to the dreadful design of Pompey, unless it be that of Count Julian calling in the Saracens to ravage Spain, and to overthrow the altars of Christianity, on the provocation of one outrage to his own house; early in the eighth century invoking a scourge that was not entirely to be withdrawn until the sixteenth. But then for Count Julian it may be pleaded—that the whole tradition is doubtful; that if true to the letter, his own provocation was enormous; and that we must not take the measure of what he meditated by the frightful consequences which actually ensued. Count Julian might have relied on the weakness of the sovereign for giving a present effect to his vengeance, but might still rely consistently enough on the natural strength of his country, when once coerced into union, for ultimately confounding the enemy—and perhaps for confounding the false fanaticism itself. For the worst traitor whom history has recorded, there remains some plea of mitigation; something in aggravation of the wrongs which he had sustained, something in abatement of the retaliation which he designed. Only for Pompey there is none. Rome had given him no subject of complaint. It was true that the strength of Cæsar lay there; because immediate hopes from revolution belonged to democracy, to the oppressed, to the multitudes in debt, for whom the law had neglected to provide any prospect or degree of relief: and these were exactly the class of persons that could not find funds for emigrating. But still there was no overt act, no official act, no representative act, by which Rome had declared herself for either party.

Cicero was now aghast at the discoveries he made with regard to Pompey. Imbecility of purpose—distraction of counsels—feebleness in their dilatory execution—all tended to one dilemma, either that Pompey, as a mere favourite of luck, never had possessed any military talents, or that, by age and conscious inequality to his enemy, these talents were now in a state of collapse. Having first, therefore, made the discovery that his too celebrated friend was any thing but a statesman, (απολιτικωτατος,) Cicero came at length to pronounce him ασρατηγικωτατον—any thing but a general. But all this was nothing in the way of degradation to Pompey's character, by comparison with the final discovery of the horrid retaliation which he meditated upon all Italy, by coming back with barbarous troops to make a wilderness of the opulent land, and upon Rome in particular, by so posting his blockading fleets and his cruisers as to intercept all supplies of corn from Sicily—from the province of Africa—and from Egypt. The great moral, therefore, from Cicero's confidential confessions is—that he abandoned the cause as untenable; that he abandoned the supposed party of "good men," as found upon trial to be odious intriguers—and that he abandoned Pompey in any privileged character of a patriotic leader. If he still adhered to Pompey as an individual, it was in memory of his personal obligations to that oligarch, but, secondly, for the very generous reason—that Pompey's fortunes were declining; and because Cicero would not be thought to have shunned that man in his misfortunes, whom in reality he had felt tempted to despise only for his enormous errors.

After these distinct and reiterated acknowledgments, it is impossible to find the smallest justification for the great harmony of historians in representing Cicero as having abided by those opinions with which he first entered upon the party strife. Even at that time, it is probable that Cicero's deep sense of gratitude to Pompey secretly, had entered more largely into his decision than he had ever acknowledged to himself. For he had at first exerted himself anxiously to mediate between the two parties. Now, if he really fancied the views of Cæsar to proceed on principles of destruction to the Roman constitution, all mediation was a hopeless attempt. Compromise between extremes lying so widely apart, and in fact, as between the affirmation and the negation of the same propositions, must have been too plainly impossible to have justified any countenance to so impracticable a speculation.

But was not such a compromise impossible in practice, even upon our own theory of the opposite requisitions? No.

And a closer statement of the true principles concerned, will show it was not. The great object of the Julian party was, to heal the permanent collision between the supposed functions of the people, in their electoral capacity, in their powers of patronage, and in their vast appellate jurisdiction, with the assumed privileges of the senate. We all know how dreadful have been the disputes in our own country as to the limits of the constitutional forces composing the total state. Between the privileges of the Commons and the prerogative of the Crown, how long a time, and how severe a struggle, was required to adjust the true temperament! To say nothing of the fermenting disaffection towards the government throughout the reign of James I., and the first fifteen years of his son, the great civil war grew out of the sheer contradictions arising between the necessities of the public service and the *letter* of superannuated prerogatives. The simple history of that great strife was, that the democracy, the popular elements in the commonwealth, had outgrown the provisions of old usages and statutes. The king, a most conscientious man, believed that the efforts of the Commons, which represented only the instincts of rapid growth in all popular interests, cloaked a secret plan of encroachment on the essential rights of the sovereign. In this view he was confirmed by lawyers, the most dangerous of all advisers in political struggles; for they naturally seek the solution of all contested claims, either in the position and determination of ancient usage, or in the constructive view of its analogies. Whereas, here the very question was concerning a body of usage and precedent, not denied in many cases as facts, whether that condition of policy, not unreasonable as adapted to a community, having but two dominant interests, were any longer safely tenable under the rise and expansion of a third. For instance, the whole management of our foreign policy had always been reserved to the crown, as one of its most sacred mysteries, or ἀπόρρητα; yet, if the people could obtain no indirect control of this policy, through the amplest control of the public purse, even their domestic rights might easily be made nugatory. Again, it was indispensable that the crown purse, free from all direct responsibility, should be checked by some responsibility, operating in a way to preserve the sovereign in his constitutional sanctity. This was finally effected by the admirable compromise—of lodging the responsibility in the persons of all servants by or through whom the sovereign could act. But this was so little understood by Charles I. as any constitutional privilege of the people, that he resented the proposal as much more insulting to himself than that of fixing the responsibility in his own person. The latter proposal he viewed as a violation of his own prerogative, founded upon open wrong. There was an injury, but no insult. On the other hand, to require of him the sacrifice of a servant, whose only offence had been in his fidelity to himself, was to expect that he should act collusively with those who sought to dishonour him. The absolute *to el Rey* of Spanish kings, in the last resort, seemed in Charles's eye indispensable to the dignity of the crown. And his legal counsellers assured him that, in conceding this point, he would degrade himself into a sort of upper constable, having some disagreeable functions, but none which could surround him with majestic attributes in the eyes of his subjects. Feeling thus, and thus advised, and religiously persuaded that he held his powers for the benefit of his people, so as to be under a deep moral incapacity to surrender "one dowle" from his royal plumage, he did right to struggle with that energy and that cost of blood which marked his own personal war from 1642 to 1645. Now, on the other hand, we know that nearly all the concessions sought from the king, and refused as mere treasonable demands, were subsequently reaffirmed, assumed into our constitutional law, and solemnly established for ever, about forty years later, by the Revolution of 1688–9. And this great event was in the nature of a compromise. For the patriots of 1642 had been betrayed into some capital errors, claims both irreconcilable with the dignity of the crown, and useless to the people. This ought not to surprise us, and does not extinguish our debt of gratitude to those great men. Where has been the man, much less the party of men, that did not, in a first essay upon so difficult an adjustment as that of an equilibration

between the limits of political forces, travel into some excesses? But forty years' experience—the restoration of a party familiar with the invaluable uses of royalty, and the harmonious co-operation of a new sovereign, already trained to a system of restraints, made this final settlement as near to a perfect adjustment and compromise between all conflicting rights, as, perhaps, human wisdom could attain.

Now, from this English analogy, we may explain something of what is most essential in the Roman conflict. This great feature was common to the two cases—that the change sought by the revolutionary party was not an arbitrary change, but in the way of a natural *nisus*, working secretly throughout two or three generations. It was a tendency that would be denied. Just as, in the England of 1640, it is impossible to imagine that, under any immediate result whatever, ultimately the more necessities of expansion in a people, ebullient with juvenile energies, and passing at every decennium into new stages of development, could have been gainsayed or much retarded. Had the nation embodied less of that stern political temperament, which leads eventually to extremities in action, it is possible that the upright and thoughtful character of the sovereign might have reconciled the Commons to expedients of present redress, and for twenty years the crisis might have been evaded. But the licentious character of Charles II. would inevitably have challenged the resumption of the struggle in a more embittered shape; for in the actual war of 1642, the *separate* resources of the crown were soon exhausted; and a deep sentiment of respect towards the king kept alive the principle of fidelity to the crown, through all the oscillations of the public mind. Under a stronger reaction against the personal sovereign, it is not absolutely impossible that the aristocracy might have come into the project of a republic. Whenever this body stood aloof, and by alliance with the church, as well as with a very large section of the democracy, their non-adhesion to republican plans finally brought them to extinction. But the principle cannot be refused—that the conflict was inevitable; that the collision could in no way have been evaded; and for the same reason as spoken so loudly in Rome—because the grievances to be redressed, and the incapacities to be removed, and the organs to be renewed, were absolute and urgent; that the evil grew out of the political system; that this system had generally been the silent product of time; and that as the sovereign, in the English case most conscientiously, so on the other hand, in Rome, the Pompeian faction, with no conscience at all, stood upon the letter of usage and precedent, where the secret truth was—that nature herself, that nature which works in political by change, by growth, by destruction, not less certainly than in physical organizations, had long been silently superannuating these precedents, and preparing the transition into forms more in harmony with public safety.

The capital fault in the operative constitution of Rome, had long been in the *antinomies*, if we may be pardoned for so learned a term, of the public service. It is not so true an expression—that anarchy was always to be apprehended, as, in fact—that anarchy always subsisted. What made this anarchy more and less dangerous, was the personal character of the particular man militant for the moment; next, the variable interest which such a party might have staked upon the contest; and lastly, the variable means at his disposal towards public agitation. Fortunately for the public safety, these forces, like all forces in this world of compensations and of fluctuations, obeying steady laws, rose but seldom into the excess which menaced the framework of the state. Even in disorder, when long-continued, there is an order that can be calculated: dangers were foreseen; remedies were put into an early state of preparation. But because the evil had not been so ruinous as might have been predicted, it was not the less an evil, and it was not the less enormously increasing. The democracy retained a large class of functions, for which the original uses had been long extinct. Powers, which had utterly ceased to be available for interests of their own, were now used purely as the tenures by which they held a vested interest in bribery. The sums requisite for bribery were rising as the great estates rose. No man, even in a gentlemanly rank, no *eques*, no ancient noble even, unless his income were hyperbolically

vast, or unless as the creature of some party in the background, could at length face the ruin of a political career. We do not speak of men anticipating a special resistance, but of those who stood in ordinary circumstances. Atticus is not a man whom we should cite for any authority in a question of principle, for we believe him to have been a dissembling knave, and the most perfect vicar of Bray extant; but in a question of prudence, his example is decisive. Latterly he was worth a hundred thousand pounds. Four-fifths of this sum, it is true, had been derived from a casual bequest; however, he had been rich enough, even in early life, to present all the poor citizens of Athens—probably 12,000 families—with a year's consumption for two individuals of excellent wheat; and he had been distinguished for other ostentatious largesses; yet this man held it to be ridiculous, in common prudence, that he should embark upon any political career. Merely the costs of an ædileship, to which he would have arrived in early life, would have swallowed up the entire hundred thousand pounds of his mature good-luck. "Honores non petiit: quod neque peti more majorum, neque capi possent, conservatis legibus, in tam effusis largitionibus; neque geri sine periculo, corruptis civitatis moribus." But this argument on the part of Atticus pointed to a modest and pacific career. When the politics of a man, or his special purpose, happened to be polemic, the costs, and the personal risk, and the risk to the public peace, were on a scale prodigiously greater. No man with such views could think of coming forward without a princely fortune, and the courage of a martyr. Milo, Curio, Decimus Brutus, and many persons beside, in a lapse of twenty-five years, spent fortunes of four and five hundred thousand pounds, and without accomplishing, after all, much of what they proposed. In other shapes, the evil was still more malignant; and, as these circumstantial cases are the most impressive, we will bring forward a few.

1. *Provincial administrations.*—The Romans were not characteristically a rapacious or dishonest people—the Greeks were; and it is a fact strongly illustrative of that infirmity in principle, and levity, which made the Greeks so contemptible to the graver judgments of Rome—that hardly a trustworthy man could be found for the receipt of taxes. The regular course of business was, that the Greeks absconded with the money, unless narrowly watched. Whatever else they might be—sculptors, buffoons, dancers, tumblers—they were a nation of swindlers. For the art of fidelity in peculation, you might depend upon them to any amount. Now, amongst the Romans, these petty knaveries were generally unknown. Even as knaves they had aspiring minds; and the original key to their spoliations in the provinces, was undoubtedly the vast scale of their domestic corruption. A man who had to begin by bribing one nation, must end by fleecing another. Almost the only open channels through which a Roman nobleman could create a fortune, (always allowing for a large means of marrying to advantage, since a man might shoot a whole series of divorces, still refunding the last dowery, but still replacing it with a better,) were these two—lending money on sea-risks, or to embarrassed municipal corporations on good landed or personal security, with the gain of twenty, thirty, or even forty per cent; and secondly, the grand resource of a provincial government. The abuses we need not state: the prolongation of these lieutenancies beyond the legitimate year, was one source of enormous evil; and it was the more rooted an abuse, because very often it was undeniable that other evils arose in the opposite scale from too hasty a succession of governors, upon which principle no consistency of local improvements could be ensured, nor any harmony even in the administration of justice, since each successive governor brought his own system of legal rules. As to the other and more flagrant abuses in extortion from the province, in garbling the accounts and defeating all scrutiny at Rome, in embezzlement of military pay, and in selling every kind of private advantage for bribes, these have been made notorious by the very circumstantial exposure of Verres. But some of the worst evils are still unpublished, and must be looked for in the indirect revelations of Cicero when himself a governor, as well as the incidental relations by special facts and cases. We, on our parts, will

venture to raise a doubt whether Verres ought really to be considered that exorbitant criminal whose guilt has been so profoundly impressed upon us all by the forsenic artifices of Cicero. The true reasons for his condemnation must be sought, first, in the proximity to Rome of that Sicilian province where many of his alleged oppressions had occurred—the fluent intercourse with this island, and the multiplied inter-connexions of individual towns with Roman grandees, aggravated the facilities of making charges; whilst the proofs were any thing but satisfactory in the Roman judicature. Here lay one disadvantage of Verres; but another was—that the ordinary system of bribes, viz. the sacrifice of one portion from the spoils in the shape of bribes to the jury (*judices*) in order to redeem the other portions, could not be applied in this case. The spoils were chiefly works of art: Verres was the very first man who formed a gallery of art in Rome; and a French writer in the *Académie des Inscriptions* has written a most elaborate *catalogue raisonnée* to this gallery—drawn from the materials left by Cicero and Pliny. But this was obviously a sort of treasure that did not admit of partition. And the object of Verres would equally have been defeated by selling a part for the costs of "salvage" on the rest. In this sad dilemma, Verres upon the whole resolved to take his chance: or, if bribery were applied to some extent, it must have stopped far short of that excess to which it would have proceeded under a more disposable form of his gains. But we will not conceal the truth which Cicero indirectly reveals. The capital abuse in the provincial system was—not that the guilty governor might escape, but that the innocent governor might be ruined. It is evident that, in a majority of cases, this magistrate was thrown upon his own discretion. Nothing could be so indefinite and uncircumstantial as the Roman laws on this head. The most upright administrator was almost as cruelly laid open to the fury of calumnious persecution as the worst: both were often cited to answer upon parts of their administration altogether blameless; but, when the original rule had been so wide and lax, the final resource must be in the mercy of the tribunals.

II. *The Roman judicial system.*—This would require a separate volume, and chiefly upon this ground—that in no country upon earth, except Rome, has the ordinary administration of justice been applied as a great political engine. Men, who could not otherwise be removed, were constantly assailed by impeachments; and oftentimes for acts done forty or fifty years before the time of trial. But this dreadful aggravation of the injustice was not generally needed. The system of trial was the most corrupt that has ever prevailed under European civilization. The composition of their courts, as to the *rank* of the numerous jury, was continually changed: but no change availed to raise them above bribery. The rules of evidence were simply none at all. Every hearsay, erroneous rumour, atrocious libel, was allowed to be offered as evidence. Much of this never could be repelled, as it had not been anticipated. And, even in those cases where no bribery was attempted, the issue was dependent, almost in a desperate extent, upon the impression made by the advocate. And finally, it must be borne in mind that there was no presiding *judge*, in our sense of the word, to sum up—to mitigate the effect of arts or falsehood in the advocate—to point the true bearing of the evidence—still less to state and to restrict the law. Law there very seldom was any, in a precise circumstantial shape. The verdict might be looked for accordingly. And we do not scruple to say—that so triumphant a machinery of oppression has never existed, no, not in the dungeons of the inquisition.

III. *The license of public libelling.*—Upon this we had proposed to enlarge. But we must forbear. One only caution we must impress upon the reader; he may fancy that Cicero would not practise or defend in others the absolute abuse of confidence on the part of the jury and audience by employing direct falsehoods. But this is a mistake. Cicero, in his justification of the artifices used at the bar, evidently goes the whole length of advising the employment of all misstatements whatsoever which wear a plausible air. His own practice leads to the same inference. Not the falsehood, but the defect of probability, is what in his eyes degrades any possible assertion or insinuation. And he

holds also—that a barrister is not accountable for the frequent self-contradictions in which he must be thus involved at different periods of time. The immediate purpose is paramount to all extra-judicial consequences whatever, and to all subsequent exposures of the very grossest inconsistency in the most calumnious falsehoods.

IV. *The morality of expediency employed by Roman statesmen.*—The regular relief, furnished to Rome under the system of anarchy which Cæsar proposed to set aside, lay in seasonable murders. When a man grew potent in political annoyance, somebody was employed to murder him. Never was there a viler or better established murder than that of Clodius by Milo, or that of Carbo and others by Pompey when a young man, acting as the tool of Sylla. Yet these and the murders of the two Gracchi, nearly a century before, Cicero justifies as necessary. So little progress had law and sound political wisdom then made, that Cicero was not aware of any thing monstrous in pleading for a most villanous act—that circumstances had made it expedient. Such a man is massacred, and Cicero appeals to all your natural feelings of honour against the murderers. Such another is massacred on the opposite side, and Cicero thinks it quite sufficient to reply—"Oh, but I assure you he was a bad man—I knew him to be a bad man. And it was his duty to be murdered—as the sole service he could render the commonwealth." So again, in common with all his professional brethren, Cicero never scruples to ascribe the foulest lusts and abominable propensities to any public antagonist; never asking himself any question but this—Will it look probable? He personally escaped such slanders, because as a young man he was known to be rather poor, and very studious. But in later life a horrible calumny of that class settled upon himself, and one peculiarly shocking to his parental grief; for he was then sorrowing in extremity for the departed lady who had been associated in the slander. Do we lend a moment's credit to the foul insinuation? No. But we see the equity of this retribution revolving upon one who had so often slandered others in the same malicious way. At last the poisoned chalice came round to his own lips, and at a moment when it wounded the most acutely.

V. *The continued repetition of convulsions in the state.*—Under the last head we have noticed a consequence of the long Roman anarchy dreadful enough to contemplate, viz. the necessity of murder as a sole relief to the extremities continually recurring, and as a permanent temptation to the vitiation of all moral ideas in the necessity of defending it imposed often upon such men as Cicero. This was an evil which cannot be exaggerated: but a more extensive evil lay in the recurrence of those conspiracies which the public anarchy promoted. We have all been deluded upon this point. The conspiracy of Catiline, to those who weigh well the mystery still enveloping the names of Cæsar, of the Consul C. Antonius, and others suspected as partial accomplices in this plot, and who consider also what parties were the exposers or merciless avengers of this plot, was but a reiteration of the attempts made within the previous fifty years by Marius, Cinna, Sylla, and finally by Cæsar and by his heir Octavius, to raise a reformed government, safe and stable, upon this hideous oligarchy that annually almost brought the people of Rome into the necessity of a war and the danger of a merciless proscription. That the usual system of fraudulent falsehoods was offered by way of evidence against Catiline, is pretty obvious. Indeed, why should it have been spared? The evidence, in a lawyer's sense, is after all none at all. The pretended revelations of foreign envoys go for nothing. These could have been suborned most easily. And the shocking defect of the case is—that the accused party were never put on their defence, never confronted with the base tools of the accusers, and the senators amongst them were overwhelmed with clamours if they attempted their defence in the senate. The motive to this dreadful injustice is manifest. There *was* a conspiracy; that we do not doubt; and of the same nature as Cæsar's. Else why should eminent men, too dangerous for Cicero to touch, have been implicated in the obscurer charges? How had they any interest in the ruin of Rome? How had Catiline any interest in such a tragedy?—But all the

grandees, who were too much embarrassed in debt to bear the means of profiting by the machinery of bribes applied to so vast a populace, naturally wished to place the administration of public affairs on another footing; many from merely selfish purposes, like Cethegus or Lentulus—some, we doubt not, from purer motives of enlarged patriotism. One charge against Catiline we may quote from many, as having tainted the most plausible part of the pretended evidence with damnatory suspicions. The reader may not have remarked—but the fact is such—that one of the standing artifices for injuring a man with the populace of Rome, when all other arts had failed, was to say, that amongst his plots was one for burning the city. This cured that indifference with which otherwise the mob listened to stories of conspiracy against a system which they held in no reverence or affection. Now, this most senseless charge was renewed against Catiline. It is hardly worthy of notice. Of what value to him could be a heap of ruins? Or how could he hope to found an influence amongst those who were yet reeking from such a calamity?

But, in reality, this conspiracy was that effort continually moving underground, and which would have continually exploded in shocks dreadful to the quiet of the nation, which mere necessity, and the instincts of position, prompted to the parties interested. Let the reader only remember the long and really ludicrous succession of men sent out against Antony at Mutina by the senate, viz. Octavius, Plancus, Asinius Pollio, Lepidus, every one of whom fell away almost instantly to the anti-senatorial cause, to say nothing of the consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, who would undoubtedly have followed the general precedent, had they not been killed prematurely: and it will become apparent how irresistible this popular cause was, as the sole introduction to a patriotic reformation, ranged too notoriously against a narrow scheme of selfishness, which interested hardly forty families. It does not follow that all men, simply as enemies of an oligarchy, would have afterwards exhibited a pure patriotism. Cæsar, however, did. His reforms, even before his Pompeian struggle, were the greatest ever made by an individual; and those which he carried through after that struggle, and during that brief term which his murderers allowed him, transcended by much all that in any one century had been accomplished by the collective patriotism of Rome.

EXHIBITIONS—ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Royal Academy have chosen a motto from Symmachus for their catalogue this year that may be of ambiguous sense—"Omne quod in cursu est viget." There are movements in a circle, movements retrogressive as progressive. The vitality shown in the course, the movement, is not always healthy, not always indicative of vigour. A foundered post-horse cannot keep on his legs at a quiet pace—you must spur him to the full trot or the gallop. A spent ball too, *viget*, yet is nevertheless a spent ball, progressing to a dead stop apparently leisurely enough, yet deadly to encounter. A newly recruited soldier in one of our battles, not being in the thick of the fray, saw one of these spent cannon-balls hesitatingly and slowly rolling onwards near the ranks, and to make sport, ran out to stop it as he would a cricket-ball, but it killed him on the spot. "Omne quod in cursu est viget," was to him an epitaph. We do not see any very just application of the line to the academicians and their works. We cannot suspect them of the extreme modesty, that they should say in it, "You see we keep moving, therefore are not defunct." And yet it is more than possible that they may have some "spent balls" among them; and some who, like the post-horse, exhibit their vitality in rapid and eccentric motions, with which public taste cannot keep pace. "Symmachus" here then is not a good "ally," as the name would import, and is rather ready to trip up the heels of friend or foe. For our part, we do most sincerely wish that our academicians would go on at a more sober pace, and not endeavour to outrun each other at all, oftentimes outrunning thereby all judgment, both their own and the world's. And while in the wishing trim we may add, that we should be better pleased if they did not admit so many candidates in the race, though many of them do happen to come with flaunty colours and ribbons flying. One thousand four hundred and nine works of art in one exhibition is a fearful number, perhaps enough to bring the arts into disrepute. And then we are told of hundreds upon hundreds rejected; and yet a general cry is raised for patronage. That is well enough, for it must require a great deal of patronage to take off this stock on hand; but then with this cry for patronage, there is a concurrent attempt to raise, not art, but artists by the thousands; so that if we "progress," and our English school "of design" viget, an income tax will not provide *all* with a crust and porter. It may be very much doubted if the multiplication of artists is the advancement of art. It encourages a taste for mediocrity, even intentional mediocrity; it sets before the public eye too conspicuously minor fascinations, till it is content to look no higher, and to leave the mind untied. We wish, therefore, it were a rule to select the best pictures, best in their moral effect and dignity, to an amount not exceeding one hundred; and surely it would be very difficult to find, at any one exhibition, such a number, worthy to bear and carry with them in the world's opinion the stamp of the "English school." It is not intended by these remarks that pictures of lower class should not be exhibited; they should have their appropriate "show rooms;" but we would have our Royal Academy come forth with the sanction of genius, and "honoris causâ" the implied mark of distinction for every production it exhibits. We might then have an "English school." If the academy, however, will still go on upon the multiplying scale, we should like to see a new establishment arise upon this limiting foundation, persuaded that it would create ten times the interest of any other exhibition, and hold forth a noble object of emulation. We want to make not many painters, but great painters; noble rewards, not frittered and minute distributions. We should not care if half the artists we already have, and who have merit and dexterity of execution, were sent taylored to-morrow. We are overwhelmed with mediocrity of talent—with works you cannot deny to be good in their kind, but of a bad kind, without meaning, or any meaning that the mind will burden itself to remember. We paint all things, where few are worthy. Our great academical exhibition wants *a* character. It has nothing great and important wherewith to designate it. We happened, before we had visited the Exhibition, to ask a foreigner of great acknowledged taste and distinction, what he

thought of it. His reply struck us as not to the honour of our country. We felt a sting, which was probably not meant to wound. He said, "there are some exquisitely-painted dogs." Is then, thought we, in our jealousy, the great depository of British Art little better than a kennel! Yet we do not depreciate the great artist, for great he is, and immortal will be his name and his works, who thus seemed to characterize our school: on the contrary, "upon view," we were almost reconciled to the remark, so eminently excellent are the works of Landseer, and at no exhibition that we remember, more so than at this. He is, in fact, not only our most fine workman, but perhaps our most poetical painter. He is, as the wisest fabulists were in literature, moral and historical, instructing and delighting all, men, women, and children, by other creatures than of their own kith and kin, yet demanding a universal sympathy, and obtaining it easily. Having thus spoken our sentiments concerning this admirable painter, we may still regret that there should be little in other walks of art, of comparative excellence, by which our English school might be worthily distinguished. And yet it cannot be denied that there are works of pretension and great merit, and of sufficiently new cast to help to a designation—they are, however, too few, stand alone, and perhaps, we may add, fall short of the perfection which is aimed at, and which is so nearly attained. We allude chiefly to the works of Maclise. He dares to tell the whole of a story, some will say, do say, theatrically—that we consider no dispraise. It is the business of the dramatist to make good pictures, and whether it be done by the players or the painter, what matter, so they be effective, and the story worth telling; and how shall they be better told than as the author intended they should be represented? The boards of the theatre and the canvass are the same thing—the eye is to behold, and the mind is to be moved. Nor is there a lack of originality in Mr Maclise; he knows how to assist, and by *his* art to bring out the whole conception of the poet; a conception not to be discovered as embodied, or capable of being embodied, in distinct words and in parts, but gathered from the feeling of the whole, and which to embody by another art, is no small test of genius. Whatever defects Mr Maclise may have, and we think he has many, they arise not from weakness—power is his chief quality; it even makes his faults more conspicuous; and we had rather see it so; for great and noble things may be struck off by it, and that which is now wrong, nay, false and bad, may find in him a tempering hand, and be made keep due place, and be converted into beauty. He fears no position of the human figure, his drawing is bold and true, and his grouping artistically, technically speaking, nearly perfect. If he chooses to make rules for himself, and to introduce more figures, and more evident episode than the old masters thought proper, he contrives not to lose the *entirety* of his subject in so doing, and so groups his figures, that, however many, they do not oppress us with a crowd, and he makes them appear essential to his story. We say not that this his rule is a good one. We wait to see what he will ultimately do with it, unwilling to admit limits and shackles unnecessarily upon genius. We believe we have spoken of the two artists that most people speak of who visit the academy this year, as giving, more than any others, or rather, we should say, tending to give, a character to our Exhibition; and therefore it is fair to give such notice of them, even before we come to make any remarks upon their particular works.

Upon the whole, we do not think this year's Exhibition any improvement upon the last. Some artists that should be greatest are inferior to themselves—far inferior; and some, so few or so unimportant are their pictures, may be scarcely considered exhibitors. Eastlake has but one picture, and that a small one, and might be overlooked from its very modesty and excellence; it is, however, exquisitely beautiful. We have lost Sir David Wilkie—for it would not be fair to his name and fame to view his pictures now exhibited as specimens of his power. Poor Sir David! his was a melancholy end, just when he was in the full hopes of realizing the fruits of his travail and his travel. Nor do we in the least sympathise with Mr Haydon in his ambiguous eulogium upon his friend, in thinking it a glorious death that a painter's bones should be committed to the

deep sea. Such a burial might be in keeping with the life and death of a sailor whose home that element is: but with the painter we associate the warm hearth, and comfortable fire gleaming upon his easel, and *conversazzione* on art. How apt are some people to exaggerate the pathetic, and think it fine, and fine feeling too, all the while being nothing more than ridiculous. Nor is exaggeration of the merits of an artist beneficial to his after fame; the strained bow recoils; we are apt to undervalue when the cold fit comes. We were never of those who thought Sir David a giant in art, and have often criticised his works with some severity; and see no reason why his death, which we lament, should excite a maudlin sympathy, or disarm criticism of truth. In this age we deal in complimentary superlatives, so that it is difficult to fix any in a true position. Sir David Wilkie was an admirable artist; but neither in design, nor manner of treating his subjects, was there conspicuous the "vivida vis ingenii." He appeared always to be cool, and to a great extent judicious, at his easel; never hurried into an enthusiasm that should take with it his subject and the spectator. Good sense, talents, and unwearied labour, from an early age led him to a less faulty style of painting than we had before seen among us. He captivated by his finish and great truth of character. Nature was at once recognised; and his arrangements were clear and artistical. We always thought him very judicious in giving a proper space for his figures to act their parts in; they did not crowd in upon the canvass; nor leave too large a space "to let." In these respects he was highly beneficial to Art; for after him, the undefined, ill-painted scenes of familiar life only disgusted. He brought this class of art into high respectability. If he was not a good colourist, he avoided offending by an unnecessary display, and this was characteristic of his judgment. He had not, however, a true and strong feeling for beauty. He would often introduce positive deformity when the beautiful would have answered the purpose of his story quite as well. In his celebrated picture of the "Blind Fiddler," we do not remember one graceful, moderately graceful, figure; the boy with his mocking imitations is absolutely hideous in his grimaces; if compelled to have the picture before us, we could not resist the painting him out. In his "Rent Day," the figures are half of them deformed—the farmer at the table has a hump-back, or his shoulder is out. The "Blind-man's buff" is all hips and elbows, quite disagreeable to the eye when it has caught this peculiarity.

Now, we think it should be a maxim in art to deal as much as possible in beauty—never to introduce deformity, unless the subject demands it, and then to let the manner of treating it, or the attraction of other parts, take off the unpleasantness of it. And herein the painter will often be called upon to distinguish between infirmity and deformity. Raffaele's genius was very remarkably shown in his power over the necessity of his subject; making beauty conspicuous as a whole, where some of the parts were necessarily otherwise. And even these, as we may term them, originally bad parts, how does he put upon them some mystery, or some divine operation, to which the mind is so powerfully directed, that it too is absorbed in awe and expectation to dwell upon the defect as infirmity or deformity. So it is in the figures at the "Beautiful Gate," where beauty is throughout the picture; and in the miserable cripple we fancy we see one ready to start up into strength and beauty, even such perfection of form as we see all around him. And such is the case in the demoniacal boy in "The Transfiguration." There is the awfulness of a mystery beyond human means to comprehend, and the presence of a potent evil, above human, that the great subject of the Transfiguration can alone annihilate. Now, Sir David's early practice lying in the looking for and accurate delineation of *peculiarities* of character, was against his natural perception of the beautiful, if it was ever much in him. We have hitherto been speaking of his earlier style, upon which, after all, his fame will rest, for he did not succeed, with very few exceptions, (one of which was his "Benvenuto Cellini and the Pope,") in the attempt to incorporate with his own the manner of the Spanish and Italian painters. There was, too, a lack of prominent object in his story. It is not enough to say, this shall represent such and such an event; what power, what feeling, is the event

itself to tell? if it is nothing but pictorial device, and display of mechanical art, there is, after all, but a splendid poverty.

Painters often overwork themselves, and are, in consequence, subject to hallucinations. It has often been exemplified, and fictions built upon the malady: it deserves to be treated tenderly, for it arises from overlabour in the service of mankind. It is apt to seize upon some oddity, some misconception, wherein the eye has ceased to be true to the judgment, but strangely caters to the hallucination. In his later pictures, Sir David Wilkie's manner of representing hair must have arisen in some deception of this kind. It is even conspicuous in his head of Cellini; but the most remarkable instance of it was in the small portrait of a boy, some three or four years old, that every eye but his own thought the strangest thing imaginable. And latterly, in his portraits, the flesh was apt to be pinked up into innumerable little swellings, as if the subject were gouty. We are persuaded he required rest and recreation out of his art. This he had probably obtained; and had he lived, we should have seen these his eccentricities amended. The public, then, have great reason to regret his loss; he certainly advanced art, by removing indefinitiveness and inaccuracy, and substituting precision and clearness; so that honour will ever attend his name, and his country, Scotland, has, and ever will have, reason to be proud of him. But we would not so detract from the praise due to the artists who survive him, as some do, by lauding him as superlatively great, as if he were exclusively *the* English painter. Scotland may be justly proud, and more deeply grave; but with the presence of British art before us, we would say, with the author of Chevy Chase:—

"Now, God be with him, said our (queen,)
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee."

Turner's eye must play him false, it cannot truly represent to his mind either his forms or colours—or his hallucination is great. There were a number of idolatrous admirers, who, for a long time, could not see his exhibited absurdities; but as there is every year some one thing worse than ever, by degrees the lovers fall off; and now we scarcely find one to say a good word for him. And yet, though there is perhaps a greater absurdity than ever in one picture—his "Buonaparte"—yet, on the whole, we do sincerely think Turner improved; there is more of the palpable and intelligible poetry, less obscured by the inconceivable jumble of colours, and, with the exception of the "Buonaparte," less of the blood-red, into which he delights to plunge his hand—a practice which might have entitled him to the address of the unknown author in the Rathologia:—

Ζωγράφων ὦλῷε,
Αἵματι μὴ χρῶσαι φεισάμενος παλάμην.

We have a right to suppose that the dreams of a sick poet have a dash of his genius; so it is with Turner's dreamy performances; there are glimpses of bright conceptions in them, not indeed distinctly discernible, yet they may be so perhaps to himself. They are like the "Dissolving Views," which, when one subject is melting into another, and there are but half indications of forms, and a strange blending of blues and yellows and reds, offer something infinitely better, more grand, more imaginative than the distinct purpose of either view presents. We would therefore recommend the aspirant after Turner's style and fame, to a few nightly exhibitions of the "Dissolving Views" at the Polytechnic, and he can scarcely fail to obtain the secret of the whole method. And we should think, that Turner's pictures, to give eclat to the invention, should be called henceforth "Turner's Dissolving Views."

As usual, we have to lament the absence of landscape—composition landscape. There are but few that even pretend to be more than views. Nor has Mr Lee come up to the promise his last year's landscape gave. There is a new attempt by Creswick to represent some of the sweet scenes of *green* repose, of nature's river scenes, and to a great extent successful. A little composition, where nature has failed him, would have wonderfully improved some of these scenes. Mr Roberts's pictures are quite an exhibition of themselves, and, we doubt not, would look better without the accompaniment of works of a distracting nature. He has less, this year, of the French-polish; but we still think a little more strong roughness, or dryness, would be an improvement. His execution is admirable, and his effects happy.

It is said that we excel in portraits; many in this exhibition are admirable; yet would it not be very desirable that they should have a room to themselves? They sadly injure other pictures; the masses of colours in them are so large, and often so vivid, that pictures of subject and of many parts are greatly injured by the juxtaposition. Surely the portraits themselves would look better separated; and there would be a fairer field for composition, as thereby the merits of each artist would be better distinguished, and the candidates for a sitting would at one glance be able to judge what painter would be best suited to their individual likenesses.

It is somewhat singular that this country should have so few marine painters. How seldom do we see one picture that would remind us that Vanderveldt visited our coasts. The insignificant pieces of this kind that are occasionally exhibited, generally represent small vessels, a sea of no great character, and gaudy skies. How unlike Vanderveldt and Bäckhuyen! It is said that the French artists excel us in this line of art—a line which might have been considered particularly adapted to the feelings of Englishmen. Stansfield, indeed, paints coasts, and the waters that wash them, with considerable effect; but his pictures are scarcely sea-pieces.

It is time to go round the rooms. —No. 6. "A Magdalen." W. Etty, R.A. There is not here the deep feeling of penitence of a Magdalen. Was the title an after-thought? Mr Etty's "Dance," No. 33, from the shield of Achilles, is very gracefully grouped; the easy flowing dance is well expressed; and with the exception of the faces, which are not of the same flesh and blood as the bodies, the more extraordinary, as Mr Etty is so good a colourist. One would almost imagine the tumblers had with their heels been wanton, for the maiden's faces are certainly black and blue. Mr Etty seems to forget that those maidens had not worn stays; he is generally, in this respect, too faithful to his model. On the whole, it is a fresh and very pleasing picture.

No. 8. "The Schoolmaster." C. W. Cope. This is Goldsmith's schoolmaster, and very characteristic. The grief of one boy, and sulky dislike of the other, and searching look of the master, who knows them all and loves them all, though severe and stern to view, are most truly given. Nor is his 507, "Goldsmith's Age and Whispering Lovers," in shelter of the hawthorn bush, less good.

No. 10. "An English Landscape Composition." Sir A. Calcott, R.A. This picture has surprised us. It is well painted, or it would not have been from the pencil of so able a painter. As a composition it is very poor; indeed, a scene without interest, a ditch-like river with large cows in it, and trees on the banks. We, as lovers of English landscape, protest against this representation of it. We have rich and green valleys, and here all is poor and weak; for the deep tones of nature we have a sickly hue, as if all had been dipped in milk and mustard. His "Italian Landscape Composition," No. 166, is very good, has some sweet tones, but as a composition there is not much in it, nor is it very indicative of Italian landscape. The trees are not good; they are not touched by the fresh air. His "Dort," 282, is cold and spotty.

No. 12. "A View of Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire." C. Fielding. This is to our view a very unpleasant picture. It has no one character, no repose; sky and earth seem under an influenza, dull and dingy; the blue, grey, and brown, mingle inharmoniously.

No. 20. "Vallone dei mulini Amalfi." C. Stanfield, R.A. The greater part of this is a mere ditch of dry mud; walls and buildings appear as if built out of it. In lines it is artistically composed, a part of his art which Stanfield well understands. But what could charm him in such a subject? His "Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore," is very sweetly painted; but has he not omitted the poetry of that fairy island, and lake reflecting the Alps? His "Pozzuoli looking towards Baiæ," No. 313, is a sweet picture, and well composed. Mr Stanfield still adheres to his peculiar colouring, drab lights and blue shadows; it readily makes up the effect of his pictures, but the colours are not pleasing and cannot be true.

No. 46. "Welsh Guides; North Wales." W. Collins, R.A. We should have passed this picture unnoticed, had we not found it to be by Collins. We know the scene well, Llamberris; in nature it is grand. It would be scarcely possible to treat it more tamely; the figures are pretty, and

would better suit still tamer outlines. It is unfortunate, too, in its colour. Nor do we very much admire his —104, "Prayer;" a family about to leave their native shores, imploring Divine protection. We have an antipathy to the mock pathetic—it is teaboardish; the single lantern never could communicate such light to the figures; there is a good quiet tone in the background.

No. 51. "The course of the Greta through Brignal wood." T. Creswick.

"O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green."

Mr Creswick is here true to nature and to the poet, for the woods are green; it is a charming picture, the very stones seem conscious of repose. We would suggest that a little more positive shade would improve it, and doubt if there be not too much small work in every part, but particularly in the water towards the foreground. This is evidently painted on the spot; the left hand side of the wood wants character and communication with the opposite. It was probably so in nature, but by the very look of the trees on the left, nature had here been mutilated.—His 180. "A Riverscene," is equally good. His best is—No. 496. "The Tees." It is very beautiful, a fine secluded scene; in the same character with his others. We think, with less minute work, less hair-like linings in the water, somewhat more massing and bolder execution, and a little more attention to composition, we strictly mean artificial arrangement, Mr Creswick will make a first-rate landscape painter in the line he has chosen. We would impress upon him that trees have naturally a leaning to each other, "consociare amant."

No. 59. "The Lady Glenlyon." F. Grant. This is excellent, as all his portraits are; they have always power and simplicity, and his colouring is ever appropriate; he has successfully studied Vandyck.

No. 62. "The Play Scene in Hamlet. D. Maclise, R.A. This is perhaps the most striking picture in the Exhibition; it is very fine, and yet has very great defects. The story of the murder is very finely and originally told; the play is enacted on a platform in the centre; the king turns away his head, yet you see that, by an irresistible power, he will again look towards the scene, however slight that look, the murderous act will fasten upon it, for there, too, is an awful "handwriting upon the wall." The light of a lamp is intercepted, by the hand pouring the poison into the sleeping kings' ear, and there is the large shadow of the transaction awfully dedepicted on the wall. Mr Maclise had no precedent for this—it is original, and evinces great genius. Parts of the picture are so beautifully coloured, that we are surprised Mr Maclise does not generally pay more attention to this part of his art. If the principal figures should be Hamlet and Ophelia, the picture is a failure, but they are perhaps only among the incidents. The Hamlet is an ungentlemanly ruffian, who never would have waited for the play, but would have taken a pleasure in killing the king upon suspicion. He is not the philosophic, the doubting, the delaying Hamlet. As to Ophelia, she is little better than a barmaid of an inn, and we are at first sight reconciled to her drowning. The queen is good; she shows she was not cognizant of the deed. Old Polonius is too mean, his advice to his son will ever stamp him the gentleman. The general grouping is most masterly; we like not the brown figure behind Ophelia—who is he? Take it, with all its faults, and they are such that we cannot but think Mr Maclise will easily remedy, it is a very fine picture—it is in a new style, and as a new style we hail it—we mean new in comparison with general exhibitions, not as particularly distinguishing it from others by the same painter: we remember last year his very imaginative picture of the Sleeping Beauty, and having unbounded fertility of invention, clearly proving that Mr Maclise has all the materials of a poet painter.—His "Return of the Knight," No. 273, is very powerful; the armour quite shines, and there is a tale told in that twilight of pleasing romance.—We think his "Origin of the Harp," from Moore's *Melodies*, a decided failure, very hard, and not possessing his usually good workmanship.

No. 71. "Ophelia," "There is a willow," &c. R. Redgrave, A. This is a very interesting figure, but not quite Ophelia.—His 169, "Landscape," is truly the gloomy glade, very true in effect; the fretting of the water not quite so good. The little picture, according to the poetry, is necessarily very dark; it is nevertheless well

coloured.—No. 244. Cinderella. "That minx, said the step-sister, to think of trying on the slipper!" This we should call good, if we were not disappointed to find it by Mr Redgrave. Good as it is, it is not equal to his powers; and this is a subject we should have thought admirably suited to him. The colour of the elder sister's bosom, who had tried on the slipper, is very little like that of flesh. Nor is Cinderella herself very good; we are sorry to see so exquisite a workman as Mr Redgrave take to white woodeny faces.—His "Bad News from Sea," is rather hard. Remembering Redgrave's pictures at the two last exhibitions, his "Mrs Courtly," and "Sir Roger de Coverley's courtship," we confess our disappointment this year.—He is pre-eminent in the "Elegant Familiar," especially where there is much character; we trust he will be careful how he quits a line in which he so much excels.

No. 72. "The tired Soldier, resting at a road-side well," F. Goodall, is a very sweet and pleasing picture, the only one of the artist in the Exhibition.

No. 79. "Devonshire scenery." F. R. Lee, R. A. This is the worst picture we have seen by this able painter; it is crude in colour, wants shade, and is too smoothly painted. The subject is not worth painting, and it is so painted in colour and effect, as to make it the least interesting. Nor are we more pleased with his "Highland scenery—a Snow Storm passing off;" it is distraction—bad conventional colouring, not well set off, weak, and even unpleasant in effect; it is dismal only where it should be grand.—His 368, "Desolation," is equally poor.—His "Watering place," No. 484, is a place odious to see—a scene without effect to render it pleasing; it fairly comes under the class of vulgar landscapes. How unlike are his pictures this year to those, or at least to one of last year!

No. 84. "Faith, Hope, and Charity." H. Howard, R.A. Though "the greatest of these is Charity," it is difficult to find any that can cover the pictorial sins of Mr Howard. It is a very vile affair; very much below the merit of Angelica Kauffman. But what shall we say of his No. 94? "Aaron staying the Plague." Such an Aaron staying the plague, and inflicting himself, with reverence be it spoken, yet we can have no reverence for Mr Howard's pictorial effigies. The Plague is a very amicable blue devil, who goes off when he is bidden, with blue worsted mittens at his finger ends, bursting into blue flame. The principal figure is horrid—there is no disease, no positive plague, but that personified by the demon, unless the fallen squalling child be meant as an infliction. Aaron has odd sort of epauletteess put on the wrong way. In colour and composition it is *vilissimo*—were it not the handiwork of an R.A. we should not criticize it—and it occupies a conspicuous place.

No. 91. "The Ford." W. Mulready, R.A. This is clever, but not with very much meaning. Mr Mulready has fallen into a reprehensible style of colouring; it is exemplified in this little picture, though less so than in some others in former Exhibitions—it is by far too hot.

No. 96. "Otters and Salmon." E. Landseer, R. A.; wondrously executed. Landseer has seven pictures, all most exquisite; what can be more delicate than the pair of "Brazilian monkeys," No. 145; more powerful than No. 255, where the colouring is most judiciously adapted to set off the "One Brown Dog." So in No. 266, the clear red background, for black and white of the creature, and bit of green chair for variety, and at the same time to make the red tell, all make *the dog*.—But of all his pictures we prefer No. 431, "The Sanctuary."

"See where the startled wild-fowl screaming rise,
And seek in marshall'd flight those golden skies.
Yon wearied swimmer scarce can win the land,
His limbs yet falter on the watery strand.
Poor hunted hart! The painful struggle o'er,
How blest the shelter of that island shore!
Where while he sobs his panting heart to rest,
Nor hound, nor hunter, shall his lair molest."

Loch Marie, a Poem. 1842.

We know not if Mr Landseer is the poet as well as the painter, but we know that the poetry of the picture is most touching. Nor does this picture owe its excellence to that finish which the hand of this great artist generally bestows upon all his works, but rather

to the entire complete sentiment; for, in truth, it is rather slightly though most effectively painted. The poor creature can scarcely move; there is extreme weariness in the limbs, indicated, too, by the turn of the neck. He is dark against the golden sky, the water dropping in glittering drops from his panting sides. The screaming wild-fowl are startled, and fly off in the direction from whence the hunted hart has come, nor is the distance he has come forgotten, the track is visible in the lake, leading away to the blue and fading mountains, as the day is closing, assuming that fabulous hue that so well assists the sentiment. It is most beautiful, an immortal work. Mr Landseer has indeed renovated his strength.

No. 113. "The Convent of Santo Cosimato, near Rome." W. Havell. Mr Havell still retains his strange colouring, which renders most of his subjects unpleasing. We well remember the scenery around San Cosimato, but cannot recognise it in the effect or colouring of Mr Havell. His method unpoetizes nature.

No. 123. "The Lesson." T. Uwins, R.A. This is in Mr Uwin's peculiar style of colouring. Why will he not paint as he can, and as he painted his "Fioretta"? Raw and opposed colours are always disagreeable; the painter's business is surely to blend and mix his colours, so that though there shall be great variety in tone, they shall appear few, and none crude, for it is the judicious mixture that is the painter's work; the crude colour is given him. Violent oppositions, blues, reds, and yellows, are seldom pleasing, and never have the repose a true artist should aim at.

No. 136. This we regret to say is the only picture of Mr Eastlake in the present Exhibition. It is, however, most delicate in sentiment, and beautifully executed and coloured. It is well named the "Sisters"—for it breathes all sisterly affection and sweetness. It reminds us of Raffaele.

No 146. "Mary Magdalen in the desert." F. Danby. We can easily imagine this picture to be injured by being hung in an exhibition where there is so much glare of vivid colouring. It appears, therefore, monstrous; yet on looking into it, we find much variety of tone. We cannot admire his No. 229, "A contest of a lyre and pipe in the Valley of Tempe." It is quite unworthy a painter of such high genius as Mr Danby possesses. Neither in colour, effect, nor composition does it give any idea of the cool, verdant, and beautiful Vale of Tempe. How few would wish to live in such a place! it is like a poor drop-scene for a provincial theatre. His "Service at St Cloud, in the reign of Louis XIV." is clever, but has a haze over it not quite pleasing. His "Holy Family reposing during the Flight into Egypt—break of day"—No. 375, is a very beautiful and solemn scene; it might be very much improved by giving the whole foreground a little more half-light—it would concentrate the deep repose which is beyond it—the composition is very simple and good, the detail quite suitable to it. There is considerable variety in the tones and colours, not at first perceptible. It must look very different on an easel by itself. The handling in the sky is too minute. No. 159. "A Greek Girl preparing for the toilette." This is very good and well coloured. It has great sweetness.

We much admire Mr Geddes's "Hagar," No. 301. It has the great merit of expression.

No. 172. "Hymen burning the arrows of Cupid." G. Patten, A. This is quite unworthy Mr Patten's pencil. Why should poor Cupid have such fuzzy feet and limbs in general, yet with such brawny intention? What can we say of his "Eve," No. 245? The title is ambitious, but taking away the bosom there is no reason why he should not have called it Adam. It is strange indeed the womanly form should have been unattended to. Surely this is not "our general mother," not, as Fuseli would say, the "mould of generations." We do not in the slightest degree see the poetry of Milton in this Eve.

No. 182. "Snow Storm," &c. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Mr Turner tells us "the author was in this storm on the night the Ariel left Harwich." If so, he must have been very nearly lost then, and quite lost afterwards. His "Peace Burial at Sea," strange as it is, has yet a dash of his genius. As to his extraordinary performance, "War," we understand why it is called the "Exile;" but why the "Limpet," is a puzzle quite in accordance with every part of the practice.

We much admire No. 369, "Virginia discovered by the old man and Domingo." It is very good, too true indeed to that most pathetic tale.

Mr H. J. Townsend exhibits great promise in his picture.

No. 377. "The very Picture of Idleness," R. Rothwell, is very clever. Mr Rothwell is a very good colourist and portrait painter.

No. 379. "Il voto, or the Convalescent." P. Williams. This represents a convalescent girl, with her family and friends, returning thanks. There is something so uncomfortable in the colouring, that we at first view passed the picture—on examination we found it full of interest, and very well painted; the grouping very good—the story well told. We find we have gone on too fast, and must return to the catalogue.

184. "Thebes, looking across the Great Hall Karnac." D. Roberts, R.A. This is very fine, the impressive grandeur perfectly preserved. Might it not be improved by a little more shade?—we are still compelled to object to its polish. We never see a picture of Mr Roberts that is not imposingly grand—we have before objected to his figures—that is, the number and spottiness of his groups—as figures they are always well painted. This fault is in No. 228—the "Chapel of the Convent of St Catherine." We are most pleased with his "Remains of the Temple of Koum Ombos, Upper Egypt." No. 457. There is wonderful repose in these solemn ruins, the very sky is of an awful stillness—the grand perspective seems laid in magic. The colour is remarkably good, and the whole effect striking; this melancholy mass, in its barren loneliness, the mystery of ages, would surely have been better with a single figure.

No. 185. "Portrait of a Lady." Gambardella. This is a narrow escape from being an exquisitely beautiful picture. There is a novelty in the style, and novelty, a rare thing, without assumption—with very high finish, nothing can be more simple than the cast of the figure. We could wish there were less of black and purple shades in the flesh—the colouring in other respects is very good. The graceful lily, is emblematical poetry, and has a very good effect. We shall look for something very good from Mr Gambardella. He has studied Carlo Dolce.

We do not admire No. 192. "Landscape and Battle," R.R. Reignayle, R. A. We should have reasonably expected better from a man of his high talents, remembering having seen some very fine drawings from his hand—why should the material affect composition? yet it seems to do so.

No. 201. "Battle of Prestonpans," W. Allan, R.A. If this contains portraits, it must be doubly valuable; it is very striking as a whole, the confusion of the battle, and the order of arrangement which the painter must make to preserve the singleness of his subject, are kept well together. It reminds us of some of Loutherbourg's best battle-scenes.

No. 227. "Winchester Tower, Windsor, from the Thames," W. F. Witherington, R.A. is a very pleasing transcript from nature; accuracy in drawing and colour will be sure to delight, when there is an absence of every thing low and disgusting in the scene. Mr Witherington never offends in this way.

We wish all artists would consider not only nature, but *the* nature of their subjects. Who knows the disposition of boys better than Webster? he cannot forget school, and makes all remember school days. And what are schoolboys without grandmothers? and you have the true schoolboy's grandmother in No. 142, T. Webster, A. Then how capital is his "Impenitent," No. 147! Nor less so his "Going to School." Webster knows them well, their sulks, their frolics, their going to school, their "in school," and their coming from it. If it be a happiness to remember "schoolboy days," Mr Webster must be superlatively happy. For ourselves, we confess there is something about us which tingles at the thought, not quite pleasant to flesh and blood.

No. 236. "Mary Queen of Scots when an infant, stripped by order of Mary of Guise, her mother, to convince Sadler the English Ambassador she was not a decrepid child, which had been insinuated at court." B. R. Haydon. "Insinuated at court," and more than insinuated by Mr Haydon, if it be decrepid to have unnatural limbs, that suit not each other in the jointing, or joining "de-

crepta membra." This is altogether a vulgar staring picture, without good colour, good drawing, or composition. Was the subject chosen to exhibit the child after the manner of Michael Angelo, or grand art, or the queenly grace and dignity?—if either, the purpose has been forgotten in the work. Mr Haydon has so constantly held up to public view his grand art, and the injustice of the Academy, that we should have expected something from his pencil at least in confirmation of the one great lecture of his life; and something to astound the Academicians. On the contrary, he has exhibited two pictures, as if to discredit the academicians' exhibition; by far the worst of the two is No. 404. "Edward the Black Prince, thanking Lord James Audley for his gallantry in the Battle of Poictiers." This is a most confused mass of vulgarity for a princely and gallant company. The chiaroscuro is bad—there is no attention to light and shade and keeping. Surely there never was a worse-drawn, worse-coloured, or more unhero-looking, effeminate hero seen. Take the man's head with the feather on it as it is, stick on to it a capacious petticoat, and the intended princely boldness will be readily metamorphosed into effrontery that cannot be masculine, and ought not to be feminine. The Prince is a dolt, and a fool.

No. 278. "The departure of Charles II. from Bentley in Staffordshire, the house of Col. Lane." C. Landseer, A. We have never seen a picture of Mr C. Landseer's in which the grouping was not very good, and the story well told. The characters are truly represented; and, as she should be, Miss Lane is one of the sweetest of her sex. This is a very pleasing picture, clearly painted, fresh in colour, and with a very appropriate execution.

No. 285. "Portrait of William Coningham, Esq." J. Linnel. This is a very good portrait, in Mr Linnel's peculiar manner. It is most truly and charmingly lighted up. With great effect in Mr Linnel's portraits, so invisible is his method of execution, (and which is nevertheless blameless,) that we think not of the artist, but the sitter alone; nor do we ask who painted the likeness, till we think of some valued friend whose portrait we should like to possess by the same hand. His portrait of "Lady Baring," 449, is very good, as are his others; but we think No. 285 the most happy.

No. 295. "An Italian widow selling all her trinkets to a Jew, except her husband's picture." J. Severn.

Her grief is proud, and scorns to show itself;
She'll easier lose her trinkets than a tear:
Her children are her jewels now.

Nothing can be more true to the poetry than the proud expression of the mother—proud to the world scarcely hers—deeply affectionate to the world within her own bosom. The *bambino* is excellent; the complexion of the mother would, perhaps, be improved by altering the tone of the sky. We are sorry to find this to be the only picture by Mr Severn in the Exhibition; and we doubt the choice of subject. It is a painful one, and the pain is scarcely mitigated by the sentiment of love; for it is a suffering one. Domestic tragedies are the least bearable. A picture should not be always painful to look at. A play or a poem passes away at a reading or representation—a picture is supposed to be always before the eye, and should be mostly agreeable, or, if not that, impress some awful or some grand truth upon the mind, upon which it can feed, and set aside the more vexatious emotion.

No. 345. The "Portrait of the Duke of Buccleuch," J. Watson Gordon, A., is very good. Why is it this artist's only picture?

No. 395. "Flight into Egypt." J. Martin. "When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt." Mr Martin has evidently improved from the criticisms on his works. This is very superior to any we have seen from his pencil. The distances are finely preserved. It is well made out, and the minute detail more concealed than is generally the case in his pictures. The effect is very striking, and the purple colouring against the brilliant sky, grand, and, perhaps, in such a country true. There is a very near approach to sublimity. The horizontal lines of the town in distance (and all under one solemn hue) are well contrasted with the rugged tops of the mountains. In many pictures recently exhibited, we have observed the moon painted like a shilling showing the edge. Surely this is not true to nature in any re-

gion! We suggest to Mr Martin that he might greatly improve this picture by adapting some other story. It is not a good flight into Egypt, and the figures are not only preposterously large, so as greatly to injure the scale of the scenery, but they are badly painted; and the Virgin Mother is enveloped in an impossibly white drapery, considering the sky and landscape. The figures are indeed vile, and should not have been one quarter the size they are. It would be a good scene for an army winding round, and seen going off in the several distances. We likewise venture to remonstrate with Mr Martin for his dark brown trees, which are unnatural and heavy, and he too often glazes them into a granulated texture, so that, in that respect, they are more like granite than wood and foliage; nor do we think them happy in their forms. With these easily alterable and slight defects, this is a very, very fine picture.

No. 412. "Nymph bathing." C. Duncker. Really this is too bad. Nymphs, particularly bathing nymphs, in a catalogue, so usually remind us of Titian or Albano, that we expect to see something decent, or, if not altogether decent, beautiful. But such a nymph and such water—equally unenticing—were never seen nor dreamed of. It is surely a mistake that she should hold up her bosom, lest it drop into the water.

No. 414. "The wreck of the White Ship, &c., in which perished the son of Henry I., with others of the royal family," &c. S. Drummond, A. This is the most unhistorical historical picture in the whole Exhibition, perhaps Mr Haydon's Battle of Poictiers not excepted. If the portraits of the personages are in any respect like the unfortunate personages—in that case we are reconciled to an event which we always considered a melancholy one in our history.

No. 427. "Moses going to sell the colt at the fair—Vicar of Wakefield." C. Stonhouse. Well done, Stonhouse!—a very clear, pleasing picture, full of character. Moses is unquestionably Moses, and the sisters are lovely. It might be improved in the landscape.

No. 430. "Interior of a temple inhabited by Arabs, who sell the curiosities found in the tombs—Thebes, Egypt." W. Muller. This is very fine and vigorous in colour and effect. We cannot but remark upon the difference of texture given to those buildings by two very able men, Muller and Roberts. Muller has none of that French polish with which Mr Roberts, more or less, injures all his otherwise very beautiful pictures. We notice likewise the difference in scale, as given by the figures. Does Mr Roberts exaggerate?

We must not pass, though we are apt to pass by portraits,—No. 432. "Portrait of Rev. Ralph Lynn, D.D., head-master of Sherborne School, Dorset." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. It is a very finely-painted portrait, in which this able Academician shows that he can and will maintain his ground.

No. 437. "The innocent are gay." W. Etty, R.A. We had omitted noticing this, when commenting upon Mr Etty's other pictures. This certainly has not the merit we should have expected from Mr Etty. It is not good in composition or colour. There is nothing to give the idea of innocence or gaiety—all look melancholy. The dirty colour of the boys is remarkable. Is Mr Etty captivated by the poet's expression of the "purple light of love," that he should thus purple the shades of his otherwise dark faces? In our eyes it is disagreeable. The boys certainly cannot dance. One appears to have a fair excuse, for his knee is out, and he seems to make it an excuse, by pointing to it. We suppose the best artists occasionally, from fatigue, see their own works less correctly, fancying that what they have intended is performed. The idea may be so strong in the mind, as to overpower the natural healthy perception of the organ. Thence it may be that we occasionally see pictures by very able men, that appear by no means indicative of their abilities.

No. 440. "Adonis—His Majesty King George the Third's favourite." J. Ward, R.A. A very singular creature—very vigorously painted—a very wicked Adonis—the very Mephistopheles of horse-flesh.

No. 454. As painters have a rage for the Vicar of Wakefield, it may be as well to notice that the vicar and his wife certainly did not sit for their portraits for this picture.

No. 506. "Meg Merrilees, and the dying smuggler." R. S. Lauder,

We should not have duly observed this picture, had not the catalogue given the name of Lauder. We have so vivid a recollection of his fine picture last year of Effie Deans, that we were the more anxious to look at this. It is very badly hung. In a good light, we are persuaded, it would have a fine colouring, and characteristic too. It is finely and truly conceived.

No. 510. "Broeckenhaven, a fishing port of the Zuyder Zee." E. W. Cooke. Is very clever, and delightfully fresh.

Mr S. Drummond's "Bacchante," No. 511, is very vile. He says:—

"In climes remote cerulean skies are seen;"

but who, before Mr D., ever thought of their being seen right through the bodies of their visitants. The eyes of the figure with the tambourine are exactly like the coloured glass ones in a mummy case.

No. 527. R. Dadd.

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands,
Curtsied when you have and kissed,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly here and there,
And sweet sprites the burthen bear."

We remember seeing at the Academy exhibition, we believe two years ago, a very beautiful little picture of Mr Dadd's, a fairy subject. There is much beauty in this, particularly in the grouping, a general lightness of the figures, which are, nevertheless, too spicular. The colour is a little too cold and murky. The going off of the figures is very good. We notice, however, that the sands are not "yellow." — No. 548. "Cromwell discovering his chaplain, Jeremiah White, making love to his daughter Frances." This little ambiguous love-story of the Protector's daughter is pleasingly told, and well painted; we are not quite sure of the resemblance of Cromwell.

We cannot forbear, ere we close our remarks, expressing our delight at the drawings of G. Richmond, in the room of drawings and miniatures —a room we do not, we confess, very strictly visit. All his drawings are very exquisite and fine, but more particularly his children. What can be more exquisitely natural than his No. 600, "Daughters of Samuel Hoare, Esq.?"—Nor is 698, "Mrs Gurney Hoare and two children," less delightfully and exquisitely drawn.

We here conclude our remarks upon the pictures, conscious that we have omitted to mention many of great merit. It must be so in so vast a number—many must be overlooked, and after seeing such a multitude, weariness is apt to take away the judgment.

It is, after all that can be said, difficult to enjoy pictures at a public exhibition. Their very number is perplexing. Could we enter the rooms, even without encountering the confusion of the ever-moving crowd, the multiplicity of gilt frames, the glare of colours, the variety of subjects, all demanding attention, would still make exactions upon the mind and upon the eye, difficult to comply with pleasantly. Attractions may be painful. We feel a power all around, that would draw our eyes out of our heads, as the magnetic mountain did the nails out of Sinbad's ship; we feel only safe by counter distractions. It is very evident, however, that this idea arises after some hours' study of the pictures, and therefore tells us it is time to close our comments. We had intended to have noticed other exhibitions; for the present we have no space, and possibly may speak of them in another paper. We cannot congratulate the Academy on this, their exhibition, as an advance beyond their usual display; on the whole, it is, perhaps, of a less elevated character. The astonishing patronage given to art, by the increase of the subscriptions to the Art Union, must have the effect of multiplying both patrons and painters; we most sincerely hope that it will not encourage the lighter productions, at the expense of the higher and more important works which genius can alone accomplish, and which will be accomplished if the public feeling and patronage will demand them. It is true in art as in literature—"Sint Mæcenates non deerunt Marones."

CALEB STUKELY.

PART V.

HOME REVISITED.

It is a dull and dreary winter's day. The earth sleeps soundly, and on her rigid face appears no smile, to tell that dreams of spring are moving her with joy. The thick and heavy air hangs like a shroud upon her, and a frozen silence reigneth every where. The blood of life is numbed, and in the vegetable, as well as in the animal, performs its functions lazily. It is a day when sunny light becomes a paradox—cerulean sky, a pure impossibility; when crimson flowers, and laughing trees, and purling brooks, seem intimations from a poetic childhood, recollections of a splendid and far distant country, when summer thoughts bring with them shadowy recollections of a fairy land, pictures of time, and place, and circumstance, that had their birth and origin in the immortal mind, and whose existence was first revealed to us in sweet and cherished books. Winter is an envious churl, and it is difficult to realize the pleasant summer time if he stand by. Snow, a month old, lies about in clumps and patches, embrowned with age, hardened and coalesced by frost. Trees, whose spreading foliage has sheltered many times, and shall again protect, from heat and storm, the solitary wayfarer, stand defenceless now themselves — dismantled skeletons. And yet how preferable their natural hybernal death to the unwholesome life of yew trees, that at intervals diversify and make more hideous the melancholy road; ever and anon starting upon my path like wandering spirits doomed to carry on a changeless and eternal life in a vast world of mutability.

Nearly two years have elapsed since the *Cambridge Intelligence* discharged me at Trinity Gate. The *Huntingdon* Coach carries me slowly, but too quickly, back to London. My university education is completed. My father is at my side. His cheek is very pale, and his brow wears a settled sadness. He has sighed many times, (has he not wept too?—Have I not watched it fall—the life-blood tear of manhood?) but he has not spoken. He is wasted, and corroding care has fed upon his spirit. Ah! he is very ill, and I dare not ask how it is with him, and why he languishes—the tongue of the criminal is tied. We are not alone. The coach contains another traveller, a man advanced in years, small in stature, blessed with a countenance that is radiant with benevolence—his grey eyes twinkle with delight, and he is restless in his seat. Frequently the excited little man hurried to the coach window, looked into the road with an averted face, and then returned to his place with a moistened eye, or with a beamy smile illuminating the breadth and depth of his venerable and social visage. Sometimes he would attack his nose, and cough most vehemently, to make us understand how cruelly he suffered from a catarrh, and how little from the inundation of a mirth that would not be restrained; and sometimes he would hum a tune, and accompany the measure with his feet, to carry off, it might be, through many and various channels, the impetuous stream of gladness ever running from his heart. His tongue was at length obliged to help in the dismission of the current.

"Bless him, bless him!" the gratified traveller ejaculated, and once more referring us to his nose for an explanation of his words—"Bless the dear boy's heart!"

My poor, cast-down father had not previously noticed our companion. He looked dejectedly at him now as he spoke.

"Don't mind me, don't mind me," he continued, "I am the happiest man in the creation, but I am not crazy. Is that your son? Pardon my excessive rudeness."

"He is, sir," said my father.

"Then you understand all about it, and I needn't apologize. Listen to me, my dear sir, for five minutes, and tell me if I am not the luckiest man in the world—with the exception of yourself, perhaps, I am sadly wanting in politeness. I married him this

morning, sir. She is a lovely creature."

"Is she?" enquired my father mechanically, his thoughts being far, very far from the speaker.

"Yes—no," replied the gentleman, "I don't mean that. His wife is an angel—a love-match—his old master's daughter. One of the right school, sir. Are you a grandfather, may I ask? I hope it is not an improper question."

"I am not, sir."

"Nor am I, but I hope to be one; and then my house won't hold me. If it's a boy, they intend to call him Jeremiah—that's after me, of course. What is the meaning of Jeremiah?"

My father confessed his ignorance, and the happy man proceeded. "The dear boy is five-and-twenty this very day; and, as true as I sit here, he has never knowingly caused me one moment's pain. I may never see him again. It was hard to part with him. Don't you think so?"

"'*A good son maketh a glad father*' saith the proverb," replied my father in a mournful voice.

"Yes," added the stranger quickly, "'*and a foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him*,' that's a proverb too, although it is not so much in my way as the other. I'll swear *your* proverb's true,"—and he rubbed his hands with glee, whilst my father drooped.

"It is exactly ten years since I bound him apprentice to John Claypole, the brewer. You know him?"

Mr Stukely shook his head negatively.

"What, not know John Claypole? Oh yes, you do. You have seen that fine house on the Godmanchester road. That's his. My boy will live there soon. He deserves it. I have no notion of calling a man lucky who works his own way up to fortune. My dear Jack! who would have thought that he'd marry that sweet child of Claypole's! They are, though I say it, the prettiest-mated birds that ever coupled. There's something to look at, too, in Arabella—that's a curious name isn't it?—foreign, I suppose—eh? Oh, dear me!" Now part of the little gentleman's joy oozed in perspiration down his forehead, and he cleared it off, and then continued, "I was saying something—oh yes, I bound him father-in-law—not his father-in-law then, you know—that has only been since nine o'clock this morning. 'Jack,' said I, when I shook hands with him on the bridge ten minutes after his indentures were signed, 'Jack,' said I, 'we are very poor, but you have gentle blood flowing in your veins—don't disgrace us.' 'Father,' said he, 'I wont, depend upon it,' and he gave me a grasp of the hand in return for my own, which I have felt ever since whenever I talk or think about the lad. It is tingling now—it is really, sir—I don't romance," and now his joy checked his utterance, and his handkerchief was busy with his eyes. My father listened to the old man with earnestness, and his pale lip trembled. "When the child's time was out, that's just three years ago, his mother was taken ill, and, poor creature, died too soon. If you had seen the boy at her bedside for one whole month"——

"How many miles is this from Huntingdon?" enquired my father, interrupting him.

"The last stone was twenty-three. Where did I leave off, sir? Dear me—How very warm it is!"

"And yet it freezes hard," rejoined my father.

"Do you really say so? Ah, cold cannot freeze a father's heart—can it, sir? Well, his mother died, and then John Claypole sent for me; 'Jeremiah,' he said, (his father was second cousin to my wife's uncle, so being relations, he always called me by my christian name,) 'Jeremiah, your boy has two good qualities: he speaks the truth, and has an honourable respect for ha'pence. I shall take care of him?' And hasn't he taken care of him? Hasn't he given him a share in the brewery, and a share of his house, and his own daughter all to himself? And hasn't the dear boy taken care of his father, and made him comfortable for life? And hasn't his father seen him married this very day, and hadn't he better make the best of his way home and die at once, because he can never be so happy again if he lives to the age of Methuselah? I am so glad that you are a father, because you won't think me a fool for ——" the concluding words were drowned in the handkerchief.

"You have much to be grateful for, sir;" said my father, ready to weep from a very different cause. "You are a happy man."

"No, sir; I am three happy men. I think you will find that to be correct, if you take the average. I trust I am sufficiently humble; my privileges are manifold."

That my feelings during this interesting scene were not of the most agreeable kind may easily be supposed. During my long service with my present worthy employer, I have had many opportunities of noticing the behaviour of culprits on particular occasions, especially in the dock of the Old Bailey, at those intensely pleasant moments when a communicative witness enters upon an affecting portion of the said culprit's secret and domestic history. When, on these occasions, I have seen the brazen face throw off its metal, modestly avoid the public gaze, and languish gradually upon the breast; then have I, likewise, seen the *tableau vivant* of poor Caleb Stukely, pierced with remorse and shame, uneasy with the weight of his own head, and eager to evaporate, in the coach that carried him from Huntingdon.

The stranger grew more pleasant and loquacious; my father a more attentive listener. To me the latter did not address the shortest syllable. Although sitting at his side, I was in effect as much withdrawn from him as though an ocean rolled between us. He treated me with cold neglect. If his new acquaintance referred to me, and he often did so to gratify the parent's natural vanity, and to afford himself an excuse for a fresh recapitulation of the merits of his own darling offspring, my father returned a short, quick answer, and avoided discussion on the subject. I was indeed abandoned, and I quailed before the just anger of a father, which divided us now as surely as we had been united by his previous confiding and unbounded love. Once only had I ventured to speak since we entered the coach; and my father neither replied to me nor turned his face towards me. For the first, but not for the last time, did the thought of self-destruction possess my mind without alarming it.

We stopped for refreshment. My father did not enter the inn, but walked slowly through the lonely street, the only one of the village in which our coach halted. I followed him, and when I overtook him, seized his hand.

"Father, father!" I exclaimed at the same moment.

"Well, Caleb;" he replied, disengaging his hand, and in a passionless voice.

"Speak to me, dear father!" I cried out. "Be angry with me, upbraid me. I can never repair the cruel wrong that I have inflicted upon you. I deserve punishment. Do not spare it. I will bear it patiently, gladly. But speak to me, for God's sake! Speak harshly, reproachfully; but do speak!"

"Caleb;" answered my father, moved by my importunity, and in a tone of sorrow, "there are upbraidings and reproaches waiting you at home that will fall upon you with pitiless violence. Bear them if you can. *I* have no punishment to inflict. The hot iron is prepared. I can promise you no mitigation of suffering. You have sown—you must reap; there is a retributive justice *here*. Good or evil deeds done in the flesh, are requited in the flesh. Gather yourself, then, and summon courage for the penalty. You will pay it shortly."

It was late at night when we reached home. The shops and houses were closed. The streets of busy London were as tranquil as a field of slumbering roses. The flickering lamps made darkness visible; and a heavy coach or two, at intervals, rendered silence audible. We rang at the door of our habitation, and a strange man, with a lantern in his hand, opened it.

"Who's that, Bolster?" enquired a loud uncouth voice, emanating apparently from the shop.

"All right, master;" replied the attendant, locking and bolting the door, whilst my father proceeded to the parlour, and I went after him.

"Who are these?" I asked, surprised and alarmed at the presence of these unexpected visiters; "what are these men?"

"Our masters, Caleb; be grateful to them, and show them all civility; we are here on sufferance."

"Dear father, what can you mean? Is not this our house?"

"Our house is a large one. As wide as the world itself. It is roofed only by heaven. This is the first reproach. I told you they would come

quickly. *Our* house, Caleb? We are beggars, houseless, pennyless, save what they allow in charity. They are very kind. We must not seem proud, or these men will get us turned out in revenge. I wouldn't care for myself, but what would you do? Stay here a minute; I will speak with them." Saying these words, he opened the parlour door which communicated with the shop, and joined the individuals who were sitting there. There were two; a small window permitted me to get sight of them. One was Mr Bolster—the gentleman who admitted us: the other, I concluded to be the person whom he had honoured with the title of superior. Both of them were dressed with the same elegance and taste; and both were endowed with that intelligent cast of features which generally denotes a first-rate education and an intimate acquaintance with things in general. Their eyes had evidently been to school from earliest infancy, and had learned all the languages. The other members of the facial family had been brought up with equal care, were beaming with the brightest polish, and had kept up steadily with the rapid march of civilization and scientific knowledge. They were gentlemen certainly not in danger of falling victims to their simplicity or worldly innocence. Mr Bolster decorated the lower part of a very stout and ill-defined person with corduroy shorts, worsted stockings, and thick half-boots. His head was divided from the rest of his body by a belcher handkerchief which supplied the place of a neck—a superfluous portion of "the form divine," with which Mr Bolster had never been troubled. He wore a costermonger's coat, and a yellow waistcoat. He had a short and bristly head of hair; and in the centre of a low, flat, retreating, but by no means ugly forehead, he carried a stupendous wen; an enlargement possibly of the organ of benevolence or conscientiousness, if either of these sentiments lie hereabouts in the human skull. The "Master" was tall and scraggy, lacking flesh, but framed with bones of antediluvian form and structure. His dress was of the same character as Bolster's, a thought fresher, perhaps, in respect of colour—yet this might be a fancy suggested by the knowledge of their different conditions—but the expression of his countenance was very dissimilar. Master and man had seen much of life, and you marked them with a look for men of rare experience; but the wisdom and the learning that had made Bolster merry, had rendered the principal sad and thoughtful. The face of the former was stamped with a grin: that of the latter veiled with grief. At the feet of the tall man crouched an unsightly dog, remarkable for the mange, for leanness, and for his extraordinary resemblance to the gentleman who owned him. The two worthies were sitting at a deal table before a roaring fire. A pewter pot containing porter was in the grasp of the unhappy principal, and a clay pipe was at his side. The table itself was ornamented with a quartern loaf, a lump of cheese, a pack of cards, one candle, and a cribbage board. The men rose as my father entered the shop, and Bolster greeted him with a cordial laugh, whilst the master eyed him with sorrow and compassion. I could not overhear their conversation. In a few minutes my father returned to me.

"The men will let us share their bread and cheese," said my father; "it is too late to purchase any thing to-night, and there is nothing in the house besides. You must be hungry, Caleb?"

"But what are these men to us, father? What wonderful change has taken place in our home. Where is my mother?"

My father changed colour, and a spasm caught the muscles of his face. "It is not my fault that you have not known of these matters before. I have written to you many letters. I have sought you many times. I have done my duty by you."

"Indeed you have, my dearest father; and I have been ungrateful and unfilial. Believe me, I will be wiser for the future. Restore your confidence, and trust me."

"The future! the future!" repeated my father, musingly, "that will hardly repair the past. We will have some talk to-morrow, Caleb. It is a short history to recite, but a weighty one. We must not refuse these good men's hospitality, or they will take offence; and I tell you they may get us cast into the street. It does not

matter if I am thrown upon a dung-hill. What would become of you? I must think of that;—oh, yes, I ought to think of that."

"For the love of Heaven, I beseech you, my dear father, to explain yourself more fully—what power have these visiters over you? What right have they here?—what has happened?"

"Nothing, Caleb," replied my father, who seemed alarmed at my tone and agitation; "nothing. It happens every day; do not be frightened; many better, wealthier men than I have suffered it, and have held up their heads again, and have got rich and prospered;—there is no disgrace in bankruptcy."

"Bankruptcy!" I exclaimed, my blood curdling at the dreadful thought.

"Yes, bankruptcy!" reiterated my poor father, bursting into tears, which would not be suppressed; "it is too true, bankruptcy—shame—dishonour—ignominy! Every thing is gone; our name is blasted—our home is snatched from us—the fair reputation, too, that has had no spot or stain for centuries, is soiled and smirched. They might have spared me this. Caleb, we are beggars, but this is least of all; if there were nothing else, they might take all, and welcome."

"Father, this is very sudden; I left you thriving, and in the midst of plenty."

"Yes, Caleb, and I left you innocent, and full of truth and promise. You are right; it has been sudden. We do not, indeed, meet as we parted." This was spoken with some bitterness, and I was immediately silenced.

"Come," resumed my father in a milder voice, "you shall take some supper, and then go to bed; all the news cannot be told at once. Remember, Caleb, we have not corresponded for months, and much may come to pass in a single hour—in a moment. You shall know all to-morrow. Do not let us keep the good men waiting; they must be our friends—come now."

He walked again into the shop, and I followed him. Ill prepared as I was for eating, I dared not disobey him; a preying sense of past undutifulness robbed me of free will. Had it been left me, could I have exercised it in opposition to his wishes, when so much depended upon a cheerful compliance? The shop looked wretched indeed; the walls were stripped, and bales of merchandise were heaped upon the floor without order or care; they were marked and lotted. The large iron cupboard, which my father, for so many years, had nightly secured with double lock, and whose creaking hinges had so often sung a lullaby to his cashbooks and ledgers, stood open and deserted. The black shelves were empty; an open drawer displayed a few old banker's cheques, long since honoured, now crossed and valueless. Every other thing had been carried off. The shop itself, that was ever so neat and clean, and such a pattern of a place of business, was disfigured with the accumulated dust and dirt of weeks, and with the off-scourings of shelves, whose tops had not been visited or disturbed for years before. You might have searched through London and not found a place so well equipped and qualified for —— the broken heart. Mr Bolster and his companion rose again upon our entrance; a slight addition had been made to the repast—there was a second pewter pot; in other respects the table was as before described. I sat down with my meal already in my mouth—for my full heart was in it—and dared not look upon my unhappy parent for very grief and shame. I had scarcely seated myself when Mr Bolster began to grin, and to exhibit various sprightly contortions of his face, much more pleasing to himself than to me, who appeared to be the subject of them. He planted his laughing eyes upon me, and when I met them withdrew them suddenly; not however before he was overtaken by a violent impulse to indulge himself and laugh outright. The struggle between this natural force, and his acquired notions of good behaviour, caused his cheeks to swell, and his features to assume the lines and forms of a vast kaleidoscope. Somewhat offended, I turned to his superior, whose head I encountered, oscillating mournfully, pendulum fashion. Every movement carried with it a vote of censure—a volume of reproof. I sat uneasy and silent between the tutelary geniuses of tragedy and comedy, who presided over my unfortunate parent's once prosperous dwelling-place.

"You have come from college, haven't you?" enquired Bolster, with a chuckle. "You finished your eddication just in time. I hope you have

taken your degrees? The governor takes his on Monday week, if the assignees is satisfied with his examination; I should say he'll pass. He isn't half so flat as he looks—are you, old gentleman?" And he handed my father a plate of bread and cheese, and gently pushed the pot of porter towards him.

"Do you think there will be any difficulty?" asked my father anxiously, and addressing himself to the chief officer.

The latter shook his head despondingly.

"Now, Mr Growler, that's just the way with you," rejoined the lively Bolster. "For pouring cold water down a fellow's back, I never found your equal. You hadn't—oughtn't to have followed this here line of business. Bankruptcy is too severe for you; every gazette as comes out I sees an alteration in you. You'll fall a victim to your own profession—mark my words."

The principal looked at Bolster with an expression too deep for utterance, and then concealed his face and feelings for some minutes in the pewter pot.

"They surely will not distress me further," said my father; "what can they gain by it? I have given up every thing."

Bolster winked, and answered, "In course you have. I never knew a bankrupt yet as hadn't. And when you goes up for your degrees on Monday week, and they ask you to surrender, you'll turn your pockets inside out, and show 'em the dirty lining, and the farden you got in change for the half-pint, and take your oath you haven't another farden in the world to make that a ha'penny, and kiss the book to show there's no doubt about it, but that it's all quite true and regular, and no mistake."

"I wouldn't hunt them in misfortune," said my father, "as some of these men are following me. They'll persecute me to the grave; it is a dreadful thing to have a merciless creditor."

"Now," continued Bolster, "I have seen a good deal of this here sort of life, and I don't mind them merciless ones at all. I likes a savage to begin with; you tames him by degrees. It's your quiet and innocent boys as I dreads; them as was never in court afore, and cuddles the Bible when they swears to their debts, and kisses it so very hard. Them chaps always looks as if they had walked into a place of worship, where him as is most religious, and kisses hardest gets best pay. Nothing less than one-and-twenty shillings in the pound comes up to their belief; and ain't they wilder than heathens when they diskiver it's only three-ha'pence? Give me a fellow as is used to it, and knows the worst, and who blows at the book a mile off from his lips, 'cause he's internally satisfied that if he presses it ever so close, he couldn't press the dividend up to twopence. You may do wonders with a chap as is resigned, but I'm blessed if there is any moving one as is disappointed. That's *my* experience; and now, young gentleman, if you'll be so kind as to take the nightcap off that porter, I shall be happy to wish the old gentleman safe over his troubles."

My father carried on a conversation respecting his affairs in an under tone with Mr Growler, Bolster, at the same time, initiating me into the Eleusinian mysteries of the Court of Bankruptcy. Both gentlemen were, as it is technically called, *in possession* of our house and its contents. Their sympathies were clearly engaged on my father's behalf, and many observations that escaped them, tended to produce the conviction that any office of kindness which they could perform for us consistently with their duty, or, more accurately to speak, consistently with their safety, and with their security from detection, should on no account be withheld. A species of paraphrase which Mr Growler employed when he took leave of us at the close of supper, placed this matter beyond all doubt. "A man, Mr Stukely," said he, "isn't accountable for what happens when he's fast asleep—that's morally certain. Bolster and I are not early risers; we like to indulge—on a Sunday morning especially. You may have noticed that the mornings are dark, I may say very dark. It is surprising how much may be done before breakfast—are you aware that the inventory isn't finished? It is a remarkable fact, that the stock in the parlour isn't in the catalogue at all. I am not obliged to know every thing; I mean to say, there's no law to make me. I hope I do my public duty faithfully; but in this free country every man has a

right to enjoy his private opinion—I have mine. Your's is a very hard case—I pity you—*you*, Mr Stukely." The last *you* he uttered with a powerful emphasis, and then he stared at me with the same ill-natured sorrow as before, shrugged his shoulders, sighed, and left us.

The look of things up-stairs was even more desperate and comfortless than below. The furniture had been torn from every room. The largest apartment contained a temporary bed made upon the floor, a small deal table, and a solitary chair—nothing in the world besides. The room was icy-cold, and when my father entered it, holding before me his small piece of dimly-burning candle, it seemed as if he were lighting me to a dungeon. I slept with him that night. In the morning, I reminded him of his promise, and prayed him to give me some account of my absent mother. He desired me to accompany him to the room which, in their days of prosperity, had been their sleeping apartment; I did so. There was not a moveable in the place. He locked the door, and opened a very small cupboard which was in a corner of the room. He produced a hat covered with crape to the very crown, and a man's suit of black clothes. I screamed out, and dropped into his arms. When I recovered, my father was bending over me with a countenance pale as death, but dispossessed of all violent emotion.

"I would not put them on, Caleb," he said, in a voice of unnatural calmness, "until you had been informed of the fact. She is gone. I am here to tell it you. You are alive to hear it."

"Father," I enquired, "when was it—how—what was the cause? Sudden it must have been. Oh, let me know all! Merciful Heaven, what a blow is this!"

"Grief, grief, grief," replied my father, repeating the words with a painful emphasis, "grief, such as only she could feel—blighting, withering anxiety and distress. For whom? For one who never cared to estimate the priceless worth of her absorbing and unselfish love."

I shook, and my brain writhed with an aching sense of guilt.

"Caleb, you are not unprepared for this—you cannot be. I warned you of the retribution that would follow upon ingratitude, and a mad neglect of one who lived only in the incessant pouring forth upon you of the stream of a maternal love, boundless and overflowing. I cautioned you of the danger of checking that gushing and too generous fount. I dreaded the revulsion. I knew that death would follow—but not so quickly. I did not calculate upon such astounding, such destroying speed."

"Father, do not say so. You cannot mean it. It is not true. Did I ——"

"Break her heart?" he added quickly. "You did—may God forgive you for it!"

I fell upon my knees, and seized his hand, and wrung it in the extremity of mental suffering. "Father," I cried out, "*do you* forgive me! I have been a guilty wretch indeed. I have committed a most dreadful crime. I am her murderer!" I stopped, sobbing bitterly.

"No Caleb, I did not say that exactly," faltered my poor father.

"Oh yes, I am; and if I live for years—for ever—I cannot wash away the infamy. I can never make my repentance known to her. She can never behold the remorse and sorrow of my aching heart. She can never forgive me. But do not you discard me. Father, I will never leave you; I will slave for your happiness and comfort. Don't cast me away! Don't think me unworthy of your love—below your consideration! If we have lost her — God, what a dreadful thought!—if she is taken from us, how much more do you need the sympathy and help of your own flesh and blood! You cannot understand all that I have suffered from your cold and crushing silence. You would pity me if you did. I cannot live and bear it. Dear father, I repent—I remember the past with bitterness—with shame, with hatred of myself. Let me obliterate it by serving you obediently and lovingly for the time to come—dearest father, let me!"

"Say no more, boy," answered my father, returning my own trembling pressure of the hand, "say no more. She forgave and blessed you. I must not be cruel. May I confide in you, Caleb?" he asked, after a pause.

"I cannot wonder that you hesitate to do so," I replied. "In truth, father, I have given you no cause to trust me."

"But I will trust you, Caleb. You noticed the rude tone and manner of the man to whom we owed our meal last night. I was not angry with him. It is the mode they practise towards the broken down and ruined. He meant no harm. Integrity and insolvency are, to these men's view, as far asunder as vice and virtue. The bankrupt is a criminal—he is *without* the social circle—an object to be stared at, despised, and shunned; bantered with for a moment, if you please, but avoided ever after. He has ceased to be of the community—the life-blood has left him. You will hear them, Caleb, talking of the *bankrupt*, as the living talk of a *corpse*. That man may be excused; but the creditors, Caleb—men who in their hearts know me better—accuse me of the vilest practices; they taunt me with the commission of acts impossible for me to conceive. Their losses have made them demons; they are infuriated at the consequences of a blow which, as it fell, only grazed them, but lacerated and mangled me. They are bent upon the destruction of my good name, and would make that bankrupt too. Caleb, it must never be. We must work night and day to clear away the heap of opprobrium beneath which they would bury the precious jewel of my life. We will prove to them and to the world that I am spotless."

"We will, dear father," I exclaimed, burning with enthusiasm.

"You must do more, Caleb. Let me be proved innocent, as our sense of justice would demand, as our hearts could wish: remember, to an extent, I must die with a dishonoured name; with debts unpaid, obligations undischarged—leaving no means of satisfying them. This is a stigma no energy can remove. If you wish me to lay down my head in peace on my death-bed—soon I shall be called to do it, be it in peace or trouble—if you wish my spirit to be happy when my body is at rest, make me one promise now. Promise me to strive, to labour in every honourable way to realize a sum sufficient for the payment of these debts. If you are in earnest, God will prosper your exertions, and the memory which I leave covered with disgrace shall assuredly be made honourable again by you. Can you promise this to me?"

"Father, I beseech you to dictate the solemn promise in the terms you deem most fit, and I will make it cheerfully."

"It is enough," he said, "and I rely upon you."

The very same day, my father and I commenced an investigation of his accounts preparatory to a statement of his affairs, which was to be produced at his forthcoming examination before the officers of the law. He set about the task with the vigour of youth, and with the spirit and life which he had ever infused into his business transactions. In the prosecution of the exciting employment, its disastrous nature was forgotten, and he daily rose from his long-continued labours, as satisfied and rejoiced, as if profit, reward, and honour, were to be the result of all the patient toil. And were they not to be? What gain, what recompense, what dignity could his upright and manly understanding acknowledge superior to those which would follow the acknowledgment and publication of his unblemished character? I knew nothing of accounts, but I was happy beyond expression in the mechanical work which I was enabled to perform, and in the steady application which was so gratifying to my untiring parent. Many times, in the casting up of a long line of figures, a sudden thought of my poor dear mother would check the upward progress of my pen, dissipate the carefully-accumulated numbers, and mingle drops of sacred water with the dry and hardened ink; but the inspiriting and incessant occupation saved me from many bitter reflexions, and tended to break the fall of a calamity, which otherwise I could ill have borne. My father was fairly roused by the advancement and extent of our labours, and he displayed an exuberant, an almost childish gladness in the pursuit of his object, that permitted not the intrusion of extraneous thoughts. He spoke not of my mother; but my faithful adherence and unflinching constancy drew from him the most fervent expressions of affectionate gratitude. "I was a noble boy—he forgave me every thing—he was sure that I should keep my plighted word. God would prosper my exalted efforts, and we should all three meet again in Heaven—reunited." After we had been a few days together, he could not bear me to leave his sight. If circum-

stances called me away for a few minutes, I heard him, abandoning his work, move immediately from his seat, walk impatiently about the room, and at last hasten to the door, and there listen for my return: if it were postponed for a minute longer, he either called my name repeatedly and anxiously, or himself sought me, wherever he thought me most likely to be found.

Our work was at length completed, and nothing could exceed the transport of my poor father when he contemplated and devoured with his eyes the long-expected and remunerating result. A lucid statement of all his affairs during the seven years preceding his failure was given in a few pages, and references were made from these to his books, in such a manner, that, in an instant, any single transaction during the entire period could be arrived at, and then subjected to the severest enquiry. His balance-sheet, in which his losses were accounted for, and were shown to proceed not from improvidence or fraudulency, but from the sudden and unlooked-for fluctuations of a foreign trade—from the insolvency, in fact, of other parties—he gloated over with an admiration and pride that contrasted strangely with the deep feeling of mortification and shame with which he had a few days before dwelt upon his social degradation. He carried these papers about with him as a protection and passport against the rude enquiries of enemies and strangers, as though he deemed himself unsafe without them, passing through a land of calumny with the universal eye of suspicion constantly upon him. Little need be said of the gala-day—for such it was to him—on which he underwent the close scanning of his creditors, and passed with honour through the fiery ordeal. One circumstance connected with it cannot, however, be omitted. It has to do with Mr Levy. Like all other dreaded things that sooner or later arrive at their full growth, my unfortunate bill of a hundred pounds came gradually and safely to maturity. Mr Levy, in his own phrase, "sought me high and low," and not finding me at last, proceeded to assert his claim upon my goods and chattels. The tutor of the college contested the good man's right; the latter held up the strong arm of the law, and plea and counter-plea had been briskly fired, when my father's failure saved further shots, by carrying the settlement into other hands. The creditors opposed the claim of Mr Levy upon the ground of my minority, and my consequent inability to contract the debt. That worthy gentleman met the general opposition with a poetical invention, beautifully conceived, but somewhat badly executed. When I entered the room with my father upon the day of his examination, three objects caught my notice. The first was Levy, *père*, sitting upon a stool, and biting his nails with much anxiety; the second was young Master Isaac, sitting near him, loaded with account-books to his chin; the third was a dark-visaged gentleman, made in the same mould as Levy senior, looking very shrewd and cunning, but taking some pains to invest his features with a veil of unconscious innocence, not thick enough to answer its design. As I passed the youthful Ikey, my shins were favoured with a violent kick. I turned upon the boy, and the young fiend was feigning sleep upon a ledger. All other questions being disposed of, Mr Levy's claim was last to be considered. His name was called, and my old friend rose.

"Give me dem books, my boy," were the first accents of that well-known voice.

"Stay," said a perk and new-fledged barrister, employed to grapple with the well-trained Levy; "Stay, we may dispense with books."

"As you please. I vants to prove my lawful debt. You needn't try to bother me; I've got my vitnesses."

The plea of minority was then advanced. The learned gentleman spoke mysteriously and rather episodically for about an hour, and concluded by saying, that the bankrupt's son being an infant, the chattels in question had been *de facto* the chattels of the bankrupt, and were now *de jure* the chattels of the assignees, they themselves being the *locum tenentes* of the creditors at large. Having uttered which words, he resumed his seat with a smile of content. Mr Levy begged permission to introduce a very credible witness, who had been present when the bankrupt's son had distinctly averred that he was twenty-five years of age, upon the faith of which statement he, Mr

Levy, had at length raised the loan, and now relied upon the satisfaction of his claim. His witness was desired to appear; Master Isaac stood up, and my hair stood on end. Ikey, however, was not in a good humour.

"How old are you, boy?" enquired the lawyer.

"I don't know," said the imp.

"Oh, indeed. Perhaps you'll know something else. What is an oath?"

"Why, nothink at all to si'nify."

"Oh, it isn't, isn't it?" enquired the lawyer, with great acuteness. "This is your witness, Mr Levy, eh? Oh, ho! ha, ha! Now, mark and listen, boy. If an oath is nothing to signify, what is it not to signify?" The gentleman adjusted his wig and gown, both of which had been startled out of their propriety by the previous display of his eloquence.

"Oh, that's all very fine, mister," replied the impertinent chip of Mosaic: "come to the point, and let us swear. You'll believe me then; and if I don't, you won't."

"What's your name, my sweet youth?" asked the lawyer, very politely.

"Isaac Levy," responded the boy.

"And do you think, Isaac Levy, that there is such a place as Hell?"

"Oh, don't I neither?" returned Ikey, with quickness. "Why, where do you think all the lawyers go to?"

The counsellor stopped, and forthwith enquired whether more was needed to prove the ignorance of the witness in respect of the awful nature of an oath. He was anwered in the negative, and young Ikey was dismissed. Mr Levy, by no means discouraged, stepped forward, and explained how he had taken all possible pains to secure his debt; that he had even sent a gentleman to London, to announce to the bankrupt the sum he intended to advance his son; that the bankrupt had sanctioned the loan, and was aware of the security that had been taken. The respectable gentleman who had waited upon the bankrupt was now present, and prepared to take his oath to these facts; and when he had done so, Mr Levy fervently hoped that "nobody vouldn't vish him to be kept no longer out of his rights." This witness was summoned to the box. Levy's double briskly jumped into it, and my father's grey hairs became ten years whiter with surprise. The witness nodded in an affectionate manner to the bankrupt, whom, I need not say, he had never seen before.

Unfortunately for the persevering Levy, it was proved that my parent was five hundred miles from home at the time of the transaction. Whilst a witness was in the act of showing this beyond all doubt, Levy, finding the atmosphere too close and oppressive, took the opportunity to enjoy a little fresh air. Ikey and the boots sneaked after him. The dark gentleman, less nimble, waited just long enough to be detained and given into custody, upon a charge of wilful perjury.

True it is, that my father was dismissed with honour, but not less true, without a penny in the world. His stock, his furniture, his all, were disposed of by public auction. His house passed into strange hands. He stood naked in life, with the juice of forty years' industry and mental energy drawn from him. After all his buffeting with the waves of fortune, to have advanced not one inch towards the haven he aspired to—it was a gloomy thought!—to be hurled back upon the stony shore, hacked and torn, old, powerless, and spent—that was harder still! But he did not murmur. He was subdued and humble. Patience was left him yet; he had preserved it from the general wreck; it identified him with his former self. Beyond it, what was there now remaining of the once cheerful and successful merchant? My father had now to look about for a place of refuge. He secured a small ill-furnished attic in one of the city's narrowest lanes. I had strongly urged him to rent an apartment away from London—in one of the suburbs—at a distance from old scenes and painful recollections; but he would not be persuaded. "This will never do," he said; "we must strangle in the birth, not nurse and strengthen, these cowardly apprehensions. I love the city's noise and bustle. I should die at once away from it." When my father had placed into the hands of his creditors, amongst other things, the gold watch he had worn for half a century, the latter was immediately returned to him. He converted it without delay to money, reserved a few guineas for our most pressing wants, and handed the residue to me, for the purpose of buying

at the sale of his furniture a few matters that had belonged to my mother, the idea of losing which had cost him sharper pangs than the real loss of every other earthly thing. When he left me to take possession of his poor lodging, I hastened to the auction.

Gentle, happy reader—happy in the endearments of your sweet fireside, sustained in gladsome confidence by the bright smiles of your abiding household deities—if you have suffered to creep and twine about your heart the things of home—if with you they have grown old, and with your strength have gained a mightier hold upon your ripe affections—if the mysterious spirit that links the human soul with dumb and lifeless things, hath made and kept you *one*, beware of the cruel hour of separation. So sure it comes, so sure you yield a vital portion of yourself, no surgeon can renew, no time can reinstate. How my blood crawled and my flesh winced, as the irreverend hand of strangers tossed and turned about the articles of furniture which I had known, revered from infancy! how their rude and heartless merriment, provoked by the appearance of some curious and much-cared-for relic of my dear mother's, stung me with a mingled sense of sorrow, shame, and anger! how their inhuman observations fell like iron on my heart and crushed it! A number of school-books were offered in one lot for sale. They had been mine when I was under the care of the good clergyman. How familiar were their well-used backs, scrawled and scribbed over, and what a fair scene for a moment did they evoke, carrying me back to the holidays of life, and permitting one passing gleam of joy and innocence undisturbed to stray across my soul—too soon to vanish! "Pity," exclaimed a vulgar, ever-talking huckster, the merryman of the party; "pity the old man didn't read his books a little better. He should have kept at school a few years longer." And he laughed at his own coarse wit, which many of the company praised highly. I could not execute my commission, but left the place inflamed with indignation.

I joined my parent in his new abode, and discovered him bending over the fire, busy in the preparation of our dinner. It consisted of a few potatoes; and amusing would it have been, under any other circumstances, to listen to the arguments which he employed to recommend the very homely meal. "He could have procured a richer dish, had he not considered the paramount importance of attending to the health. We were now idle—the simplest diet gave strength to those whose bodies suffered no expenditure—stimulating food induced derangement and disease—we could ill afford to pay the doctor now. Prevention of malady was the point he aimed at; we had never regarded this sufficiently before. It was time to look about. The Arabs lived on rice. In truth, the finest creatures in the world were the most moderate." Such were the observations that he poured, by way of relish, over the scanty and otherwise ill-seasoned fare. I agreed with him most cordially, and I was then "a boy of rare wisdom for my years, and undoubtedly on the high road to fortune and success." Ah, poor father! why in the height of all thy panegyrics rise from the table, and shuffle so quickly to the window? Why hum those ineffectual notes? Why so secretly extract that handkerchief, and carry it to thy cheek? In spite of thy shrewd reasoning, is it so difficult to bring conviction *home*? Thy case is not a novel one.

The desperate state of our affairs had not as yet plucked my courage from me. I saw the necessity of labouring for my livelihood, and prepared myself immediately for employment. There were but two of us; surely with health and reason I could do something for our support. I could become a clerk—a teacher in a school; there was nothing which I would not gladly undertake to render the last days of my father smooth and peaceful. I communicated my intention to him. Whilst he did not object to my determination, he evinced no pleasure at it. "I do not see the necessity of your leaving me, Caleb," he said; "I can hardly spare you, and I think we have enough to live upon."

"We have four guineas in the world, father," I replied, "which will last us about as many weeks."

"Is it so?" he asked with a confused and vacant air. "True, true, I had forgotten—they have taken all." And, having cause for tears, he smiled. Melancholy omen!—

I walked into the world with confi-

dent steps, sanguine, fortified with youthful freshness. It was a smiling morning of early spring, and buxom and glad as the whole earth appeared, leaping from cold and lethargy, there existed not a more cheerful and ardent nature than mine, when it looked abroad throbbing with hope and satisfaction. I could not doubt that there were many in the world as ready to secure my services, as I was willing to make the offer of them. Sure I was that I had but to present myself as a candidate for employment in the vast market-place of human industry, in order to be greedily accepted. The days of early spring are not remarkable for length, and yet many hours before the sun had dipped into the west, all my brilliant expectations had, by degrees, declined, and waned, and quite expired. Brighter than the sun at noon were my views at daybreak, darker than the sun at midnight were my hopes at eve. Nobody would hire me. I returned to our poverty-struck habitation more depressed than I had ever been, with a keener sense of our abandoned helpless state than I had ever ventured to conceive. Not the less deeply did I feel our sorrows when my father met my dejected countenance with wild expressions of delight. A child may gamble by its mother's corpse. Innocence forgives the inconsistency, and we are grateful that the gloomy thought of death is all too ponderous for the infant soul; but when the *man* shall laugh at human misery and the wrath of Heaven, be sure his direst woe is that which moved him to his mirth—insanity is *there*.

My father was busy with pen and paper when I returned from my unsuccessful wanderings. At his side was a dish of tea, that had been prepared, apparently, some hours before; near him an uncut loaf of bread; close to the fire-place was his teapot; the fire itself was out. A candle, whose wick had not been snuffed since it first was kindled, burned on the table with dull and sullen aspect. Around him, and on the ground, were many papers, written, blotted, and scrawled upon. He greeted me, and extreme enjoyment played in every feature; but he checked himself and me, held up his pen to compel my silence and arrest my progress, lest the motion of my tongue and feet might disturb and baulk the fit expression of some luminous idea with which his mind seemed big. He wrote some passages in haste and then he stopped. "Well, Caleb," he began, his aged eyes sparkling with unusual animation—"you have failed. I am sure of it. Your looks tell me so. You will not desert your father?"

"I have indeed failed," I answered. "I have been most unfortunate."

"No, Caleb, not when you know all. You are fortunate, very fortunate. You will say so too. Shut the door, lad. I have such a secret to communicate." I obeyed him, and he beckoned me to the table, and placed his finger slowly and solemnly upon his papers. "A mine of wealth!" he exclaimed, "we shall be richer than ever." I was about to take the papers, when he detained my hand. "Not yet, not yet, Caleb. You must promise not to divulge what is written, until every thing is secure. It is all for you. I shall not live to have the fruition, but you will. I have tortured my brain to make you rich. I am very sorry that you hesitate to promise me. It is wrong of you, Caleb; but you will be the sufferer—not I."

"Your request is a law with me, father," I replied. "I will do as you bid me."

"Of course you will," he added with a cunning laugh. "We are not so foolish in this world as to fly in the face of our best interests. That is very clever of you, Caleb. There, feast your eyes upon the golden prospect." He placed triumphantly a sheet of paper in my hand, and bade me read from it aloud. The characters were very large, and had been written with an unsteady pen. I read the following announcement: "*The secret discovered, or transmutation no dream, showing the method of converting the inferior metals into gold.*" "Yes, that's it, that's it," he ejaculated, rubbing his hands—"that's the title. It came to me this morning. I have got the process in my head, but I cannot make it clear on paper. You are a scholar, Caleb—you shall help me. It's a simple operation, and cannot fail. When we have written it out, we'll begin. When I was a boy, Caleb, I dreamed that I should keep my carriage. I thought I had lost it when they tore our bed away—who wouldn't have thought it then? But the dream's out now. Your

mother was a rare believer in old dreams. Ask her what she thinks of this."

Many slight inconsistencies in my father's conduct had alarmed me a few days previously to this sad outbreak; but I was not prepared for what I witnessed. Overcome with astonishment and grief, I remained silent, imploring inwardly the avenging hand of Heaven not to spare me, but to hurl me quickly into the general ruin to which our house was doomed.

"You see, Caleb," continued my afflicted parent, "that you are not allowed to leave your father. You were obstinate, but a miracle has stayed you. Why I have been chosen from the millions of mankind to penetrate this long dormant mystery, I cannot tell now, but even this will be revealed in its own good time. In the meanwhile we will show ourselves mindful of our privileges. Who knows but I am sent to purify the world—to enrich it first, and then to free it from pollution?" He ceased not here, but advanced from one diseased imagining to another, soaring higher and higher in absurdity, as his hot and eager fancy rioted in liberty, until at length, caught and entangled in a maze of images, he stopped, failing to extricate himself, unable to proceed. I dared not leave him again. Had I desired it, he would not have permitted my departure; but, on my own part, I deemed it wrong to abandon him to the perverse guidance of an irresponsible judgment. His days and nights were passed in the working out of his *great Idea*, as he denominated it, and nothing might interfere with its steady prosecution. I, who was destined to profit so largely by this discovery, was not permitted to stand idly by. "It would be," he said, "contrary to every law of nature, and against all notions of justice, to think of passiveness. The harvestman must use his sickle, or he cannot reap." Accordingly, I remained, day after day and hour after hour, at my poor father's side, sometimes writing from his dictation, and delighting him by attempts to clothe in language that might be understood ideas which were not intelligible in themselves, and sometimes copying, in a clear and legible hand, the many pages which he had composed during the long and silent nights, whilst I was sleeping. It is unnecessary to say that his incessant labour yielded not even the blossom of a wholesome fruit. Idle repetitions, the continual evolving of a few thoughts, through whose dark covering of mysteriousness might with difficulty be traced the kernel of a simple and well-known truth, were the produce of all his brain-work; and yet, for this, rest, air, exercise, and needful food, were but too gladly sacrificed. He continued his employment until the last guinea which we could call our own reminded me of the inevitable destitution towards which we were fast advancing. I communicated our condition to my father, in the hope of eliciting one rational intention, if he still held one, with respect to our proceedings.

"Is it the last indeed?" he asked. "How wonderful are the ways of Providence! We have the means of support up to the very moment when we can part with them. Our last guinea will hold out a week longer, and then we shall be ripe for action. This day week, Caleb, shall be an eventful day for you. You will remember it with reason to the last hour of your life."

My father spoke the truth. It was a day never to be forgotten. It stands by itself, flowing like a turbulent river through the plain of my existence, connecting and dividing the life that has followed since, with, and from, the life that went before. He had taken no rest for many nights preceding it, and when it dawned, its first grey gleaming light might easily have settled on his feverish brow without awakening there a consciousness of its approach. His mind was swallowed up in his one great purpose, and day and night, with their vicissitudes and fluctuations, disturbed him not. He was above the common doings of the world. Do we pity the poor lunatic, stripped of his wits, dismembered from the social body, exiled and hid in solitary secret corners? Yes, but not half so proudly, as the poor lunatic, in his borrowed majesty, looks down and pities and despises us. The little method that had lingered in my father's composition had entirely vanished. His intellect was running riot, and he wrote and wrote on, without connexion, meaning, aim. He was bewildered; but he still blotted the paper, and was more persevering than ever. I left him for a short time, in order to purchase our

dinner at a neighbouring shop. Upon my return, I discovered him sitting, as when I had left him, at the table, pen in hand; but his eyes were fixed not upon his papers, but upon the ceiling, and he appeared absorbed in thought. A thick sunbeam, with its countless particles, danced from the ceiling to the floor, and darting athwart his countenance, lit every feature up with white and paly fire; but it passed powerless across the madman's eye. *That* did not shrink or move, but, like a star, shone against the luminous stream. My father heard my footstep, but did not stir.

"Is that you, Caleb?" he enquired in a gentle voice.

"Yes, father," I answered, "and I have brought you a dish that you are fond of. You must be ready for it."

"Bring candles, my dear," said my father in reply, "it is very dark. Night has taken us by surprise. Lights, Caleb, lights!"

I complied with his request. Throughout his illness I had taken pains to gratify and sooth him, by a ready compliance with his wishes. Why should I not humour the new delusion? Alas, alas, it was impossible to misinterpret the inefficient and endeavouring motions of his hand when I again approached him. Nor candle, nor lamp, nor the blessed light of heaven, could serve him more. Whether the aged eyes of the afflicted man had been bruised or injured in their recent bondage, or whether suddenly the kind hand of Providence, with a wise intent, had put a seal upon them, I could not tell. Blind-stricken he was, and—with his reason gone—more helpless than a child. My poor heart fluttered as I led him to his bed. Clustering woes had fallen upon me—it was hard to stand the brunt. My dear father was patient and submissive in my hands. He knew not the extent of his calamity. "He wondered why the night had come so quickly—he wished that it would go, and leave him to his work again." Having placed him as comfortably as I might upon the bed which was made nightly upon the floor, I secured, without delay, the assistance of a doctor. One, to whom I was directed, and who lived not far from our lane, accompanied me home. He examined his patient carefully, and departed, promising to send the necessary medicine. I followed the doctor to the street door, and, with much anxiety, asked if there was any danger.

"From the blindness, do you mean?" he asked. "I could make your mind easy if we had nothing to contend with but that. Unfortunately, however, this blindness is the effect of a more threatening mischief."

"He is very quiet," I responded quickly.

"Yes, I wish he were less so. I am very much afraid——"

"Oh no, no!" I exclaimed, clasping my hands and weeping bitterly, "do not say that, sir—there can be no danger. It is so very sudden. You have had similar cases, have you not?"

"I have."

"And they recovered?"

"I must not deceive you. They have not."

"What shall I do, sir? If I lose him, I lose all. I haven't another friend in the wide world. This is punishment indeed!"

"I shall send the medicine at once," said the doctor, without noticing my passion, "and I will see him again during the night. You will sit up with him, of course. Don't leave him. Should he become much weaker and appear to sink, let me know.

"Give me some little hope," I cried imploringly.

"You hear what I have said," continued the practitioner, "don't forget. Good day."

And he left me marvelling at the insensibility of mankind.

I sat at my parent's side for many hours. In spite of the doctor's sad assurances, I could not believe in the presence of immediate danger. I would not believe in it. The streets were full of human voices and the hum of busy life, when I drew my chair towards him, and surveyed his pale and placid countenance. There was talking and bustling, without and within, on the pavement under our window, upon the stairs in the house, everywhere but in our own dark chamber of misfortune, where silence, chased and affrighted from the world, kept company with sickness. Now the lamps in the street were lighted, and the stream of life was more distinctly heard, murmuring along. Artisans were returning from their daily toil,

gay and care-free. Bells were rung and knockers hammered with scarce an interval of repose. What wholesome well earned food awaited the healthful appetite! What welcome from loving eyes of wife and children! Happy labourers! And now the hours of night came on, and the feverish pulse of the great thoroughfare beat with diminished force. By degrees the street became deserted—the crowds had disappeared—silence had ventured forth again. How, at times, she was offended and disturbed, you might plainly tell, when some belated and excited rambler pierced her modest ear with the licentious scream of wantonness or inebriety; but the repetition was infrequent, and ceased at length. The heavy breathings of the poor blind man were soon the loudest sounds of life. He neither spoke nor slept—his lips were moving ever, and he drew and pressed them close as though he thirsted. I did not deem it necessary to send for the physician, but I grew impatient, and often hurried to the window to watch for his arrival. It was four o'clock; the moon shone beautifully clear, and graced our narrow lane with its full share of silver light. I looked into the slumbering street, and ruminated on the past. What a retrospect! And what a future! The history of a few short months had been a fearful one. The history of the time to come, who could decide, encompass *that!* Thoughts of my lost mother—lost to me *for ever*—did not fail to come, and in the sweet serenity of night to thrill me with emotion. I looked to the transparent sky—the homestead of the pure—*her* dwelling-place, and in the pang and conflict of remorse, emplored the Saint to pardon me. Since ten o'clock I had heard, at the close of every half hour, the watchman's voice, chronicling the lapse of time. Some dozen times his loud and chanting tone had returned upon my ear, and then the voice had grown familiar as a voice that had been known from infancy. So long it seemed since I had heard the accents first, that I could scarcely fix their earliest beginning. With the announcement of the decease of four o'clock, a coach and pair rattled up the lane. It stopped before our door, and it discharged the doctor. He was in full dress. A diamond ring glittered on his finger, and his clothes were redolent of strong perfume.

"You haven't sent for me?" he asked, as he brushed by me, and hastened up stairs.

"I have not, sir," I replied.

"No—I should have heard of it. I have been at a ball, and I desired your messenger, if he came, to be sent after me. How is your father now?"

"I cannot perceive a change, sir—But you will see."

We entered the room together. My father was sitting up in bed. A strange alteration had come over him. He was ghastly pale, and his features were pinched up and angular. He drew his breath with difficulty.

"How is this?" enquired the doctor, running to his side and examining his pulse. My father's lips moved quickly and convulsively. I imagined that he endeavoured to pronounce my name. I traced the half formation of the word, but could not catch the sound of it. The doctor released the hand, and walked from the bed-side. My father spoke. It was a last, a struggling effort, and he succeeded. "Caleb, lights—lights!—dark—dark—dark!"—and he grew rigid, and he slipped from my embrace until he lay motionless and dead before me.

Of all the calamities incident to our present state, and their name is legion, there is none more exquisitely painful to the sensitive mind, than that of being left in the world a solitary outcast, without a tie, without a hope. Wo to the poor orphan, deprived of the head that considered, the heart that throbbed for him! wo to him when the goodly tree—his only prop from childhood, against which he has reclined as against a rock that never could be shaken—is struck at the root, falls, and disappears! Let him take the wings of the morning, and search through the land for a spirit loving and watchful as that which is flown, upon whose willing bosom were so lightly borne *his* solicitudes and sorrows, and all the weight of anxious care he cast without a thought there. Father and mother! Holy names, with claims which are so seldom understood and recognised until the desire and power to meet them can no longer serve us. Nurse of our infancy—instructor of our boyhood—adviser of our youth—friend of our manhood—staff and support through-

out—what is not comprehended in your relationship? How much do your children owe you! Let them answer as they sob at the deathbed, and learn their loss in feeling what they need. As I held the cold hand of my deceased father, how many cruel deviations from filial duty rushed to my mind, crowding one after another upon my memory, which I would now have given my right hand never to have been guilty of. What tribulation I might have spared him! Now an unkind word spoken in impatience many years ago, and forgotten as soon as spoken, started to remembrance, stinging me with remorse. Why had I not implored forgiveness for that word before? What sorrow may the utterance of that one syllable have caused him, falling on his warm heart, and rankling there! What profited my burning tears of penitence? —the eye was closed, the ear was shut; there was no avenue by which to reach him now. "Oh yes!" I passionately exclaimed, dropping on my knees, "there is, there is!—if the departed soul, bursting, as I have been told, its earthly house, ascends at once to heaven, surely he is at this moment there, and is accessible by prayer. Father," I continued, weeping amain, "I supplicate thy pardon for the past—I repent my numerous crimes committed against thee here. Turn not thy spirit from me. Let it accept in mercy the contrite offerings of a broken heart." A knock at the door interrupted the extravagant devotion. Two women, who came to perform the first offices for the dead, entered the room, with a slow step, and whispering. I shall never forget the chill that crept through my frame when I heard them refer for the first time to "*the corpse.*" Such isolation was expressed in the word — the reality of death was so apparent in it—it marked so distinctly the abstraction of all human relations, and separated so emphatically my poor father from every living thing! The crawling worm was now a nobler animal than the motionless and rigid man. I had beheld the previous day's decline. I had seen the earth go gradually to rest. Another day was in its birth. The early labourer went forth again refreshed and cheerful. He whistled as he passed my window. What thought had he of my bereavement? What single heart, of the numberless thousands that were about to congregate again, would beat with pity for my loss? with sorrow for my melancholy lot! NOT ONE! There was no sympathy for the beggared orphan.

For a week I remained in the chamber of death, the undisturbed companion of the breathless body. The face was leaden-hued, but a smile adorned it still, and the blow that had extinguished life had restored the ancient and appropriate calm, which, many days before, anxiety and disease of mind had carried off. At the week's close they buried him. Oh! Earth, thou art the enemy at last. It is thou who swallowest the treasure, never to give it back again in a form that we may recognize; thou who dividest us from the beloved, more truly and emphatically than the great adversary of life himself. I knew not half my loss, nursing and beguiling it from day to day at the bed-side. *There* I might yet survey—*there* I had still possession of my *father*. A new relationship had sprung up between us, and morning and evening, and at mid-day, blessed intimations of heavenly comfort were gathered upon my knees, reconciling me to the *spirit's* absence, whilst the human throbbings of my heart were stilled and cozened by the palpable presence of the decaying frame. Cold, cruel, pitiless earth!—deaf witness of my cries, cutting me off from him, my last and only friend, holding him in clammy and in fixed constriction—what cared you for the wild agony of the outstretched eye, staring upon the narrow spot that covered him?—What for the frantic and incoherent exclamations that expressed a loss and separation never felt but once in all their fulness, and never yet made known in human speech?

It was dark when I walked from the churchyard. I departed when the night permitted me no longer to distinguish the few sacred feet of soil from the thousand patches in which I had no interest. I returned to our abject lodging—never so abject, never so miserable, never so desolate as now. I had no wish to remain its tenant any longer. I passed a woful night there —now starting from a hideous dream, that clung to me through all the hours of sleep—now waking with a piercing cry, and now with eyes filled with

bitterest te ; and in the morning, without de I took a willing leave of it for ev The few valued memorials of m dear mother, which my father had snatched with such eagerness from the wreck, I had been most reluctantly compelled to dispose of even before his death. We were pennyless when the physician first visited us. The payment of his fee, and of the small arrear of rent, reduced the sum obtained for these precious relics to something like two guineas. The possessor of so much treasure, I stood now in the world alone, without a wish or hope, without a purpose or an aim. The daily diminution of my fund soon filled me with uneasiness and alarm, urging me, ineffectually enough, to think of some reasonable mode of obtaining my subsistence. Again I passed from house to house soliciting employment, and again I returned to my new and cheerless home, disappointed and chagrined. Stranger than any thing seemed this difficulty of obtaining hire for services that were offered at any price the purchaser would afford. How had the thousands of well-dressed and busy individuals whom I encountered at every turn, with happy and industrious looks—how had they contrived originally to fix themselves in their present lucrative positions? What secret power of accomplishing their wishes did they possess which I had yet to learn? Or was it, in truth, that every profitable hole and nook in the mighty city was filled up—pre-occupied and secured? I could not explain my misfortune, but I still wondered at it, and still was doomed to bear it. At length, and at no distant period, my purse was exhausted, and I was compelled to procure my food upon credit, and to live on trust in my one small ill-furnished room. I had been careful, so long as my means permitted it, to pay my rent punctually at the close of every week. The landlord of the house, a labouring man, himself living in the parlour, had always treated me with great civility in consequence, and few words had passed between us. Whether it was that this good gentleman, during the week which I had permitted to pass away without the usual settlement, had observed a falling-off in my manner of living—had remarked that two scanty meals, and oftener one had served me through the day—and, with such data, had arrived at a knowledge of my real position; or, whether the landlord in the same exigency adopted one line of conduct towards all his tenants without favour or reserve, I am not able to determine. Certain it is, three days of a second week had not elapsed before he deemed me worthy of a visit. I was glad to see him, and so I told him; but he spoke his business without returning my salute.

"Look'e, Mr Stukely," said the man of rooms, "I don't mean no offence; and if I am plain-spoken, I am none the worse for that. You owe me one week's rent—next Monday you'll owe me two. If you have no likeliwoods of paying me, only say so like a man."

I blushed and could not speak.

"If you are regularly done up, you had better owe me a fortnight than four months I can tell you. Speak in time—it's all I ask, and then I shan't be hard. You are out of work, I see?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And are likely enough to keep so?"

"Yes," said I again.

"And you haven't got a blessed farden?"

I nodded in the negative.

"Of course—as nat'ral and as reg'lar as the rule of three. It's Pill Garlick's luck again—it's just like me—I'm in for it again. Now, young fellow, we'll make short work of this. If you pays on Monday, well and good—and we goes on again, like friends and pitchers; if you can't, tip me the key, give me the room, take yourself off, and I'll cry quits, and give you a bob to begin life again. If you haven't the stuff, it's plain you can't give it—but I'm blessed if it's a good speculation to keep on at the price. You *ar* done up, you see. Now, I ain't just yet, and don't want to be."

There was a man, a member of Trinity College, to whom, during my residence in the university, I had, in more ways than one, rendered signal service. He knew it, at least in prosperous days he had acknowledged it, and had evinced a willingness to make a suitable return. Even as my landlord spoke, his repeated grateful recognitions returned upon my memory and I decided in my difficulty to

implore from him a temporary loan of money. Satisfied that from such a man I could not meet with a refusal, I replied to my landlord in the following terms:—"I am very grateful to you, Mr Thompson, for your kind offer. I trust I shall not need to take advantage of it; but rest assured, you shall suffer no further trouble or loss upon my account. It is true I am not in a condition to pay you, nor am I in the way of earning a single halfpenny. But I do believe sincerely that I have a friend who will not see me want. I will write to him by this night's post, and request his answer by return. He will remit me immediately more than sufficient to discharge your debt. Should he fail, although I have no fear of such a thing, I will go, as you require, on Monday next, or, if you wish it, on an earlier day."

"No, no," answered Thompson, eagerly, "not before. I'm a man of my word—I'm devilish sorry for you—that's the truth; for I am sure, by the way you talk, you have not been used to this here sort of thing. You have had an education, too, I can see; but, let me tell you, it's deuced hard upon me. Here I have a wife and ten children, and my old woman's always going to bed; and here have I five-and-forty pounds a-year to pay for this ramshackled dungeon; and here are my lodgers invariably paying me five shillings in the pound—never more than one week out of four; and here's the tax-gatherer a-coming before I know where I am; and here's wages at the shop coming down 'cause business is slack; and here's clothes to buy for the young uns; and the doctor to pay for Missus; and the baker with bread a-rising, 'cause there's a war. No, I pity you, Mr Stukely, but we must take care of ourselves. I shan't worry you; but if you can't get the money—God knows it's very hard to get, any how—just give us the key to let in them as can. You had better see what you can do—try and get work—don't depend upon your friends—friends is a misery to a fellow. I never knew 'em to give—they are the chaps as takes. Try what you can do for yourself; and as I said before, if you can't do nothink at all, wait till Monday week"——

"Until Monday," said I, interrupting him.

"Don't interfere. I know very well what I said—wait till Monday week, an' welcome; and then, money or no money, hand us over the key, and do the best you can—that's what we must all do at last—and there's an end of it." And saying these words he slapped his hands with some violence on the table, and departed immediately. Not until he had reached his own room did I discover that the slapping was a species of legerdemain, performed for the purpose of placing upon the table a silver shilling for my benefit, but without my knowledge. I proceeded to my letter, a sceptic in respect of the tales which I had so often heard touching hard-hearted landlords. I did not conceal the state of my affairs from my good friend, Myddleton. I explained to him that my father had died, and had left me in the world penniless. I pictured to him my present terrible situation—related to him the scene that had taken place with Thompson, and conjured him, by the friendship which had formerly existed between us, not to desert me at a moment when a little help might prove my very salvation. I was moderate in my demand. I asked the loan only of ten pounds. I could not fix the time of repayment, but I solemnly engaged to return it as soon as I obtained employment, and became master of the sum. Every term that might move a feeling heart to pity and to help—every appeal that friendship might receive and humanity respond to, I unhesitatingly employed. With some anxiety and interest I waited for the returning post. A hundred times before I had heard the postman's distinguishable knock, and little thought of the accumulated joy and misery of which he was the unconcious messenger. Now I honoured him for the dignity of his high office. I learned the usual hour of his entrance into the street, watched his arrival, and accosted him as soon as he appeared. Quickly, and somewhat angrily, he turned his letters over, and found——not one for Mr Stukely. Was I satisfied? Oh no. I was sure that he had passed the letter over—What was to be expected from the impatient motions of a testy man? He would come to my letter in its usual course, and I must wait, like other folks, quietly at home for its reception. Ah, I was right—there was the delicious double knock. I rushed to

the street door. The letter was for Mr Watkins on the second floor. Two mornings passed. The postman was as punctual as the sun. I performed the same excited part. I met with like success. Monday came. I thought no more of Myddleton, but I cursed myself for writing to the man. I was preparing for departure—whither to go, I neither knew nor cared. Reckless with regard to myself, I determined upon living no longer upon the charity of Thompson. Hark! the double knock again. Well, let them attend to it who are to profit by the summons—not I. What's that? Surely that's my name. *Hollo—stop there*——Thompson met me halfway on the stairs—There it was indeed—I knew the hand—oh, shame upon me! ungrateful and impatient ever—I had done injustice to the noble Myddleton. I broke the seal with vehemence. The letter was a long one—but there was no enclosure. Let us read. I read as follows:—

"Dear Stukely—I have long thought it to be my fault that our friendship and correspondence closed with our residence in Cambridge. I feel obliged to you for breaking the ice, and I do sincerely hope that we shall now occasionally hear from one another. I should say that you were not a little surprised some months ago upon seeing in the papers that I had been ordained by the Bishop of ————; and rather curious to know how the matter had gone off, and where your friend was fixed. I'll tell you all about it. Our old friend, Cripple of Corpus, who, you will recollect, went out at the commencement of your second and my third year, was directed by Archdeacon Heavysides to look out for a curate. Cripple, of course, recommended me, and kindly prepared an application, which I copied out and sent. I was immediately accepted, and the Arch. hoped I would come down directly, look at the parish, and be introduced to the Bishop. I went—stayed up a week, and when I got home again, I had just ten days and a half to read my divinity up, and get into training before I could come to the scratch. However, every thing turned out remarkably well; Cripple put me up to the *viva voce*, and told me the Bishop's favourite authors. As for the Bishop, I don't exaggerate when I say he is one of the most gentlemanly men in the world—very kind and considerate, as I have reason to know, and one of the most simple-minded (Cripple calls it spoony-minded—but you know Cripple) men on the bench, or off it either—and very good-looking as well. I can assure you it is a very confortable thing to have examinations over, and very glad was I when my ordination was finished. It is a very affecting service, and the sermon is awful. Chancellor Scollups preached it. Next thing to be done is the priest business, and then all's over. I am as yet only a deacon. Thank Heaven that's the last examination, and then shan't I breathe like a gold fish? By the by, perhaps you don't know that that word *priest* is a contraction of *presbyter*, afterwards *prester*, and then *priest*. I don't much like the word, because there's a black-looking rascal enjoying that title, and a bristly head of hair, who walks about all day long trying to annoy my flock. A cunning dog he is! He has built a large school, and directly our church is over on Sunday he opens the doors, and delivers his lectures. Never mind. We are all right. The church was never better attended, and the opposition keeps up an excitement. But I'm sorry to say there's much to be done, especially as there is only one to do it, and that's me. There is no end to the parish, and some of the people won't know the only way to be saved, which is by coming to church, and so I am upon the everlasting run from morning to night. But '*nil nisi labori*,' as the ancient Romans have it. I preach once every Sunday. Last Sunday I preached for the pagans in Australasia, (you'll find Asia in any of the maps.) The collection was very good, £2, 1s. 0½d., 7s. 6½d. of which were in coppers, which Archdeacon Heavysides says, in one of his sermons, he prefers seeing to gold, which I can't understand at all, and think must be a misprint! Heavysides and the Bishop, between ourselves, (don't mention it to any one,) don't pull very comfortably together. Heavysides says that the R. C. Church is the true apostolic. The Bishop says it's no such thing, but neither more nor less than "*the man of sin*," and there I agree with him. Heavysides has got some queer notions, as you see above, touching the coppers. Oh, didn't I just

give the priest a dig the other day! I gave out in the pulpit that I meant to preach, wind and weather permitting, (for we shut up sometimes in the winter—it is so piercing cold,) a sermon on the text, "*Be not deceived,*" I winked at the same time to the congregation, and pointed to the schism shop, which you can see from the church, giving them to understand pretty well what I meant. Well, the next day—who should call in but Bristles himself, and he presses my hand, and smiles, and says he has paid me a visit just to explain the liberal terms upon which he means to carry on his school—"most liberal terms," cries Bristles—"no religion whatever—reading, writing, and morals—that's all."—Then I fired at him right and left, till he looked like a fool.—"I hope," says he, "we shall be friends." "What!" says I, "friends with the Beast—no; thank you, sir—nothing to do with you—come out of Babylon, will you!" "Oh, you are for controversy, are you!" says he, "very well then, my lad," and then he went at it till the fellow foamed at the mouth, and the nasty wretch spit in my face, when I thought it time for a gentleman to bring the discussion to a close, which I did, by ringing the bell, and ordering him out. He's what they call in France a perfect Jesuit.—Wishing that our correspondence, now recommenced, may long continue,—

Your faithful friend,

TOM. MYDDLETON."

"Coldblows, Hampshire."

"*P.S.*—The account you gave me of your circumstances is very shocking, and you have indeed been very much afflicted—I needn't tell you to be very careful of yourself. I wish sincerely that it were in my power to assist you even with a trifle. The poor in our parish would surprise you, and as for charities they are beyond belief—so I won't describe them. What a delightful thing it is to feel, as Archdeacon Heavysides says, that we are chastened for our good, and that it's all wise and proper! I hope there are many happy years in store for you."

Thompson shortly made his appearance, but there was no need to inform him of the contents of this choice epistle. He read the pith and postscript in my dejected countenance. I could not conceal my agitation, and the swelling tears that would not be kept down. I proceeded in the packing of my one small trunk.

"Stay the other week," said Thompson bluntly, but evidently feeling for my situation:

"Why should I? I shall be no better off than I am now, and you have lost enough already. But I will pay you, Thompson, when I can—depend upon it."

"But you can't go into the street, man—that's impossible. You'll get into trouble or be doing something—bless my soul, it seems strange you can't find employment. "What's your profession?"

How could I answer!

"Don't be ashamed to tell me. P'r'aps you are a dancing-master. The last lodger as had your room was, and I catched him one morning dancing off afore breakfast without paying his rent—so I boned his fiddle for the money. I've got it below, if it's any use to you."

I was still silent.

"Haven't you got no relations?"

"Relations, Thompson!—why yes—stay—where's that packet of my poor mother's? There's her cousin in Birmingham, to whom she gave me a letter when she parted with me. How could I have forgotten it!"

"Now, there's where I find fault with you," exclaimed Thompson, half angrily on my own account, and half joyfully because of my brightening prospects. "You don't seem to know what you are about. Is it possible that a man without a penny in his pocket, should have his wits about him no better than a child? Why don't you go to them at once? If they are your own blood they can't see you starve."

"I'll write to-night."

"Ah, there you go again. Write! What's the use of writing? It's just the way with all of you. Have a bit of education, and you are never easy but when you are showing off your fine writing and crack-jaw spelling. Talk of the misery of not being able to read or write! I'm blessed if it ain't a privilege. There's many a fellow will put upon paper what he'd be ashamed or afraid to say like a trump to your face."

"That's all very good, Thompson,

but how am I to reach Birmingham pennyless, as you justly describe me? I *must* write to them. At the same time, I will forward my mother's letter, and beg them to send me money sufficient to convey me to them."

"Then, I can tell you, you'll do no good at all. Catch Brummagem sending money to buy himself an encumbrance. He'll make a hundred and fifty excuses to keep you away. I know the world better. First and foremost, you must find your way down to your uncle, or whatever he is. Tell him you have come, give him the letter—say plump 'you are starving,' set yourself down, and let him kick you out if he can. You are willing to work, and he must get you employment. I think I might manage it now. You'd be glad to travel by waggon, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, had I even the means for that."

"Well, but suppose I could find 'em. Or suppose I have a brother who takes the waggon to Coventry, and suppose we could get you first there, and afterwards to Brummagem, without any money at all. Finish your packing, and just let me have a word with the missus." The energetic Thompson departed, but quickly returned with Mrs Thompson this time in the rear. They had settled my business, said Thompson, with ease. His brother would start for Coventry that night—he'd take care to secure me a place in the wain, and he'd lend me a crown to buy provisions. If I got into work, he'd expect to be paid—but if I had still my old luck, why, he shouldn't be ruined though he gave it to me. "Isn't that right, old woman?" he asked in conclusion.

"Quite right, Thompson," was his good lady's reply, "and do, for goodness' sake," she exclaimed, appealing to me, "give me those shirts to put tidy before you set out. There isn't a button on one of them. Oh, Thompson, what stockings too! Your relations will think you have been herding with heathens. Do give them here." And Mrs Thompson disordered my trunk, and took possession of every thing.

I joined these real friends at dinner; I partook of their tea. At night, when his labours were over, Thompson threw my trunk on his shoulders, and walked at my side to the Bull's Head in Holborn. There we found the waggon lighted up and ready for moving. There likewise we found, less ready, the waggoner himself, whip in hand, smock-frocked, and drinking stirrup-cups indiscriminately with every member of the establishment. No time was to be lost. My introduction was short. Thompson whispered a word into the ear of his brother, packed me into the waggon, forced into my hand a bottle of cordial, and a lump of cold meat, then desiring me to write how I got on, he bade me take care of myself, and wished me a hearty good-night.

My heart knocked at my breast with grateful emotion as I watched the noble-spirited labourer running through the streets back to his own home—his genuine palace—where his wife and little ones, conscious of his worth, proud of their possession, awaited him with joy and sweetest expectation. "Happy dispenser of domestic light and warmth, richer, in spite of all your daily cares, than you dream of or can understand, may Heaven forget me, if I forget this sympathy for a stranger, this help that you can ill afford to take from those, whose hope of life, whose bread depends upon your sinewy arm!" Heavily the waggon issued from the yard into the crowded thoroughfare, and tears, which none but the Invisible might see, in deepest thankfulness to that humble man, passed down my cheek — stopping my utterance. Why, ah why, to embitter and poison that most healthful stream, came driving upon my conscience, noxious recollections of the irremeable past? Why, returned upon my memory, with all the freshness and the vigour of a new existence, scenes of a former time, that mocked me, whilst they forced me to consider and to contrast them with that in which I acted now?

What was the claim of this poor man—found but yesterday—great as I acknowledged it to be, compared with that which I had recognized in her—the beloved giver of my life—my lost and sainted mother? In what passionate terms had I expressed my illimitable love when she loosed me into the world unwillingly from her arms? What vows of enduring reverence and duty did I not invoke the

Heavenly One to witness, consecrating every syllable with tears more plenteous, hotter, and more innocent, than I had now to shed! How had I realized the abundant promise? Where was the fruit of all this goodly sowing? Sad, sad, and overwhelming recollection, dragging the crimson to my face, marking with derision and contempt every burst of fancied sensibility, every tear of visionary gratitude! Truly, I had learned a lesson never to be forgotten, and in my loneliness I conned it over, and closed my lips, and ceased my tears—convicted, humbled, and disgraced!

The fourth evening of our most tedious journey had for some hours closed upon us, when the waggoner to whom I had been transferred at Coventry, crawled with his ponderous machine, snailwise, into the town of Birmingham. Fatigued with the excess of physical repose, oppressed by constant mental agitation, I longed to throw myself at once into the arms of my sole remaining relatives. "Their hospitable reception," I thought, "their assuaging accents, their warm and feeling manner, all that I may confidently expect from those whose veins carry a portion of the blood which streamed originally in our common ancestor—would soothe at once my harassed spirits, and restore me to myself again." But the lateness of the hour, and my anxiety lest I should disturb a slumbering household, induced me to forego this personal indulgence. It was my duty to consider their comfort, however great would be their eagerness to embrace me, how deeply soever they might themselves regret a delicacy which our relationship justified me in not observing. I accompanied the waggoner to the small inn at which he himself put up; and, for my last sixpence, obtained a slight refreshment and a portion of a bed, which, with six others, filled the meanest room of the public-house, and the one most distant from all that was creditable and proper to be seen in the place. The man who shared my straw for the night was old and palsied. He walked into the room shortly after me. The other travellers had retired to rest already, and were fast asleep. My temporary companion scarcely noticed me; but as he divested himself of his clothes—a process very long and painful to behold, by reason of his calamity, he muttered to himself, and moaned exceedingly. At length he tumbled into bed, and my flesh crawled and crept as he breathed, lying at my side. There is no extremity so desperate and gloomy as to forbid the glimmering of one small ray of hope and consolation, ever welling from the human heart. What so soon, so easily seduced and lulled to quiet as Despair itself? Would you extract the hidden virtue of a great affliction? Compare the sorrow with your neighbour's, and behold it shine. The old man murmured still in bed, and ere he closed his eyes, exclaimed in agony, "Where next—where next?—without a soul that knows me in the world, no friends, relations, money—God help me—nothing!" He groaned himself to sleep. Dismal were the moments with me, but oh, how different to this poor wretch's state, my fortunate position! One more night of misery, and in the morning I should be with loving friends, in health, and plenty would abound again. Daylight was about to drop the curtain on my sufferings, but to renew them for the paralyzed, deserted, and unpitied beggar. The thought brought ease, and I slept in spite of the old man.

Loud was the clink of hammers, and louder the noise of anvils, as I sought my way through the close and narrow streets of Birmingham, seeking the dwelling-place of Mr Chaser. Busy were the looks of mortals, and business-like their gait. Men with brawny arms, plated with thick coats of dirt, met me at every turn, whilst higher mortals, full of bustle and assurance, jostled along with a perking pride of industry staring on their brow, that carried shame and terror to every idler on whom it chanced to fall. Idlers, in truth, there were very few. Indolence and pleasure were expelled from the streets, which were taken up entirely by an intense and concentrated assiduity, real in many instances, but assumed in not a few. As I walked through the close streets of Birmingham for the first time, I could have imagined—and without taxing my imagination largely—that I was once more trudging along the familiar ways of my own beloved *City*—dear in spite of—perhaps, BECAUSE of all that I had suffered in it—of all that I had lost and left there; but an accurate observer could not fail to be

impressed [illegible] the imitati[illegible] assimilation in [illegible] L[illegible]on, London, g[illegible]ble, and unapproac[illegible]ble, [illegible]ble was Birmingham's thin and thre[illegible]y current contrasted with the ove[illegible]whelming flood that I have seen pressing along thy narrow, deeply-fretted channels! Inferior was the place in all respects. The very handicraftsmen were a less clean and neat, a paler, and a sadder race, than that I had left behind me. Mr Chaser, my mother's cousin, was the owner of a foundery, situated in a smoke-dried lane. Attached to the works was a small house, in which resided the proprietor and his family. I reached the door, surveyed it for a moment, and sighed with apprehension. I touched the bell, and my heart palpitated when I heard it tinging through the house. The bell was not answered. For a quarter of an hour I stood expectant, lacking the courage to ring again. At last I ventured. At the close of another quarter of an hour, and after a third appeal, the door was opened. A young man, pale and sickly-looking, stood before me. He was in his shirt sleeves. His hands and arms were smeared with patches of dirt, and his face, from which perspiration was falling thickly, matched them. His eyes were of a light blue colour, and deeply sunk in his head. He fixed them on the ground, from which fact you might possibly infer that he was modest and bashful, if the sinister and villanous expression of the rest of his features did not prove him at once to be as *whiteliver'd* and vicious, as he was blue-eyed and whitefaced.

"Did you ring before?" he enquired in a surly tone, and without deigning to look at me.

"I did," I answered, with some *hauteur;* "and I desire to speak with your master."

"What do you mean, stupid, by master?" was the elegant reply. "Here, come in," he continued. "Curse the door—this is how half the work gets spoilt. He may find somebody else to be porter, or else a better man to stand at the forge. Well, come in, can't you? Who are you? What's your business?"

"Does Mr Chaser live here?" I asked.

"Why, of course he does—you know that as well as I do—didn't you say just now you wanted to see him?—why, what the devil do you mean?"

With these words I was ushered, or rather pushed, into a room that opened into the passage, and was within a few yards of the street door. The pale-faced youth departed. Who was he? Surely not a relative of Mr Chaser's? His son, for instance? Oh, Heaven forbid! I had scarcely time to notice two red-coloured prints upon the wall—representations of *Industry* and *Idleness*—before a heavy footstep warned me to prepare for the bodily presence of Mr Chaser himself. My pulse leaped higher and higher as the affecting moment of our interview drew near. How delighted he would be to receive me! He had never seen me before. Twenty years had elapsed since he last beheld my mother. How he would grieve to hear of her death! How bitterly would he regret the angry words which had passed between him and my father, giving rise to the family quarrel which followed so soon afterwards—severing them entirely from one another. A fat, unshaven gentleman walked in, and I retreated involuntarily a pace or two. He also was without a coat. An air of unmitigated vulgarity pervaded the whole man, and I prayed internally that the fleshy bulk constituted Mr Chaser's foreman. He spoke—the accent was provincial—"Well, young man, and what do you woant with me?"

"Mr Chaser, sir?" I asked, too well assured already.

"Yes; you've hit it," he answered with a grin. "I are Chaser, and I are awful busy, too, so I'll thank you to make haste."

"You are connected, sir, I think, with a family of the name of Stukely," (I looked in vain in Mr Chaser's eye for some glad token of acknowledgement,) "lately resident in London?" I continued, in dismay.

"Well, and whoat of that, my man? If you have any claim on that there estate, you should see the assignees. I can't help you. I haven't seen the man for twenty years, and I doan't know nothing on his affairs. My only wonder is, he warn't in the *Gazette* a score of years ago—a sleepy-headed, obstinate, old stupid ass."

"I am his son, sir," I [illegible]

quickly—trembling with indignation. "He is in his grave—you must not speak so of him."

"Whoat!" he exclaimed, seemingly surprised, but laughing very loud, "be you the chap as went to college to be made a parson on, and to learn extravagance, as if they didn't teach it fast enough at home? Nice notions them for working people! I say," he added, tipping me what I supposed to be the true Brummagem wink, "it was hardly fair upon the creditors to be filling your pockets up there when he knew he was a-going to break. I've heard it all, you see. We are not asleep, you see. And so the old man's dead! But he has taken care of you, I reckon?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Oh, doan't you?" said he, looking very cunning. "Well, then, perhaps you'll tell me whoat you have come to ask of me?"

"Nothing," I answered, determined at that moment, if I died afterwards of want, not to become indebted to Mr Chaser for a sixpence.

"Noathing?—that's queer at any rate. Well—your mother's dead, I hear. A pretty match she made of it at last. I toald her how it would be—and so did every body else. A good woman, too, was Mary. I loiked your mother. Many a frolic I are had with her when we were youngsters. She was a tender-hearted creature. I wonder she never wrote to me; but if she had, I dare say I shouldn't have answered her, for I hate writing, and I couldn't bear your father."

Disgusted as I had become in this short space of time with Mr Chaser, his affectionate remembrance of my mother extracted all viciousness from the aversion with which I looked upon him. Furthermore, his mention of my dear mother's name recalled her last sad interview with me—her latest wish—my own solemn promise to her, and I felt that I dared not withhold the letter which I had engaged to place in Mr Chaser's hands. In many things I had crossed the nearest wishes of her heart. The only compensation that I could offer to her memory was a compliance with her strict injunction. What if a shrinking sense of vexation and of shame irritated me, and sought to hold me back? What, if in entreating aid from such a man, I suffered pangs far more severe than any the wide and open world could inflict upon me. It was reasonable and just. The retribution had commenced. It was proper that I should suffer. I placed the letter on the table.

"And whoat do you call that there?" enquired Mr Chaser, as I did so.

"A letter from my mother, addressed to you, sir, and written many months ago."

"And whoy, in the name of goodness, didn't you send it by the post before? That's cheap and expeditious like."

"Read it, sir," I answered.

"Noa, do you read it to me. I should loike to hear a college chap. That must be foine—cut on."

I was sick at heart; but I performed my penance faithfully, and read on. It was a long epistle; such as I expected it to be. First, it reverted, and most feelingly, to the distant days which they had passed together, nurtured and brought up under one roof—but soon it flew to its main object, that of securing for me a home when my own should have passed away. She implored her cousin to receive me, and informed him that her deathbed would be made easy by the assurance she would have in her last moments of his ready agreement with her wishes."

"Well, I are glad of that, at all events," said Chaser, when I had finished.

"Of what, sir?" I enquired.

"Of her dying easy and assured; because whatever happens now can make no difference to her. I doan't see what I can do for you. My lads have done their schooling, and I are too old to learn myself. You put up for a schoolmaster, I suppose?"

"I think, sir, I could teach the rudiments."

"Can you make a pair of breeches?"

"A pair of breeches!"

"Yes—boots, or any thing that's useful? You doan't expect *me* to keep you like a gentleman at college, do you? The lads are wanting clothes. If you were a tailor now, you might have the job."

"I am willing to work, sir," I replied, "and am ready to learn; and I come to you only in obedience to my mother's commands. If you can help me, and wish to help me, a little ridicule, and a few harsh words, shall not

prevent my accepting a favour at your hands."

"I doan't know what you mean by that exactly. I suppose its sarce. Damn it, beggars shouldn't be sarcy, any how!"

My acquaintance with Mr Chaser would at this moment have been brought to an abrupt conclusion, if the sudden appearance of a lady had not permitted the train of angry words, that had already taken fire on my tongue, to go out without explosion. The lady was finely dressed; she presented a marked, and I thought at first, a favourable contrast to the two male beasts with whom it had been my unlucky fate to engage on this eventful morning. She was bedizened in a highly-coloured gown, and a pink turban adorned a reddish head of hair. Her person was short and thin, and she had a small face with pinched-up features. Her mouth was very small indeed by nature, but art was reducing its dimensions daily. Could she live long enough, the time would arrive at length for its closing up and disappearance altogether. It will have been observed that in the language and deportment of the gentlemen, there had appeared a slight uncouthness, an utter absence, in fact, of the polished ways and forms of life—those smiling agents, who, on the shortest notice, so courteously and so ably occupy the place of friendship—herself too sacred for undistinguishable mixing in the world. This obvious fault it was the lady's anxious effort to improve. Her method was a pretty one. As I have said, she screwed and drew her mouth into the smallest and genteelest shape, and words fit only for a lady's lips struggled through it, cut and polished, and qualified for ears as royal as a queen's. What could display high breeding better than such a mouth and such speech? True it is that in the process of refining, some words were clipped and maimed, shorn of a few proportions. But much might be forgiven where the intention was so good as Mistress Chaser's. Was it her fault that *V* and *W* would still play masquerade upon her tongue—that *V*eal was *W*eal, and *W*ashing *V*ashing? Was she to blame if some independent and unnatural *H* would at momentous periods be absent without leave; and could she be answerable if he appeared again just when absenteeism was most devoutly to be wished? How willingly would she have kept the unruly alphabet in order, had it been permitted her! What but an obedient alphabet did she need, in order to become a perfect model of good manners and elegant deportment? Mr Chaser introduced me in his own offensive manner to the fine lady, and took his leave immediately, informing me, as he departed, that it was very plain I could be of no use to him—there was nothing I could do in the shop, and therefore he could be of no possible service to me. He thought, as I had travelled from London on purpose to see him, that I might as well stay that day to dinner; if I did so, he promised to introduce me to as fine "a set of cheops as had ever grown out of loins, though every one had earned his living since he was ten year old, and ne'er a soul of the lot had ever been to college." He grinned and left me.

The plaited lips then opened slightly, and a few syllables escaped them. "You are, I presume, the relative of Mr Chaser?"

"*My mother* was, ma'am," I replied, waiving all personal claim to that high honour.

"He is a noble character, is he not? The true John Bull—the Englishman. There is no *hart* about him—none at all."

"Very little ma'am, I think," I answered most sincerely.

"You have been introduced to Master William." (*Master* to rhyme with *disaster*.)

"I have not been so fortunate."

"He told me that he had spoken to you."

"I have seen no one, ma'am, but Mr Chaser, and the man who came to the street door."

"That man, as you design him, *was* Master William. He is our eldest boy—and he is at the head of the "*rough*" department.

"Where then presided Mr Chaser?" thought I, at once smiling from the very depths of my misery.

"You shall see all the boys at dinner, Mr Stukely. As Mr Chaser said in his queent way, they are as fine a set of children as ever you beheld."

"Have you many of them, ma'am?"

"I have *h*eight." Every one superintends one department—so that all

our men are constantly under our heyes."

I began to think of my prospects, and to consider my next movements. I spoke mechanically to Mrs Chaser—hardly aware of my questions, or conscious of her replies.

"Have you any daughters, ma'am?" I asked, for want of a better question.

"One, Mr Stukely—Miss Eliza. She is now at ome for the olydays.—Do you hear that—listen!"

"What, ma'am?"

"The dear at her piano. Miss Eliza is twelve years old—she will be quite accomplished. She has a fortune from my father of her own. She will settle very well."

"No doubt, ma'am."

"You shall see her, Mr Stukely. She is a simple-minded creature—all life and nature. I will call her—Miss Eliza—Miss Eliza," bawled the good lady from the bottom of the stairs.

There was a loud giggle in reply, and nothing more.

"She is such a timid creature. I must fetch her.—Pardon me."

The lady curtsied and vanished from my presence, with a dignity, which, cut up in little, would have furnished handsomely a dozen families. For a few minutes I stood in active expectation of the threatened visitation. It did not come. By degrees I ceased to look for it, and at last I let it pass from my remembrance altogether. My mind had weightier thought to bear, and it came with fearful pressure. What was I to do?—whither flee next for help? The last, the only hope, was dissipated. The anchor to which I had fondly held, dreaming of stability and security, had slipped from my clutch, and had cast me hopelessly adrift. I felt the hot blood mounting to my cheek and brain, as I took courage to look with steadiness upon my isolated, desperate condition. The room grew too confined; it was with difficulty I breathed, and I rushed into the open air. "Never," I vowed, "should that inhuman door be closed again upon me." But I walked afterwards for three hours through the long streets of the strange town, and again and again I found myself before the only dwelling that contained human creatures who knew me, to whom I could speak—and I was inclined to ring the bell again—to obtain admittance—ask advice—seek aid. Twenty times, pride, anger, and disgust, interposed to restrain my steps, and to protect me against further insult—if not from further suffering and sorrow. Weakness, inclination, the fear of starvation, of a horrid death from hunger—these were in the opposite balance, and I was content at length to submit to new mortification—to deeper self-abasement. The man had asked me to his table. Who knew what would arise from such a meeting—what sparks of generosity and tender feeling might be elicited from the social board? It was due to my poor mother to make one more attempt. This idea had not occurred to me before. I was glad to find it rising thus to check the dangerous tendency of my evil passions—passions that ever repay indulgence by treachery and betrayal. Emboldened by the instigation of a virtuous principle, sustained by its presence, once more I visited my relatives.

DR JAMIESON'S SCOTTISH DICTIONARY.

THE memory of Dr Jamieson deserves to be cherished by his countrymen with reverence and gratitude. This amiable and excellent man can claim the praise of having, in no ordinary degree, by his innocent and patriotic pursuits, cultivated that love of country, and that study of native character, which contribute so much to foster a generous emulation and a salutary self-respect. He devoted the learned leisure of a long life to the investigation of our vernacular language and literature, and has widely disseminated a knowledge and an admiration of both among all who claim acquaintance with European philology. While the poems of Burns, and the romances of Scott, have endeared the graces of our modern Doric to many a feeling heart and lively fancy, the Dictionary of the Scottish language has reached the minds of the scientific as well as of the simple, and recalls the important truth, that the phraseology which astonishes or delights us in the Antiquary or the Heart of Midlothian, in the vision of Alloway Kirk or the Address to the Mountain Daisy, is not wholly the rude dialect of rustic men; but is a relic of a rich and noble tongue, which, in the compositions of Barbour, Dunbar, and Douglas, could rival the contemporary productions of England herself.

We willingly avail ourselves of the appearance of a neat reprint of the Scottish Dictionary, to offer our humble estimate of the merits of the work and of its author; and as this new edition does not profess to give any correctory annotations, or any deduction of the science to a more modern stage of its progress, it seems the more necessary to submit some observations, which may assist our readers in appreciating the precise weight and authority to which the dictionary is entitled.

The industry of Dr Jamieson as a lexicographer is entitled to the highest praise. He has diligently amassed a vast store of valuable materials, and has collected all the scattered rays of elucidation which he found within his reach. Numerous illustrative works of northern history, philology, and antiquities, were explored by him, with a labour which love alone could have maintained; and if all our other monuments should perish, the result of Dr Jamieson's researches would still afford an intelligible and honourable representation of our national disposition and peculiarities. His pages present many a faithful picture of the habits and modes of life, the passages of joy and sadness, the scenes of mourning and of merry-making, which prevailed among a people of remarkable character, sedate and serious, devout and intellectual, yet filled with strong passions and warm fancies, and possessing a keen sense both of ridicule and of tenderness. His citations of vernacular poetry supply a bright anthology of genius of a corresponding kind—rustic simplicity and heartfelt kindliness, broad humour and riotous merriment, biting sarcasm and sagacious thought. These elements were caught and collected at a time when they were yet well understood, and when they still wore those marked features which time and refinement have been rapidly effacing. As a rich repository of native literature, manners, and antiquities, the great work of Dr Jamieson may be considered as invaluable to his countrymen.

Of Dr Jamieson's merits as a philologer we must speak with more caution and qualification. It is perhaps little discredit to him that his knowledge of kindred languages was more derived from the *hortus siccus* of indexes and vocabularies, than imbibed amidst the living groves and breathing gardens of literature and speech. But it must be further confessed that he had imperfectly mastered the peculiar types and transitions of the Teutonic tongues, as connected or contrasted with each other, and that generally he was an unskilful etymologist, and a lax grammarian.

In adverting to faults which truth will not suffer us to conceal, it is exclusively our object to guard against their influence on others, and not on account of their existence to detract from the personal merits of the man. In speaking of Dr Jamieson as we have done in this respect, we feel how little it tends to his dispraise

we advert to the imperfections and inaccuracies of Johnson's great work in the same department, and remember how the public were imposed upon by the empty and impudent quackeries of Tooke. The last thirty years have done more for Teutonic philology than had been accomplished in the previous century. Dr Jamieson studied and wrote in the spirit of a period which preceded the recent discoveries; and he has now the disadvantage of being read and criticized after those discoveries have been matured and made familiar. Those who have been even partially initiated in the rigid schools of the present day, are apt to look with contempt and surprise on others with whom Wachter and Junius, or even Ihre and Adelung, are still infallible authorities. But our excellent lexicographer was too old to profit by this modern reformation, even if its results had reached his ears, and, like the monk with the misprinted missal, he would probably to the last have preferred his old *mumpsimus* to our new *sumpsimus*.

An occurrence in Dr Jamieson's life, which seems to have awakened his attention to the studies which afterwards distinguished him, gave them also unfortunately an erroneous direction. The incident to which we refer, is alluded to in his original dissertation prefixed to the dictionary, and is fully detailed in the biographical memoir inserted in the present edition: —

"The doctor had not yet projected his great work, the dictionary; the first idea of which arose accidentally from the conversation of one of the many distinguished persons whom he met at Mr Dempster's residence; Dunnichen being long the frequent rendezvous of not merely the most eminent men of Scotland, but of such learned foreigners as from time to time visited the country. This was the learned Grim Thorkelin, professor of antiquities in Copenhagen. Up to this period Dr Jamieson had held the common opinion, that the Scottish is not a language, and nothing more than a corrupt dialect of the English, or at least of the Anglo-Saxon. The learned Danish professor first undeceived him—though full conviction came tardily—and proved, to his satisfaction, that there are many words in our national tongue which have never passed through the channel of Anglo-Saxon, nor been spoken in England. Before leaving Dunnichen, Thorkelin requested the doctor to note down for him all the singular words used in that part of the country, no matter how vulgar he might himself consider them; and to give the received meaning of each. Jamieson laughed at the request, saying, 'What would you do, sir, with our vulgar words? they are merely corruptions of English.' Thorkelin, who spoke English fluently, replied with considerable warmth, 'If that *fantast* Johnson had said so, I would have forgiven *him*, because of his ignorance and prejudice: but I cannot make the same excuse for you, when you speak in this contemptuous manner of the language of your country, which is, in fact, more ancient than the English. I have now spent four months in Angus and Sutherland, and I have met with between three and four hundred words purely Gothic, that were never used in Anglo-Saxon. You will admit that I am pretty well acquainted with Gothic. I am a Goth, a native of Iceland, the inhabitants of which are an unmixed race, who speak the same language which their ancestors brought from Norway a thousand years ago. All or most of these words which I have noted down, are familiar to me in my native island. If you do not find out the sense of some of the terms which strike you as singular, send them to me; and I am pretty certain I shall be able to explain them to you.' Jamieson, to oblige the learned stranger, forthwith purchased a twopenny paper book, and began to write down all the remarkable or uncouth words of the district. From such small beginnings, made more than twenty years before any part of the work was published, arose the four large quarto volumes of his DICTIONARY and SUPPLEMENT, the revolution in his opinion as to the origin of the Scottish language, and that theory of its origin which he has maintained in the learned dissertations which accompany the dictionary."

We have much respect for Professor Thorkelin as a learned and laborious man; but when we think of him in connexion with Anglo-Saxon philology, and as an editor of the Poem of Beowulf, under the title "De Danorum Rebus Gestis," which is probably the most blundering book that ever issued from the press, we cannot recognise him as an eminent judge in such matters, and the conversation which is here said to have been held confirms our distrust. The Icelander boasts of being a Goth—an appellation to which he was only entitled in the same sense in which it is due to a Cockney or a

Dutchman. But the bias was given, and it affected the whole tenor of Dr Jamieson's future studies. He sought, and seemed to find, a Scandinavian character in all the features of our vernacular tongue, and Scandinavian authorities were almost exclusively consulted for its illustration. In his list of references, we find indeed the dictionaries of Wachter and of Kilian; the one an antiquated work by an able and elegant writer, the other a useful, but undigested mass of miscellaneous and anomalous words, collected from all the shores of the German Ocean, and needing to be analyzed and authenticated before they could be beneficially resorted to. But Dr Jamieson's favourite authorities, quoted on all occasions, both in and out of season, are, Gudmundus Andreæ for Icelandic, and Ihre for Suio-gothic or Swedish—the first of them a very respectable old wife, the second an accurate and extensive scholar, whose judgment and modesty would have shrunk from the undue pre-eminence thus assigned to his very complete and valuable elucidation of a local idiom. For the native works on philology by more recent Germanic writers, we look in vain in Dr Jamieson's list, and we suspect he was little acquainted with their existence. Haltaus's excellent law-glossary, Adelung's standard dictionary, the works of Frisch and Fulda, and the meritorious dissertation of the Dutch Ten Kate, one of the first successful attempts at a comparative view of the Teutonic languages, might all have been consulted with advantage, but seem never to have been dreamed of; while there is something still more singular and surprising in the preparation of an elaborate Scottish dictionary, without the slightest aid even from the Idioticon Hamburgense of Michael Richey, or from the Bremisch and Niedersachsisch Worterbuch, an indispensable companion in labours of this description. In like manner the original Low-Saxon writers seem to have been entirely neglected; and it may be doubted if the Scottish lexicographer's shelves contained a copy even of Reineke Vos, the great mirror of the mind and language of Northern Germany in the middle ages. Of Frisian authorities, which might also have been referred to with much benefit, Dr Jamieson's catalogue is equally bare. We cannot but think that if his attention had been turned as much to these objects of comparison as to those of a Scandinavian origin, his conclusions would have been different and more impartial, and they would certainly have been entitled to greater weight.

The one-sided views thus formed by Dr Jamieson, and embodied in his dictionary so far back as the year 1808, when it was first published, produced an injurious effect on the study of our vernacular idiom and national antiquities, by drawing an imaginary line of separation on the side both of our Anglo-Saxon and of our Germanic kinsmen. Much time, we conceive, has been wasted in pursuing a false scent, and we are now destitute of a great body of important illustration, which might have been directed on our ancient laws and language, if it had been sought for in the right quarter, and accumulated with the same diligence that has been thus misemployed. We believe, that among the best judges, Dr Jamieson's theory has for many years been generally exploded, and from time to time its errors have been partially exposed. But we are desirous of this favourable opportunity of reviewing the subject, and collecting together as we best may, the scattered observations which it has already excited, or which the more accurate and precise ideas of the day are calculated to suggest.

We would not be considered as here intending to speak in a depreciating tone of the merits of Icelandic or Scandinavian literature, or of its usefulness as illustrating all the other Teutonic languages. The slightest knowledge of it will teach us to estimate highly its intrinsic value and relative importance. Though probably less ancient than the Anglo-Saxon, its monuments are peculiarly instructive, both from their number and extent, and from the circumstance that they retained longer the creed and character of Teutonic Paganism. The Elder Edda, as finally edited under the auspices of the Arna-Magnean Curators, is an unrivalled treasure of Teutonic antiquities, and affords the best key to the mythological opinions, and to many obscurities, customs, and idioms, of kindred tribes. But we are now speaking of the peculiar relation subsisting between the Scottish nation and the nations of Scandina-

vian origin—a question which is wholly independent of the degree of estimation in which the Scandinavian language or compositions may deserve to be held.

We are not disposed to deny that our vernacular tongue has been affected by Scandinavian influences to a considerable degree, or that there is a large admixture of Norse blood in the veins of our countrymen. The intercourse of Danes and Norwegians with Scotland must have been frequent and extensive, though scarcely perhaps so much so as in the case of England; and traces of that intercourse would appear in our own language as well as in that of our neighbours. But the material enquiry relates to the great and general body of the Scottish people and their language, not to exceptional or accidental portions of either.

The theory of Dr Jamieson is, that the Scottish language is not a dialect or diversity of the Anglo-Saxon, but is derived from a different and a purer source, being lineally descended from the language of the Picts, whom he considers to have been a Scandinavian tribe. In considering this doctrine, we have no intention to enter on the Pictish controversy, as to which we shall merely observe, in passing, that it seems now to have been nearly decided, by a preponderance of the best opinions, in favour of the Celtic origin of that people. But looking to Dr Jamieson's theory in a broader view, it resolves into two propositions—1st, That from an early period the inhabitants of the Scottish lowlands were Teutonic; and 2d, That these Teutonic inhabitants were Scandinavian, not Saxon. We cannot but think that these opinions, taken in their combined result, are not supported by any sufficient grounds, and that, so far as evidence on the subject exists, they are contradicted by the facts.

When we consider the materials which we possess for theorizing on this question, we must be struck with the rashness of those who hazard any dogmatic opinion upon it at all, and still more of those who construct a theory which would draw a line of distinction, in point of origin, between the Teutonic speech of one part of the island and that of the other. Let us attend to a few indisputable facts which are of the utmost importance in this enquiry, but which we are often apt to overlook.

1. Our historical information as to the origin and character of the Picts is, at the best, vague and imperfect; and supposing even it could be held that they were of Teutonic blood, we are destitute of any records which can definitively determine to what branch of the Teutonic family they belonged.

2. We are entirely destitute of any remains of the Pictish language which can afford us assistance in our search; for the single word transmitted to us to which a Pictish character is generally ascribed, is, in the most favourable view for Dr Jamieson's friends, a compound of Celtic and Teutonic, and the Teutonic portion of it shows no indication of belonging to one dialect more than to another.

3. We are destitute of any historical record which accounts with certainty for the immigration of the general mass of Scottish lowlanders from any Teutonic country. We may be said, indeed, to be destitute of any history of Scotland at all, till more than a thousand years after the Christian era.

4. We are entirely destitute of any remains of the early Teutonic language of Scotland. Not a fragment of it can be said to exist in any shape. While we can refer to a large and various body of Anglo-Saxon literature, extending, without material change or adulteration, over a range of several hundred years, between the 7th and the 11th century, and while every other Teutonic nation of importance has something of the same kind to show, the literature of Scotland, for the corresponding period, is an utter blank. The most ancient vernacular composition which Scotland can boast, must be referred, at the very earliest, to the end of the 13th century, if indeed there are any earlier than the middle of the fourteenth. And in what state is the language then presented to us? In any thing but a pure Teutonic form. We know, from analogy, that if it had a previous existence, it must have possessed those minute inflections, and those distinctions of grammatical gender which belong to all the other sections of the race, and which assimilate them so closely to the languages of classical antiquity. But the Scottish language, in its earliest known

form, is found already to be mutilated of these peculiarities, and not only so, but to be largely combined with a foreign tongue, and as highly Normanized as the language of England, from which indeed, at that period, it can with difficulty be distinguished, and from which it is as little distinguishable, as one provincial dialect of a country is from another.

5. We know, generally, that at different periods anterior to the first appearance of the Scottish language in any authentic shape, the inhabitants of the country must by war, commerce, and colonisation, have had a large intercourse and admixture with other Teutonic nations—with Danes, with Flemings, and with Saxons—sufficient to account for the introduction of various peculiarities of speech from all and each of these sources.

6. We know that the Anglo-Saxon itself was not a uniform or unmixed tongue, but, like all other languages, was diversified by local dialects, and interspersed with exotic words; and consequently that its literary monuments, while aiming at a refined style and classical standard, cannot be relied on as fully exhibiting it in all its forms or varieties, much less as revealing that under-current of homely phraseology, which constitutes so large a part of common speech, but which is so seldom embodied in any early literature.

Keeping these premises before us, which we humbly think are beyond all question, we revert to the enquiry in which Dr Jamieson and others of the same school have expended so much labour and ingenuity. That enquiry is simply this—What was the character of the early Teutonic language, and of the early Teutonic people of Scotland—a language of which we have no monuments whatever in a primitive shape, and a people of whom we have no authentic history, till 1000 or 1200 years after their alleged introduction into the country? Given merely the writings of Barbour, and the romance of Sir Gawaine and the Grene Knight, or even, if you will, the apocryphal Sir Tristrem himself, all of which are in a Normanized tongue, and belong to the thirteenth or fourteenth century—to tell what was the nature of the pure Teutonic Scotch, spoken 1000 or even 500 years before, when the Normans had not been heard of? That is the problem of which Dr Jamieson somewhat boldly attempts the solution, and which we humbly think would require the nice analysis and unerring sagacity of a philological Cuvier, capable of breathing life into dead bones, and of constructing a living creature out of a toe or a tooth.

Let us suppose that the whole body of Anglo-Saxon literature and history had perished, and that we possessed in English nothing earlier than Robert de Brunne and Chaucer. In such a case it would require no small skill to reanimate the Teutonic portion of our language, and refer it to the old Saxon, which, in that view, would be its nearest known relative, and we might certainly expect a good many schismatics, who would found on the large admixture of Danish peculiarities which it presents, as clearly indicating its Scandinavian origin. The case supposed would resemble the actual state of the question regarding the Scottish language, as to which, in the absence of all authentic history, and of all original monuments, our conjectures, in so far as they diverge from the plain and simple appearances of things, must be in the highest degree hazardous and precipitate.

In addition to the mere absence of earlier monuments or information, we have this material circumstance to disturb our speculations; that when the Scottish language does appear in a written form, it resembles the language of England so closely, that no two forms of speech can be pointed out that have so strong a similarity. It is in the face of this clear and near resemblance that Dr Jamieson and his followers would seek to persuade us that the Scottish tongue, of which we have no other or earlier monuments, was in its unknown original shape essentially different from that of the sister kingdom. It may be possible to make out this proposition; but candour must confess that it cannot be easy to do so, and that nothing but the strongest light thrown on the obscurity of previous ages, ought to persuade us that two things so strikingly alike in their visible manifestations were at one time distinguished by substantial diversities. The common arguments employed are wholly insufficient for the purpose. If it be said that Scotch is in some points widely different from Anglo-Saxon, why, so

is English; yet we know that English is a product of Anglo-Saxon. The vernacular Scotch may have at this day, and may have had from an early period, peculiarities for which the Anglo-Saxon or even the English will not account. But who shall tell us, in the absence of authentic records, by what influences and at what periods these peculiarities have been introduced, in the course of events and vicissitudes of many centuries? The question is not whether the Scottish and English dialects are literally identical, but whether they are diversified more than can be explained by casual and superficial causes; or whether we have clear, unequivocal, and solid reasons for inferring that the Scotch language, if we could distinctly see it during the period in which it seems to be wrapped in total darkness, was radically different from its sister, and therefore radically different from itself in the only living shape in which it has been preserved. The change that made Scotch so like English, if it was not originally so, must have been very great, and the necessity of such an unexplained supposition, should induce us to be cautious in giving way to conjectures which in any view must be unsatisfactory.

If we adopt the general opinion, that the verses quoted by Wintown as having been composed on the death of Alexander III. have come to us in an authentic form, we must see in full force the tendency of the views above suggested. With the exception of one peculiar word, which is either French or Gaelic, these lines are pure English, and, if analyzed, can be correctly referred to genuine elements of an Anglo-Saxon and Norman character. They are worth inserting, to remind us of their true bearing and great importance:

Quhen Alysander, oure kyng, wes dede,
That Scotland led in luwe and le,
Away wes *sonis* of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle.
Oure gold wes changyd into lede,
Christ, born in-to virgynyte,
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in perplexite.

Looking at this relic as the earliest, or as a very early, specimen of the language, and as affording a fair sample of the stock, we are tempted to think that prejudice or presumption alone would seek in such a composition any reason or room for inferring a Scandinavian as opposed to an Anglian structure. The fact seems to be, that an over-anxiety to assert our national dignity has led our countrymen to maintain the original independence, not only of the two crowns in point of sovereignty, but of the two countries in point of community of blood: a feeling nearly the counterpart of that which makes some Americans of the present day indignant that their language should still be called English. It were enough for our reputation, we humbly think, that connected as the two nations were by the nearest consanguinity, the poorer and humbler of the two was able to maintain her ground in arts as well as in arms, and to contribute her fair contingent to the advancement and celebrity of their common language.

If there be grounds for holding that, independently of any influx of Anglo-Saxons, there was a direct colonization of the eastern portion of Scotland from continental countries, it would still remain to be proved that such colonies were of Scandinavian and not of Germanic origin. We have no doubt that much of our laws and some part of our language have been derived from lower Germany; and we are certain that at least as many of our peculiarities may be referred to that source as to Scandinavian countries; though we must observe, at the same time, that the original identity of all the Teutonic tribes, makes it difficult often to tell from what section of them, in particular, any custom or expression has been derived.

We cannot, we think, give a more characteristic specimen of Dr Jamieson's industry and candour, and at the same time of his mistaken prepossessions in this respect, than is supplied by the following articles in the Dictionary and Supplement under the word Steelbow:—

Steelbow Goods.—"Those goods on a farm which may not be carried off by a removing tenant, as being the property of the landlord, (S. *see Supp.*)

"Till towards the beginning of this century, landlords, the better to enable their tenants to cultivate and sow their farms, frequently delivered to them, at their entry, corn, straw, cattle, or instruments of tillage, which got the name of *steelbow goods*, under condition that the

like, in quantity and quality, should be re-delivered by the tenant at the expiration of the lease,' (*Erskine's Instit.* B. ii. T. 6, S 12.)

"'The stocking in Sanday, belonging to the proprietor, is called *steelbow*,' (P. Cross, Orkney *Statist. Acc.* vii. 472.)

"This term, which appears to be very ancient, may be deduced from Teut. *stell-en*, Su. G. *staell-a*, to place, and Teut. *bouw*, a field, q. *goods placed* on a *farm*, or attached to it; or A. S. *stael*, Su. G. *staell*, locus and *bo*, supellex; q. the stocking of a place or farm. *Bo* is used in a very extensive sense, as denoting a farm: furniture of any kind, also cattle; from *bo*, *bo-a*, to prepare, to provide. This word, as still used in Orkney, is most probably of Scandinavian origin. It may be merely an inversion of Su. *bo-staelle*, a residence, domicilium.

STEELBOW GOODS.—"I find, however, that this custom is referred to by Schilter, Gloss. vo. *Stal*, chalybs; *stahline* brieven, he says, are denominated from the matter which they respect, such as *stahline vi·he*, or otherwise *eisern vieh*, (literally *steel* or *iron cattle*, S. *fe* or *fee*.) 'Such a brief,' he adds, 'is a convention or bargain, by which he who receives a thing from another is bound to restore it, although it has perished by violent means.' He cites a variety of writers on jurisprudence; but, in his usual manner, is indefinite and obscure.

"Wachter is more distinct, and throws considerable light on the subject, by what he advances on the German term *eisern*, ferreus. From him we learn that this word, in a forensic sense, means *inviolable*. An *eisern brief*, he says, signifies 'letters of prerogation, which give security to a debtor that he shall not be incarcerated for five years, or be compelled to payment by his creditors; *eisern vieh*, animals substituted in place of those that have died, if a tenant changes his place of residence. The reason of the phraseology is, that the animals belonging to farms are viewed as *immortal*, and die to the tenant, not to the proprietor who placed them there. All from the nature of *iron*, which, while by its hardness it resists the touch and corruption, is a symbol of things *inviolable* and *immortal*. Hence the same figure was used by the Latins. *Ferrea jura, i.e.* perpetual and inviolable rights,' (Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 501.) Thus, the metaphorical phrase would literally signify 'unperishable goods.' One mode of contract, to be found in the *Code Napoleon*, seems to resemble the *steelbow*. 'What is called the *Cheptel de Fer*, or *Cheptel of iron*, is that by which the proprietor of a farm lets it on condition that, at the expiration of the lease, the farmer shall leave cattle of an equal value to those which he has received.' (Pinkerton's *Recollections of Paris*, ii. 222—3.)

"The French term *cheptel* is from L. B. *capitale*, denoting a stock of *cattle*; for the word *cattle* is traced to this. (*Vide* Du Cange.) This seems to be an ancient custom, perhaps introduced into France by the Normans. The term *fer* might seem a translation of the first syllable in *steelbow*. I mention this fact, as it may be a clue to some other writer, more conversant with law, for discovering, by analogy, the origin of the designation. No light can be borrowed from Du Cange.

From the termination, it is most probable that the word has been imported from Denmark, through the Shetland or Orkney islands; for we find a word of similar formation, though different in signification, still used in Denmark. This is *sterboe* (Wolff,) or rather *stervboe*, as given by Baden; rendered by the former, 'the estate after a dead man,' by the latter, hæreditas, bona relicta. It is evidently from *serv-e* to die, and *boe*, the same with Su. G. *bo*. supellex, Isl. *bu*, res familiaris, pecora, &c. Thus *stael-bu* may be viewed as strictly analogous to German *stahline vieh*. The same law had extended to Denmark, and even to Iceland. For Haldorson renders Isl. *kugilldi*, pecudes ferreæ, and also by Dan. *iernfae*, *i.e.* iron cattle."

We see here, in the first place, the inference drawn, that the word *steelbow* "is most probably of Scandinavian origin," and "may be merely an inversion of the Swedish *bo-staelle*, a residence, domicilium." This very hasty and unsatisfactory conjecture is afterwards abandoned, on its being discovered from Schilter that the Germans use both *stahlin* and *eisern*, (of steel and of iron,) as applicable to cattle in this very sense of *perpetuity*. But still the doctor, "from the termination," thinks it "most probable that the word has been imported from Denmark, through the Shetland or Orkney islands." The termination is certainly a very inadequate ground for this conclusion, as the word *bow*, German *bau*, *ackerbau*, &c., is diffused among all the Teutonic nations in the sense of occupation, cultivation, tenancy, and their accessories. A *bowman* or *bower* is a common term for a tenant or husbandman in most Teutonic countries. We are told by Mr Cay, in his work on Registration law, that there is in several counties in Scotland a particu-

lar kind of location called a "Bowing of Cows." The arrangement is, that the lessor is owner of the stock of cows, and lets them out with the privilege of grazing to the *bower* for a slump annual sum. Such transactions are fully discussed in Pothier's Treatise "Des Cheptels," particularly under the article "Du Cheptel de fer." The contract of steelbow was too widely spread over the continent, to admit of the supposition that we derived it from Denmark through the Orkney islands; and if the *thing* might have been got from Germany, with which, in the middle ages, we must have had at least as much intercourse as with Denmark, we may conclude that the *word* also came from the same quarter, especially as the precise reference to *steel* is literally to be found in the German phraseology. The doctor would have seen the nature and prevalence of this custom well explained in the following passage of Besoldus, quoted in Dirleton:—"Pecora dantur *in socidam* cum animalium casus in pastorem transfertur; qua conventione *pecora ferrea* effici et appellari solent; *quod fit in multis provinciis Germaniæ;* ubi cum fundo certus numerus ovium et vaccarum in feudum dari solet, ita ut vasallus, feudo finito, eundem numerum supplere et restituere teneatur." The idea and expression, however, are not limited to the case of tenancy. It was common for feudal superiors, municipalities, and others, all over Germany, to engage, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, to keep up a certain number of breeding or domestic cattle, which got the name of *eisernes, stahlernes, ewiges, vieh.* A *stehelin rint* or *steel* bull seems to have been a common subject of stipulation. We believe that the laws and social customs of Scotland, if carefully investigated from the time when they can first be authentically traced, would show that we have derived much more from Northern Germany, including Friesland and Flanders, which were remarkable for early civilization and commercial enterprize, than the prevalence of an erroneous theory has as yet allowed us to discover.

We think that the objections to the Scandinavian theory of our origin are not exhausted by what we have now said: but that a close examination of the structure of the Scottish language demonstrates both negatively that it is not Scandinavian, and positively that it is Saxon or Germanic, being substantially in fact what it appears to be—a dialect of English, and a daughter of that Anglo-Saxon language which assumed its most polished form in the classical writers of Saxon-England, but of which there were indefinite varieties in the different portions of the island over which it was diffused.

The Teutonic languages bear unequivocal marks of having at some remote period possessed an uniform or identical character, of which the most authentic representation appears to have been retained in the Gothic of Ulphilas. But long before the date of the Gothic Scriptures, and long, probably, before the Christian era, these languages had mutually diverged from their common centre, and assumed diversities of character which widely and palpably separated them from each other. The earliest Scandinavian writings that remain are distinguished by peculiarities of language, as remote from Gothic and Saxon as French is from Italian and Spanish, and those peculiarities are the most conspicuous in the most ancient forms of Scandinavian—the mythological poems of the Edda, or the heroic songs of the early Northmen. Stories are loosely told of the early Saxons and Scandinavians being mutually intelligible when speaking their native tongues; but these are deserving of only a very qualified belief. Individual words may have been interchanged and understood; but we must impeach altogether the authenticity of our best Teutonic monuments before we can suppose that Cædmon would ever have been understood by an audience of Danes, or the Voluspa by one of Anglo-Saxons. In process of time, indeed, a certain degree of assimilation was produced. Danish peculiarities were partially engrafted on the Saxon stock, or, more frequently still, a compromise was made between the extreme points, and a sort of Lingua Franca may have been introduced, which might be intelligible to both nations. It must be observed, however, that the change thus produced was not all on one side. The Scandinavian languages were themselves materially affected by the mutual intercourse that took place. Ihre

expressly on this subject acknowledges the obligations under which his native language lay towards her elder sister, the Anglo-Saxon, as the great instrument of her civilization and conversion to Christianity; and Rask, a still higher authority, places the question beyond a doubt. He observes that the Anglo-Saxon, though widely different from Icelandic, has had great influence on the more modern northern tongues.

"It was the frequent expeditions of the Scandinavian nations into England which, next to the introduction of Christianity, gave the first blow to the ancient language in the kingdoms of the North. The Danes continued their course of wars and victories the longest, and most steadfastly; their language has consequently undergone the greatest change; and from Canute the Great's conquest of England, we may date the decline of the Icelandic in Denmark. The court was now often in England; the army lay there a considerable length of time, and all laws, and public acts relating to England, were issued in Anglo-Saxon; while our own Scandinavian forefathers had, at the time, neither grammar nor dictionary, nor did they make their language an object of learned application. Every barbarism was therefore but too easily propagated. Intercourse with those Danes and Norwegians, who were previously settled in Northumberland and other provinces, and had formed for themselves a mixed dialect, opened the way to this corruption. Canute made himself master also of Norway; and, although that kingdom was soon lost again, there was a great mutual intercourse among the northern kingdoms, and with England. Thus the Anglo-Saxon became as it were a secondary source to these tongues, in their later state."

Misled by a mere name, Dr Jamieson seems to have seen in the ancient Norse, a form of speech more allied to the proper Gothic than any Saxon tongue; and indeed, by a strange mistake, the Suio-Gothic or Swedish, a valuable and important dialect, but of which we believe there are no authentic monuments prior to the 13th or 14th century, is frequently referred to in his dictionary as the most ancient and authentic of all the Teutonic languages. These assumptions are founded on delusion. Though the names of Gothic and Gothland are geographically connected with Sweden, the Swedish and Scandinavian languages have no peculiar connexion with the ancient Gothic, which is a Low Germanic dialect, and to which, first the old Saxon of Germany, and next, the Anglo-Saxon, are the most nearly allied of all the ancient Teutonic idioms. By connecting us with Scandinavia, therefore, Dr Jamieson was not truly bringing us nearer the fountain-head, but carrying us further off from it.

A comparative examination of some of the most prominent peculiarities of structure in the Scandinavian and Saxon dialogue, will help to refute Dr Jamieson's theory.

1. One of the most striking characteristics of the Scandinavian languages is their sparing use, and sometimes their absolute rejection of *the guttural aspirate*, so conspicuous in the rest of the Teutonic family. In particular, where the aspirate should occur in the middle of a syllable before the letter *t*, it is uniformly absorbed in Scandinavian words, and assimilated to the following consonant. Compare in this respect the following cognate words in the Scandinavian and other dialects:—

Nahts, *Goth.* nox, niht, *A.S.*:—Natt, *Icel.* natt, *Swed.* nat *Dan.* [Compare the Italian *notte*, &c.]

Dauhtar, *Goth.* filia, dohtor, *A.S.*:—Dottir, *Icel.* dotter, *Swed.* datter, *Dan.*

Ahtau, *Goth.* octo, eahta, *A.S.*:—Atta, *Icel.* atta, *Swed.* otte, *Dan.*

Mahta, *Goth.* potui, mihte, *A.S*:—Mátti, *Icel.* matte, *Swed.* matte, *Dan.*

Raihts, *Goth.* rectus, riht, *A.S.*:—Réttr, *Icel.* rat, *Swed.* ret, *Dan.*

Bairhts, *Goth.* lucidus, beorht, *A.S.*:—Biartr, *Icel.*

Waihts, *Goth.* res, wiht, *A.S.*:—Vétt, vætt, *Icel.*

It is impossible not to be struck with the peculiarity here pointed out, and which is not accidental but systematic. But when we ask whether the Teutonic Scotch belongs to the Scandinavian family which thus banished the guttural, or to the Anglo-Saxon branch which retained it, we shall not pause long for a reply. It is notorious that one of the strongest peculiarities of our vernacular tongue is its free use of the guttural aspirate. The words *nicht, dochter, aicht, micht, richt, bricht, wicht,* are framed on the very opposite system from the Scandinavian. In speaking of the Swedish interjection *ach,* but which is pronounced and sometimes written

ach, Ihre himself has said: *Quod ad orthographiam hujus particulæ attinet retinetur in ea Germanicum* ch, *quod alias, si unicum conjunctivum* och *exceperis ab universa lingua Suio-Gothica, exulare jussimus.* What would Ihre have said to the claim of peculiar affiliation between his own Swedish, which has expelled the guttural *ch*, and a language in which one of its most eminent poets is said to be the author of a string of gutturals put together in the following shape, as if for the purpose of caricaturing its notorious propensities, and showing its utter repugnance to Scandinavian euphony. It is from Dunbar's Ballat of Our Lady.

Haile, bricht, be sicht, in hevyn on hicht!
Haile, day sterne orientale!
Our licht most richt, in clud of nycht,
Our darkness for to scale:
Haile, wicht, in sicht, puttar to flicht
Of fendis in battale!
Haile, plicht, but sicht! Haile mekle of mycht!
Haile, glorious Virgine, haile!
Ave maria, gratia plena!
Haile gentill nychtingale,
Way stricht, cler dicht, to wilsome wicht,
That irke bene in travale.

In fact, it is plain that the modern English has here adopted the Scandinavian character, and that the Scottish is distinguished from its sister dialect by having closely adhered to the original Saxon.

2. The Scandinavian languages have always possessed a passive or rather a middle voice, formed not by the use of auxiliaries, but by the incorporation apparently of the reflective pronoun with the terminations of the verb. This peculiarity, which is a source of great neatness of expression, is wholly unknown to any of the other Teutonic tongues, and no trace of it is to be found in the Scottish dialect.

3. The Scandinavian languages have always been distinguished from others of the Teutonic family, by their mode of dealing with the definite article, which is not prefixed, but *postfixed* to their nouns, and amalgamated with the termination. Thus in Danish, *en mand*, a man, *mand-en*, the man; *et barn*, a child, *barn-et*, the child. This singular contrivance, which is a disguised use of the demonstrative pronoun, is wholly unknown with us.

4. The Scandinavian languages have, from the earliest period, been distinguished for the want of certain words or particles used in the other Teutonic languages. The preposition or prefix *bi*, or *be*, is one of these. No trace of it, we believe, is to be found in any genuine Scandinavian words, though it has been partially introduced from Germany into the modern Danish and Swedish. *But and ben*, which, it is thought, have a tolerable claim to authenticity as Scotch words, could have no existence in any Scandinavian tongue. They correspond to the Saxon *butan and binnan*, and are compounds of the prefix *be* or *bi* with the words for *out* and *in*; in the same way as is done in *below*, *before*, *behind*, &c. *Through*, which appears so often in Scotch as *thurch*, its genuine Anglo-Saxon form, is also unknown to Scandinavian. The prefix *ga*, *ge*, is in like manner Germanic merely, and the particle *a* prefixed to verbs is pure Anglo-Saxon, and unknown in Icelandic. These have both been much obliterated in Scotch as well as in English; but they are to be found in enough of Scotch words to show their original existence. The conjunction *when* is also unknown to the Scandinavian languages—so that the first word we meet with in the oldest reputed specimen of Scotch, "Quhen Alysander, our king, was dede," gives its testimony in favour of the Saxon as opposed to the Scandinavian character of our language. The verb *to make*, the substantive verb *to be*, the adjective *great*, the adjective *auld*, and many others, all constantly found in pure Scotch, are in like manner unknown in a pure Scandinavian form, but are universal in the Germanic languages. The copulative conjunctions, the negatives and the relative pronouns, which are generally so important, as indicating the original character of a language, are all widely different in the Scandinavian languages from what they are in the Scotch, which in these respects is identical with English.

5. In Scotch, as in a dialect that contains an admixture of heterogeneous elements, we sometimes find both the Saxon and the Scandinavian form of a word, where they are mutually distinct. For example, the Gothic combination of consonants *zd*, becomes in Saxon *rd*, and in Norse *dd*; thus, *bruzds*, spica, punctum, becomes in A.

Saxon *brord*, and in Icelandic *broddr*. Both of these forms are found in Scotch: *braird* is the point or summit of the young grain; *brodd* means a pointed instrument or wound. In general, however, the Scotch follows exclusively the Saxon form in such words. The Gothic *huzds*, thesaurus, is in Icelandic *hodd*, but in Scotch *hurd*, like the English *hoard*. The old Scotch *reird*, a voice, or sound, from the Gothic *razda*, assumes the Saxon form, and is thus opposed to the Icelandic *rodd*. The Scotch *airt*, meaning a point or quarter of the heavens, though with symptoms of a Celtic origin, is most probably the Saxon or Germanic form of the Icelandic *oddr*, cuspis, punctum, and thus corresponds to the German *ort*, in the phrase *die vier örter des himmels*. The word *odd*, however, as opposed to *even*, is a Scandinavian form of the same root, but it is as much English as Scotch. It involves the idea of a pointed surface as opposed to a plain one. *Ort oder eben spilen* is given in Schmeller's excellent Bavarian dictionary as an expression now going into disuse, and *ortig*, as a thing that is odd or has no fellow, such as in Scotland is called *orra*. Horne Tooke's etymology of *odd* made it the past participle of the verb to *owe!*

5. In another remarkable instance the Scotch has almost exclusively followed the Anglo-Saxon form. The Gothic combination *nth*, is dealt with differently in the Saxon and Scandinavian languages. In the Saxon the *n* is elided, in the Scandinavian almost always the *th*. Thus *anthar*, Goth., alter, becomes in Saxon *other*, in Icelandic *annar*. *Tunthus*, Goth., dens, apparently for *tanthus*, becomes in Saxon *tóth*, tooth, in Icelandic *tönn*. *Sinths*, Goth., via, vicis, is in Saxon *sìth*, in Icelandic *sinn*. *Swinths* is *swìth* and *swinnr*. *Munths* is *múth* and *munnr*. *Kuntha*, novi, potui, is in A.-S. *cùthe*, could, E., in Icelandic *kunna*. *Kunths*, notus, becomes *cúth*, A.-S., *kunnr* Icel. *Kunthian*, notum facere, is *cýthan* A.-S., *kynna* Icel. All of these words are found in Scottish compositions, as well as in common speech, exclusively in an Anglo-Saxon shape, with the elision of the *n*: *ither*, *tooth*, *sithe*, *swyth*, *mouth*, *couth*, *kythe*. *Begouth*, which is sufficently Scotch, is an example of th same Saxon tendency. It must have been formed from an anomalous preterite *biqunta*, like *kuntha*, which in lower German is found in the form *begonde*. We may infer, however, that the Scotch derived from the Continent the term *teind*, which they use for the English *tithe*, and which forms the only deviation we at present remember from the rule we have stated.

In general, we think it may be safely asserted, that the consonantal structure of the Scottish is substantially that of the Saxon. There are some exceptions, such as *starn*, stella, which is nearer the Gothic *stairno* than the A.-S. *steorra*, in which the *n* has been assimilated to the *r*. But such differences are not sufficient to disturb the general rule, or to lead to any inference at variance with what we have above said.

The *vowelism* of the Scotch is not altogether pure. In some instances it differs, alike from the classic A.-Saxon and from the Icelandic. Thus, the diphthong, which in Icelandic is an *ei*, and in A.-Saxon a broad *á*, is uniformly in Scotch an *ai* or *ae*. Thus *hám* A.-S., *home* E., *heimr* Icel., is in Scotch *hame*; *hál* A.-S., *whole* E., *heill* Icel., is in Scotch *hail*; *bán* A.-S., *bone* E., *bein* Icel., is in Scotch *bane*; and so of *stone*, *stane*; *moan*, *mane*; *oak*, *aik*; &c. In this respect the Scotch agrees with the northern dialect of England, as held up to ridicule in the Reeve's Tale in Chaucer. The same peculiarity is to be found in the old Saxon, and it is common to the modern Scandinavian dialects, and to those of Lower Germany.

In dealing with the Gothic diphthong *au*, the Scotch is irregular, following sometimes the original sound, as in *loup*, *stoup*, *nout*, in which it agrees with the Icelandic and partially with the German, but for the most part adopting the deviation into which the A.-Saxon has fallen, by converting the sound into *ea*. This is a very important point of resemblance, because fortunately it can be traced very far back. The lines on the death of Alexander enable us to say, from the rhymes which they present, that the Scotch at that early time followed the vowelism of the A.-Saxon, and not of the Icelandic. The structure of the verse shows that *dead*, *bread*, *lead*, by rhyming with *remede* must have been pronounced nearly as at present, that is, al-

most as *deed, breed, leed.* This was, as far as we can learn, the A.-Saxon pronunciation of these words, but widely different from the Icelandic. Thus *dead* was in A.-S. *deád,* in Icelandic *daudr ; bread* in A.-S. *breád,* in Icelandic *braud ; lead* in A.-S. *leád,* in Icelandic *laud,* if such a word at all existed. In the very earliest state of our language, then, its pronunciation strikingly assimilates it to the A.-Saxon, and distinguishes it both from the Gothic and from the ancient Norse.

In some of its most characteristic features of a vocalic sort, the Scotch is faithful to the Anglo-Saxon, where the English has deviated from its original. Thus the A.-Saxon *mús, hús, tún, fúl,* are correctly preserved in Scotch; while the English *mouse, house, town, foul,* have been changed by what in Sanscrit grammar is called the *guna,* of which the introduction and influence in the Teutonic dialects has as yet been imperfectly traced.

The preceding observations, extending probably to a tedious length of detail, have, we trust, demonstrated the difficult, and we think the desperate, nature of any attempt to separate our Scotch dialect from its neighbour across the border, and to refer it in preference to a Scandinavian origin. The more the subject is studied, we think the more completely the delusion of Dr Jamieson's views will appear. His own book, by its very plan and title, has innocently tended to create an erroneous impression on this subject. He calls it a *Dictionary of the Scottish Language.* But it is in truth not a dictionary of any language. It is a dictionary only of *the peculiarities* of the Scottish language. It is a mere *idioticon,* in which half the Scottish language is entirely omitted, that half, namely, which is literally identical with English. It is further, a collection not of classical words, or of the dialect of any limited period, but of all the archaisms, provincialisms, and vulgarisms of Scottish literature or speech, for 400 years. Such a work is apt to exaggerate, in our estimation, the differences between the two languages, and undoubtedly to withdraw attention from their resemblances. But where is the evidence or ground for surmising, that at any period an Anglian translation of the Scriptures would not have been as intelligible in Scotland, as it must all along have been since the date of authentic history ; and of what countries can that be said except where the languages are identical ?

With regard to the Norman Scotch, of which alone indeed we have any direct knowledge, we hold it to be utterly absurd to suppose, as Mr Ellis was led to do, that it could be framed in Scotland by influences separate and distinct from those which produced English. Nothing but a miracle could have produced, on such a hypothesis, two languages so nearly alike. The same obliteration of inflections and of genders is found in both, with just those differences which we expect to prevail in a country divided into provinces and districts. Take one common feature merely as a sample. Contrary to the analogy of all the ancient Teutonic languages, and of other modern ones, the masculine termination of the plural in *s,* has been adopted, both in English and in Scotch, as the sign of the plural in all genders, and in all words, with only a few exceptions, to be found alike in each of the two countries. Such a correspondence produced by accident, would be truly marvellous. When we further remember that the corresponding sign of the Scandinavian plural is not *s* but *r,* we have an additional argument against the theory we have been combating.

The Norman Scotch undoubtedly possesses some peculiarities distinguishing it from old English. But the germs of these are to be found in provincial differences of the Anglo-Saxon itself, of which numerous examples are collected in Hickes's chapter on what he rashly calls the Dano-Saxon dialect. These differences may partially be traceable to Scandinavian influences, but it is difficult to say to what extent ; and the important observations of Raske on the subject, will guard us against too implicit an adoption of that theory. "Some of these peculiarities," he says, "being common to the Frisic and old Saxon, may safely be ascribed to that tribe of Angles which seated itself in Northumberland, and not to the Scandinavians, in whose language they are not to be found, and thus contribute to prove that the Angles were of genuine Teutonic, (Germanic,) and not of Scandinavian origin."

It is possible that in here trying to

make the rule straight, we may have bent it a little too much in the opposite direction, and may seem to have allowed the Scandinavian language and customs too little influence in Scotland. If so, let the error be corrected, and the truth placed on a fair and stable position, by means, not of conjecture and assertion, but of tangible proof or scientific analysis. Let the words or forms that are Scandinavian be pointed out; let it be shown when they are first found in our records; and let it be proved that they are peculiar to Scandinavia, and unknown to other countries. Nothing would be more useful or interesting, and nothing is more wanted, than a historical deduction both of the Scotch and English languages; such as would show, on sound data, the various sources from which they have at different times derived the treasures of beauty and strength which they possess. The task would be difficult, and is not likely to be soon undertaken; while, without its aid, there is always the risk of hasty inferences and vague impressions.

The erroneous system on which Dr Jamieson's book to a great extent proceeds, is certainly adverse to any claims which may be advanced for its high authority as a work of scientific philology. But this deduction from its merits leaves it still what we wished at first to represent it, and what it will always be considered—a faithful reflection of national manners and customs, and a vast and valuable storehouse of information, for illustrating an important subdivision of that common language of our countrymen, which may justly be called, in reference to its structure and its productions, the richest and the noblest form of speech that the world has yet witnessed.

LINES UPON LETTERS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

"In his last hours, as he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said, '*An odd thougsht trikes me; we shall receive no letters in the grave.*'"—BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson.*

YES—'mid the unutterable dread
With which both Flesh and Spirit shrink,
When the stern Angel of the Dead
Impels us to the Future's brink—
While all is hurry, doubt, dismay,
Life's footing crumbling fast away,
And sins, long silent, dark and fell,
Across the memory flitting yell,
Even then that Sage's transient thought
Some pangs at least the soul can save,
For be what may our awful lot,
No letters reach us in the grave.

Letters from Home—we're spared at last
A longing, lingering watch to keep,
And when th' expected post is past
And brings them not, to shrink and weep,
And count how many hours remain
Before that post comes round again:
Or bitterer still to break the seals,
Sick for the love no line reveals,
Striving to wrest cold Duty's words
To heart-born tenderness and truth,
As if existence' shatter'd chords
Could yield the music of our youth!

A Patron's letters;—never more
To feel them mock our honest pride,
With all the bard denounced of yore—
The curse "in suing long to bide."*

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* "Full little knowest thou that hast not tryed
What hell it is in sueing long to byde," &c.—SPENCER.

Never again to know th' intense
And feverish anguish of suspense,
When the cool, final, brief reply,
As yet unopen'd, meets the eye—
One moment more—and all we dread
  May whelm us like a drowning wave;
Our doom—hope, health, and fortune fled—
  To drift in darkness to the grave.

No letters *there!*—not even the small
  Rose-scented one that dared not come
By day, but stole at evening's fall,
  When every tell-tale breeze was dumb,
Asking the soul's dark gates of sin
To let the Writer's image in.
How, when that tiny billet came,
Our breath heaved thick, our blood grew flame,
As swift we started to assume
  The muffling cloak and secret knife,
And glided down the glen's long gloom,
  Though Danger dogg'd our life!

No letters in the grave. We're free
  From Friendship's smooth effusions *there*,
From Him in whose fidelity
  As in a jewel-casket rare,
The heart was wont in every shock
Its secret thoughts, like gems, to lock—
The supple knave, who, when dismay
And outcry howl'd around our way,
And most our errors ask'd a guide
  Was then himself the first to fly,
And leave us, plunder'd, to the wide
  Remorseless tempest thund'ring by.

The grave!—when once that goal is won,
  Ye lesser agonies adieu!
The daily letter from the dun—
  The monthly admonition too,
From Hood or North, regretting much
Our pen grows palsied in its touch,
Or begging henceforth to decline
Our famous things in Dickens' line:
Their reign is o'er, those Kings of men,
  True sons of Tonson and of Cave—
No brief epistles need we pen,
  Subscribed "*Impransus*" *—in the grave.

And Thou—immortal Moralist!
  To whom my idlesse owes this rhyme
Though unto thee no more exist
  The clouds, tear-fraught, of earthly time,
Oh, 'midst the prate of modern fools,
Whose envious spite, by pigmy rules,
Would dare thy mighty mind to span,
And underrate its giant plan,
Could'st thou but mark what strength to bear,
  What tameless power, what purpose brave,
Some Few still learn from thy career,
  'Twould soothe thee, even beyond the grave.

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* "I am, Sir, yours, *Impransus*, SAM^L. JOHNSON," the expressive signature to one of Johnson's letters (during his early struggles) to Cave.—See *Boswell's Life*, edited by the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER, vol. i. p. 107.

PASSAGES IN THE CAREER OF EL EMPECINADO.

PART III.

THE BETRAYAL.

THE obstinate persecution of the Empecinado by the French, afforded that chief numerous opportunities to display his natural talent for guerilla warfare—a talent he possessed in common with many of his countrymen, but in a supereminent degree. With a handful of men, aided by the nature of the country, and a perfect knowledge of localities, he not only managed to elude the pursuit of forces more than fifty times as numerous as his own, but also found means to harass and annoy the enemy, much in the same way that, on a sultry July day, one may sometimes see a horse tortured and driven nearly frantic by the active and persevering attacks of a solitary fly.

Encouraged by the too sanguine reports of some of his spies, to believe that the French were beginning to relax their vigilance, the Empecinado, after remaining some time in the mountains, ventured back to the plains of the Duero; but soon found it would be impossible to continue there, so numerous were the detachments of hostile cavalry that patrolled the country. In retiring towards the Sierras of Burgos, the guerillas were compelled to cross the Duero at the ford of the *Puente Caido*, or Fallen Bridge, which is within sight of Aranda. The garrison of that town having caught a view of the Empecinado and his band, a regiment of dragoons were sent out, which chased them as far as the town of Coruna del Conde,* but there dropped the pursuit, while the Spaniards took refuge in the Sierra of Arlanza, and fixed their headquarters at a Benedictine monastery, situated in the very wildest and most savage part of those mountains. Hence emissaries were dispatched in every direction, who soon returned with news that the French were determined to surround the Sierra on all sides, and not to raise the blockade till the Empecinado had fallen into their hands. Upon receiving this intelligence, and after some consultation between the Empecinado and Fuentes, the partida was divided into four detachments of twenty-five men each. The same night, Fuentes, at the head of one of these parties, left the mountain, and, passing through the French lines, made a forced march in a southerly direction, following the course of the Duero; Sardina and El Manco, subordinate officers of the Empecinado, with other two detachments, took the direction of Arragon, but by different roads; while Diez himself remained in the Sierra with the last twenty-five men.

A week passed away, during which time the French, having posted troops round the mountain in which they conceived the guerillas to be lurking, waited patiently till hunger or an attempt to break through the lines should place their troublesome enemy in their power. On the seventh day, however, news came to the general commanding, that on the road to Arragon a party of troops escorting a quantity of clothing, and some sick and wounded, had been attacked by the band of the Empecinado. A few hours later, and while the French were yet chafing with fury at the escape of the Guerilla whom they had made so sure of capturing, another messenger arrived, and reported that a courier had been surprised and taken, and his escort of twenty dragoons cut to pieces, at the village of Magaz, on the Valladolid road, *also by the Empecinado*. Heartily cursing their ubiquitous enemy, the French commanders marched with all their forces to the provinces of Valladolid and Siguenza, leaving forty troopers with the depot at the headquarters in the town of Covarrubias, which is situated at the foot of the Sierra of Arlanza, and little more than half a league from the Benedictine monastery where the Empecinado had all the while remained.

It was on the second morning after the French troops had marched from Covarrubias, that eight or ten of the dragoons remaining there in garrison, were lounging about in front of the

* The *Clunia* of the ancient Romans, and birthplace of the Emperor Galba.

large stable where they were quartered, grumbling at the routine of duty that had consigned them to the dulness of the depot, while their comrades were riding over the country, and perhaps engaged with the enemy. After having sufficiently lamented their hard fate in being left to *ennuyer* themselves in an insignificant Castilian town, and after having discussed, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion, the means by which the Empecinado had slipped through their fingers, some of the idlers were making a move in the direction of a neighbouring tavern, and others, stretching themselves on the straw inside the open door of the stable, seemed disposed to indulge in a forenoon nap, when a shrill voice from the further end of the street called the attention of both the sleepy and the thirsty.

"*Barquillos! Barquillos! Quien quiere barquillos!*"

The person who uttered this cry, common enough in the Spanish towns, was a woman who carried, suspended from her arm by a broad leathern strap, a tin-box nearly three feet in height, serving as a receptacle for a quantity of the thin wafer-like cakes called *barquillos*, and having a sort of dialplate painted on its circular top.

"*Vamos, senores; a provar la suerte.* Try your luck, sirs," said the wandering cake-merchant, setting down her moveable warehouse, and giving a vigorous spin to the brass needle poised in the centre of the dial.

The *Barquillera* was a strapping wench of some five-and-twenty years of age apparently, whose lower person acquired additional amplitude from a multiplicity of coloured woollen petticoats, while a tight boddice of coarse black stuff encased her broad shoulders and well-defined bust. Her hair, instead of hanging in a plait down the back, was tucked up, probably to protect it from the dust of the roads, under a straw hat, whose wide leaf had, however, been insufficient to keep the sun from her face, which was tanned almost a mahogany colour. Her features were regular, although somewhat large and coarse, and when she pushed her *sombrero* a little back upon her head, and cast her great black eyes around with an assured and smiling glance, she exhibited quite sufficient charms to secure the attention and admiration of the soldiers. Taking up her station at the stable-door, she repeated her cry of "*Barquillos*," and the light-hearted Frenchmen, crowding around in high glee at having found the means of killing a few minutes, began twirling the needle, at a rate that bid fair to empty the tin box and fill the *barquillera's* pocket with copper coins.

"*Mille sabres! quelle gaillarde!*" exclaimed an old dragoon, bestowing an admiring glance on the wide shoulders and well set-up figure of the *barquillera*, "hang me, if I don't think an army of such stout-built lasses would have a better chance of successfully opposing our troops, than any Spanish division I ever yet set eyes on."

"They would have as good a one at any rate," said another soldier sneeringly. "I see no reason that a hard-fisted peasant girl should not pull a trigger from behind a tree, or a bank, as well as any he-guerilla that ever carried a rifle."

"Every one has his own way of fighting," replied the first speaker, "and I am not sure that the Spanish way is the worst. They know they cannot stand against us in a fair charge on the plain, and so they take to bush fighting. But they are not altogether to be despised, when a fellow like this Empecinado manages to keep a whole division running after him for weeks and months, without being able to catch a sight of his horse's tail. I trust they soon will, though, and have a pull at it too. At any rate, we have got him out of these mountains, which is one point gained."

The cakes having all disappeared, some wine was sent for, of which the *barquillera* partook, joining in the conversation of the soldiers, and replying with much readiness, and in a mixture of Spanish and bad French to their rude jokes and witticisms. After half an hour spent in this way, she took up her box and prepared to depart.

"*Adios, senors, y muchas gracias,*" said she, turning round when a few paces from the dragoons, and laughing so as to display a row of brilliant white teeth.

The soldiers were already moving off in various directions, some to their quarters and others to the wine-shop; but one of them, either inclined for a stroll, or seduced by the good looks of

the *barquillera*, lounged down the street in her company. They soon reached the extremity of the town on the side looking towards the mountains; but the dragoon, amused by the lively chatter of his companion, paid little attention to the direction she was taking, and was nearly half a-mile from the last houses, when he remembered that it might be unsafe to proceed much further, at a time and in a country where the ploughman and vine-dresser pursued their labours with a gun lying in the furrow beside them, ready for a shot at any straggling Frenchman. Before turning back, however, he threw an arm round the barquillera's waist, and made an attempt to kiss her. She held him off for an instant, and looked behind her as though to see if any one were following them along the road. Not a creature was in sight, and she no longer opposed the young Frenchman's embrace. But as his lips touched her cheek, a piercing cry burst from them, and the dragoon fell backwards, *a dead man*. The *barquillera* remained standing in the middle of the path, curiously inspecting a long glittering knife she held in her hand. There was a small stain of blood within an inch of the haft, which she carefully wiped off, and then buckling the sabre of the dead soldier round her own waist, she plunged into a thicket that bordered the road.

On the same morning on which this incident occurred, the Empecinado was walking up and down in front of the Benedictine monastery, in company with one of the monks. His charger and those of his troop were there, saddled and bridled in readiness for a march, and the guerillas stood about in groups, fully equipped, and apparently only waiting the order to mount and away. Presently a horse was pushed full speed up the steep rocky path leading to the monastery, and a lad of eighteen in his shirt sleeves, and with a woman's straw hat upon his head, but armed with a sabre, flung himself off.

"What news, Pedrillo?" asked Diez. "Have you been into the town?"

"I have so, Senor," replied the youth, "and might have stopped there all day, before those muddle-headed *gavachos* would have found out my disguise. Besides, they believe you to be far enough off—in Arragon at the nearest. I have spoken with several of them, and they are entirely off their guard. One fellow, indeed, was kind enough to accompany me out of the town, but I doubt if he will find his way into it again."

"And why not?" enquired Diez.

The peasant made no reply by words, but slightly touched the haft of a knife sticking in his girdle.

"Mount!" shouted the Empecinado, and his men sprang into their saddles.

The unsuspicious Frenchmen were dispersed about the streets, and had left only half a dozen men on guard in their stable, when the Empecinado and his band charged at headlong speed into Covarrubias. Proceeding straight to the barracks, the guard was overpowered and disarmed without a shot being fired, and the guerillas began hunting down the remaining dragoons, who fled in every direction, some secreting themselves in the houses, and others even leaving the town and seeking concealment in the vineyards. But none of them escaped, for many of the town's people and peasants joined in the chase, and showed themselves even more merciless than the guerillas, knowing, that if they left one man alive to relate the share they had taken in the affair, their necks would not be worth an hour's purchase on the return of the French division. About fifty horses, and a large number of mules belonging to the commissariat, fell into the hands of the Empecinado, who immediately sent them off to the monastery in charge of the greater part of his men, in order that they might be placed for security in the vast caverns existing in the mountains of Arlanza—caverns that date from the time of the Moors, and which the famous Count of Castile, Don Fernan Gonzalez, used as magazines for his warlike stores and munitions.

The horses and mules had been gone some time, when the Empecinado heard from the alcalde, what he had not been previously aware of, that every day ten dragoons belonging to the garrison of Lerma were sent to patrol the road between that town and Covarrubias, which latter place they reached at three in the afternoon, and after a short delay, returned to the garrison. The Em-

pecinado immediately formed the project of waylaying and attacking this patrol, although he had only six men with him, and there was no time to send up to the mountain for more. He set off in the direction of Lerma, and halting at the village of Torduelles, enquired if the French had yet been seen. Being answered that they had not, but were momentarily expected, he placed his men in ambush behind a dead wall in a field, which was level with the road, and merely separated from it by a small ditch. After waiting a few minutes, the jingling, clattering noise of cavalry on the march was heard, and as the leading files passed the end of the wall where the Empecinado was stationed, he gave the word to charge, and with his favourite war-cry of "Viva la Independencia," cleared the ditch, and fell like a thunderbolt on the French patrol. The surprise and suddenness of the attack compensated for the difference of numbers, and only two of the dragoons escaped. These two men, on reaching Lerma, made a somewhat exaggerated report of the force by which they had been attacked; and the officer commanding there, exasperated beyond measure at being thus harassed by a guerilla, turned out the greater part of the garrison, and at daybreak the next morning arrived at Covarrubias, where he received the further intelligence of the surprise of that place on the previous day.

The rapid movements of the Empecinado, and the division he had made of his band into four parties, completely puzzled the French, who one moment heard of his being thirty or forty leagues off, and the next found him falling upon their own outposts; so that by this time they began to think there must be three or four Empecinados instead of one, and with far larger forces than they had hitherto suspected, or than he actually had. It was determined to make an effort to get rid at least of the band which was in the sierra of Arlanza. Couriers were sent to order down fresh troops from Soria, La Rioja, Vitoria, and other places; and the pursuit recommenced with so much vigour and such overwhelming numbers, that the Empecinado found it would be impossible to keep concealed even with the small force that accompanied him. He sent twenty men, therefore, by parties of three and four, with orders to make the best of their way to the province of Palencia, where Mariano Fuentes then was. He himself, with five men, remained at the village of Ontorio del Pinar to observe the movements of the enemy.

But it seemed to be ordained, that that sex which an eastern monarch asserted to be the direct or indirect cause of all the mischief and bloodshed occurring in the world, should be the means of getting Diez into scrapes and difficulties, the least of which would have been fatal to a less daring and fortunate man. Had he been contented to remain quiet in Ontorio del Pinar, he might have eluded all the researches of his enemies; for he had always timely information through the peasantry of the approach of any party of French troops. It chanced, however, that in the Burgo de Osma there lived a canon who was a native of the same place as the Empecinado, and this canon had a handsome niece with whom Diez had formerly been intimate. As ill luck would have it, one fine afternoon the Empecinado took a fancy to visit this damsel and her uncle. The Burgo de Osma at that time had no regular garrison, but the country was so covered with French troops, that scarcely a day went by without some detachment or piquet passing through the town. Besides this, the Corregidor and other Spanish authorities at the above-named place, who had been appointed by the invaders and were what was called *Afrancesados*, or favourable to the French, had received repeated orders to be on the look-out for the Empecinado, and to take him dead or alive, should he come within their reach. The risk, therefore, was great; but nevertheless the Empecinado, nothing daunted, almost as soon as the idea entered his head, got upon his horse, and, leaving the five men at Ontorio, set off on this hazardous expedition.

It was about an hour after sunset that a horseman, well mounted and armed, but dressed in peasant's clothes, and having much the appearance of a *contrabandista*, entered the ancient town of the Burgo de Osma. As he passed under a heavy old-fashioned archway which formed the entrance to one of the streets, a dark figure that was crouched down in an angle of the wall accosted him, asking alms.

"*Una limosna, Senor, por el amor*

de Dios." The horseman threw some small coins to the beggar, and in so doing turned his face towards him.

"*Santa Virgen! El Empecinado!*" exclaimed the mendicant, rising from his half recumbent posture and stepping up to the guerilla, who at once recognised a deformed object that for many years had haunted the church door of Castrillo, where he went by the name of *Nicolas el Coco*, or the lame Nicolas. Having become suspected of some petty thefts, he left Castrillo, and had since wandered over the country, living as best he might at the expense of the charitably disposed. Not over pleased at this meeting, but at the same time unsuspicious of betrayal, the Empecinado placed a piece of gold in the hand of the beggarman.

"Not a word of my being here, Nicolas," said he, "and when alms are scanty or hunger pinches, you shall not lack a bite and a sup at the bivouac fire of the Empecinado."

The mendicant gazed after Diez as he rode away.

"The same as ever," muttered he to himself. "An open hand and a kind word Martin Diez always had for the poor man, and many's the *realito* he has given me when he was only known as the best vinedresser and keenest woodsman in the province of Valladolid. Times have changed with him now, and gold seems as plenty in his pouch as *quartos* were formerly. And well may it be so after all he has taken from the French. Carts full of treasure, they say, rich clothes, and fine horses, and well-tempered arms. *Ay de mi!* Nicolas, 'twill be long ere thy crippled carcass may share in the capture of such princely plunder. A few rags, a dry crust, and a well-scraped bone, are thy portion of this world's goods. And yet there is a way," continued he, in an altered tone and as though a sudden thought had flashed across him. "But 'twere foul treason, with his gold yet warm in my hand. Yet the sum ——" And muttering broken sentences to himself, he hobbled slowly down the street.

Various persons, who had occasion in the course of that evening to visit the corregidor of the Burgo de Osma, observed what at first appeared to be a misshapen mass of rags propped up against the wall near the magistrate's door. On looking closer they recognized Nicolas el Coco, and more than one threw him alms, and advised him to seek some better place to pass the night. But the advice was unheeded, and the money left upon the pavement. At length, and as the town clocks were striking eleven, the beggarman started up, crawled as fast as his distorted limbs would allow him to the corregidor's door, and knocked hastily and loudly. The whole movement was that of a man who had worked himself up to the commission of an act of which he felt ashamed, and was fearful of leaving undone if it were delayed a moment longer. The servant, who, through a small grated wicket in the centre of the door, reconnoitred the applicant for admittance at that late hour, started back on finding his face within an inch or two of the hideous countenance and small red eyes of the deformed wretch. Recovering from his alarm, however, a few words were exchanged between him and Nicolas, which ended in the admission of the latter.

Meanwhile the Empecinado had been joyfully welcomed by the worthy canon and his fair niece, although they did not fail to reproach him with foolhardiness in having thus placed his head in the lion's jaws. Diez made light of their apprehensions, and having by his gayety and confidence at last succeeded in dissipating them, declared his intention of passing the next day in their society, and leaving the town as he had entered it, in the dusk of the evening.

Owing perhaps to the unwonted softness of the bed which the hospitable canon had prepared for his guest, and which was somewhat different from the rough and hard couches he had of late been accustomed to, the Empecinado's sleep was that night deeper and sounder than usual. Thus it was that he who at the bivouac, or stretched on a paillasse in a peasant's cottage, was used to start from his slumbers at the jingle of a spur or click of a musket-lock, heard not the blows that, an hour after midnight, were struck on the door of the canon's house. The canon himself, more vigilant than his guest, looked out of an upper window, and seeing a group of persons assembled in front of his dwelling, although, from the darkness of the night, he could not distinguish who they were, suspected some danger to the Empecinado, and hastily

slipping on part of his dress, hurried to arouse him. Unluckily, however, a servant, who had not yet retired to rest, had also heard the knocking, and going to the door, inquired who was there.

"*Gente de paz*," was the answer, and the man recognizing the voice of the corregidor of the town immediately withdrew bars and bolts, and gave entrance to that functionary, followed by two other magistrates of inferior grade, and a score of well-armed alguazils. Leaving sentries at the door, the party mounted the stairs; and as the master of the house, whose alertness a life of ease and sloth had somewhat impaired, was entering a gallery leading to the Empecinado's apartment, he found himself face to face with the corregidor.

"You are doubtless proceeding to the same quarters as ourselves, Senor Canonigo, although on a different errand probably," said the magistrate with a sarcastic smile, running his eye over the unfortunate churchman's perplexed countenance and scanty attire. "This is a serious matter, senor," added he, resuming his gravity. "You are said to be sheltering a notorious robber and traitor, on whose head a price has been set. Be good enough to accompany me in the search I am about to institute for the outlaw Juan Martin Diez."

And pushing the unlucky canon before them, the party proceeded along the gallery, and stopped at the door of the Empecinado's room. Making a sign to his followers to move silently, the corregidor entered a large apartment, at the further end of which was an alcove where Diez lay sleeping with his pistols and sabre on a chair beside his bed. These were removed by an alguazil; but even then, so great was the terror inspired by the well known strength and desperate courage of the partizan, that, backed as he was by twenty armed men, the corregidor's hand trembled as he laid it on the shoulder of the sleeper. A touch was sufficient to arouse the guerilla; he sprang into a sitting posture and confronted the magistrate.

"In the King's name, Martin Diez, you are my prisoner," said the latter.

"In the name of what King?" asked the Empecinado, who saw at once that resistance was useless, and that a day of triumph for his enemies had arrived; "I know of none in Spain at present."

"In the name of King Ferdinand the Seventh," replied the corregidor.

"*Vil Afrancesado!*" exclaimed Diez, his eyes flashing, and his features assuming so terrible an expression that his captor stepped a pace backward, and looked to his armed retinue as though for protection. "Add not hypocrisy to your treason, but say at once it is by order of the French you commit this base act, unworthy of a true Spaniard."

While this was passing above stairs, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a number of persons had assembled at the door of the Canon's house, attracted by a report which had spread that an important arrest was taking place. The assemblage consisted chiefly of artizans and labourers, a class that almost, without exception, entertained a violent hatred for the French, differing in that respect from some of the higher ranks, of which many individuals had deemed it necessary to their security, or advantageous to their interests, to side with the invaders. *Nicolas el Coco* was also there. Scarcely had he given information to the corregidor of the Empecinado's arrival in the town, when he began to be agitated by violent fears lest the large reward that had been his stimulus to the treachery should yet escape him, and be grasped by some more powerful hand than his own. Nor were his apprehensions unreasonable, considering the then confused and disorganized state of things in Spain, and the corruption of the new authorities appointed by the French. The corregidor asked him where Diez had alighted, but to this he was unable to reply. The magistrate's suspicions, however, were immediately directed to the canon, whom he knew to be a townsman and friend of the Empecinado, and to his house he forthwith proceeded, as has already been seen. The beggarman, trembling for the price of his villany, stuck close to his skirts, but on arriving at the canon's door, even his avarice was not sufficiently strong to induce him to confront the man whom he had betrayed, and he waited in the street while the capture was effected.

"What's to do neighbours?" said a burly, beetled-browed man, in the garb

of a butcher, pushing his way into the midst of the crowd. "What is it that has brought you all out of your beds, and set corregidor and alcade and the rest of them running about the town at this time o' night?"

"You know as much about it as we do, friend Esteban," replied one of the persons addressed. "It seems they are arresting somebody, but whom I cannot tell you."

"Somebody!" reiterated another bystander, "some dozen you mean. Why man, there were near upon thirty alguazils entered the house, armed all of them to the very teeth. It must be something out of the common way to render such a force as that necessary."

"They are there, perhaps, not so much to seize the prey as to hold it when taken," said Esteban. "Mayhap the corregidor has a notion that it cannot be very agreeable to true-hearted Spaniards to see their countrymen and friends thrown into prison, and hung and shot at the command of the French. By the Holy Trinity! we are a craven and degenerate people, or such things would not be."

"Hush! man," said another speaker in a lower tone, "such words are dangerous. But yonder is Nunez the alguazil, I will ask him what is going on."

And making his way to the door, he exchanged a few words with one of the men that had been left to guard it, and returned to Esteban's side.

"He knows not whom they are arresting, but Nicolas the beggar gave the information."

"Nicolas!" exclaimed the butcher, "has that crippled cur turned informer? Nay, then, let him keep clear of me. This very morning I gave him an alms and a bone, but, by the tail of St Anthony's pig, a cudgel shall be his welcome when he next crosses my threshold."

"Where is the hound?" cried another; "'tis but a moment since I saw his ill-omened visage in the crowd."

Before any search could be instituted for the mendicant, the house door was thrown wide open, and the magistrates issued forth, preceding the Empecinado, handcuffed, but preserving his usual commanding gait and stern unquailing countenance, amidst the fixed bayonets of his guards.

"The Empecinado!" exclaimed Esteban the butcher, to whom Diez was personally known.

A sorrowful groan ran through the crowd on learning the name of the prisoner, and the corregidor, apprehensive of a rescue, quickened his step, and ordered the escort to close well up. The force he could command, however, would probably have been totally inadequate to enable him to preserve his prize, had not the large number of French troops, quartered within a few hours' march of the Burgo de Osma, operated as a more effectual check on the populace.

"The Empecinado!" repeated Esteban, in the tone of a man stunned and stupefied. "Ha!" roared he, and giving a bound that carried him across the street, and upset one or two of the bystanders, he grasped by the throat a figure that was endeavouring to steal away and follow the corregidor and his myrmidons.

"Help! murder!" shrieked the man, as well as his compressed windpipe would allow. "Help! Senor Corregidor!"

"Silence, traitor!" vociferated the butcher, and dashed his captive to the ground.

Two or three lanterns were brought to the spot, and their light fell on the hideous face of the mendicant, now pallid and quivering with deadly terror.

"You betrayed the Empecinado," said Esteban, placing his heavy foot upon the breast of the prostrate wretch.

"No! Senor, no!" cried the beggar, "'tis false; I told no one of his coming."

"You betrayed the Empecinado," repeated the butcher in an unaltered tone, but pressing hard upon the chest of his victim.

"Mercy! Senor," shrieked the unhappy Nicolas, "I betrayed him not, I knew not he was here."

"The butcher's brow contracted, and he threw the whole weight of his body upon the foot which held down the beggar.

"Liar!" he exclaimed; and a third time he repeated, "*You betrayed the Empecinado.*"

The blood gushed from the mouth of the traitor.

"*Perdon! perdon!*" he gurgled in a quenched and broken voice. "*Es verdad!* 'tis true!"

"Who has a rope?" cried Esteban. Two or three were produced.

The first sight that on the following morning greeted the eyes of the corregidor of the Burgo de Osma, was the dead body of Nicolas hanging by the neck from a tree opposite his windows. A paper pinned upon his breast was stained by the blood that had flowed from his mouth, but not sufficiently so to prevent the magistrate from reading the following words,

"*Los Vendedores del Empecinado,*
Numero Una,
Venganza!" *

The corregidor could not repress a shudder as he turned from the window, and thought who might chance to be *Numero Dos.*

This daring and significant demonstration, whose authors it was impossible to discover, owing to the fidelity with which the secret was kept, alarmed the authorities, and their first care was to send off to the village of San Esteban de Gormaz, where the nearest French detachment, consisting of three hundred infantry, was quartered, in order to obtain a sufficient guard for the important prisoner that had been made. These troops immediately marched to the Burgo de Osma; and as the intelligence of the Empecinado's capture spread, other parties, both of infantry and cavalry, kept pouring in, until in a very short time nearly three thousand men, commanded by a brigadier-general, were assembled in the town. The Empecinado having been arrested by the Spanish authorities, it was thought proper to go through the formalities of trying him by a civil tribunal, instead of subjecting him to the more summary operation of a ten minutes' shrift and a dozen musket balls, which would have been his lot had the French themselves been his captors. Accordingly the corregidor was charged to get all ready for the trial, and to collect the necessary witnesses to prove the murders and robberies of which the Empecinado was accused; for the French had throughout affected to consider him as a mere bandit and highwayman, and as such not entitled to the treatment or privileges of a prisoner of war.

The room in the town prison in which Diez had been placed, was a small stone-floored cell, damp and cold, which the jailer, anxious to curry favour with the French, had selected as one of the most comfortless dungeons at his disposal. It had no window or opening looking *out* of the prison, but received air and a glimmering sort of twilight through a grating let into the wall that separated it from a corridor. Furniture there was none; a scanty provision of straw in one corner served the prisoner to sit and lie upon. His hands were free, but he was debarred from exercise, even such as he might have taken within the narrow limits of the cell, by weighty iron manacles, worthy of the most palmy days of the Inquisition, which were fastened upon his legs in such a manner as to prevent his walking, or even crossing his prison, otherwise than by a succession of short leaps, in taking which his ankles could not fail to be bruised and wounded by the severity of his fetters.

One morning shortly after his incarceration, the Empecinado was lying on his straw bed, and reflecting on the circumstances of his position, which might well have been deemed desperate. But Martin Diez possessed, in addition to that headlong courage which prompted him to despise all dangers, however great the odds against him, other qualities not less precious. These were, an unparalleled degree of fortitude, and a strength of mind that enabled him to bear up against sufferings and misfortune that would have reduced most men to despondency. However abandoned by friends and shackled in his own resources, he never allowed himself to despair; and it was this heroic spirit, added to great confidence in his physical energies, that, fifteen years later, when he was led out to execution, prompted the most daring attempt ever made by a prisoner to escape, naked and weaponless, from a numerous and well-armed guard.

To break out of the prison where he now was, certainly appeared no easy matter, and a sum in gold that he had on his person when he entered the town, having been taken from him, he could have no hopes of corrupting the jailer. While ruminating on the means of communicating with his friends without, he heard his name

* The betrayer of the Empecinado—Number One—Revenge!

pronounced in a distinct but cautious whisper, and, turning his eyes to the only quarter whence such a sound could come, he beheld the grated window nearly blocked up by the head of a man, who was gazing at him through the bars.

"Martin Diez," said the stranger, perceiving that he had attracted his attention; "dost thou not know me?"

The Empecinado arose, and, approaching the window, recognised the features of a certain shoemaker named Cambea, a native of Aranda, and who had served with him in the war of '92. He had been thrown into jail for some offence which was, however, of so trifling a nature, that he was not confined to a cell in the daytime, but had the run of the prison, and even worked at his trade by the connivance of the jailer. Having learned that the Empecinado was a prisoner, he watched an opportunity to visit him, and now offered to do all in his power to aid in his escape.

The risk of discovery was too great for Cambea to remain long in conference with the guerilla. A few sentences, however, were exchanged, and he then went away, but returned the same afternoon, and with a lump of wax contrived to take an impression of the lock on the Empecinado's dungeon-door, in order to get a key made by a friend he had in the town, who by trade was a locksmith.

Two days elapsed without his reappearance, and Diez began to fear that their communication had been discovered, and Cambea subjected to stricter confinement, when the door of the cell gently opened, and the shoemaker entered, a key in his hand, and his face radiant with satisfaction. This difficulty being overcome, their plans were soon arranged, and it was agreed that on the following Sunday, while mass was celebrating, the grand attempt should be made.

The day arrived, and at ten in the morning the wife and daughter of the jailer, their servant and the turnkey, having gone to church, the prison remained silent and deserted, except by the prisoners and the jailer himself, who was shut up in his apartment. Without losing a moment, and with the greatest silence and caution, Cambea repaired to the Empecinado's dungeon, and arming him with one of the knives he used for cutting leather, took him upon his shoulders, and in that manner carried him to the door of the jailer's room.

The *alcayde*, or jailer, was lolling in a large well-stuffed arm-chair, and opposite to him was seated the lawyer appointed to conduct Diez's prosecution. On a small table between them were placed glasses and a dusty cobweb-covered bottle, with the contents of which the two worthies were solacing themselves, while they discussed the all-absorbing topic of the day, the trial of the Empecinado, and its probable, or rather *certain* result. As glass after glass was emptied of the oily old Xeres wine, the lawyer rehearsed his speech, the jailer found guilty, and passed sentence, until, step by step, and before the bottle was out, the Empecinado had, in imagination, and somewhat prematurely, been condemned, placed *in capilla*, confessed, and led out to execution. Just as the lawyer was conjecturing how he would look with the rope round his neck, some one tapped at the door.

"*Adelante!*" cried the jailer, and Cambea made his appearance.

"*Senor Alcayde*," said he, "the corregidor is at the prison-gate, and desires to speak with you."

Putting on one side the bottle and glasses, the jailer hurried to receive the chief magistrate of the town, but as he passed through the door behind which the Empecinado was concealed, the latter made a sort of buck leap, with his fetters upon his feet, and grappled him like a tiger, seizing him by the hair with his left hand, and with his right clutching his throat so as nearly to strangle him. At the same time Cambea threw himself upon the lawyer, whose head he muffled in his own cloak, and then, taking him up in his arms, carried him bodily to the Empecinado's cell, and there locked him in. Then returning to the assistance of Diez, they tied the jailer's hands, and, putting a gag in his mouth, placed him also in the dungeon. The next thing to be done was to rid the Empecinado of his manacles, which was soon accomplished by means of riveting tools found in the jailer's room.

But they had as yet only surmounted a part of their difficulties, and much remained to be done before they could consider themselves in safety. It is true, they had the keys, and could un-

lock the door and walk out of the prison, but the streets were swarming with French soldiers, through whom they would have to run the gauntlet before getting out of the town. To do this with less chance of detection, they returned to the dungeon, and, taking the clothes off its present inmates, put them on themselves. Cambea took possession of the lawyer's three-cornered hat, and Diez of that of the alcayde, and then arranging their cloaks in such a manner as to conceal the greater part of their faces, they walked out of the principal gate of the prison, carefully shutting it after them, and passing unsuspected through the French soldiers on guard. Fortunately, as it was the hour of high mass, all the town's-people were in the church, and the French took no notice of the two fugitives as they walked through the streets with grave and deliberate pace, studiously avoiding any appearance of haste, lest it might lead to detection.

In this manner they had nearly got out of the town, when they perceived an orderly dragoon holding two horses, saddled and bridled, at the door of a house, apparently waiting for some officer of rank who was about to take a ride. The Empecinado had found in a pocket of his borrowed garments a box, full of that excessively fine and pungent snuff, called in Spain the *encarnado de los frayles*. Emptying the contents into his hand, he walked up to the soldier, and asked to be directed to the quarters of the general commanding. While the man was answering him, Diez threw the snuff in his face and eyes, and, opening his cloak, gave him a buffet that stretched him, stunned and blinded, upon the ground. Then, seizing his drawn sword, he sprang upon the officer's horse, and Cambea mounting that of the dragoon, they succeeded in passing the town-gate unchallenged.

They had not been clear of the town five minutes, when they heard trumpets sounding and drums beating to arms, and soon the road in their rear was covered with light cavalry in hot pursuit. But their horses were good, the start they had was sufficient, and they speedily reached the mountains. Three days afterwards the Empecinado had rejoined Mariano Fuentes, and was again at the head of his band.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

Part XIII.

Walking the Hospitals.

We apprehend that few idle people, from choice, care to turn aside from the contemplation of busy life engaged in healthy industry, and from the excitement of the living streets, to explore the abiding-places of disease, pain, and death: yet we would not care for the man who would not sometimes visit the homes of the miserable, take a lesson of life in the wards of an hospital, and anticipate the debt he will sooner or later have to pay, by seeing it paid by others. While you are killing the enemy—who is certain, notwithstanding, to get the better of you one day or another—with billiards, or dice, or gossip, or the bottle at the west end, it might do you good were you suddenly to be transferred to a medical or surgical ward of St Thomas's, St Bartholomew's, or Guy's; and, by the dismal light of a lamp, to contemplate the varied expression of human agony you will meet with on every side; the crimsoned flush of raging fever, the wandering eye and frothy lip of wild delirium, the half-crown patch of hectic blush upon the shrunken cheek of the consumptive; death doing his work by sap and storm, by night and day, within the walls, within musket-shot of the scenes of your midnight revelry and mid-day languor, where your only business is idleness, your only pleasure dissipation.

"Curse the fellow, he is not going to be funny this month," saith the reader: very likely not; therefore lay us down, or take us up, just as you are situated. Life has serious aspects, nay, even painful ones, and our business is to make you acquainted with both sides: therefore turn with us into this gateway, or go back again to your club, whichever of the two will afford greatest entertainment.

You have hardly entered the precincts of one of our great hospitals, when you experience uneasy sensations. The unnatural quietude of those great quadrangles in the immediate vicinity of crowded thoroughfares, whose discordant noises reach the ear commingled in one general hum, amaze you. There is a conventual hush over the place; your footstep awakens the echoes of the piazzas and passages, as you make your way from one quadrangle to another. In the distance you may observe an irregular clump of lowly buildings, surmounted by domes and skylights; these are the dissecting and lecture rooms of the hospital, where the bodies of the dead are made subservient to the welfare of the living.

You enter the house; what a strange acidulated smell! The smell of a barrack is peculiar—a frowzy, dampy smell: the smell of a workhouse is the frowziness without the damp: but the smell of an hospital is different from both; it is an odour, as it were, of spilt vinegar, very peculiar, especially in the dog-days, and not very pleasant. Then the surgical wards, the fever wards, the small-pox wards, have their own peculiar odours, which we might sniff through several pages with great satisfaction; but in pity to the olfactories of the unprofessional reader, we shall not dwell further on hospital odours.

Who are those frowzy women in the bed-gowns and frilled caps crossing the square to and fro? These are nurses; sisters, as they are called—a name derived from those remote times when sisterhoods of religious women performed the kindly offices of tending the sick poor, as they do to this day in continental countries. You see in the expression of their faces how little care or anxiety they feel, hardened as they are by usage, in the performance of the most exquisitely painful duties; they look not like those whose daily and nightly task it is to moisten the lips of the dying, to close the eyes and decently dispose the limbs of the frequent dead. On the contrary, the great majority have the expression of comfortable jolly cooks in small respectable families where scullery-maids are kept.

In the passages, or in the lobbies, as you progress towards the wards, if you keep your ears open, you may

hear not a few extraordinary dialogues. A group, consisting of one or two of the dressers, a knot of sisters, a surgery man, and some of the pupils, is collected at the stair-head, and at intervals you catch unconnected portions of their mingled professional conversation.

"So Sally Dawes is dead this morning." "Cuss the old cat; God be good to her, Betsy; what a world of trouble that wretch gived me in Mary's ward—never knowed when to have done calling for drink, night nor day." "Simon, have you got my blisters and poultices on your tray?" "Here's Goody Simpson's darter says as how she knows her mother's dead, an' a hollerin' like mad in the hairy: may she go up, sir?" "'Gainst the rules. Guvn'rs won't hear of it; tell her to call again to-morrow." "Hilloa, you there, come up, and carry down the stiff uns." "How many, sir?" "Let me see: Irish hodman, in Job's ward"——"Beg your pardon, sir, but he's not *quite* dead yet." "Not dead! you rascal, do you suppose I'd have given you an order to take him down if he wasn't dead." "Beg your pardon, sir, but he swears he won't die till God pleases." "Won't he? we shall see whether or not. There's Sally Dawes, *she's* dead as a red herring, I'll warrant her." "Mr Mugg, if the house surgeon hears you neglected to leech the erysipelas leg in No. 9, you'll hear of it." "Dear me, sir, what shall I do?" "Clap on the suckers, and when they bite, take them off again: say they're yesterday's bites." "That will be a *bite;* he! he! he!" "Staggers, I'll bet you two to five in grog, Slashem's lithotomy case capsizes the pail." "Say on the table, and I'll take you. Do you see any thing verdant?" "Oho!" "Two to one against the woman in the puerperal ward—what's her name? Come, I'll back death against the doctor, for any sum you like to name." "Kitty Foley, if you please, sir, has made up her mind not to submit to the operation." "What! after I have had the trouble of arranging the instruments; there's gratitude for you! Tell her she must be operated on; the bill has been up this week; tell her she'll die if she doesn't." "She says, if you please, sir, she only wants to be let die in peace." "What! and the whole class to be disappointed; impossible! Tell her she can't be allowed to die in peace, it's against the rules of the hospital." "Well, Clotty, have you bled all the cases?" "Surgeryman, have you given all the—ahem"—"All right, sir." "I say, Simkins, you don't look well this morning." "No!—bless me, I never felt better in all my life." "Why, what's the matter? Let's feel your pulse. Don't you, now, really feel very ill?" "Come, none of your nonsense: you know I cut my finger in the dissecting-room, and you want to frighten me." "I say, now, is there any body *game* to throw a pebble at that gas-lamp?" "Please, sir, the sailor just come in won't have his head shaved, nor take his gruel: will he get his gruel, sir?" "Not a doubt of it, Molly, if he stays here long enough." "Hark! there's Professor Puke coming up stairs; so off, boys, and look solemn." And the conference is for the present broken up.

Now, take a turn through the wards with the doctor. Observe how various the expression of the patients' countenances: the clouded brow, oppressed eye, distended nostril, and parched lip, of impending fever; the drunken aspect and stertorous breathing of apoplexy; the fearful shivering of the sufferer from ague; then, in the chronic wards, note the family likeness among all the patients—the subdued expression of pain, so long continued that habit has rendered its endurance tolerable. Now, if you have nerve, enter the condemned cell—the place allotted to incurables. Here are, you see, some five-and-twenty fellow creatures waiting for the friendly hand of death to lay them in the peaceful grave; and, strange to say, such of them as are not tortured with acute pain, are not merely resigned, but positively cheerful!

Stand for a moment at the foot of this bed; let us look at the card. Oh! cancer of the breast, operated on for the third time yesterday. You observe the poor creature is dying: already unconsciousness has blunted the arrow of the destroyer; and although she yet breathes, the bitterness of death is past. These oranges and lemons, cups of wine, teapots, are the offerings of the inhabitants of the ward to their expiring fellow-sufferer. The little girl you see limping about with

disease of the hip-joint, smiling as good-naturedly as if she was at play, was the nurse of the poor creature before you, and tended her with the same devotion as if she had been her own daughter. Even now, she moistens the unconscious lips, and whispers pity into the unheeding ear.

There is something very extraordinary, and to us inexplicable, in the variety of shapes in which death makes his approaches, and the way in which he is met by minds differently constituted. In early life we had abundant opportunities of contemplating death on a great scale; and we took a melancholy pleasure in watching the struggles of the parting spirit, as if we could catch its shadow flung on earth, as it flew to its abiding-place beyond the grave.

But, with all our watching, we never could advance a step in our investigation. We have seen a virtuous mother of a family, from whose hands the sacred volume was never absent during her long illness, expire delirious, with a torrent of blasphemy and obscenity horrible to hear. Over and over again we have witnessed the cheerful, and, to all human comprehension, happy deaths of those destitute of the slightest sense of religious obligation; while those imbued with the strongest and most scriptural feelings, have met death with tears, tremblings, and lamentations. Some we have observed to make the fact of their approaching death an excuse for imploring some delicacy which they have never tasted—as, for example, a peach or a bunch of grapes; others will cry out incessantly for wine, and die miserable if they do not get as much as they wish. One would die happy, he says, if he could see the sun; another gives the moon his preference. The fantasies of dying people are truly extraordinary, and the mode in which they meet death, reconcilable, as we imagine, chiefly to constitution of body and habits of life. Soldiers, though by no means a religious class generally, we have observed to die fearless of death itself, whether or not indifferent to the preparation for the life after death. The happiest deaths, we think, other things being equal, are those of poor ignorant creatures, whose faith in their religion is unshaken. The pride of human knowledge suggests doubts and fears, which, howsoever little they may disturb lusty life, are worse than racks and wheels in the hour of approaching death.

To be weak or undecided, in death as in life, is to be miserable. The firm in faith do not die—they set out upon their journey to the promised land—and only change one state of existence for another.

Funerals.

People have an ominous dread of encountering funerals; now, for our own part, we like to meet a funeral; and, what is more, we find a melancholy pleasure in turning round and following it. Touches of genuine nature are to be met with at a funeral. The artificial is thrown aside, the mask we all wear in the business or pleasure of life falls off, and we are able sometimes to catch occasional glimpses of men as they really are, or ought to be. We say sometimes, for there is abundance of hypocrisy at a funeral as any where else, but even this is worth contemplating. There is much matter for conjecture in funerals; we like to imagine that we see reflected in the faces of the mourners what manner of man was the deceased. We try to puzzle out the expression of the disappointed legatee, and the more subdued grief of him, who, having been bequeathed much, regrets that he has not got more; or of him who, having the lion's share, is yet sorrowful that he had not the good fortune to have had all. Then there are the mourners, not of hoods, scarfs, and weepers, but of the heart—mourning a loss beyond that of the world's losses—losses no world's wealth can repair. The tender, dutiful wife, the prudent, affectionate husband, the son or daughter of our youth or of our age. The parent, dropping ripe into the lap of earth, or, deeper grief, cut off in the midst of his hopes, expectations, and pursuits, leaving perhaps a young family slenderly provided for, or not at all; the attached and long-esteemed friend, the woman we loved, or could have loved. These are the griefs, various in their expression, that, sur-

rounding the yawning grave, pay the last sad offices to the unconscious dead; then slowly, and with downcast weeping eyes, wend slowly homewards their melancholy way.

The funerals of the great, or little people who greatly unite themselves to dust, we have no sympathies with; we cannot get near enough to see of what kind of stuff their hearts are made; mourning coaches, plumed hearses, dusky-coated mutes, and the sable pomposity of the grave, do not attract us. But we are a rare hand at ferreting out a workhouse funeral: the poor corner of a metropolitan churchyard affords us many an afternoon's melancholy entertainment. The poor talk of one another, of the dead, of their affairs, the condition of their families. There is much apparent sympathy among them; and they have no care lest their conversation should be overheard.

It was a fine summer Sabbath evening in June, and we were knocking about among the tombstones as usual, making our observations upon life and character, when our attention was arrested by a plain coffin, borne upon the shoulders of four men in black, and followed by eight chief mourners, all in decent but humble suits of sables. The chief mourners were eight children—four boys and four girls: or, to speak more correctly, three boys and three girls, with two little 'toddles,' mere infants, straggling in the rear. The eldest boy and girl might have been about fifteen and fourteen years respectively; the next, twelve and eleven; the third pair between seven and eight; the youngest, as we have said, between infancy and childhood. The eyes of all spectators were upon the bereaved ones as they stood around the grave, yawning to receive their only parent and provider; and few were the dry eyes of those that beheld the melancholy group—the eldest boy looking fierce and manlike, the rest weeping bitterly, save the youngest pair, looking wonderingly around, as if marvelling what all the ceremony might mean.

"Cutting funeral, that, sir;" observed a little pursy man in black who stood near us; "werry cutting funeral, indeed," repeated the little man, blowing his nose violently.

"Who are they?" we enquired, not without anticipating something like the little domestic history we were favoured with by the nose-blowing little man in black.

"Horphans, sir—every one on 'em horphans; that's their mother as is a bein' buried, sir."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; she was a 'spectable woman—highly 'spectable, indeed—werry wirtuous, poor woman, sir—paid rates and taxes in the parish for twenty year. I ought to know it; for I'm one of the overseers—I am."

"I should like to hear something of the family."

"Should you, sir? Well, you shall hear; but it's a melancholy story—wery melancholy, indeed. You must know, sir, there wasn't a more decenter couple in this parish than Thomas Mason and his wife, Jane ——; they were well to do, and doing well; every body respected them, for they paid their way, and was civil to their customers. Well, Thomas fell in a decline, sir, and died; but he didn't die soon enough—for his sickness wasted all their substance, and the business was neglected, so the family fell into poverty: but the poor widow struggled on, and the exertions she made to maintain them little ones was really the wonder of the neighbourhood. 'Mr Smith,' says she to me, when I offered some relief, 'I won't trouble this world long, and parish money shall never cross my palm; but when I'm gone, you won't see my desolate orphans want a morsel of bread.' So, poor woman, she was right; for she soon sickened, and was bed-ridden for thirteen months; and them children, as you see a standin' 'round their mother's grave, worked themselves to an oil to keep her from the hospital—much more the workus. The girls worked all day; and boys and girls sat up all night, turn and turn about, with their poor mother—she was sorely afflicted, poor woman. Well, sir; when she died at last, our vicar went and offered his assistance, and told the children, of course, the parish would bury their mother; but that there hobstinate boy, him that's a givin' his orders, wouldn't hear of it, and blowed up the vicar for mentioning such a thing. So the vicar comes to me, and says he, Mr Smith, these here young Mason's is the oddest babies as ever I see, for they've sold their bed and all their things to

bury their mother; let's make up a purse for them, and there's my sovereign to begin with. Says I, sir, never mind, I'll bring them right; and the parish shall bury the poor woman, so that'll be so much saved: and with that I goes off to Poppin's court, and into the fust floor; there was the poor woman dead, and the room stripped of all the furniture and things. Says that there youth, 'Mr Smith,' says he, 'I'd be wery glad to see you another time, but we're in great grief for our mother bein' dead; and we hope you'll excuse us not askin' you to sit down.' Lord love you, sir, there wasn't the sign of a chair or a table in the room, nothing but the corpse, and a bit of a plank. Says I, 'my boy, I'm sorry for your grief, but I hope you wont have any objection to let the parish manage your poor mother's funeral.' With that, sir, the boy flares up like any think, whips up a poker, and swears if he catches the parish a-comin' to touch his mother, he'll brain the lot of 'em: 'Mother lived without the parish,' says he, 'died without the parish, and she'll be buried without the parish!' With that he opens the door, and shews me down stairs as if he was a suckin' markis: that's the story on 'em, sir; and they're a riggler hindependent lot as ever I see. God help them, poor things!'"

And with this the little man blew his nose once more, as the group of motherless children, reformed in their sad order of procession, and with streaming eyes, and many repeated last looks at their mother's grave, departed to their naked home.

The Stomachs of London.

About a month or two ago we gave the patient reader the slip—it was at Smithfield Bars, on a busy market morning. There is much to see, and something it may be to smell in Smithfield on a market morning. Its penned thousands of Liecesters, South Downs, and Merinos—its countless thousands of fatted swine—its multitudes of bleating lambs, pretty dears, so soon to be swallowed with mint sauce, salad, and the usual *et ceteras*—its streets of living oxen, whose broad backs form a level leathery floor, over which you often see adventurous drovers, stick in hand, take their desperate way. Corpulent graziers, with leathern pocket-book crammed with bank of England notes: enterprizing knackers, wholesale dealers in that favourite article of food—horse flesh, subsequently retailed to the lieges in *à la mode* beef, mutton pies, sausages, and a variety of other fancy costumes; lynx-eyed salesmen, who have but to glance at a beast to know how many stone he weighs, offal inclusive: journeymen butchers looking for a job: policemen on the scent after a roving pickpocket: chawbacons in smock-frocks, munching bread and cheese, or gazing listlessly around from the secure eminence of a waggon-load of hay: shepherds and drovers from all quarters of the agricultural world, and you have a morning at Smithfield.

Truly, ravenous reader, it is a goodly stomach that same Smithfield; like our own, empty as a gallipot the greater part of the week, but filled even to repletion upon market days. In our case, you will understand market day to be that when some hospitable Christian, pitying our forlorn condition, delights our ears, warming the cockles of our heart with a *provoke;* when, be assured, we eat and drink indictively, like an author at his publisher's!

The shepherds and their dogs, we delight to contemplate. Strictly speaking, there is nothing Arcadian about either master or colley—both are the roughest-looking creatures you ever beheld; but there is something about the physiognomy of shepherds that interests and pleases us—a dreamy look, such as poets may wear, the result most likely of a lone life upon the hills, and much more companionship with nature than with man. Take that tall, erect fellow, for example, leaning against the rails where are penned some ten score of black cattle; even if you overlook his plaided scarf, there is enough of nationality in his ample forehead, skirted by thin sandy hair, his clear azure eye, and high cheekbones, to assure you he is a descendant of the Picts. He has no pipe, like your British shepherd, but applies the "sneeshin-mull" ever and anon to his proboscis. His dog, queer frizzly beast, but no more a bumpkin than his master, sits, taking unwonted

rest, upon his tailless hunkers, but ever and anon turns his head, quick and sharp, in the direction of the "blackfaces," over whom, for many a weary league, he was posted as whipper-in or adjutant. Now the shepherd, tired of leaning against the rail, goes over to an old woman's book-stall, turning over and cheapening the volumes. See, the colley follows, looking up into his master's visage with erudite nose. No doubt on't, that cur is familiar with books; and we should be no whit astonished to find him, upon examination, as well read as many a cockney. Now, if you please, reader, we will be off, for although our clothes cannot suffer, yet the concussion of greasy butchers, drovers, raggamuffins, and the like, may contaminate, by spot or stain, your unexceptionable "rig out." Before we leave the market, however, let us step up stairs to the first floor room of the "Cock and Gooseberry," and take a *coup-d'œil* of the busy scene from the window. What a paradise of beef! What snow-clad vales of mutton! What an undulatory sea of swine, tossing and tumbling like Neptune in his sleep, though rather less melodious! There, sir, you behold neither more nor less than dinner for three—days of the capacious maw of universal London. What do we say? Where is Newgate market, mighty in butcher meat?—where Leadenhall, tremendous in turkeys?—where Billingsgate, alive with finny prey? Scaly reader, we have eaten nothing, positively nothing; let us be off to Billingsgate for a fin of fish—take our poultry on our way back at Leadenhall—spoil a baron of beef at Newgate, and consume at Covent Garden our *hors d'œuvres* and dessert.

When you reach the Monument on Fish Street Hill, you have only to follow your nose; find Billingsgate by the scent, regaled with every variety of "ancient and fish-like smell:" Lochfine herrings; Dutch *ditto*, swimming in seas of crimsoned brine; Finnan haddies, lying on the flat of their backs, inviting purchasers; Yarmouth bloaters; split salmon, of which you may command even a solitary rasher, if you have the twopenny-worth of circulating "browns" wherewith to remunerate the vender for the same; in brief, you proceed through a leading thoroughfare of dried fish, until you arrive at a small incommodious and pitiful little hole, like the dirty dock wharf of a provincial seaport. Have a care of looking round, or you will probably break your shins over a retail lot of shrimps, lobsters, or flat-fish, refuse of the morning's market. But this is Billingsgate. If you happen to be a Liverpool man, you will turn up your nose with contempt, and invite us to express our approbation of your fish-market. And so, with a safe conscience, we may; for never did we see any piscatory mart that was not, to use an expression borrowed from Billingsgate, *a scaly* concern in comparison. But, my dear sir, recollect that Billingsgate is not a fish-market, but a fish-warehouse—a place of import—a great fish exchange. The market is in the three thousand fishmongers' shops, (we have counted here five hundred carts on one morning at one time,) of every neighbourhood in and about the metropolis; yea, as far as railways can carry the article in a saleable condition. Business is carried on here, as every where else throughout London, where a large amount of business has to be done in a short space of time—that is to say, by factors, who expose lots suited to the wants or means of intending purchasers by auction, which are purchased either by the retail dealer in person, or by his commission agent. By this expeditious process the market is opened, cleared, and closed within a few hours: in summer, before the regular working day begins.

At one o'clock P.M. every day, under the auspices of the landlord of the Three Tuns, within the market is served up a truly substantial and excellent fish dinner, but different, indeed, both as to cooking and charges, from the more costly and *recherche* feeds at Greenwich or Blackwall. The banquet consists of a variety of whatever fish may be in season and abundance. If turbot happens to have been a drug in the market the morning of the day you dine, then you may expect turbot; if cod, you will be sure to have a slice from a magnificent head and shoulders, cooked in the plain old English fashion. After this, you will be served with a substantial joint of roast or boiled, with customary trimmings. Your dinner costs you eighteenpence; and if you take a nip of brandy,

as you ought, this additional extravagance will swell your "tottle" to one and ninepence: the waiter invariably forgetting to return with the odd threepence, it will be advisable for you to make a merit of necessity, waving your hand while giving the attendant functionary the needless permission to keep the change for himself.

From Billingsgate we ascend through a labyrinth of intricate lanes to Leadenhall. Here we have the great emporium of poultry—tons of turkeys; cubic yards of geese, capons, and barn-door chucks; with, in the season, absolutely clouds of game and wild-fowl. Here you have a capital idea of the numbers of the poultry-eating, or wealthy classes. A fowl in London, humble reader, if it be good for any thing to eat, is good for three and sixpence or four shillings to *pay*; so that, we need hardly tell you, the gizzard, wing, or a bit of the breast, is meat for our masters. Yet here you see waggon-loads of pheasants and partridges, caravans of hares, bushels of larks, cart-loads of feathered bipeds of all sorts and sizes. You would positively imagine, from the quantities scattered about, that the very union workhouses banqueted every day upon poultry.

We glance at Newgate market on our way to Covent Garden, but there is nothing in it to detain us for a moment. We would call at Spitalfields market, if it were in our way, because, —as our object is to exhibit to you both sides of life, we should be obliged, even at the hazard of turning your stomachs, to show you the horrid viands poverty is compelled to taste, at this most miserable end of the town—this antipodes to the region of opulence, rank, and fashion, of the other hemisphere of our metropolitan world.

No garden like Covent Garden. Oh, you dilettanti diggers and delvers, amateur hoers and weeders, gentlemen who delight in gardening, and exult in the gratified ambition of growing your own vegetables, look here, and say whether any of you can grow any thing you require for less than double the money, and quadruple the trouble, we town's-people have, when requiring similar articles. What care we for blights, or frosts, or broken glass, or stoves out of repair, or drunken gardeners, or any other of the casualties to which home-manufactured greens or fruits are liable? Nothing short of a general suspension of the laws of vegetative nature can deprive us of our summer or our spring cabbages, our early cauliflowers, or our sprouts. The agriculture, horticulture, and floriculture of Covent Garden, are comprised in a tolerably well-filled purse. You are here sure of your crop by the liberal application of that universal fertilizer—ready money. Now, here again you have other examples of the artificial wants and difficult luxuries of London. Fancy a cabbage shop with polished brass sashes, squares of plate glass costing fifteen or twenty pounds a-piece; within, a French polished mahogany counter, and a shopwoman in black silk dress and braided hair, entering sales with a gold-headed pen. Observe in the windows how the very seasons are anticipated, and Dame Nature compelled to be productive before her time. Look at those tubers the bulk of marbles: they are young potatoes—half a guinea a pound. Regard that saucerful of peas —pale, sickly, and good for nothing. Just step in, will you, and ask the lady how she sells them.—A guinea an ounce!

Only a guinea an ounce! Powers of peas! where *does* the money come from?

"What are these black, rough-looking things, something like Jerusalem artichokes?"—"Those, sir, are truffles—capital stuffing for pheasant or turkey." Cheaper certainly to stuff them with half-crowns, but then the flavour would not be so exquisite. This, you see, is the shop of an herbalist; here the proprietor prepares vegetable remedies, infusions, decoctions, and the like; so that you may be physicked or fed, according as you are prompted by appetite or indigestion. And the next shop, what a goodly array of pines, with their rich tropical orange bulbs and peculiar green-tufted tops; we have doubtless heard great things of the flavour of a pine-apple, but, in our present circumstances, feel much more disposed to imagine that it tastes very like a turnip.

"What are those in the bottle with moss?"—"Snakes."—"Live snakes for sale?"—"Yes, sir."—"What use is made of them?"—"Pets, sir."

Very delightful objects, truly: and so people in London are to be found who can fling away affection upon serpents! After this, we can excuse the Countess-Dowager who advertised for "a dog-boy of Evangelical principles, and accustomed to the care of pugs."

Halt! This is a bouquet shop; the window, as you see, filled with little ground glass vases, each with its sprig of geranium, leaf of lily of the valley, or mossy rosebud; here are violets—

> "Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytharea's breath."

Here are gem like flowers, whose names are to us unknown, tastefully made up with silver wire into the most exquisite little nosegays, in the evening to be transferred to the filigree holder of high-born damsel going to rout or ball, or more favoured—nestling in her bosom.

Now is your time, amorous youth, to pop in and cull a charming—we will not say nosegay—nose me no nosegays—but *bouquet*, for your mistress. Perhaps you have studied the language of flowers, and may dispose your selection so as to convey a sentiment, or hint an assignation; or, more probably, you see something peculiarly appropriate in such a present. Flowers to the fair; hang it, we ourselves will venture sixpence on a lily of the valley for Wilhelmina Popkins. "Eighteen-pence, sir." For a sprig of water-lily: Pooh! Why should we lay out any thing for the Popkinses? at our time of life we should be only laughed at by Willy, and jumped at by Mamma Popkins. This bald patch on the crown of our head reminds us of our folly; and, leaving you young men selecting flowers for your mistresses, we quietly take our way home with a bunch of "sparrow-grass" under our arm, meditating as we go along, not upon the Popkinses, but whether we shall eat our delicacy with sauce, or with a toast and butter.

A Mirror of Magistrates.

"All persons found trespassing will be prosecuted according to law."

Awful words—stopping in his onward course suburban hedgebreaker, apple or poultry stealer, or Cockney sportsman on sanguinary deeds intent! Formidable announcement—"with the *utmost* rigour of the *law*." Mark you, the owner of the sacred territory over whose pitched paling with crooked nails at top, peeps this terrible denunciation in black letters on a white ground, does not menace you with *his* utmost rigour. You are not to be punished by *him*. No such thing. Good kind Christian that he is, he hates the words *utmost* rigour. He is no Shylock thirsting for a pound of your flesh avoirdupois, with the gravy in it. He would willingly let you off with a remonstrance or an admonition not to encroach upon his territory again, if he had his way of it: but then, my dear sir, he has nothing to do with it: you offend not against him, but against the *law*: you are prosecuted, not according to him, but according to *law*: you are punished, contrary to your prosecutor's inclination, and greatly to the easement of his conscience, not with *his* utmost rigour, but with the utmost rigour of the *law!*

Law! when we think of thee—in thyself impalpable, invisible, incomprehensible, yet in thy results tangible, substantial, legible—how candid and Protean are the aspects you present to our imaginative peeper? Sometimes we behold thee a hoofed and horned Satan, thy parchment skin curiously tattooed with captivating hieroglyphics, upon which, when the eyes of thy victims rest for a moment, straight are they spirited away, to be seen no more. Again, thou seemest like a wrinkled miser, brooding over his money bags, thy den fenced round with intricate and complicated engines to catch by the arm or leg such as may venture to approach thee. *Presto*, thou changest to a bloated spider, fattening in thy den upon the carcasses of blue-bottles, which, having sucked dry, thou flingest out again, in thy capacious web ever entangling more! Sometimes thou seemest a fisherman, closing fast upon the small fry of society thy drag-net, and opening wide every mesh to letthe well fed fish escape. Now thou wearest the effigy of a crown; thy fangs grasp fetters, the gibbet, and the wheel, and out of thy

mouth cometh the words *ukase* or *ordonnance*, while cowering slaves lie trembling at thy feet. Again, we see thee multiplied twelvefold, with aspect honest, manly, and erect, the terror of unjust judges, the dread of tyrannizing kings—sitting in fearless judgment upon thy peers, tempering justice with mercy—seeing thee thus, we are familiar with thy face, and thou art terrible no more!

We are not to be talked into an implicit deference to the excellences of our constitution, nor to blink whatever comes under our eyes of injustice in the practical administration of our laws. But while we expose those defects that have crept into our administration of justice; while we lament that our practice recognizes, or at least tolerates, differences unthought of in our theory—we gratefully and gladly admit that the supremacy of the laws in this country is complete; and that in its completeness it is the greatest blessing a free people can enjoy; for it is the parent of all national prosperity, and the guardian of progressive improvement.

In London, the supremacy of the law is strikingly remarkable;—the surrender of individual power is complete. Whether we contemplate the majesty of law as exhibited in preservation of the public peace, or in the protection of life and property in this vast metropolis, its operation is equally wonderful and useful. When we consider the heterogeneous character of a London population—made up, in the mass, of such incompatible materials; when we reflect that it is the asylum of the criminal, the prey of the swindler, the dupe of the quack, the hiding-place of the unfortunate, the knavish, and the vicious, as well as the home of honest industry and continuous toil; when we reflect how much property is accumulated in every district within the Bills of Mortality, we are amazed at the comparative infrequency of outrage and plunder, and the comparative certainty with which attempts at either are detected and suppressed.

Stand near a goldsmith's or money-changer's window—one of those windows where gold in ingots, silver in bars, crumbs and dust of the precious metals, thousand pound notes, and every variety of the representatives of credit are displayed with, as it would seem, careless profusion, and cast an eye upon the wretches who gloat, with hungry eyes, over the mine which a strip of glass only divides from their grasp—and wonder, as we often have wondered, that that glass is seldom or never broken. How often have we seen starving creatures find themselves, as it were, with the unsatisfactory spectacle of viands exhibited in open windows, or upon benches outside the tradesman's doors, yet how few, how very few, comparatively speaking, put forth the furtive hand, and pilfer that which might be life to them, but which is not theirs to take, though they have not wherewithal to buy.

Perhaps you will say, the certainty of detection is sufficient to withhold the pilfering hand: but detection, though probable, is not certain, and the love of liberty must, we should think, give place to the love of life; yet, do we not know, through the medium of the public press, that hundreds, we might say thousands, in this metropolis have retired to holes and corners to die—literally, to *die*, sooner than purchase prolonged existence at a disgraceful price; to perish sooner than to steal?

Therefore, for God's sake, let us not take too low an estimate of poor human nature: let us not be as brass or iron to our own flesh and blood: let us assure ourselves that the devil, in all his diversity of shapes, can assume no form more seductive to crime than poverty: and while we fill our prisons with poor rogues, and sit in our courts of justice making general jail deliveries, let us have a care that we forget not, in our haste to punish crimes, our own criminal negligence in their privations.

Let us turn now to the supremacy of the law, as exhibited in the preservation of the public peace; and confess how completely the law has emancipated itself from being in every man's hand, to make what abuse he please of it. Take a street now, for instance,—how swimmingly every thing goes on until a policeman turns the corner: what though he be the most ungainly lout (as indeed most of these functionaries are) ever captured upon the moors of Yorkshire or the fens of Allen, yet is he armed with authority, and no man dreams of opposition: not a *lettre de cachet* under

the old *régime* had more absolute power: the mob, for whose capacious maw said policeman would not be a mouthful, slinks away at his approach; the combatants are effectually cowed, and neither is the better man: there stands the great officer of the law, clothed in authority and a stand-up collar, listening to the origin of the scuffle, or, as the women who expound matters choose to say, "the rights of it:" there he stands, menacing the refractory, admonishing the quarrelsome, and dispersing the dilatory; nor does he seize the principal culprits, so long as he perceives the most remote probability of being invited to take any thing to drink. To poor tramps, as also to wretches who get a living in the open air by selling nuts and oranges, he entertains a mortal aversion; as indeed he does to all who have no money, and who by no human possibility can "stand any thing," as the official phrase is; but to the midnight pranks of noblemen and gentlemen he is laudably indifferent. If a charge be preferred against one of this privileged class, your policeman "cannot take the case, 'cos he didn't see the gen'l'man do it,"—a nice distinction, which procures our judicious guardian of the night many a half-crown, over and above his weekly wages.

Honest or not, however, your metropolitan policeman is a conjurer of no ordinary powers. He will spirit you away like a fairy, and, like the head of Medusa, he will turn you into a stone (station-house:) men and women, in his custody, are no longer men and women, they are merely *cases:* and it is odds that, before they get out of the business, the cases will be pretty well cleaned out.

The inefficiency of our metropolitan police force, as at present constituted, for detective purposes, has been of late much dilated upon; and, perhaps, there may be some truth in that assertion; but, whatever changes circumstances may render necessary, we trust that it will never be forgotten that the old Bow Street myrmidons owed much of their success in capturing notorious offenders to an atrocious system of tolerating, and by that toleration fostering crime until it became ripe for the gallows;—a system disgraceful to any country, but most of all to a free country like our own.

"A Morning at Bow Street," will give the best idea of the ordinary procedure of our metropolitan police courts, albeit we cannot pretend to the graphic portraiture of the comicalities of the place, peculiar to a well known and justly popular publication bearing that title; but, in truth, we do not visit courts of justice, high or low, for the purpose of administering to the amusement of our readers: a court of justice is a sorrowful place, and the emotions it excites are of a painful character: we enter it as we do an hospital, in expectation of breathing an impure air—an atmosphere of moral pestilence. There are, it is true, both in madhouses and courts of justice, passages that humour may torture into the means of exciting mirth; but they are few and far between. At a police office we are compelled to behold the most loathsome of diseases—moral plagues: there is much suffering—many tears: and Heaven forbid that we should make the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures incidents for laughter. Our purpose is to present the public with rough pen-and-ink sketches—studies from nature—not caricatures, of the familiar scenes of London life; perhaps unnoticed only because they are familiar. Fond enough of fun, we like to be funny in proper places.

Dulce est desipere in loco, and the impatient reader will have the goodness to bear with us, until we come to the House of Commons, or some other place where we can play the fool with propriety, and be empty, loquacious, and good-for-nothing to his heart's content.

Bow Street, why so called we know not, unless it be that it is straight as an arrow, is situate, lying and being somewhere about the middle of the metropolis, bounded by brick and mortar houses on all sides of the invisible horizon, with (in the summer) about as much blue sky overhead as would trim a lady's bonnet with economy; geologically, the carriage way is Aberdeen granite, the footways sandstone rag, with upper-lying strata of mud or dust, according to the season; the manufactures gin, in every variety, with the various adulterations of beer now in vogue in the metropolis; the natural history is comprised in two larks hanging out of a garret window at the station-house; the po-

pulation consists of actors out of work, theatrical agents, policemen, pick-pockets, and ladies of easy virtue.

The public buildings are the Theatre-Royal, of which enough has been said in a former chapter of our series, and the Police Court, to which we are now about to direct the attention of the curious observer of men and manners.

We may mention, as a supplement to the above exquisite *morceau* of topography, that Bow Street in common *parlance*, is absorbed and swallowed up in its principal signification—that of a police office; a Bow Street officer is a term significant and comprehensible as a Bow Street lounger. If you hear that a friend of yours has been taken to "Bow Street," you may expect nothing less than to have a full, true, and particular account of him in the newspapers; and if a quarrelsome fellow declares that he'll have you up at Bow Street, you must be a devilish slow coach indeed, if you do not try your best to decline the invitation.

A number of sickly-looking women, and pallid gin-faced men, lurking about the doors of an unpretending stucco-fronted edifice, indicate the police-office; a closed door, inscribed "Magistrates' entrance," and an open door, sufficiently pointing out the public thoroughfares, complete the identity of "Bow Street."

On making his *debut*, the stranger—happy he whose face is a strange face here—is immediately assailed by a number of blue-bottles in ordinary, who act the part of touters, imagining that nothing but business could have induced the wayfarer to trust himself in such a frowzy atmosphere:—"declaration, sir,"—"application, sir,"—"speak with the magistrate, sir,"—assail him at every turn; and it is not without some difficulty that, at length, the student of human character is ushered into the awful presence of the presiding judge himself.

The apartment in which this eminent functionary retails the small wares of justice, is somewhat narrow and incommodious—the least possible space is set apart for the public—barely enough to conform to the theory of our constitution, that the courts shall be open to the meanest subjects; but within the inclosure of imitation oak, there is ample space for the ordinary business of the tribunal, and a little to spare for those distinguished *amateurs* who are in the habit of crowding the bench when any criminal of more than ordinary atrocity is brought up for examination.

When we entered, a little, swarthy, but healthy-looking man, gray-haired, of a pleasing expression of face, with twinkling black eyes, occupied the judicial seat. Instead of a wig, as at Westminster, he wore his hat, but was otherwise undistinguished as to costume.

We could not avoid remarking that his worship was a devoted believer in the doctrines of Lavater. Nothing could exceed the scrutiny of his dark eye as it fell upon the evidence in the witness box, or the prisoner at the bar. He glanced from plaintiff to defendant, from prisoner to prosecutor, as he would discover the chance there might be of getting a word of truth out of any of the parties, and around his lips played a peculiar smile—not by any means a sneer, but a smile of easy incredulity, observable only in men who have been accustomed through life to behold in its full development the worser side of human nature—in lawyers especially, and judges.

His worship was attended by the usual subordinate officers—a clerk of court, a dapper, pert, whipper-snapper personage, as magistrates' clerks invariably are; a bottle-nosed clerk of the arraigns, who read the charges against prisoners and the summonses between party and party. In a side box sat three gentlemen, reporters of the public press. Facing the magisterial chair was the felons' dock, guarded by a functionary whose office was sufficiently indicated by a number of keys chained together, and carelessly thrust beneath the lining of his jacket.

A promiscuous lot of ne'er-do-well men and dilapidated women filled the hutch or pen at the lower end of the apartment. When you have taken notice of a bronzed plaster cast of the original magistrate of Bow Street, on the top of a book-case where repose the statutes for the guidance of police magistrates, and have sufficiently admired the gilded royal escutcheon over all, you will have leisure to concentrate your attention upon that lamentable-looking gent, now in the act of disbursing the customary penalty for getting drunk—where the law can take hold

of him. How much ashamed he looks —how he averts his eyes from the impudent stare of the vulgar throng, and with what evident reluctance he dribbles out shilling after shilling, then, lifting his hat as much as possible to conceal his chagrin, slinks shamefacedly away.

When the disciple of Bacchus evaporated, the jailer came into court, conducting a little precocious urchin, who seemed about twelve, or at most thirteen years of age, with a pale hungry face, a sharp roving eye, and the most unmitigated impudent expression we ever yet beheld in man or boy. He was dressed in a ragged blue jacket and fustian trousers, in the pockets whereof were thrust his tiny hands. He now and then hitched up his inexpressibles, sailor fashion; and, turning round to the mob, winked with either eye several times, at the same time putting his tongue in his cheek —expressions, as we understood them, at once of his respect for the bench, and of an easy indifference to his present peculiar situation. When the turnkey's eye fell upon him, he assumed an air of ludicrous gravity; altogether, he appeared a thoroughly depraved little rascal; nor did his dialogue with the worthy magistrate at all tend to weaken our first impression.

When the charge was read, and the evidence gone into, his worship addressed the culprit.

Magistrate.—I am afraid you are a very bad boy. You have been here before—what was that for?

Urchin.—Oney for breakin' a winder.

Magistrate.—I presume, with the intention of stealing something.

Urchin.—No—for ven I'd a broke it, there war'n't nuffin to steal.

Magistrate.—I must send you to prison for three months.

Urchin.—Werry well.

Magistrate.—And when you come out, I hope you'll be a reformed character.

Urchin, (with energy.)—Ven I does come out, I 'opes as how I'll make a man of myself by doin' a summut.

Turnkey now seizes the urchin by the collar, lifting him as you would a cod-fish, and bundling him off to a cell, immediately returning with a couple of juvenile delinquents, a size larger, but without the remarkable shrewdness and vivacity of the departed culprit. These Spartan youths having failed in an attempt to extract a pocket handkerchief, must pay the penalty consequent on being found out, and are punished for this culpable want of professional dexterity.

The magistrate, in consequence of the younger of the two being what is technically called an old offender, sentenced him to imprisonment for one calendar month; the elder, upon receiving the mitigated sentence of a fortnight's durance, burst into tears, crying out, "Please you, my lord, give me the same as Bill; Bill didn't do no more nor me, nor I didn't do no more nor he—give me a calendar the same as Bill!"

The laughter of the spectators, in which the bench participated, could not be restrained, while this modern Pythias continued blubbering and praying for his "calendar." His worship, however, was deaf to the urchin's entreaties, and the friends were pitchforked unceremoniously out of court.

Another group enter upon the changeful scene—an ironfaced master and idle runaway apprentice. Indentures are handed by the former to his lordship, and complaint prepared. It appears that, notwithstanding the apprentice gets fifteen shillings a-week for the work he does while learning his trade, he chooses to absent himself from his master's premises, for the purpose of participating in the diversions of Epsom races. The youth, on being asked to account for his conduct, raises a point of law—namely, that where a premium has not been paid with the boy, masters have no legal controul over their apprentices. This the bench overrules, not without an admonition to the youth for assuming such a line of defence. Turning to the master, his worship asked whether he wishes the boy to be sent to prison, at the same time benevolently deprecating such a conclusion, if it can be possibly averted, observing that a prison is a bad school for any one, much more for an apprentice, and so forth. The master, however, is a hard, inexorable man, and he inclines not to mercy; he leaves matters entirely in the hands of the magistrate. Now, his worship, evidently with pain, sentences the boy (a respectable looking lad) to a month's imprisonment. The female relatives of the culprit open the floodgates of their eyes, and look im-

ploringly no[illegible] now at the [illegible] about to be r[illegible]ved, when a p[illegible] hard-workir[illegible] slips forward, introducing hims[illegible] t[illegible]r-in-law of the prisoner. He makes an appeal to the bench on the score of the youth of the prisoner, and condemns his conduct; he turns to the master, imploring him not to send the lad to a jail, and disgrace his family: finally, he hopes the magistrate will at least mitigate the sentence; and concludes a prudent, manly, and judicious speech, by offering himself as security for the prisoner's future conduct.

The auditory seemed pleased with the propriety of the young man's speech and demeanour. The worthy justice compliments him highly, and reduces the term of imprisonment to seven days. The culprit testifies his gratitude by pulling his forelock, but the affectionate brother-in-law is not yet satisfied; he makes another and more earnest appeal to his lordship to overlook the matter this time, and he will never hear more of it; he points out the boy's mother weeping in the crowd, and insists upon the injury the boy will sustain in his character by having been, even for seven days, the inmate of a house of correction. Although the matter is so trivial, yet the earnestness of the *amicus curiæ* is so sincere, his affection so apparent, and his tact so considerable, that he has awakened an interest in the Bench; the spectators look as much as to say, we hope your worship will not refuse the petition of this good-hearted fellow. His worship does not refuse; he admonishes the boy in a feeling and impressive, but considerate and friendly, address. He gives the master a hint about injudicious severity; and, having recommended all parties to the performance of the duties in their several relations, not without again taking favourable notice of the conduct of the brother-in-law, dismisses the parties, every body looking pleased and satisfied. It is very pleasing to see justice thus disarmed of its severity, and judges, without compromising their dignity, condescending to mild reproof and wholesome admonition. Sure we are, that the heart must be hard, and the nature incorrigible, of him who would not profit more by a scene like this than by months at the tread mill. Punishment, when severe, defeats the inten- of the good it makes [illegible] the bad it mak[illegible] worse. Vindic- [illegible] own n[illegible]re, it generates vindicti[illegible] hu[illegible]g and disgraceful, it s[illegible] to the level of humiliating and [illegible]ceful things. We were, therefore, pleased and grateful to the worthy magistrate for the salutary dread he evidently showed of introducing a foolish youth into the contaminating atmosphere of a prison, and of affording him the opportunity of maturing his folly into crime.

Next enter upon the scene sundry publicans, charged with having "conjured spirits from the vasty deep" of their cellars, after the hour prescribed by law and superstition, beyond which those etherial essences are not permitted to communicate with mortal lips—that is to say, twelve o'clock at night—a prowling policeman, whose hang-dog countenance is quite enough to carry an instinctive conviction to your mind of his readiness to swear any thing, flippantly kisses the book, and proceeds, in a drawling official nasal tone, to recount—"how, at fifteen minutes past twelve on Saturday night, (here he interpolates the date with much exactness,) as he was a-going of his rounds, he hears the sound of a noise in the house of the defendant, and peeping through the shutters he sees a light; then he knocked at the door, and had to wait till he got in. When he got in, he seed men a-going to bed, and heerd them a-hollering for candles." Upon cross-examination, the fellow's prevarication tallies with his expression of face so exactly, that the worthy magistrate is compelled to dismiss the case, it being quite clear that the inmates were domiciled in the tavern, and that there was no ground for any charge in the present instance.

Exit Boniface rejoicing, and enter a knot of omnibus cads and drivers, charged with violently racing in the public streets: the look of conscious innocence these fellows—the most outrageous ruffians of the town—have the art of screwing upon their carbunculated physiognomies when before a magistrate, is the most amusing thing in the world; it says more eloquent than words, as much as "what a hinjured mortal I is, to be pulled up this here fashion afore the beak, jist for doing nuffin to nobody."

A gentleman of evident respec

lity comes forward, and swears that the worthies, now in custody, formed their ponderous vehicles, three abreast, in the Strand, at eight o'clock on the Sabbath evening; that they galloped literally at the top of their speed along half the Strand, was sworn to by several witnesses; and that nothing could have saved the lives of those whose vehicles met theirs, save the course that was adopted of driving out of the way of these reckless vagabonds, upon the footway, to the great terror and danger of her majesty's liege subjects. The case was so gross, that some of the defendants pleaded guilty, and were immediately fined forty shillings each. Some of the most cunning made blundering defences, with a palpability of falsehood perfectly ludicrous. We observed, with regret, that those superior scoundrels were not mulcted in a greater sum than the others.

Place aux Dames.—A case of assault comes next, and the bottle-nosed crier introduces Jane Maddox and Mary Davies. Jane deponeth, that by command of her spouse she waited on Mary Davis for the sum of sixpence sterling, due and owing by the said Mary Davis; who, upon demand of the same, called Jane "every nasty name she could lay her tongue to;" and finally, throwing her from the top of the stairs to the bottom, followed her down to bestow upon her a valedictory kick, and so dismissed her with many hard words and bruises, but without the *casus belli*—the sixpence in dispute. Ladies, on both sides, swore point blank that the assault had and had not been committed, interlarding their evidence with the domestic histories of themselves and families, with a cataract of words no power of bench or officers could oppose, until exhausted nature compelled a brief cessation. Each successive witness agreed in declaring that there was not a syllable of truth in the statement of her predecessor; nothing could be got at but that there was sixpence in dispute somewhere, but all seemed unanimous in thinking that the sixpence was due to them; and as it was impossible to believe one party more than another, the respective spouses of the belligerents were called upon to enter into recognizances severally and individually to keep the peace.

"It's a rummy thing, sir," remarked a humorous-looking policeman, whose civility in pointing out to us what was worthy of notice we had occasion to reward afterwards with a drain of beer; "it's a rummy thing that these here women as comes to our hoffice, never by no chance lets out a word agin their own side of the question—no, not when the hevidence goes agin 'em as clear as mud; they keeps talkin' right on end, a perwaricatin' and aggrewatin', till his worship's like to bust a stoppin' of 'em; but it isn't no use whatsomdever, and the end of it is, we often has to bundle the whole bilive out o' court; and arter that you'll hear 'em accusin' and aggrewatin' till they gets to Long Acre. I never was over the water myself, sir," continued the servitor of justice, "but I shouldn't be surprized if faymale cases wasn't the werry same at Union Hall."

Who the little magistrate who presided is, we know not; we never saw him before, and most sincerely hope we may never see him again. But if exemplary patience, which not even the tongues of women can disturb, if great good-nature and benevolence, if a clear head and a feeling heart, be not his portion, then we have studied human nature to very little purpose. At all events, if it were our fate to be "had up at Bow Street" upon an unfounded accusation, we hope we may be confronted with his worship; but if guilty, we beg he will at once commit us to the house of correction, for there is a mild severity in his reproofs, and a degree of pain in the discharge of his painful duties, which would cut deeper into our heart, and sink us lower in our own estimation, than the wholesome severities of the tread-mill.

Westminster Hall.

Westminster Hall is a pleasant place enough to those who, like ourselves, have no business there, or, which is the same thing, who cannot get any business. There was a time, indeed, when we paced its adamantine floor from end to end with high hopes and sanguine expectations; with well fitting wig, flowing stuff gown, clean shave and shirt, white cravat, starched bands,

and law-book under our arm, we fondly imagined ourselves of some importance; but a few brief, not as we then thought they would turn out, briefless years, and we should have progressed from stuff gown to silk, and have migrated from the outer to the inner bar; there how sweet the echoes of our sonorous voice resounding through the precincts of the crowded court; how delicious the breathless hush of expectation when we should have risen, and the busy hum of satisfied admiration when we should have sat down again, the fixed attention of the bench, the congratulations of learned friends, the verdicts of juries, the confidence of solicitors, the grateful acknowledgement of clients, the wondering glances of listening crowds were to have been ours, not to mention glittering *rouleaus* of fees, to which we should, perhaps, have given precedence; then what remains to us but a seat in Parliament, thick-and-thin voting with the minister, and behold us at length upon the bench, clothed in sacred ermine, the awful representative of majesty—oracle of law—despiser of the God-like attribute of earthly justice!

Thus exalted, what were we to have been! in eloquence an Erskine, in law a Mansfield, in lucid precision a Lyndhurst, in dignity a Denman, yea, even upon that bench, ambition, we thought, should hunt us still—we should have been the chief among chiefs, and the judge among judges.

Such are the day-dreams, unambitious, and therefore happy peruser, that bubble under frizzled hair; such the aerial phantoms that will cross the inward eye of man that wears a wig; yet how seldom are they realized—how few of these atmospheric *chateaux* descending, fix themselves to earth and give you unquestionable possession; ay, and when they *are* realized, my friends, where is the pleasure that gave anticipation the delight—possession does not show you? Where the freshness of heart, the buoyancy of spirit, the elastic step, the lightsome countenance, of the days gone by, days of your obscurity and your youth, of your struggles and your hope? Alas, if these accompanied the honour and respect that attend him who is invested with the ermine, gratified ambition would be heaven on earth! Old or young, high or low, there is nothing more gratifying to the mind of man than success honourably acquired, and the successes of the bar are truly splendid. The prominent position of the successful advocate, the everyday publicity given by the press to his exertions, the importance of the interests committed to his skill and care, the pertinence of his legal and forensic ability to the purposes of political life, the number and value of the prizes in his professional lottery; these are the spangles upon the robe of life that attract the eyes of those whose hopes outrun their judgment, and whose expectations are jumped at rather than calculated. Crowds admire the figures upon tapestry—the splendour of the colours, the rich intermixture of its purple and gold; but who turns the array to contemplate the jagged ends of thread, tags of worsted, and unsightly patchwork, of the reversed side of the picture? and yet it is upon this side the artificer sits and works—this is the picture as he sees it—the showy outside is for the spectator. Thus it is that we look upon life; ermine, lace, gold, jewels, rank, fortune, station, ambition, glitter in our eyes, and we envy the good fortune of the possessors, and think they must be happy, seeing but the show side of their lives; yet not a life among them that has not, or has not had, its rags and tags and knotted ends, its wrong side, in short, in which the artisan has not been fingering all his days, until the splendour that he has made becomes distasteful, and only serves to enrich the eyes of ignorant spectators.

Pause, reader, and take off your hat: we are now about to be introduced to the awful presence of the justices of our lady the Queen at Westminster. Stay, there is a full Number's work here: meet us upon this spot a month hence. Good-by for the present. Put on your hat again, virtuous reader, and take care of yourself. Good people are not by any means drugs in the market of society!

AFFGHANISTAN AND INDIA.

The events of the last six months have at length reduced the question of our Affghan policy into something like a definite form. From the day when our columns first crossed the Indus in hostile array, we never ceased to proclaim that any permanent occupation of the country, as a conquest made on our behalf, could never be for an instant contemplated; and that the sole object of the expedition was the restoration of the friendly dynasty of the Suddozyes, to whom we were bound by the ties of ancient alliance, to the throne from which they were excluded by an usurping chief, the continuance of whose rule was incompatible equally with our interests and with the welfare of his own country. On this avowed principle, Affghanistan was laid waste with fire and sword, the castles of its independent nobles besieged and stormed, and the chiefs themselves slaughtered while fighting in defence of their thresholds; and all this was carried on ("with a view," as stated by a writer in the *Asiatic Journal*, "to the reconstruction of the social edifice!") in the name of a monarch who, as was notorious to every one, was in effect as much a state prisoner of the English at Cabul as his unfortunate competitor, Dost Mohammed,* was in Hindostan, and who exercised less real power, beyond the precincts of his own palace, than the youngest subaltern of the invading army. Herat in the meanwhile, the securing which against attack was the original pretext of the war, was almost the only corner of Affghanistan into which our intrusive arms did *not* penetrate; and its vizier, Yar-Mohammed, was suffered with perfect impunity to insult and expel our envoy, to levy war against his own nominal sovereign Shah-Kamran, and to open correspondence with all the enemies of England, avowed or secret. Never, in fact, was the notable Whig process of a *non-intervention war* more completely carried out than in this instance. All this time, every rupee of revenue extracted from the country in the name of Shah-Shoojah cost at least ten in the collecting; and as the restored monarch was bound by treaty to keep up a subsidiary force, the expense of supporting which would have considerably exceeded the income he had ever been able, even in his former days of prosperity, to levy in his dominions,† the slender resources of Affghanistan must, in the natural course of things, have been utterly exhausted in a few years—while the current outlay could only be met by incessant draughts on the Calcutta treasury, which was forced to make constant advances, and to contract heavy loans for the sake of maintaining its grasp of a territory already mortgaged far beyond the fee-simple of its value. It appears difficult to conjecture how this blissful state of things would have terminated—whether by the bankruptcy of the Indian exchequer, or by the conversion of Affghanistan into a desert—if we had been less unmolested in our philanthropic efforts to "make a solitude and call it peace," and Shah-Shoojah had been still suffered by his affectionate subjects to slumber, undisturbed by cares of state, within the screens of his well-stocked zenana. But the recent catastrophe has given us a chance of extrication from the dilemma. Of the country we are now no longer in possession; and if the intelligence brought by the last mail is to be relied on, both our protegé Shah-Shoojah, and his nephew and rival Kamran, have closed their career in death; thus virtually terminating the Suddozye dynasty, as the sons of the late Shah are utterly powerless and insignificant among the crowd of chiefs, and one at least of them (Seifdar-Jung) is actually in arms against us. It now re-

* For the honour of our national character, we hope that the accounts which have appeared from the *Delhi Gazette*, of the degrading restrictions to which this illustrious captive is said to be now subjected, may be either unfounded or exaggerated. He has already experienced sufficient of unmerited evil at our hands; and it is next to impossible that he can be in any way cognizant of the proceedings of his son.

† See our August No., last year, page 173.

mains to be seen whether we shall consider it incumbent upon us, *for the vindication* (as the phrase is) *of our military honour*, to perpetrate a second act of violence and national injustice by reconquering Affghanistan, and holding it without disguise as a province of our empire: or whether, making the best of a bad bargain, we shall content ourselves with occupying a few posts on its frontier, and leaving its unhappy natives to recover, without foreign interference, from the dreadful state of anarchy into which our irruption has thrown them.

In the hurried and confused accounts which have been received of the opening of the bloody drama, but little mention is made of the indications which immediately preceded the outbreak; but even if we put the most favourable construction on the conduct of the officials both at Cabul and in the Bengal Presidency, their blind infatuation and want of foresight seem almost to have surpassed the bounds of belief. We have been informed, on authority which we cannot question, that as long ago as August last, information had been received by the Cabinet of Calcutta, of the existence of a widely-ramified conspiracy throughout Affghanistan; but so far were Lord Auckland and his advisers from deeming it necessary to reinforce the inadequate and overworked army of occupation, that orders were actually given for the return of Sale's brigade to Hindostan; and they were accordingly on their march from Cabul to Peshawer, when they were attacked by the insurgents, and with difficulty fought their way to Jellalabad, where they have ever since been blockaded. Even the warning received in October, by Sir Alexander Burnes, from Captain Gray of the 44th, (to whom the plot had been revealed by an Affghan chief,*) failed to awaken so much as a sense of personal insecurity in the mind of the destined victim; and he continued to live as before in the midst of the native town, instead of placing himself in comparative safety within the English lines. The military commanders emulated the supineness of the diplomatists; the stores and commissariat, far from being placed in the fortified camp, or even in the Bala-Hissar† or citadel, were left in a situation which is naïvely described in one of the accounts as "exposed to the first attack of an enemy!"—and all the letters written by the mail which left Cabul only the day before the revolt, describe every thing as being "quiet and peaceable" in the capital.

On the 2d of November, however, (the anniversary of the final defeat of Dost-Mohammed at Purwan-Durrah,) the storm burst forth. At the moment of the breaking-up of the *durbar* or levee, the war-cry of Islamism was raised throughout the city, and the streets were instantly thronged with thousands of armed and furious Affghans. Burnes, cut off by his own unhappy rashness from either defence or escape, perished at the first onset; the greater part of the ammunition and provisions, exposed as we mentioned above, fell into the hands of the assailants; and numbers of officers and men were promiscuously slaughtered, before they could succeed in rallying within the defences of the cantonments and the Bala-Hissar. The latter position was eventually abandoned, (though the Shah continued to reside there, and Sir William Macnaghten, with Conolly and others, strongly recommended the concentration of the troops within its walls, rather than in the cantonments,)—and the whole of our force, amounting to between 5000 and 6000 bayonets, Europeans and sepoys,

* "He (Mohammed Uzeen Khan) told me, that he was much alarmed for our safety—that the whole of Affghanistan was determined to make common cause, and to drive out or murder every *Feringhi* in the country—and that Cabul itself was ready to break out." This was forthwith communicated by letter to Sir A. Burnes, whom it reached October 15, or *seventeen* clear days before the explosion—"The bearer brought a letter to the chief, acknowledging the receipt, but I never heard a line from Sir Alexander Burnes!" Letter of Captain Gray, *Bengal Hurkaru*, January 3, quoted in *Times*, March 10.

† This phrase has not a little perplexed some of the periodical press, it implies merely the "*upper* town or castle," (as *bala-khaneh*, *balcony*, means "the upper room,") in which the royal palace is situated, and which commands the lower and more extensive portion, divided in two by the Cabul river.

with at least an equal number of camp followers, was drawn together within the intrenched camp. The assailants had at first consisted principally of the tribes near Cabul, and the Kohistanis,* or inhabitants of the mountain tract immediately north of the city; but their ranks were daily swollen by the accession of numerous *Ghazis*, or religious enthusiasts, who, stimulated by the preaching of their moollahs, flocked from all parts of the country, and even (as it is reported) from Uzbek Tartary, to join the *holy war*, and aid in the extermination of the infidels. The original leader of the movement is believed to have been Zemaun Khan,† a nephew of Dost Mohammed; but he was soon superseded by the arrival of the second son of the Dost, Mohammed Akhbar Khan, who had escaped from detention at Bokhara. This young chief had formerly been governor of Jellalabad for his father, and had attained a high military reputation among his countrymen, by the signal victory which, in 1837, he had gained over a Sikh army at Jumrood.

Meanwhile, a rising simultaneous with that at Cabul had taken place in every part of the country: the British detached posts had been either cut off or driven in; and the four fortresses of Candahar, Ghazni, Jellalabad, and Cabul, were all that remained in the hands of the *Feringhi* invaders. An attempt to push forward a column from Candahar for the relief of Cabul, failed from the advanced period of the season, and the determined opposition of the intervening tribes; and it speedily became evident that the troops in the capital, almost destitute as they were of provisions and ammunition, could not continue much longer to hold out. On the 23d of December,‡ accordingly, a conference for arranging terms of capitulation took place between Akhbar Khan and Sir W. Macnaghten; but the interview was broken in upon by a band of armed fanatics, who murdered the British envoy, with one of his attendant officers, on the spot, treating his remains with every circumstance of brutal indignity. But notwithstanding this fearful proof of the treacherous ferocity of the enemy, the necessities of the troops compelled Sir H. Pottinger (who succeeded as political chief) to attempt a renewal of the negotiation; and on January 6th, a convention having been concluded for an unmolested passage to the frontier, the whole British force moved out of their cantonments, and took the road through the passes of the Suffeid-Koh (white mountain) towards Jellalabad—a distance of 105 miles, over tracks rising at the highest point to an elevation of 8200 feet above the level of the sea. "At this point" (Tazeen)—(we quote the notes to Wyld's excellent map of Affghanistan and the Punjab,) "the thermometer, on the *8th of October*, was 19° at sunrise, and the hill streams were frozen over with a thin coating of ice. The road across this mountainous district, is such as

* These Kohistanis are a branch of the Eusofzye tribe, and have long been noted as the most turbulent and bigoted of the Affghan population. At the battle of Noushehra against the Sikhs in 1823, the Eusofzyes, according to information collected on the spot by Dr Lord, "were so blinded by religious frenzy, that they fought more like devils than men. Though repeatedly driven back, they were as often rallied by the shrieks and curses of their women, who mingled unveiled in the fight, and by the *Allah-ho-akbars* of their maddened moollahs. After the action, dead Eusofzyes were found on dead Sikhs, their teeth still clutching the throats of their adversaries." On our first entrance into the country, the hill Eusofzyes (Kohistanis) were among the warmest supporters of the Shah; but had been alienated by the renewal of obsolete and oppressive taxes.

† The name of this leader probably gave rise to the statement, (which, from subsequent accounts, would seem to be unfounded,) that a son of Shah-Zemaun (the blind elder brother of Shah-Shoojah) had been set up by the insurgents as king.

‡ Sir W. Macnaghten, in a letter published since his death by the Hon. Mr Erskine, states that this measure had been pressed upon him more than a fortnight previously by the military chiefs, and complains bitterly of "*the cowardice of the troops, and incapacity of the commanders,*" as having led to the triumph of "a contemptible enemy." It cannot yet be ascertained how far these grave charges are capable of substantiation—but the latest advices from India (by the June mail) state, that the supreme government has referred both the conduct of General Elphinstone at Cabul, and the recent surrender of Ghazni, to the decision of courts-martial.

has seldom [illegible] celebrated Bolan [illegible] it."

At the time [illegible] uation, the total number was about [illegible]0 soldiers, including one [illegible]een's regiment, (the 44th,) and more than 6000 suttlers and other attendants on an eastern camp. But no sooner had the dispirited columns quitted the shelter of their lines, than they were assailed on all sides by swarms of furious Ghazis, who darted on their prey with all the eagerness of religious and national hatred. For the first two days the troops succeeded in keeping the Affghans at bay; but the unfortunate sepoys, benumbed by the intense cold, and unable to struggle through the snow, became almost incapable of handling their arms: and as the army advanced deeper into these tremendous defiles, which had probably never before been traversed by an armed force at such a season, its demoralization became complete. Akhbar Khan, who accompanied the march, professed his utter inability to restrain the attacks of his fanatic followers; but proposed to ensure the personal safety of the commander-in-chief, General Elphinstone, with other superior officers, and the ladies accompanying the army, if they would place themselves in his hands as *hostages*. It is difficult to conceive that any circumstances could justify the acceptance of this proposition—it was, however, acceded to; and the fate of the main body, thus abandoned by their leaders, was not long deferred. The route became a scene of continual and almost unresisted carnage; the sepoys perished helplessly; the 44th held out for some time longer; but the soldiers, infuriated by their sufferings, at length broke out into mutiny. All semblance of order or discipline was now lost—the officers, quitting their men, attempted to push forward on horseback to Jellalabad; but *only one* (Dr Brydon) succeeded in reaching it; the remainder fell into the hands of the Affghans, and were either slain on the spot or made prisoners. The extermination of the rest of the army appears to have been complete, only a few stragglers having been spared by the capricious mercy of individual chiefs; so that of 11,000 who quitted Cabul on January 6, certainly not more than a few hundreds remained alive on the 14th!

[It will be observed that we have refrained from imputing to Akhbar Khan personally any share either in the murder of Sir William Macnaghten, or the violation of the convention; looking upon him rather as the unwilling spectator of outrages which he had not the power of preventing. From the former charge we consider him to have been amply vindicated by the personal evidence of Captains Lawrence and Mackenzie, the two officers who escaped from the fatal interview; and during the disasters of the retreat, he appears to have endeavoured as far as possible to check the assailants, (who, it should be remembered, were not of his own tribe the Dooraunis, but Ghiljis and Eusofzyes,* over whom he had little influence,) and to have displayed a degree of humanity very unusual in an Asiatic conqueror in the moment of victory.]

Never was the extermination of any civilized force more complete and disastrous; and never, since the disgraceful capitulations in the first American war, had so signal and calamitous a reverse befallen the British arms; further aggravated, also, by the miserable weakness and indecision of the generals, and the indiscipline of the English part of the troops; for the sepoys alone appear to have behaved steadily to the last. But whatever allowances may be made for want of caution in the first instance, and subsequent mismanagement, it is sufficiently clear that the rapidity of our original successes against a foe taken almost by surprise, had led our commanders greatly to underrate the prowess and military character of the Affghans; and that the descendants of the conquerors of Persia and Hindostan, when banded together by any feeling strong enough to obliterate for the time the remembrance of their eternal feuds,

* A letter from Jellalabad, quoted in the *Asiatic Journal* for April, says:—"The attacking party appear to have been the eastern Ghiljis, who did not form a portion of Mohammed Akhbar's army. He told our officers that neither he nor Meer Musjedee, who had both signed the treaty, had any influence over the eastern chiefs. As long as Mohammed Akhbar Khan remained with our party, all seemed to go on well."

still maintain their hereditary claim to be held as the bravest and most warlike of the Asiatic nations. Not the least remarkable feature* in this memorable insurrection, is the good faith which the conspirators observed to each other prior to the explosion. In spite of the endless dissensions which keep every tribe and every village of the Affghans almost constantly in arms against their neighbours, not one was found, among the thousands to whom the plot must have been known, who would betray his brethren of the faith for the incentive of Feringhi gold.† Deep and deadly must have been the feeling of exasperation against us which could not only prompt such an union of discordant elements, but maintain it unbroken through all the toils and losses of the subsequent warfare: for Mohammed Akhbar, as we have already observed, seems to have exercised command only over his own clansmen, the Dooraunis, while the great body of the insurgents obeyed no leader but the impulses of their own fanatic zeal. Even in this furious burst of national indignation, the republican spirit which eminently distinguishes the Affghans from all other Asiatics, was so unequivocally apparent, as forcibly to recall the language (worthy of a petty Polish noble under the old *régime*) in which the aged chief of the Meeankhail tribe replied to Mr Elphinstone's eulogy on the blessings of a firm and established government under a powerful monarch, "We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood, but we will never be content with a master!"

The suddenness and magnitude of the disaster seem at first utterly to have paralysed the minds of the Indian authorities. Not only was no attempt made to raise the leaguer of Cabul, (for which omission, indeed, the shortness of the time, and the severity of the season, was perhaps sufficient excuse,) but the gallant band at Jellalabad were left throughout the winter, and almost up to the date of the last advices, to maintain themselves not only unsupported by efficient aid, but even without any communication or promise of succour to encourage them in the desperate struggle for existence. An attempt was indeed made about the middle of January, by a sepoy division under Colonel Wild, to advance through the formidable Khyber Pass for their relief; but this force, though it succeeded in occupying the Ali-Musjid fort in the centre of the defiles, was not only inadequate in strength to the enterprise, but wholly unprovided with artillery—an oversight or neglect scarcely credible—and it was consequently repulsed with loss in an action at Jumrood, (the scene of Akhbar Khan's victory over the Sikhs,) and with difficulty made good its retreat, withdrawing the garrison from Ali-Musjid. The Sikhs,‡ however, continued friendly, both from the inveterate hatred which they bear the Affghans, and from the necessity of our alliance to their monarch Shere Singh for his support on his tottering throne; and by their efficient aid in supplying stores and munitions, the corps under General Pollock was put in a condition to renew the attack on the pass: and the lately-received mail informs

* A similar long-continued secrecy marked the revolt of the Ghiljis against Persia in 1708—see Hanway and Malcolm—when the governor, Goorgeen-Khan, (a Georgian by birth, and grand-uncle of the famous Russian general Prince Bagrathion,) was murdered in the citadel of Candahar. His Georgian cavalry, however, though only 600 in number, cut their way through the enemy to their own country.

† The answer of the Khyberees and Afreedees to the proposals recently made them for an unmolested passage through their defiles was, "This is not a war of gold, but of religion."

‡ Our relations with the Sikhs appear not unlikely, from recent accounts, to lead to a curious complication of our eastern hostilities. In the anarchy following the accession of Shere Singh, a chief named Zorawur Singh, with a few thousand followers, made an incursion (without authority from Lahore) on the Chinese frontier in Tibet, where at first he gained extraordinary successes, but was eventually defeated and killed by a Tartar-Chinese army sent against him. In the prosecution of their victory, the Chinese have attached the hill Rajahs about Ladakh, who are subject to Lahore; and [illegible] are bound by treaty to aid the Sikhs if called upon, the result may be an Anglo-[illegible]vasion of China on the west!

so that this celebrated defile has been carried in a style which goes far to retrieve the fading lustre of our arms. But during the time thus lost, the citadel of Ghazni, the first and most glorious trophy of our Affghan campaigns, had been wrested from us: the governor, Colonel Palmer,* who had only one sepoy regiment, (the 37th Bengal infantry,) under his orders, having been forced to capitulate by the want of provisions and water; so that Jellalabad and Candahar, separated from each other by the whole extent of the country from east to west, are the only points now remaining in our possession: and an attempt by General England to victual and relieve the latter fortress, has been frustrated by the determined resistance of the Affghans at the Kojuck Pass. Such is the state of affairs at present; but though an advance from Jellalabad upon Cabul and Ghazni is confidently talked of, it is obvious that some considerable time must elapse before any such movement can even be attempted, since it is admitted that the success of General Pollock at the Khyber was owing to his being "almost entirely unencumbered with baggage or stores;" and without vast trains of camels and munitions of war, it will be manifestly impossible to penetrate, in the face of an active enemy, into a rugged and mountainous country, where facilities *do not exist* for procuring supplies of any description. We can scarcely, therefore, be said to be in a condition to assume the offensive at all, and the forthcoming campaign is as yet wholly a matter of speculation.

There appears to be no doubt, however, that the present determination of the Indian cabinet is to employ all the means at their disposal for the subjugation of the Affghans; and the recent embarkation of ten thousand British troops for India, affords a hope that in future the sepoys will be spared the brunt of a warfare for which, notwithstanding their exemplary patience and bravery, their habits and constitution utterly unfit them. In addition to the manifold inconveniences necessarily attendant on the observance of the usages of caste in a strange country, Hindoo troops have been in all ages reluctant to pass the stream of the Indus, which their superstition is taught to regard as the fated boundary of their country, as it unquestionably is the natural boundary of Indian rule; and the events of the late campaign have fatally confirmed the propriety of the title—Hindoo-Koosh, or *Hindoo-Killer*—which the vast mountain ranges about Cabul had long since acquired by the destruction of the armies sent by the emperors Akbar and Shaligehan among their snowy defiles. The operation of these causes, combined with the tragical fate of their comrades at Cabul, is said to have materially affected the spirit of the regiments on the north-west frontier, that "whole squads were going over to the Sikhs, . . . and among these many old soldiers and men who, up to that period, had been regarded as good and true *Neemukwallahs* (adherents to their salt)." But the annals of few armies, of equal numerical amount, present so unvaried a picture of loyalty, subordination, and gallantry, as has been displayed by our sepoys while serving under a standard to which, it must be remembered, they owe no natural allegiance; and they have an undeniable claim for consideration to be shown both to their national and religious prejudices, and to their constitutional inability to support a climate so different from that of their native country.

Before we dismiss this part of the subject, it will be necessary to make some allusion to the political arrangements which are rumoured to have taken place among the Affghans themselves since the insurrection at Cabul, as upon these must in some degree depend the measures to be taken for the future settlement of the country, in the event of its again falling into our power. But notwithstanding the length of time since the revolt, the accounts which have been received on this point are so confused, and so much at variance one with

* The written orders of General Elphinstone, extorted by the Affghans at the capitulation of Cabul, are alleged by Colonel Palmer in extenuation: similar orders were sent to Jellalabad and Candahar, but discharged by the gallant officers there in command.

another, that scarcely any thing can be ascertained with certainty. In the consternation of the first surprise, Shah-Shoojah was almost universally denounced as the prime mover and instigator of the massacre of the allies who had placed him on the throne; and his continuing to reside unharmed in the Bala-Hissar during the siege and after the capitulation, would certainly appear to afford strong *primâ facie* evidence of his complicity with the conspirators. But other statements seem to prove that his apparent subservience to the insurgents was prompted only by a regard for his own safety; and the Calcutta papers mention that he had even contrived to forward a letter to the Governor-general, exculpating himself from the charge of treachery, and bitterly inveighing against the late envoy as having brought on the catastrophe by his injudicious conduct. It does not appear very clearly in whom the actual authority of Cabul is at present vested. Akhbar Khan's authority seems to be limited to the military command; and though the names of various chiefs are mentioned as assuming the temporary direction of affairs, no one appears to have acquired a sufficiently decided predominance to justify his being regarded as the supreme leader.* Nor do we conceive that the death of Shah-Shoojah (if the report of his assassination by the Ghazis should prove to be well founded) will materially lessen the diplomatic difficulties of our situation; for if, on the one hand, it saves us the trouble of punishing him should the charge of foul play be brought home to him, it deprives us, on the other, (according to any but Asiatic rules of equity,) of our only colourable pretext for continuing to interfere in the affairs of the country: since, had our ex-ally not existed in 1839, it is difficult to conjecture what grounds we could have put forward to justify our aggression.

Hitherto we have considered the subject of the late reverses only in its military point of view, and with reference to our future proceedings in Affghanistan itself. But severe as is the amount of actual loss which has been sustained, and grievous as are the sacrifices by which it may be necessary to retrieve it, the political results of these disasters are to be looked for, not so much on the further side of the Indus, as in the train of feeling which may be kindled by this event among the native population of India. "The people of Central Asia," to quote the language of an eloquent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, (Oct. 1841, article on Warren Hastings,) "had always been to the inhabitants of India, what the warriors of the German forests were to the subjects of the decaying monarchy of Rome. During the last ten centuries, a succession of invaders descended from the west on Hindostan—and it had always been the practice of the emperors to recruit their army from the hardy and valiant race from which their own illustrious house sprung." Affghanistan, in fact, may be regarded as the fatherland of the Moslems of India, a great proportion of whom, at this day, including all the Patans and Rohillas, are of nearly pure Affghan blood, and pride themselves on tracing their descent from the warlike and independent tribes beyond the Indus; towards whom, since the fall of the House of Timur, they have more than once turned their eyes for aid to support the waning ascendency of Islam. When the Mahrattas under the Bhow occupied Delhi in 1760, and openly

* Nawab Jubbar Khan, eldest brother of Dost Mohammed, is said to be the only person who can maintain order and concord among those fiery chiefs, all of whom respect his single-hearted and venerable character; but he takes no part in the direction of affairs. This aged chief "arrived at Ghazni, during its occupation by the British, with offers of submission from Dost Mohammed to Shah-Shoojah, expressive of his willingness to cede to him all right to the city of Cabul, on condition that he should not be compelled to remain in a British province under surveillance, maintaining at the same time his indefeasible right to the office of vizier, as head of the Barukzyes. It being *impossible to entertain such a proposition*, the old man, in his bluntness, expressed great indignation at the rejection of what he considered as but just and righteous."—(Sir K. Jackson's Views in Affghanistan.) We must confess ourselves far from disinclined to coincide in the view of the subject as taken by the honest old Affghan.

avowed their intention of terminating the Moslem rule in India by proclaiming the son of the Peishwa as emperor, the Mohammedan chiefs invoked in their extremity the aid of Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Doorauni dynasty, whose power had been manifested to them by the sack of Delhi a few years previously: and the decisive victory of Paniput, where near 200,000 Mahrattas fell in the battle and the pursuit, proved that their reliance on Affghan powers was well-founded. More than thirty years later, the same spirit was again strongly shown during the fruitless attempts of Shah-Zemaun (elder brother of Shah-Shoojah,) to regain the influence in Hindostan which had been held by his grandfather Ahmed. In the words of Mountstuart Elphinstone, (than whom no man ever better knew the sentiments of the natives of India,) "every Mussulman, even to the remotest regions of the Dekkan, waited in anxious expectation for the advance of the champion of Islam"—and our newly acquired empire would have been seriously endangered, if he had gained a footing beyond the Sutlej so as to rally round his standards the Moslems of the Upper Provinces, while Tippoo-Sultan, with whom he was in active communication, made head against us in the south. His efforts, it is true, were constantly frustrated by the distracted state of his own dominions; but the peril was still considered sufficient to justify the sending a mission to Persia in 1799, "the principal object of which was," by creating a diversion, "to secure a three years' suspension of the threatened attack of Shah-Zemaun."

It cannot, therefore, reasonably be expected that the recent events in Affghanistan should be viewed with indifference by any class of our Indian subjects, and least of all by the Moslem part of the population. It is worse than idle to allege, as is too much the fashion among newspaper politicians of the present day, that the long continuance of our sway, with the *equity of our internal administration*, has extinguished these aspirations for religious and national independence, and reconciled the natives of India to the yoke of the stranger. So far is this favourite delusion from having any foundation in fact, that there is not a single district of our immense territory, except perhaps some of the southern provinces of the Calcutta presidency, which would not rise in instant revolt in the event of our military force being so weakened as to become inadequate for their coercion: and had any such reverse as the disaster of Cabul occurred *within the boundaries of India*, the words of Bishop Heber (to which we referred in January 1839) would have been at once fulfilled by the universal insurrection of every man who possessed a sword and a horse. The disaffection of the Mahratta and Rajpoot States, indeed, arises simply from the desire of shaking off our supremacy at any rate; but the sympathy of the Moslems is more directly enlisted in favour of the Affghans by community of blood and faith, and has been, all along, unequivocally manifested. No sooner was the rupture declared between the chiefs of Cabul and the British government, than the native Mohammedan press teemed with invectives against the latter, couched in terms which in Europe would be held as treasonable, and with direct appeals to our soldiery to desert their colours in the approaching contest. In November 1838, the *Jami-Jehan-Numah*, a journal in the Persian language, extensively circulated among the natives in Central India, announced to its readers "that fully four *lakhis*" (400,000!) "of Cabul Affghans had assembled under the standard of the Prophet, resolved to combat to the utmost in behalf of the faith against the infidels who were preparing to invade their territory;" following up this veracious intelligence by an exhortation, addressed to the Moslem sepoys, "if it should be their destiny to be brought in contact with them, to pay no regard to the *Feringhi* salt which they had eaten, but to join the glorious warriors of Islam in the day of battle!" Another periodical of the same class, (the *Ain-Iskender*, printed in Calcutta,) is said to have had, some years ago, a large sale in Persia, and to have been mainly instrumental, by its inflammatory tirades, in filling the head of the Shah with the wild schemes of Indian conquest, which the repulse before Herat so effectually extinguished. Even while the Persian army lay before that fortress, its columns continued to be filled with triumphant predictions of their speedy advance upon the Punjab and Delhi; while the impunity with which these attacks

were suffered to pass, was viewed by the natives as conclusive evidence of the weakness and trepidation of the government. The natural consequence was a whole cluster of abortive conspiracies, by Hindoos as well as Moslems, in Poonah and various parts of the Dekkan, besides the grand plot which led to the dethronement of the Rajah of Sattarah, whose scheme was to effect a diversion, by means of 15,000 Portuguese from Goa, (!) in favour of the great combined invasion of Russians, Persians, and Affghans, which he confidently expected was about to burst on the north-west frontier. Such has been our reward for communicating to our Indian subjects the art of printing; and our efforts to instruct them in English literature (it may be remarked *par parenthèse*) have been equally well repaid; the intercepted despatches at Cabul having been translated to the Affghans by runaway students from the Delhi College!

This constantly smouldering spirit of disaffection in the Moslems, has hitherto attracted comparatively little notice from writers on India; though such a feeling in this class of our subjects, from their natural tendency to seek support among their co-religionists throughout Asia, is far more dangerous than it would be among the Hindoos, whose faith and sympathies are all confined within the boundaries of their own country. The little attention which this important point has met with, is probably owing to the fact of our final contests for universal empire in India having been with the Mahrattas and other Hindoo powers, and not with the Mohammedan princes, whose subjugation was apparently completed by the fall of their great champion Tippoo-Sultan; it is to the Bengal provinces, moreover, where the evil is less apparent than in the southern presidencies, that the speculations of English authors and travellers have been principally directed. In Northern India, which is almost entirely under our direct dominion, there are no points of reunion for the Moslem interest, except the utterly helpless pageant-courts of Lucknow and Delhi; "the *sultanut*" (to use their own words) "has departed from the Faithful," and their *national* existence may be considered as annihilated. But even here the spark, on more than one occasion, has been nearly kindled into flame; and the furious outbreak of the Rohillas in 1816, occasioned by the misconduct of a local officer at Bareilly, is yet far from forgotten in the upper provinces. The green flag of the Prophet was hoisted—the moollahs preached the *holy war*—and the zeal and determination with which this warlike race obeyed the call, showed them to have degenerated in neither point from their fathers, who, under the leadership of Hafiz-Remut Khan, opposed the mercenary battalions of Hastings, and the armies of his ally the Nawab-Vizier, on the bloody field of Rampoor. By prompt military interference, and at the expense of considerable bloodshed, the insurrectionary movement was indeed crushed in the outset, and prevented from spreading through the surrounding districts; but it was abundantly shown how easily the martial fanaticism of the Moslems might yet be raised against the hated yoke of the *Kafirs!*

But the focus of Mohammedan turbulence in the present day, should any commotion arise, would more probably be found in the Dekkan and the Hyderabad territories, where the Moslems have in all ages been distinguished by intolerance and bigotry, and where they enjoy a greater share of political freedom than their brethren in Northern India. The Nizam (as the sovereign of Hyderabad is popularly denominated, from the name of his great ancestor Nizam-al-Mulk) is the oldest ally of the British power in India; and he and his predecessors have all along maintained exemplary good faith in their relations with our government. His independence, however, has of late years become little more than nominal; he is bound by treaty to maintain a large subsidiary force, which, though raised in his name, and paid from his revenues, is officered and disciplined by Europeans, and forms in effect part of the Company's army; while the measures of his civil government are virtually under the control of the resident at Hyderabad. During the reign of the present Nizam, who is an indolent and voluptuous prince, and pays little attention to affairs of state, this interference in the internal administration has been carried (as it is said) to a vexatious and unnecessary extent, so

as to exci great discontent among the haughty nobles of the court, and the petty nawabs who hold their states as vassals of the Hyderabad monarchy. Most of tl se chiefs, in addition to their native followers, have in their service considerable numbers of foreign armed retainers, sometimes l tans and Rohillas from Northern I but more frequently Arabs fr Muscat territories, who, fro ferocious bravery, are held in highest estimation throughou I as mercenaries, and receive pay allowances far higher than assigned to the native soldier . not fewer than 15,000 of these fie e *dottieri* were entertained, w Affghan war broke out, in the ra abad state and its dependenci many of these professed the tenets the Wahhabis, or Moslem p whose sect was nearly suppressed Arabia, some twenty years s the sword of the pasha of Egy introduction of these novel do s, which had hitherto been unk wn in India, added to the ferment public mind; even in the city o dras, the uncompromising t these fierce enthusiasts found rous followers; and the gov deemed it necessary to deport to cutta some of the most active of t *dais*, or teachers, who were detected in the attempt to seduce from their allegiance the Moslem sepoys in the Madras regiments. But in the semi-independent states of the Nizam the evil was less easily checked; the passions of the Moslems were stimulated by the diffusion of seditious papers, upbraiding them with their degenerate submission to Feringhi ascendency;* and fresh converts were daily attracted by the vehement harangues of the new sectaries, who avowed their aim of restoring Islam to its ancient purity and pre-eminence. The movement party at length found a leader in the Nawab Mubariz-ed-dowlah, (brother of the reigning Nizam,) a prince of remarkable personal advantages and high popularity, who openly embraced the Wahhabi creed, and made his palace in Hyderabad the headquarters of their faction; while at the same time it became known that vast quantities of artillery and military stores were being collected by the Nawab of Kurnool, a petty Patan ruler, whose country adjoined that of the Nizam. The British government now felt itself compelled to interfere. In June 1839, Mubariz-ed-dowlah was arrested in pursuance of a requisition from the resident, and conveyed as a state prisoner to the fort of Golconda, where he still remains; and in October of the same year, the Nawab of Kurnool was *mediatized*, (to borrow a phrase from the Germanic empire,) and his district absorbed in the dominions of the Company.† The discoveries made at the occupation of this place were sufficiently calculated to open the eyes of the government to the nature and extent of the plot which had been concocted. An enormous number of newly-cast guns, piles of shot, shells, and missiles of extraordinary and novel fashions, were found concealed in every part of the palace, gardens, and town, in such profusion as could scarcely be explained except by supposing it to be the central depôt of some widely-ramified conspiracy; and though it does not appear that any

* Some idea may be formed of the terms and spirit of these proclamations from the following extracts, taken from a paper seized at the capture of Kurnool, in October 1839. "The sins of him who dies for the faith are remitted by God, and he enters Paradise pure and spotless. . . . . If a single Moslem opposes ten infidels in battle, and is victorious, he becomes a *Ghazi*, (champion of the faith:)—should he be slain, he is a *shahhid*, (martyr,) and will enter into glory. By the death of one man, the glorified *shahhid* Tippoo-Sultan, the Moslems fell into their present state of degradation and subjection to the infidels; and you, of the present day, though you are the heirs of the prophets and the sons of the men who fought for Islam, have deserted your religion, and obey the infidel Nazarenes! But you will speedily hear the cry of *Deen! Deen!* (the faith)—then shake off all negligence and fear from your hearts; repeat the *Kulma* and the *Fatah*, (Mohammedan formula of faith,) and join the army of the true believers who have come for the battle!"

† He was murdered (June 1840) at Trichinopoly, whither he had been sent under surveillance, by one of his own Moslem attendants, who had conceived, from his familiar intercourse with the English residents, that he meditated tianity!

direct correspondence was proved to have existed between the malecontents at Kurnool and the Wahhabi faction at Hyderabad, it was clear that their sentiments and objects, whether devised in concert or not, were essentially the same.

The transactions of which we have now endeavoured to show the true tendency and importance, were doubtless duly reported in the English newspapers at the time, but passed wholly unheeded by the *British public*, who saw in the dispossessment of a refractory nawab, and the imprisonment of a native prince, nothing more than the ordinary and constitutional exercise of the authority legitimately vested in the rulers of India. But it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences of this abortive movement, had any grounds of private discontent combined with the efforts of the Wahhabi propagandists to shake the fidelity of the sepoys. The *materiel* of the Madras army (unlike that of Bengal, which consists in a great measure of Brahmins and other high-caste Hindoos) is drawn principally from the lower grades of Moslems; and the famous mutiny of Vellore in July 1806, which, both for its suddenness and secrecy, and for the merciless spirit displayed by the revolters, bore no inconderable similitude to the recent outbreak at Cabul,* affords fatal evidence of the ease with which their passions may be goaded to acts of violence. It would naturally be supposed that, particularly at such a crisis as the present, the government would avoid exciting the angry feelings of a force thus constituted, by any tampering with their pay; yet such a reduction has recently been attempted, and the consequences have been such as might have been anticipated.

From the first establishment of the native army in India it has been customary, instead of organizing a regular commissariat service for the maintenance of the troops in the field, to issue to the soldier an extra pecuniary allowance for the purchase of provisions, under the title of *Batta*—a Hindostani phrase, properly implying the rate of exchange between coins bearing the same name but from different mints. This ordinary allowance was termed *half* batta—but when the troops were called on for field service, or stationed beyond the boundaries of their own presidency, a further advance was made, which was denominated *full* batta. This latter regulation particularly affected the Madras troops, from the continual calls made on them for service in the Nagpoor and Hyderabad territories, &c., and until very recently no attempt was made to alter it. But in the latter part of 1841, the fort of Asseerghur, which (though in the Bombay territory) is garrisoned by Madras troops, was reduced from a *full* to a *half* batta station by a government order; but the regiment stationed there (the 52d Madras infantry) refused, on the next pay-day, to receive their money without full batta, and were not without difficulty reduced to submission by the efforts of the European officers. The government, however, persevered in the plan of reduction, which was next put in force (in February of the present year) at the important stations of Jaulnah and Secunderabad, in the Nizam territories, where, in addition to the proposed diminution of batta, the pay of the soldier was further curtailed by being issued in the depreciated coinage of Hyderabad.† Secunderabad is one of the most extensive cantonments of the Madras army, and derives additional importance from its close vicinity to Hyderabad, the capital city of the Nizam, and filled (as we have already mentioned) with a disaffected Moslem population. The troops followed the example of their comrades at Asseerghur—not less than four regiments (7th, 32d, and 8 th infantry, and 4th light cavalry) rejected their pay unless accompanied

* The standard of Tippoo, whose sons were then state prisoners in the fort of Vellore, was hoisted by the mutineers; but we believe it was never clearly ascertained under what instigation they acted, or what ulterior objects they proposed to themselves. An interesting narrative of this remarkable revolt is given in the *United Service Journal* for May 1841.

† The troops, officers and men, had always been paid, when quartered in the Nizam's dominions, at the rate of 111 Hyderabad for 100 Company's rupees, the real equivalent being 120 for 100; but this has been redressed since the outbreak at Secunderabad.

by full batta, and broke out into open mutiny: and though the first-named corps, after some demur, returned to their duty, the others remained refractory till surrounded by a superior force of Europeans and artillery, when several hundreds were disarmed and made prisoners; and have since been either dismissed the service, or draughted into other regiments, as if to disseminate as widely as possible the example of disaffection. At present, (as we are assured by the latest accounts,) all symptoms of insubordination have disappeared; and as the *batta* grievance has been redressed by order of Lord Ellenborough, this may be really the case. Still it must be admitted as singularly fortunate, that this disturbance did not take place at the time when the fidelity of the soldiers was assailed by the machinations of Mubariz-ed-dowlah and his Wahhabi confederates; and even now, with the examples of the insurrection at Cabul and the mutiny at Vellore before our eyes, who can say how far this seeming security, in the critical state of our affairs in other quarters, is to be depended upon?

Such, up to the present time, have been the visible results of Whig domestic government in India, and of that ever-memorable stroke of Whig policy by which (as we were assured two years ago) our Anglo-Indian empire had been established for ever on an immovable basis; what the ultimate consequences of both may be, is as yet hidden in the womb of time. It had been long since foretold by him whose lightest word was never spoken in vain, at once the most illustrious of our warriors and most sagacious of our statesmen, that "it would not be till Lord Auckland's policy had reached the zenith of apparent success, that its difficulties would begin to develope themselves," and fatally has the prediction been verified. But if the *ikbal*, or good fortune, which is proverbially believed in the East to attend on all the operations of the Company, has deserted them in their utmost need in the passes of Cabul, it must be allowed that the original instigators of, and agents, in the Affghan war (with the single exception of the unfortunate Macnaghten,) have most signally reaped the benefits of its influence. Titles, pensions, and promotions, have been heaped upon them with an unexampled profusion, which presents a strange contrast with the impeachment of Hastings, and the general neglect experienced by those who laid, in past days, the foundations of our Asiatic rule; and before their short-lived laurels have had time to wither, they have been recalled to the tranquil enjoyment of their honours in England, leaving the rectification of their errors to their successors. Even to the last moment of his stay in India, the late viceroy was fostered by the breath of popular favour; and the thunder of the cannon which announced the arrival of Lord Ellenborough, was mingled with the acclamations which rang through the Town Hall of Calcutta from those assembled to do honour to the ruler whom he came to succeed. With the tributes of respect thus tendered we have no fault to find, if considered as on the principle of "speed the parting guest," or with reference to the amiable character and high private worth of the individual; but the laudatory allusions to his trans-Indian policy, with which the Calcutta addresses were filled, were equally opposed to fact and to good taste; and must (we think) have been felt by the object of them as a painful and humiliating mockery. When Lord Auckland assumed the reigns of government in 1836, the external relations of our Eastern empire were peaceful, the finances prosperous, and the army, notwithstanding the injudicious reductions of Lord William Bentinck, amply sufficient for any duty required within our own frontier; but a far different prospect awaits his successor. A treasury drained to the last rupee—an army defeated in one quarter, and disaffected in another—an almost hopelessly-involved foreign policy—with a war of extermination in Affghanistan—a seemingly interminable bucanier warfare in China, and the probability of hostilities with Burmah and Nepaul—such is the frightful catalogue of difficulties with which the new governor-general is called upon at once to grapple!

But Lord Ellenborough approaches the task with far different qualifications to several of his immediate predecessors, who seem to have assumed the viceregal sceptre of India as a dignified and lucrative sinecure; for the creditable fulfilment of the duties of which little exertion would be requir-

ed, and still less any previous knowledge of the institutions and political condition of the countries they were thus called to govern. His services as President of the Board of Control in 1828, and more recently (in 1840) as chairman of the Lords' Committee on East Indian produce, bear ample and honourable evidence of the extent to which his researches have been carried in the commercial and agricultural resources of our Asiatic territories, and afford a hope that this knowledge may, when the present storm has passed, be brought efficiently to bear on the development of these too long neglected natural riches. The trade of India has now been open seven years, but neither the parliament nor the public have as yet shown themselves adequately aware of its true value and importance. While the possession of the Indus ought to secure to us the whole commerce of Central Asia,* the tea of Assam, the sugar of Hindostan, and the cotton recently introduced from America and Egypt, might be cultivated so as eventually both to render us independent of our now precarious trade with China, and to secure our supplies of cotton in the event of a rupture of our hollow friendship with America.

For the first time during many years, the care of these mighty interests has devolved upon one who is endowed not only with zeal and goodwill, but with that previous acquaintance with India, its resources, and its customs, the want of which has so lamentably marred the well-meant endeavours of more than one of his predecessors. Of his foreign policy, hampered as it must necessarily be at the outset by the task of unravelling the tangled web which has been bequeathed to him, little can at present be said:—but he has set out with the commander-in-chief for the north-western provinces, in order to be nearer the scene of action—a journey, we trust, to be attended with different results to the memorable progress of Lord Auckland to the same quarter;—and his domestic administration has been commenced auspiciously, by an act of justice to the Madras sepoys in the restoration of the disputed *batta*. But on the course of Lord Ellenborough's government will mainly depend the question of the future stability, or gradual decline, of our Anglo-Indian empire; for, though we are not among those who hold the opinion said to have been expressed by a late governor of one of the presidencies, (Sir Charles Metcalfe,) that "he hardly felt secure, on retiring to rest for the night, that the whole fabric might not have vanished into thin air before the morning,"—it cannot be denied that the prestige of unerring wisdom and invincible good fortune, which powerfully conduced to the maintenance of our authority, has sustained a tremendous shock from the late occurrences beyond the Indus. The French press already, in exulting anticipation, has ventured to indicate the period of its extinction:—"England" (says the *Siècle*) "is rich and energetic: she may re-establish her dominion in India for some time longer; but the term of her Indian empire is marked; it will conclude before the quarter of a century." Less than the prescribed period would probably have sufficed, under a continuance of the policy lately pursued, for the accomplishment of this prophecy; but we have good hope that the evil days have now passed away: and if Lord Ellenborough, at the conclusion of his viceroyalty, has only so far succeeded as to restore our foreign and domestic relations to the same state in which they stood ten years since, he will merit to be handed down to posterity by the side of Clive and Hastings as the second founder of our eastern empire.

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* The exertions of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce have already worked wonders in this quarter—depots have been established at vairous points on the Indus; and the port of Soumeeani, on the Belooch coast west of the mouth of that river, is fast becoming the emporium of a *wool* trade, the staple of which is supplied by the innumerable flocks grazing on these elevated table lands. A town in the interior called Wudd (145 miles from Khelat and 152 from Soumeeani) is the inland mart for this new trade.

A RECORD OF THE PYRAMIDS.

"Vitam impendere vero."

To this drama is affixed a preface of twenty-nine pages, after a dedication to Sir Robert Peel.

Pars minima estipsa puella sui.

The author, in the first page, tells the right honourable baronet that "he believes there does not exist one who ever questioned his *personal* disinterestedness or *abstract* love of his country." The first epithet conveys no meaning; the second would appear sly and insidious; but we are confident that the good Mr Reade had no such intention. He adds, "your acceptation of my *dedication*" (here he begins his *versification*, which is a fair specimen of the rest) "of the Poem of *Italy* to you, was an earnest of the success which it finally attained, thus ratifying your expressed opinion of it—a success which I trust, *and fully believe*, will be further confirmed by time. Perhaps your *accordance* of the same honour to the present Drama, may *entail* on it, also, the like *auspices*."

We will not object to so fashionable a word as "*accordance*," although we would rather find it in another sense, its old one. But we must inform Mr John Edmund Reade that to "entail auspices" is sheer nonsense. Auspices *lead* to events instead of *following* them.

In the preface, p. 9, Mr Reade quotes a passage from Terence which had, perhaps, been more frequently quoted than any other of antiquity: but, in his equal want of scholarship and reflection, he omits the principal word, the word which conveys what he means to convey; and he makes the speaker in Terence say, "I am a man, and think nothing lies out of my way." Whereas the sentence is, "I am a man, and think nothing indifferent to me which concerns humanity."

P. 9. "While the material energies of man may be overpowered, the spirit and the mind of freedom remains unconquerable."—How untrue, how unphilosophical, how contrary to historical fact, is this specimen of Mr Reade's reflections!

P. 11. It would be difficult to find out, in the second paragraph, what Mr Reade means, and whether he scoffs at "and laughs to scorn" transcendental philosophy, or whether he does it the honour to patronize it as "a something beyond a mere tool of mechanism;— *a spark, a scintillation* from the *all*-ineffable Being, who, to judge, *far less* condemn, his creatures, must leave *their thoughts and actions as free as those of their archetype*." We sincerely believe that Mr Reade is a religious man: but, his thoughts being never clear nor consistent, he has written here what would have been censured in any minister of sounder sense, and more capable of making just distinctions. Human thoughts and human actions never can be so free as those of the Deity, whose judgments are not to be thus arraigned. Mr Reade will say he did not mean any such thing: we know he did not: we attribute it to the feebleness of his intellect, and not to the unsoundness of his faith.

P. 12. Here we must notice some absolutely false statements. "On my return, I published my long-laboured poem of *Italy*. I have been aware, in common with my *poet* brethren, [he means poetical,] that 'poetry,' in its highest walk, had become extinct, or, *in other words*, '*out of date*,' [as if there were no difference,] and its altar *altogether* desecrated; that even the advantages of criticism were neutralized; its daily habit of pandering to the suggestions of friendship or instigations of spleen, having rendered its aids useless; the *voices* of the more discerning were drowned in the *blazonries* of the *puffer*," &c. We will not stop to enquire how a *voice* can be drowned in a *blazonry*—how a *sound* can be absorbed by a *colour*; but we must remark that there is no evidence of any living author who has taken

A Drama, in ten scenes, by John Edmund Reade, author of "Italy," "Catiline," &c.

such incipient pains to collect voices and conciliate *puffers*, as Mr John Edmund Reade. It is incredible to what a degree he has been successful, sometimes by unwearied flatteries, and sometimes by piteous complaints that his health had suffered, and was suffering, by the malignity of his enemies and the neglect of the public. We will leave his "*poet* brethren" to settle the question with him, whether "poetry in *its highest walk* has become *extinct*, and its altar altogether desecrated." Let Mr Milman, Mr Wordsworth, Mr Montgomery, and other moral poets, come forward on this ground. For our own parts, we would rather that a friend of ours should have written the three worst pages of Mrs Hemans, than the eight or nine thousand verses strung like empty birds' eggs in the dormitory of Mr Reade. He goes on, "I was also prepared for the prejudice which would at once condemn, *without even partially reading*, far less dwelling on, that which had cost me such time and labour of thought to erect." What prejudice can arise against a person so inoffensive? And yet we wonder that those whose business it is not to criticize for the public, should, after perusing one poem of this author, abstain from "even partially reading, far less dwelling on," the rest. But, happy man, he now returns to his seclusion, "as quietly confident of results as if they had already happened!"

"The sense of the duty of his mission will lay *on him* with the obligation of a moral law." In the first place, this is nonsense; in the second, the grammar is defective; and we are afraid some critic less lenient than ourselves will take up Priscian's cudgel and lay it on poor Mr Reade. He writes in two lines of prose and bad Latin, part of two verses in Horace. He writes—

> "Si vis me flere,
> Primum dolendum sit tibi."

Horace wrote, as every twelve-year-old schoolboy knows—

> "Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi."

If Mr Reade had ever once read Horace, or had ever been taught the scanning of a Latin verse, he could not have made this mistake.

"His aspirations *responded*, or anticipated." In English, we say "responded *to*."

> "Discarding as the 'merest weakness' of the mind all vague and metaphysical analyzation."

Mr Reade has abundantly proved to us that there are merer weaknesses of the mind, though certainly more *vague*, than metaphysical analyzation; analyzation cannot be *vague*, although it may be inexact.

> "The triteness and iterations of every-day common-place conveyed to them with an air of undue and false importance."

If Mr Reade had looked at the face of any friend while he was delivering this sentence, he would surely have seen an involuntary smile at such a Daguerreotype resemblance of himself. But he intends this rather for it: "He will walk along his own path, supported by the thoughts which have made him the independent, the morally happy being he is become, *drawing in* all pure and joyful *impresses* from nature round him, while carefully mixing with his fellow beings in a *circle* not wide enough to *distract*, or weaken, or deaden, his social sympathies; *at the same time he will stand apart*, so that he will be carefully mixing with his fellow beings, and at the same time (mind you) he will stand apart!" Doing what? why, in sheer earnestness and sincerity of his "*mission*;" for Mr Reade gives you to understand in the preceding page that he is "the true *vates*," devoting his life to the worship of the good and true. We are afraid he has been devoting his life to such a phantom of vanity as was never seen before, even in the magical circle, or rather the fairy ring of poets. "Thus should he be occupied until he dies." We have no objection, provided he does not spoil our dramas by the nausea he excites at his grave coxcombry. "And however baffled or mystified by time or circumstance," &c. Time has nothing at all to do with him; and, according to his own account, circumstance can have very little; for he said three minutes ago, that he is supported by thoughts which have made him "the independent, *the happy being*," &c. The *vates* soon discloses himself a potentate. "Who would exchange the existence of such a potentate?"

"The wise p ., "he nflated by neither pri r vanity. If Mr R. had given no re irrefragable proofs that he is not a wise poet, nor any thing like one, he has given it here. We defy the man who possesses more books than Heber ever did, to open any volume, or ten volumes, in his library, containing such an excess of vanity, concluded by the sentence, that the *vates*, the potentate, is a little lower than the angels; *the fulfilment of all which is an obligation upon him, a necessity, and a moral law.* He is somewhat more than *vates* or potentate. "He is the priest of nature, as of humanity."

What can the man mean by this contradistinction? Such a farago of broken-down Latin and of false quotations of the commonest texts, such a compilation of notes out of magazines —such confusion and contradiction, ought to secure a place in every curiosity-shop of letters. We now come to the poem itself. Before it opens, we are told Prometheus is discovered gazing on a *statue*, which is placed in a recess of the cavern.

Now, it happens that for thousands of years after the death of Prometheus, statuary had not been invented. But Mr Reade has made quite another Prometheus, and very different from the old Titan, who was almost a match for Jupiter. The actual one is little more than a match for Mr Reade. He is a little bit of a Chartist, who wishes to raise the flame of freedom through mankind, and what is more,

"To make them know and feel that they are free,
I have, with watchings of long years, and *fast*.
The king's grievance—for with such alone
Can higher thoughts be reach'd—communed with nature."

We do not believe that Titan was much addicted to fasting. But Prometheus, the beneficent, seeing men working at the Pyramids, compassionates, no doubt, and would begin by setting them free. No such thing. His choler rises at them. He begins a bad wish with as bad a verse, and says—

"Oh! that for one brief moment my will were
Embodied in a power! how would I launch
The thunder from this height"—

Where was there any height within a hi red The nearest is the r of cattam—

"And crush the work
And workmen in their ruins."

He tells his brother Epimetheus—

"Thy brow is bound with *silk*, not *steel*."

How many thousand years before silk and steel were worked?

"Whĭch thĕn ĭs | grĕatĕr bĕ|nēath yŏndĕr | hēavĕn?"

This is a verse, but a different one from what Mr Reade suspected: we have marked the bars.

It appears that the Shepherd kings were the ancestors of Mr Reade's Prometheus and Epimetheus.

"Of our great sire, take again the branch."

This is no verse at all. In the time of Shakespeare, fire was often pronounced as a dissyllable, and sometimes spelt so: it retains that form in the adjective *fiery*; but *sire* was always a monosyllable.

"For from the moment that a freeman takes
A tyrant's gift, his half of manhood's fled."

This is a very bad version from the Greek tragedian.

"I come, and will interpret his dream to him."

Scene II., v. 12.

The sun is sloping off this eastern side,
The *prefects* are upon the other, rousing," &c.

What a verse!

He might as well talk of *constables* as of *prefects*.

"Discontent is the infirmity of will,"

says a slave, who I believe wore his bands, certainly was not bound by metre.

"For we are slaves *and servants* all of us."

This, also, is a diffuse paraphrase from the Greek. But no Greek verses were like the following, and very few English, we hope and trust.

"You infinite ether, with its sun and *moon*,
With boundaries *known* but to the gods alone,
'Tis necessary for man to be happy."

Sigid says of his hands—

"They help'd to raise the walls of Thebes, yet I
Have lived to see her in decay."

How was this? He must then have lived longer than Methusaleh.

It appears that the city of Sardis was not only built but *sacked* long before the time of Prometheus; it seems also that King Mœris was father of Prometheus and Epimetheus. He sacked Sardis, when

"He died on his return, and did confide
His infant twins to Amasis. *Thou know'st*
The rest; the priests took them, and made him king,
While he gave them the power thou see'st here."

All this by way of poetry!

"And what is he? *Philosopher*, they call him!"

The name of philosopher did not exist until the time of Pythagoras, which was many ages after even the late period which Mr Reade assigns to his hero.

"A spark will sometimes kindle into flame,
When *all the train* is laid."

Here we not only have *philosophers*, but *gunpowder!*

"Hist! the prefect comes!"

Do we not fancy we hear the boys out of bounds at Winchester?

Prometheus says—

"I see one
Among them of a different stamp, a man
In all his inches."

Strange expressions for Prometheus, when *stumps* and *inches* had not been invented. But what follows is not half so strange.

"Look at him who stands
Apart, pre-eminent above the rest
In stature and in 'gait,' *that give him height superior.*"

It would be wonderful if *stature* did not, and if *gait* did.

Here is a piece of ill-temper for you!

"Die, dog, on thy damn'd malice!"

The risible muscles that can resist this, may safely read any tragedy our author has written, or will ever write.

"On tyrants, caprices, age, and tribute."

We are sincerely sorry if Mr Reade has lost a finger, or the faculty of counting upon his hands. Yet, unless he had, he never could have given us such measure as this. In what manner could he scan the verse? And what passages are these two together?

"Ye arm, it is the sting which goads ye:
Yet ye marvel when it proves its nature,—
Oh! the *unalienate* majesty of right.
Confidence in the distrustful public eye."

Here for the first time comes on the stage a new goddess—

"Though peace beside her *walk'd*, and 'blessing' *stood*,
As of *an* unalienate liberty;
Though by some storms shatter'd, or the woodman's hand,
To their foundations, Egypt's heart shall answer thee."

The heir-apparent says to King Amasis—

"Great king, they have searched hill and dale in vain."

They might have in Egypt searched in vain *for* "hill and dale." He goes on—

"At midnight will I offer sacrifice
To the high gods, and, while they reek to Heaven"—

What! the gods reek to heaven? Amasis himself is more in the way of reeking.

"Hold; vengeance is wild justice."

This is stolen, and worth stealing.

"Who is this strange and *fearful* man?"

The word *fearful*, for *terrible*, has often been strangely misapplied; never more strangely than here. It means precisely the contrary of *fearful*.

"There doth not live on the wide earth *a thing*,
However foul its nature, that hath not
Something of *godlike* in it."

It has been said heretofore, that there is no human being who has not some particle of good in him. The more proper expression, we are afraid, would be, *that has not had*. We have seen statements of criminals in whom every spark of it seemed utterly extinguished.

P. 55. He talks of "gilded *spires*." There never were any in Egypt.

"Clad in white robes as a hiērophant,"

is not a verse; the word is hierophant, not hiērophant.

"Enthusiasm even in heaven," &c.

Neither is this a verse.

"Then as the chosen priest of liberty."

It never occurred to Mr Reade that allegory must not be thus violated. Such language would have suited Robespierre.

P. 60. "*Corruption, and its infin abuse.*"

Now there may be *abuse* of strength, of authority, of learning, and many good things; but who can *abuse* corruption? Mr R.'s powers of ratiocination are as weak as his poetical.

P. 61. "Freedom springs from no form of government."

What a verse! What a revelation! But forms of government were unknown to the Egyptians, even so late as his Prometheus Minor. They knew only the monarchical.

"No public calamity is self-born."

Is this intended for verse? or is this?

P. 62. "Feel ye for all your brethren alike."

P. 63. "What so fix'd
64. As the air-based, yet adamantine seat
Of popular opinion?"

We answer—a balloon.

P. 65. "The vast heart of Humanity is join'd."

To what?

P. 65. "Nothing should be *alienate*, but common."

He has several times used *alienate* as a noun-adjective, and always made nonsense of it. Does he mean that every thing should be in common?

P. 66. We come at last to four such good verses as we never expected to find in the poetry of this author, and it is with pleasure we do him the justice of transcribing them.

"Lo! how that man doth pass *through ye*, unharm'd,
Among the crowds,"

(This, indeed, is superfluous; he should have omitted '*through ye.*')

"Who part from him like waters:
Closing again behind, with myriads round,
He walks *alone* his *solitary* way."

In the four verses here, are indeed two expletives; but nevertheless they are the best in this work, or in any other of Mr Reade's we have been induced to go through.

P. 68. "Why would ye banish him?
(*Nubian.*) Because he is
Too great, too good: he makes us feel we are
Inferior in our natures: so we *hate* him."

Now, in three or three or four minutes, there was hardly time for this change from entl admiration; and men do not so easily say what they feel, when they hate a man for his superiority.

P. 74. "Thy name shall be a *watch-word* to *light* others."

Watchwords do not *light*; perhaps he meant *watch-tower* or beacon.

P. 78. *Superior*, is made a quadrisyllable, *genius* a trisyllable, *power* a dissyllable, which is never done in verse. In p. 80, "Prometheus, now captive, is so foolish as to tell Amasis that he hates his own form, because it is like the king's, and is quite ready to die for that very reason."

P. 81. "Truths they responded.
Fame, which thou
Dost so aspire."
"First, their names
Shall be struck out from the archives of Egypt."

By way of verse.

"The punishment of death *accorded* him who names them."

By way of English.

P. 82. "And these shall be the immortal appendages,
To robe it with a glory of its own."

A curious specimen both of verse and English. An *appendage* robes a thing; no doubt with somewhat belonging to the appendage—not at all; but the appendage is at hand to robe it "with a glory of its own."

P. 83. "I stand erect,
And welcome as a friend pale-faced despair."

Passion does not personify at this rate; and allegories were not yet among the plagues of Egypt, as they are among those of modern poetry. No man, or hero, or demigod, ever welcomed pale-faced despair. She clung to some, but they would have got rid of her if they could.

P. 90. "He will be impaled alive tomorrow's sun."

Meaning he will be impaled alive tomorrow. *To morrow's* sun is neither English nor common sense; for the poet does not intend to say that *tomorrow's sun will be impaled*, which comes nearest the construction.

P. 95. "The soul in its consciousness of freedom."

This, too, is a Readean verse.

P. 96. "Toward his *brethren*, who won his crown."

P. 97. "And how at this dead *hour?* L. Dost thou ask?
What hath *inspired* thee to come? L. Thy words."

P. 98. "Forth from my deeds, *resembling* the gods."

P. 98. "I would change the '*impaled stake*' for that crown."

The stake *impales*, but is not impaled.

P. 180. "The *watchwords* that *lead on* to victory."

He is very unlucky in his *watchwords*.

In p. 101 are six pretty verses spoken by Lilis;—a drop of water is a relief in this great desert. Prometheus, who is about to be impaled, thus addresses her:—

"My own
Beautiful being! with thy *golden hair*,
Like sun-rays floating round thy face, with eyes
Reflecting the pure azure, with cheeks 'which'
The beauty and the glory of thy youth
Crown with fresh roses, but more delicate
Than ever shone the sun on."

What a verse is that in italics! We remember but one instance of "*which*" ending a verse, and that is in a sentence of *Hudibras*, beginning—"So learned Tallacotius from," &c.

Another proof among thousands that Mr Reade is inattentive to time, place, and character, is here. No Egyptian girl, from the beginning of the world, ever had golden hair or blue eyes.

P. 109. "So basely, and our tyrants would blush."

P. 111. "Thou shalt not *speak the* people."

The last verse (or line intended for verse) is,

P. 119. "Fools! look round ye. *He* triumph'd as he died."

Any schoolboy who had ever learned a verse, would rather have written,

"Look round, ye fools! He triumph'd as he died."

The reader will wonder what Prometheus could ever be doing in Egypt. The scholar and archeologist will doubt whether the Egypt of the Pyramids, to say nothing of the Pyramids themselves existed in the time of the Titans, of which brotherhood was Prometheus. "I beg your pardon," says Mr Reade, "my Prometheus was no more a Titan than you are: he was the son of Mœris, king of Egypt." With about the same propriety he might represent William the Conqueror as the son of William Pitt, or Joseph the steward of Pharaoh as the son of Joseph Hume. We are unwilling to cast on this gentleman more ridicule than has already been cast on him; but ridicule is the only chastisement of presumption; and was ever presumption equal to his telling us that "*he receded from all further effort, as quietly confident of results, as if they had already happened.*" The results are, he continues to assure us, that his poetry will "live." That depends, in a great measure, on the quality of the paper. Turning it over, and manipulating it, we think it may. Something of its longevity, he tells Sir Robert Peel in his dedication, will be owing to the patronage of the right honourable gentlemen. Sir Robert Peel is not only a good scholar, but a good-tempered and courteous man; he would return a civil answer, with many thanks and courteous expressions, on receiving a book, although he would rather not have received it. He is the last person "to look a gift horse in the mouth," although a roarer or a broken-winded one, as are Mr Reade's; not to mention that the best of them bear the fire-marks of Lord Byron, and are rather the leaner for the driver. He talks of his "*long-laboured Poem of Italy*," but he forgets to tell us, what we happen to know without him; that this long-laboured Poem had several other labours beside his own conferred on it. A gentleman in Bath, besides a lady or two, corrected it in *several* hundred places, we mean the Rev. Mr M.; and Leigh Hunt operated on it with knife and caustic for several months, reducing its bulkiness, and giving it exteriorly a somewhat less sickly appearance. The author was discontented with both for their good offices, and avoided them ever afterwards, as if the correction had been personal. The patient was now discharged from the *Infirmary*, and began to swagger and challenge in all directions. Then came *Catiline*, more desperate still. Ben Jonson and Dr Croly had written tragedies on the same subject; but Mr Reade never takes a path of his own, he always

follows close upon others, and treads down their heels; and he has so little judgment, that he always plays this prank with stronger men than himself. In Italy he waylays Byron and Rogers; and he catches at the skirts of Moore to mount among the *angels*. *Italy*, "the long-laboured *Italy*," went through as many hands to bring it to perfection, as a pin does, and was worth about as much when it came out of them. If those hands could polish, they could not point it; and, therefore, it is thrown aside and swept off the carpet some years ago. Mr Reade announced in the public papers, his tragedy of *Cain* as dedicated to Mr Macready. But as Mr Macready refused to bring it upon the stage, he transferred the signal honour of dedication to Sir Edward Bulwer. This tragedy has already produced its effects, in the following couplet.

"The reign of justice is return'd again:
Cain murder'd Abel, and Reade murders Cain."

We willingly pass from *Cain* to *Italy*, and from *Italy* to the *Pyramids*, in little danger that by going further we may fare worse. There is no probability that we should have ever thought again about the author, if, in the *Sun* newspaper of May 9, we had not been attracted to him under the article of "*Literature*," and "*A Record of the Pyramids*." We should have thought the criticism a severe one, had we not been induced to peruse the poem, the preface, and the notes. We then acknowledged the leniency of the reviewer in making no quotations from the poetry. The author has made only his from the Latin: in one he has omitted the very word he wanted; in the other, he has substituted what destroys the metre. The story of Prometheus is known to every schoolboy and school-girl of fourteen. The tragedy of Æschylus, founded on it, is familiar to the fifth form. Shelley has unbound the Titan; he never thought of delivering him from the vulture, only to have his sides nibbled at by the tom-tit. Mr Reade talks about his calmness and seclusion and indifference to notoriety; yet most of the critics in England (on good grounds we say it) have been solicited and importuned, from time to time, to pay attention to his poetry. Some have been won over by soft language to make soft replies; others have grown impatient, and have kicked at the sickling. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* showed up him and his letters to the public, and dismissed him with ridicule and scorn. But the unkindest cut of all was inflicted in the sly dexterity of a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who placed various stanzas of *Italy* side by side with the originals in *Childe Harold*. Another, with less mischief in his head, and more calculation, offered a wager that the words *shrine* and *enshrine* terminate at least seventy verses in that poem, and that the interjection *Lo!* commences as many. Whoever reads only the preface to this *Record of the Pyramids*, will be ready to believe our declaration, that of all the authors, English or foreign, we have perused in the course of a long life, we never have met with one of so little modesty, so little sense of shame, so little self-knowledge, as Mr John Edmund Reade.

MODERN GREECE.

WHAT are the nuisances, special to Greece, which repel tourists from that country? They are three;—robbers, fleas, and dogs. It is remarkable that all are, in one sense, respectable nuisances—they are ancient, and of classical descent. The monuments still existing from pre-Christian ages, in memory of honest travellers assassinated by brigands or klephts, (Κλεπται,) show that the old respectable calling of freebooters by sea and land, which Thucydides, in a well-known passage, describes as so reputable an investment for capital during the times preceding his own, and, as to northern Greece, even during his own, had never entirely languished, as with us it has done, for two generations, on the heaths of Bagshot, Hounslow, or Finchley. Well situated as these grounds were for doing business, lying at such convenient distances from the metropolis, and studying the convenience of all parties, (since, if a man were destined to lose a burden on his road, surely it was pleasing to his feelings that he had not been suffered to act as porter over ninety or a hundred miles, in the service of one who would neither pay him nor thank him;) yet, finally, what through banks and what through policemen, the concern has dwindled to nothing. In England, we believe, this concern was technically known, amongst men of business and "family men," as the "Low Toby." In Greece it was called λησταια; and, Homerically speaking, it was perhaps the only profession thoroughly respectable. A few other callings are mentioned in the Odyssey as furnishing regular bread to decent men,—viz. the doctor's, the fortune-teller's or conjurer's, and the armourer's. Indeed it is clear, from the offer made to Ulysses of a job in the way of hedging and ditching, that sturdy big-boned beggars, or what used to be called "Abraham men" in southern England, were not held to have forfeited any heraldic dignity attached to the rank of pauper, (which was considerable,) by taking a farmer's pay where mendicancy happened to "be looking downwards." Even honest labour was tolerated, though, of course, disgraceful. But the Corinthian order of society, to borrow Burke's image, was the bold sea-rover, the bucanier, or (if you *will* call him so) the robber in all his varieties. Titles were, at that time, not much in use—honorary titles, we mean; but had our prefix of "*Right Honourable*" existed, it would have been assigned to burglars, and by no means to privy-councillors; as, again, our English prefix of "*Venerable*" would have been settled, not on so sheepish a character as the archdeacon, but on the spirited appropriator of church plate. We were surprised lately to find, in a German work of some authority, so gross a misconception of Thucydides as that of supposing him to be in jest. Nothing of the sort. The question which he represents as once current, on speaking a ship in the Mediterranean,—"Pray, gentlemen, are you robbers?" actually occurs in Homer; and to Homer, no doubt, the historian alludes. It neither was, nor could be conceived, as other than complimentary; for the alternative supposition presumed him that mean and well-known character—the merchant, who basely paid for what he took. It was plainly asking—Are you a knight grand-cross of some martial order, or a sort of costermonger? And we give it as no hasty or fanciful opinion, that the South Sea islands (which Bougainville held to be in a state of considerable civilization) had, in fact, reached the precise stage of Homeric Greece. The power of levying war, as yet not sequestered by the ruling power of each community, was a private right inherent in every individual of any one state against all individuals of any other. Captain Cook's ship the Resolution, and her consort the Adventure, were as much independent states and objects of lawful war to the islanders, as Owyhee in the Sandwich group was to Tongataboo in the Friendly group. So that to have

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"Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands." By William Mure of Caldwell. In Two Volumes. 1842.

taken an Old Bailey view of the thefts committed was unjust, and, besides, ineffectual; the true remedy being by way of treaty or convention with the chiefs of every island. And perhaps, if Homer had tried it, the same remedy (in effect, regular payments of *black-mail*) might have been found available in *his* day.

It is too late to suggest *that* idea now. The princely pirates are gone; and the last dividend has been paid upon their booty; so that, whether he gained or lost by them, Homer's estate is not liable to any future inquisitions from commissioners of bankruptcy or other sharks. He, whether amongst the plundered, or, as is more probable, a considerable shareholder in the joint-stock privateers from Tenedos, &c., is safe both from further funding and refunding. We are not. And the first question of moment to any future tourist is, what may be the present value, at a British insurance office, of any given life risked upon a tour in Greece? Much will, of course, depend upon the extent and the particular route. A late prime minister of Greece, under the reigning king Otho, actually perished by means of one day's pleasure excursion from Athens, though meeting neither thief nor robber. He lost his way: and this being scandalous in an ex chancellor of the exchequer having ladies under his guidance, who were obliged, like those in the Midsummer Night's Dream, to pass the night in an Athenian wood, his excellency died of vexation. Where may not men find a death? But we ask after the calculation of any office which takes extra risks: and, as a basis for such a calculation, we submit the range of tour sketched by Pausanias, more than sixteen centuries back—that Πανσανιακη περιοδος, as Colonel Leake describes it, which carries a man through the heart of all that can chiefly interest in Greece. What are the chances upon such a compass of Greek travelling, having only the ordinary escort and arms, or having *no* arms, (which the learned agree in thinking the safer plan at present) that a given traveller will revisit the glimpses of an English moon, or again embrace his "placens uxor?" As with regard to Ireland, it is one stock trick of Whiggery to treat the chances of assassination in the light of an English hypochondriacal chimæra, so for a different reason it has been with regard to Italy, and soon will be for Greece. Twenty years ago it was a fine subject for jesting—the English idea of stilettos in Rome, and masqued bravos, and assassins who charged so much an inch for the depth of their wounds. But all the laughter did not save a youthful English marriage party from being atrociously massacred; a grave English professional man with his wife from being carried off to a mountainous captivity, and reserved from slaughter only by the prospect of ransom; a British nobleman's son from death or the consequences of Italian barbarity; or a prince, the brother of Napoleon, from having the security of his mansion violated, and the most valuable captives carried off by daylight from his household. In Greece apparently the state of things is worse, because absolutely worse under a far slighter temptation. But Mr Mure is of opinion that Greek robbers have private reasons as yet for sparing English tourists.

So far then is certain: viz. that the positive danger is greater in poverty-stricken Greece than in rich and splendid Italy. But as to the valuation of the danger, it is probably as yet imperfect from mere defect of experience: the total amount of travellers is unknown. And it may be argued that at least Colonel Leake, Mr Dodwell, and our present Mr Mure, with as many more as have written books, cannot be among the killed, wounded, or missing. There is evidence in octavo that they are yet "to the fore." Still with respect to books, after all, they may have been posthumous works: or, to put the case in another form, who knows how many excellent works in medium quarto, not less than crown octavo, may have been suppressed and intercepted in their rudiments by these expurgatorial ruffians? Mr Mure mentions as the exquisite reason for the present fashion of shooting from an ambush first, and settling accounts afterwards, that by this means they evade the chances of a contest. The Greek robber, it seems, knows as well as Cicero that "non semper viator a latrone, nonnunquam etiam latro a viatore occiditur"—a disappointment that makes one laugh exceedingly. Now this rule as to a[illegible]d travellers is likely to bear hard

our countrymen, who being rich, (else how come they in Greece?) will surely be brilliantly armed; and thus again it may be said, in a sense somewhat different from Juvenal's—

Et *vacuus* cantat coram latrone viator;

Vacuus not of money, but of pistols. Yet on the other hand, though possibly sound law for the thickets of Mount Cithæron, this would be too unsafe a policy as a general rule: too often it is the exposure of a helpless exterior which first suggests the outrage. And perhaps the best suggestion for the present would be, that travellers should carry in their hands an apparent telescope or a reputed walking-cane; which peaceful and natural part of his appointments will first operate to draw out his lurking forest-friend from his advantage; and on closer colloquy, if this friend should turn restive, then the "Tuscan artist's tube," contrived of course a double debt to pay, will suddenly reveal another sort of tube, insinuating an argument sufficient for the refutation of any sophism whatever. This is the best compromise which we can put forward with the present dilemma in Greece, where it seems that to be armed or to be unarmed is almost equally perilous. But our secret opinion is, that in all countries alike, the only absolute safeguard against highway robbery is—a railway: for then the tables are turned; not he who is stopped incurs the risk, but he who stops: we question whether Samson himself could have pulled up his namesake on the Liverpool railway. Recently, indeed, in the Court of Common Pleas, on a motion to show cause by Sergeant Bompas, in Hewitt v. Price, Tindal (Chief-Justice) said—"We cannot call a railway a public* security, I think," (*laughter:*) but *we* think otherwise. In spite of "laughter," we consider it a specific against the Low Toby. And, *en attendant*, there is but one step towards amelioration of things for Greece, which lies in summary ejecting of the Bavarian locusts. Where all offices of profit or honour are engrossed by needy aliens, you cannot expect a cheerful temper in the people. And, unhappily, from moody discontent in Greece to the taking of purses is a short transition.

Thus have we disposed of "St Nicholas's Clerks." Next we come to Fleas and Dogs:—Have we a remedy for these? We have: but, as to fleas, applicable or not, according to the purpose with which a man travels. If, as happened at times to Mr Mure, a natural, and, for his readers, a beneficial anxiety to see something of domestic habits, overcomes all sense of personal inconvenience, he will wish, at any cost, to sleep in Grecian bedrooms, and to sit by Grecian hearths. On the other hand, though sensible of the honour attached to being bit by a flea lineally descended from an Athenian flea, that in one day may possibly have bit three such men as Pericles, Phidias, and Euripides, many quiet unambitious travellers might choose to dispense with "glory," and content themselves with the view of Greek *external* nature. To these persons we would recommend the plan of carrying amongst their baggage a tent, with portable camp-beds: one of those, as originally invented upon the encouragement of the Peninsular campaigns from 1809 to 1814, and subsequently improved, would meet all ordinary wants. It is objected, indeed, that by this time the Grecian fleas must have colonized the very hills and woods: as once, we remember, upon Westminster Bridge, to a person who proposed bathing in the Thames by way of a ready ablution from the July dust, another replied, "My dear sir, by no means; the river itself is dusty. Consider what it is to have received the dust of London for nineteen hundred years since Cæsar's invasion." But in any case the water-cups, in which the bed-

* Chief-Justice squinted probably at the Versailles affair, where parties were incinerated; for which, in Yorkshire, there is a local word—*crozelled*, applied to those who lie down upon a treacherous lime-pit, whose crust gives way to their weight. But if he meant security in the sense of the public funds, Chief-Justice was still more in error, as he will soon learn. For the British Railways now yield a regular income of three millions per annum—one tenth of the interest of the national debt; offer as steady an investment as the 3 per cent Consols; and will soon be quoted in other securities.

posts rest [illegible]id the transit of creatures not [illegible] to swim or to fly. A flea indeed [illegible]s; and, by all report, in a way t[illegible]ar beats a tiger—taking the standard of measurement from the bodies of the competitors. But even this may be remedied: giving the maximum leap of a normal flea, it is always easy to raise the bed indefinitely from the ground—space upwards is unlimited—and the supporters of the bed may be made to meet in one pillar, coated with so viscous a substance as to put even a flea into chancery.

As to dogs, the case is not so easily settled; and before the reader is in a condition to judge of our remedy, he ought to know the evil in its whole extent. After all allowances for vermin that waken you before your time, or assassins that send you to sleep before your time, no single Greek nuisance can be placed on the same scale with the dogs attached to every *ménage*, whether household or pastoral. Surely as a stranger approaches to any inhospitable door of the peasantry, often before he knows of such a door as in *rerum naturâ*, out bounds upon him by huge careering leaps a horrid infuriated ruffian of a dog—oftentimes a huge *molossus*, big as an English cow—active as a leopard, fierce as a hyena, but more powerful by much, and quite as little disposed to hear reason. So situated—seeing an enemy in motion with whom it would be as idle to negotiate as with an earthquake—what is the bravest man to do? Shoot him? Ay; that was pretty much the course taken by a young man who lived before Troy; and see what came of it. This man, in fact a boy of seventeen, had walked out to see the city of Mycenæ, leaving his elder cousin at the hotel sipping his wine. Out sprang a huge dog from the principal house in what you might call the High Street of Mycenæ; the young man's heart began to palpitate; he was in that state of excitement which affects most people when fear mingles with excessive anger. What was he to do? Pistols he had none. And, as nobody came out to his aid, he put his hand to the ground; seized a *chermadion*, (or paving-stone,) smashed the skull of the odious brute, and with quite as much merit as Count Robert of Paris was entitled to have claimed from his lucky hit in the dungeon, then walked off to report his little exploit to his cousin at the hotel. But what followed? The wretches in the house, who never cared to show themselves so long as it might only be the dog killing a boy, all came tumbling out by crowds when it became clear that a boy had killed the dog. "*A la lanterne!*" they yelled out; valiantly charged *en masse*: and amongst them they managed to kill the boy. But there was a reckoning to pay for this. Had they known who it was that sat drinking at the hotel, they would have thought twice before they backed their brute. That cousin, whom the poor boy had left at his wine, happened to be an ugly customer—Hercules *incog*. It is needless to specify the result. The child unborn had reason to rue the murder of the boy. For his cousin proved quite as deaf to all argument or submission as their own foul thief of a dog or themselves. Suffice it—that the royal house of Mycenæ, in the language of Napoleon's edicts, ceased to reign. But here is the evil; few men leave a Hercules at their hotel; and all will have to stand the vindictive fury of the natives for their canine friends, if you should pistol them. Be it in deliverance of your own life, or even of a lady's by your side, no apology will be listened to. In fact, besides the disproportionate annoyance to a traveller's nerves, that he shall be kept uneasy at every turn of the road in mere anxiety as to the next recurrence of struggles so desperate, it arms the indignation of a bold Briton beforehand—that a horrid brute shall be thought entitled to kill *him*, and if he *does*, it is pronounced an accident: but if he, a son of the mighty island, kills the brute, instantly a little hybrid Greek peasant shall treat it as murder.

Many years ago, we experienced the selfsame annoyance in the north of England. Let no man talk of courage in such cases. Most justly did Maréchal Saxe ask an officer sneeringly, who protested that he had never known the sensation of fear, and could not well imagine what it was like, had he ever snuffed a candle with his fingers? "because in that case," said the veteran, "I fancy you mi[illegible]ve felt afraid of burning your tm[illegible]." A brave man, on a service of kn[illegible] danger, braces up his mind by a

tinct effort to the necessities of his duty. The great sentiment that it is his duty, the sentiments of honour and of country, reconcile him to the service whilst it lasts. No use, besides, in ducking before shot, or dodging, or skulking; he that faces the storm most cheerfully, has after all the best chance of escaping—were that the object of consideration. But, as soon as this trial is over, and the energy called forth by a high tension of duty has relaxed, the very same man often shrinks from ordinary trials of his prowess. Having, perhaps, little reason for confidence in his own bodily strength, seeing no honour in the struggle, and sure that no duty would be hallowed by any result, he shrinks from it in a way which surprises those who have heard of his martial character. Brave men in extremities are many times the most nervous, and the shyest under perils of a mean order. We, without claiming the benefit of these particular distinctions, happened to be specially "soft" on this one danger from dogs. Not from the mere terror of a bite, but for the shocking doubt besieging such a case for four or five months that hydrophobia may supervene. Think, excellent reader, if we should suddenly prove hydrophobous in the middle of this paper, how could you distinguish the hydrophobous from the non-hydrophobous part? You would say, as Voltaire of Rousseau, "sa plume apparemment brûlera le papier."—Such being the horror ever before our mind, images of eyeballs starting from their sockets, spasms suffocating the throat—we could not see a dog starting off into a yell of sudden discovery bound for the foot of our legs, but that undoubtedly a mixed sensation of panic and fury overshadowed us; a χερμάδιον was not always at hand; and without practice we could have little confidence in our power of sending it home, else many is the head we should have crushed. Sometimes, where more than one dog happened to be accomplices in the outrage, we were not altogether out of danger. "Euripides," we said, "was really torn to pieces by the dogs of a sovereign prince; in Hounslow, but a month since, a little girl was all but worried by the buck hounds of a greater sovereign than Archelaus; and why not we by the dogs of a farmer?" The scene lay in Westmoreland and Cumberland. Often times it would happen that in summer we had turned aside from the road, or perhaps the road itself forced us to pass a farm-house from which the family might be absent in the hay-field. Unhappily the dogs in such a case are often left behind. And many have been the fierce contests in which we have embarked; for, as to retreating, be it known that there (as in Greece) the murderous savages will pursue you—sometimes far into the high-road. That result it was which uniformly brought us back to a sense of our own wrongs, and finally—of our rights. "Come," we used to say, "this is too much; here at least is the king's highway, and things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if we, who partake of a common nature with the king, and write good Latin, whereas all the world knows what sort of Latin is found among dogs, may not have as good a right to standing-room as a low-bred quadruped with a tail like you." Non usque adeo summis permiscuit ima longa dies, &c. We remember no instance which ever so powerfully illustrated the courage given by the consciousness of rectitude. So long as we felt that we were trespassing on the grounds of a stranger, we certainly sneaked, we seek not to deny it. But once landed on the high-road, where we knew our own title to be as good as the dog's, not all the world should have persuaded us to budge one foot.

Our reason for going back to these old Cumbrian remembrances will be found in what follows. Deeply incensed at the insults we had been obliged to put up with for years, brooding oftentimes over

> "Wrongs unredress'd, and insults unavenged,"

we asked ourselves—Is vengeance hopeless? And at length we hit upon the following scheme of retribution. This it is which we propose as applicable to Greece. Well acquainted with the indomitable spirit of the bull-dog, and the fidelity of the mastiff, we determined to obtain two such companions; to re-traverse our old ground; to make a point of visiting every house where we had been grossly insulted by dogs; and to commit our cause to the management of these new

allies. "Let us see," said we, "if they wi speak in the same bullying tone *th* s time." "But with what ulterior views?" the dispassionate reader asks. T sai , we answer, which Mr Pitt professed as the objects of the Revolutionary war—"Indemnity for the past, and security for the future." Years, however, passed on: Charles X. fell from his throne; the Reform Bill passed; other things occurred, and at last this change struck us—that the dogs, on whom our vengeance would alight, generally speaking, must belong to a second generation, or even a third, in descent from our personal enemies. Now, this vengeance "by procuration" seemed no vengeance at all. But a plan which failed, as regarded our own past wrongs, may yet apply admirably to a wrong current and in progress. If we Englishmen may not pistol Greek canine ruffians, at any rate we suppose an English bull-dog has a right to make a tour in Greece. A mastiff, if he pays for his food and lodgings, possesses as good a title to see Athens and the Peloponnesus as a Bavarian, and a better than a Turk; and, if he cannot be suffered to pass quietly along the roads on his own private affairs, the more is the pity. But assuredly the consequences will not fall on *him*; we know enough of the sublime courage bestowed on that heroic animal, to be satisfied that he will shake the life out of any enemy that Greece can show. The embassy sent by Napoleon to the Schah of Persia about the year 1810, complained much and often of the huge dogs scattered over all parts of Western Asia, whether Turkish or Persian; and, by later travels amongst the Himalayas, it seems that the same gigantic ruffians prevail in Central Asia. But the noble English bull-dogs, who, being but three in number, did not hesitate for one instant to rush upon the enormous lion at Warwick, will face any enemy in the world, and will come off victors, unless hyperbolically overweighted; a peril which need not be apprehended, except perhaps in Laconia or Messenia.

Here, therefore, we should be disposed to leave the subject. But, as it is curious for itself, is confessedly of importance to the traveller, and has thrown light upon a passage in the Odyssey that had previously been unintelligible—we go on to one other suggestion furnished by the author before us. It is really a discovery; and is more worthy of a place in annotations upon Homer, than nine in ten of all that we read:—

"Among the numerous points of resemblance with which the classical traveller cannot fail to be struck, between the habits of pastoral and agricultural life as still exemplified in Greece, and those which formerly prevailed in the same country, there is none more calculated to arrest his attention than the correspondence of the shepherds' encampments, scattered on the face of the less cultivated districts, with the settlements of the same kind whose concerns are so frequently brought forward in the imagery of the Iliad and Odyssey. Accordingly, the passage of Homer to which the existing peculiarity above described," (viz. of pelting off dogs by large jagged stones,) "affords the most appropriate commentary, is the scene where Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, in approaching the farm of the swineherd, is fiercely assaulted by the dogs, but delivered by the master of the establishment. Pope's translation, with the exception of one or two expressions," (amongst which Mr Mure notices *mastiff* as 'not a good term for a sheep-dog,') "here conveys with tolerable fidelity the spirit of the original:—

"'Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew;
Down sate the sage; and, cautious to withstand,
Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden the master runs—aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With show'rs of stones he drives them far away;
The scatter'd dogs around at distance bay.'"

—Odyss. xiv. 29.

First, however, let us state the personal adventure which occasions this reference to Homer, as it illustrates a feature in Greek scenery, and in the composition of Greek society. In the early part of his travels, on a day when Mr Mure was within a few hours of the immortal Mesolonghi, he (as better mounted) had ridden a-head of his suite. Suddenly he

"an encampment of small low reed wigwams," which in form resembled "the pastoral capanne of the Roman plain;" but were "vastly inferior in size and structure." Women and children were sitting outside: but finally there crawled forth from the little miserable hovels two or three male figures of such gigantic dimensions as seemed beyond the capacity of the entire dwellings. Several others joined them, all remarkable for size and beauty. And one, whose air of authority bespoke his real rank of chief, Mr Mure pronounces "a most magnificent-looking barbarian." This was a nomad tribe of Wallachian shepherds, descended (it is supposed) from the Dacian colonies, Romans intermingled with natives, founded by the later Cæsars: the prevalent features of their faces are, it seems, Italian; their language is powerfully veined with Latin; their dress differing from that of all their Albanian neighbours, resembles the dress of Dacian captives sculptured on the triumphal monuments of Rome; and lastly, their peculiar name, *Vlach-Wallachian*, indicates in the Sclavonic language pretty much the same relation to a foreign origin, as in German is indicated by the word *Welsch*: an affinity of which word is said to exist in our word *Walnut*, where *wall* (as the late Mr Coleridge thinks) means *alien, outlandish*. The evidence therefore is as direct for their non-Grecian descent as could be desired. But they are interesting to Greece at this time, because annually migrating from Thessaly in the summer, and diffusing themselves in the patriarchal style with their wives, their children, and their flocks, over the sunny vales of Bœotia, of Peloponnesus, and in general of southern Greece. Their men are huge, but they are the mildest of the human race. Their dogs are huge also: so far the parallel holds. We regret that a strict regard to truth forbids us to pursue the comparison.

"I found myself on a sudden," says Mr Mure, "surrounded by a fierce pack of dogs, of size proportioned to that of their masters, and which rushed forth on every side as if bent on devouring both myself and beast: being altogether unprovided with any means of defence but the rope-end of the same halter that supplied my stirrups, I was (I confess) not a little disconcerted by the assault of so unexpected an enemy." From this he was soon delivered at the moment by some of the gentle giants, who "pelted off the animals with the large loose stones that lay scattered over the rocky surface of the heath." But upon the character of the nuisance, and upon the particular remedy employed—both of which are classical, and older than Troy, Mr Mure makes the following explanations:—

"The number and ferocity of the dogs that guard the Greek hamlets and sheepfolds, as compared with those kept for similar purposes in other parts of the world, is one of the peculiarities of this country which not only first attracts the attention of the tourist, but is chiefly calculated to excite his alarm, and call into exercise his prowess or presence of mind. It is also amongst the features of modern Greek life that supply the most curious illustrations of classical antiquity. Their attacks are not confined to those who approach the premises of which they are the appointed guardians;" they do not limit themselves to defensive war; "in many districts they are in the habit of rushing from a considerable distance to torment the traveller passing along the public track; and when the pastoral colonies, as is often the case, occur at frequent intervals, the nuisance becomes quite intolerable." But in cases where the succession is less continuous, we should imagine that the nuisance was in the same proportion more dangerous; and Mr Mure acknowledges—that, under certain circumstances, to a solitary stranger the risk would be serious; though generally, and in the case of cavalcades, the dogs fasten chiefly upon the horses.

But endless are the compensations which we find in the distributions of nature. Is there a bane? Near it lies an antidote. Is there a disease? Look for a specific in that same neighbourhood. Here, also, the universal rule prevails. As it was destined that Greece in all ages should be scourged by this intestine enemy, it was provided that a twofold specific should travel concurrently with the evil. And because the vegetable specific, in the shape of oaken cudgels, was liable to local failures, (at this moment, in fact, from the wreck of her woods by means of incendiary armies, Greece is, for a season, disafforested,) there

exists a second specific of a mineral character, which (please Heaven!) shall never fail, so long as Greece is Greece. "The usual weapons of defence, employed in such cases by the natives, are the large loose stones with which the soil is *every where* strewed—a natural feature of this region, to which also belongs its own proper share of classic interest." The character of the rocks prevailing in those mountain ridges which intersect the whole of Greece is, that, whilst in its interior texture "of iron-hard consistency," yet at the surface it is "broken into detached fragments of infinitely varied dimensions." Balls, bullets, grape, and canister shot, have all been "parked" in inexhaustible magazines; whilst the leading feature which strikes the mind with amazement in this natural artillery, is its fine *retail* distribution. Every where you may meet an enemy; stoop, and every where there is shot piled for use. We see a Leibnitzian pre-established harmony between the character of the stratification and the character of the dogs. Cardinal de Retz explains why that war, in the minority of Louis XIV., was called the *Fronde*; and it seems that in Greece, where an immortal *fronde* was inevitable, an immortal magazine was supplied for it—one which has been, and will continue to be, under all revolutions, for the uncultured tracts present the missiles equally diffused; and the first rudiments of culture show themselves in collections of these missiles along the roads. Hence, in fact, a general mistake of tourists. "It is certain," says Mr Mure, "that many of the circular mounds, which are noted in the itineraries under the rubric of *ancient tumulus*, have been heaped up in this manner. It is to these stones that travellers, and the population at large instinctively have recourse, as the most effectual weapon against the assaults of the dogs." The small shot of pebbles, however, or even stones equal to pigeon's eggs, would avail nothing; "those selected are seldom smaller than a man, exerting his full force, can conveniently lift and throw with one hand." Thence, in fact, and from no other cause, comes (as Mr Mure observes) the Homeric designation of such stones, viz. *chermadion*, or handful; of which he also cites the definition given by Lucian, λιθος χειροπληθης, *a hand-filling stone*. Ninety generations have passed since the Trojan war, and each of the ninety has used the same bountiful magazine. All readers of the *Iliad* must remember how often Ajax, or Hector, took up *chermadia*, "such as twice five men in our degenerate days could barely lift," launching them at light-armed foes, who positively would not come nearer to take their just share of the sword or spear. "The weapon is the more effectual, owing to the nature of the rock itself, broken as it is in its whole surface into angular and sharp-pointed inequalities, which add greatly to the severity of the wound inflicted. Hence, as most travellers will have experienced, a fall amongst the Greek rocks is unusually painful." It is pleasing to find Homer familiar not only with the use of the weapon, but with its finest external "development." Not only the stone must be a bouncer, a *chermadion*, with some of the properties (we believe) marking a good cricket-ball, but it ought to be ὀκριοεις—such is the Homeric epithet of endearment, his caressing description of a good brainer, viz. *splinting, jagged*.

This fact of the *chermadic* weight attached to the good war-stone explains, as Mr Mure ingeniously remarks, a simile of Homer's, which ought to have been pure nonsense for Pope and Cowper; viz. that in describing a dense mist, such as we foolishly imagine peculiar to our own British climate, and meaning to say that a man could scarcely descry an object somewhat a-head of his own station, he says, τοσσον τις τ'ἐπιλευσσει ὁσον τ'ἐπι λαιαν ἱησι: *so far does man see as he hurls a stone*. Now, in the skirmish of "bickering," this would argue no great limitation of eyesight. "Why, man, how far *would* you see? Would you see round a corner?" "A shot of several hundred yards," says Mr Mure, "were no great feat for a country lad well skilled in the art of stone-throwing." But this is not Homer's meaning—"The cloud of dust" (which went before an army advancing, and which it is that Homer compares to a mist on the hills perplexing the shepherd) "was certainly much denser than to admit of the view extending to such a distance. In the Homeric sense, as allusive to the hurling of the ponderous *chermadion*, the figure is correct and expressive."

And here, as every where, we see the Horatian parenthesis upon Homer, as one, *qui nil molitur inepte*, who never speaks vaguely, never wants a reason, and never loses sight of a reality, amply sustained. Here, then, is a local resource to the British tourist besides the imported one of the bull-dog. And it is remarkable that, except where the dogs are preternaturally audacious, a mere hint of the chermadion suffices. Late in our own experience, too late for glory, we made the discovery that all dogs have a mysterious reverence for a trundling stone. It calls off attention from the human object, and strikes alarm into the caitiff's mind. He thinks the stone alive. Upon this hint we found that it was possible to improve: stooping down, we "made believe" to launch a stone, when, in fact, we had none; and the effect generally followed. So well is this understood in Greece, that, according to a popular opinion reported by Mr Mure, the prevailing habit in Grecian dogs, as well as bitches, of absenting themselves from church, grows out of the frequent bowings and genuflexions practised in the course of the service. The congregation, one and all, simultaneously stoop; the dog's wickedness has made him well acquainted with the meaning of that act: it is a symbol but too significant to his conscience; and he takes to his heels with the belief that a whole salvo of 101 *chermadia* are fastening on his devoted "hurdies."

Here, therefore, is a suggestion at once practically useful, and which furnishes more than one important elucidation to passages in Homer hitherto unintelligible. For the sake of one other such passage, we shall, before dismissing the subject, pause upon a novel fact communicated by Mr Mure, which is equally seasonable as a new Homeric light, and as a serviceable hint in a situation of extremity.

In the passage already quoted under Pope's version from Odyssey, xiv. 29, what is the meaning of that singular couplet—

"Down sate the sage: and cautious to withstand,
Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand."*

Mr Mure's very singular explanation will remind the naturalist of something resembling it in the habits of buffaloes. Dampier mentions a case, which he witnessed in some island with a Malay population, where a herd of buffaloes continued to describe concentric circles, by continually narrowing around a party of sailors; and at last submitted only to the control of children *not too far beyond the state of infancy.* The white breed of wild cattle, once so well-known at Lord Tankerville's in Northumberland, and at one point in the south-west of Scotland, had a similar instinct for regulating the fury of their own attack: but it was understood that when the final circle had been woven, the spell was perfect; and that the herd would "do business" most effectually. As respects the Homeric case, "I," (says Mr Mure,) "am probably not the only reader who has been puzzled to understand the object of this manœuvre" (the sitting down) "on the part of the hero. I was first led to appreciate its full value in the following manner:—At Argos one evening, at the table of General Gordon," (then commanding-in-chief throughout the Morea, and the best historian of the Greek revolution, but who subsequently resigned, and died in the spring of 1841, at his seat in Aberdeenshire,) "the conversation happened to turn, as it frequently does where tourists are in company, on this very subject of the number and fierceness of the Grecian dogs; when one of the company remarked that he knew of a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening on a journey to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral set-

* As respects the *elegance* of this translation, there is good reason to warn the reader—that much of the Odyssey was let off by contract, like any poor-house proposal for "clods" and "stickings" of beef, to low undertakers, such as Broome and Fenton. Considering the ample fortune which Pope drew from the whole work, we have often been struck by the inexplicable indulgence with which this scandalous partition is treated by Pope's biographers. It is simply the lowest act of self-degradation ever connected with literature.

tlement by the wayside. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him; and the consequences might have been serious, had he not been rescued by an old shepherd, (the Eumeus of the fold,) who, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. The guest made some remark on the zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed from their attack. The old man replied "that it was his own fault, from not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency; that he ought to have stopped, and *sate down* until some person came to protect him." Here we have the very act of Ulysses; with the necessary circumstance that he laid aside his arms; after which, the two parties were under a provisional treaty. And Adam Smith's doubtful assumption that dogs are incapable of exchange, or reciprocal understanding, seems still more doubtful. As this expedient was new to the traveller, "he made some further enquiries; and was assured that, if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapon of defence, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him; that, as long as he remains quiet, they will follow his example; but that, as soon as he rises and moves forward, they will renew their assault. This story, though told without the least reference to the Odyssey, at once brought home to my own mind the scene at the fold of Eumeus with the most vivid reality. The existence of the custom was confirmed by other persons present, from their own observation or experience." Yet, what if the night were such as is often found even in Southern Greece during winter—a black frost; and that all the belligerents were found in the morning symmetrically grouped as petrifactions? However, here again we have the Homer *qui nil molitur inepte*, who addressed a people of known habits. Yet *quære*—as a matter of some moment for Homeric disputes—were these habits of Ionian colonies, or exclusively of Greece Proper?

But enough of the repulsive features in Greek travelling. We, for our part, have endeavoured to meet them with remedies both good and novel. Now let us turn to a different question. What are the positive attractions of Greece? What motives are there to a tour so costly? What are the *Pros*, supposing the *Cons* dismissed? This is a more difficult question than is imagined: so difficult, that most people set out without waiting for the answer: they travel first, and leave to providential contingencies the chance that, on a review of the tour in its course, some adequate motive may suggest itself. Certainly it may be said, that the word Greece already in itself contains an adequate motive; and we do not deny that a young man, full of animal ardour and high classical recollections, may, without blame, give way to the mere instincts of wandering. It is a fine thing to bundle up your traps at an hour's warning, and fixing your eye upon some bright particular star, to say—"I will travel after thee: I will have no other mark: I will chase thy rising or thy setting:" that is, on Mr Wordsworth's hint derived from a Scottish lake, to move on a general object of *stepping westwards*, or *stepping eastwards*. But there are few men qualified to travel, who stand in this free "unhoused" condition of license to spend money, to lose time, or to court peril. In balancing the pretensions of different regions to a distinction so costly as an *effectual* tour, money it is, simply the consideration of cost, which furnishes the chief or sole ground of administration; having but £100 disposable in any one summer, a man finds his field of choice circumscribed at once: and rare is the household that can allow twice that sum annually. He contents himself with the Rhine, or possibly, if more adventurous, he may explore the passes of the Pyrenees; he may unthread the mazes of romantic Auvergne, or make a stretch even to the Western Alps of Savoy.

But, for the Mediterranean, and especially for the Levant—these he resigns to richer men; to those who can command from three to five hundred pounds. And next, having submitted to this preliminary limitation of radius, he is guided in selecting from what remains by some indistinct prejudice of his early reading. Many are they in England who start with a blind faith, inherited from Mrs Radcliffe's romances, and thousands beside, that, in Southern France or in Italy, from the Milanese down to the furthest nook of the Sicilies, it is physically

impossible for the tourist to go wrong. And thus it happens, that a spectacle, somewhat painful to good sense, is annually renewed of confiding households leaving a real Calabria in Montgomeryshire or Devonshire, for dreary sunburned flats in Bavaria, in Provence, in Languedoc, or in the "Legations" of the Papal territory. "Vintagers," at a distance, how romantic a sound! Hops—on the other hand—how mercenary, nay, how culinary, by the feeling connected with their use, or their taxation! Arcadian shepherds again, or Sicilian from the "bank of delicate Galesus," can these be other than poetic? The hunter of the Alpine ibex—can he be other than picturesque? A sandled monk mysteriously cowled, and in the *distance*, (but be sure of *that!*) a band of robbers reposing at noon amidst some Salvator-Rosa-looking solitudes of Calabria—how often have such elements, semi-consciously grouped, and flashing upon the indistinct mirrors lighted up by early reading, seduced English good sense into undertakings terminating in angry disappointment! We acknowledge that the English are the only nation under this romantic delusion: but so saying, we pronounce a very mixed censure upon our country. In itself, it is certainly a folly, which other nations (Germany excepted) are not above, but below: a folly which presupposes a most remarkable distinction for our literature, significant in a high moral degree. The plain truth is—that Southern Europe has no romance in its household literature; has not an organ for comprehending what it is that we mean by Radcliffian romance. The old ancestral romance of knightly adventure, the *Sangréal*, the *Round Table*, &c., exists for Southern Europe as an antiquarian subject; or, if treated æsthetically, simply as a subject adapted to the ludicrous. And the secondary romance of our later literature is to the south unintelligible. No Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian, at all comprehends the grand poetic feeling employed and nursed by narrative fictions through the last seventy years in England, though connected by us with their own supposed scenery.

Generally, in speaking of Southern Europe, it may be affirmed that the idea of heightening any of the grander passions by association with the shadowy and darker forms of natural scenery, heaths, mountainous recesses, "forests drear," or the sad desolation of a silent sea-shore, of the desert, or of the ocean, is an idea not developed amongst them, nor capable of combining with their serious feelings. By the evidence of their literature, viz. of their poetry, their drama, their novels, it is an interest to which the whole race is deaf and blind. A Frenchman or an Italian (for the Italian, in many features of Gallic insensibility, will be found ultra-Gallican) can understand a state in which the moving principle is sympathy with the world of conscience. Not that his own country will furnish him with any grand exemplification of such an interest; but, merely as a human being, he cannot escape from a certain degree of human sympathy with the dread tumults going on in that vast theatre—a conscience-haunted mind. So far he stands on common ground; but how this mode of shedding terror can borrow any alliance from chapels, from ruins, from monastic piles, from Inquisition dungeons inscrutable to human justice, or dread confessionals,—all this is unfathomably mysterious to Southern Europe. The Southern imagination is passively and abjectly dependant on *social* interests; and these must conform to modern types. Hence, partly, the reason that only the British travel. The German is generally too poor. The Frenchman desires nothing but what he finds at home: having Paris at hand, why should he seek an inferior Paris in distant lands? To an Englishman this demur could seldom exist. He may think, and, with introductions into the higher modes of aristocratic life, he may know that London and St Petersburg are far more magnificent capitals than Paris; but *that* will not repel his travelling instincts. A superior London he does not credit or desire; but what he seeks is not a superior, it is a different, life;—not new degrees of old things, but new *kinds* of experience are what he asks. His scale of conception is ampler; whereas, generally, the Frenchman is absorbed into one ideal. Why else is it, that, after you have allowed for a few Frenchmen carried of necessity into foreign lands by the diplomatic concerns of so vast a country, and for a few artists travelling in quest of

gain or improvement, we hear of no French travellers as a class? And why is it that, except as regards Egypt, where there happens to lurk a secret political object in reversion for France, German literature builds in its historic or antiquarian researches almost exclusively upon English travellers? Our travellers may happen or not to be professional; but they are never found travelling for professional objects. Some have been merchants or bankers, many have been ecclesiastics; but neither commercial nor clerical or religious purposes have furnished any working motive, unless where, as express missionaries, they have prepared their readers to expect such a bias to their researches. Colonel Leake, the most accurate of travellers, is a soldier; and in reviewing the field of Marathon, of Platæa, and others deriving their interest from later wars, he makes a casual use of his soldiership. Captain Beaufort, again, as a sailor, uses his nautical skill where it is properly called for. But in the larger proportions of their works, even the professional are not professional; whilst such is our academic discipline, that all alike are scholars. And in this quality of merit the author before us holds a distinguished rank. He is no artist, though manifesting the eye learned in art and in landscape. He is not professionally a soldier; he is so only by that secondary tie which, in our island, connects the landed aristocracy with the landed militia; yet though not, in a technical sense, military, he disputes, with such as *are*, difficult questions of Greek martial history. He is no regular agriculturist, yet he conveys a good general impression of the Greek condition with relation to landed wealth or landed skill, as modified at this moment by the unfortunate restraints on a soil handed over, in its best parts, by a Turkish aristocracy that had engrossed them, to a Bavarian that cannot use them. In short, Mr Mure is simply a territorial gentleman; elevated enough to have stood a contest for the representation of a great Scottish county; of general information; and, in particular, he is an excellent Greek scholar; which latter fact we gather, not from any thing we have heard, but from these three indications meeting together;—1. That his verbal use of Greek, in trying the true meaning of names, (such as Mycene, the island of Asteris, &c.,) is original as well as accurate. 2. That his display of reading (not volunteered or selected, but determined by accidents of local suggestion) is ample. 3. That the frugality of his Greek citations is as remarkable as their pertinence. He is never tempted into trite references; nor ever allows his page to be encumbered by more of such learning than is severely needed.

With regard to the general motives for travelling, *his* for Greece had naturally some relation to his previous reading; but perhaps an occasional cause, making his true motives operative, may have been his casual proximity to Greece at starting—for he was then residing in Italy. Others, however, amongst those qualified to succeed him, wanting this advantage, will desire some positive objects of a high value, in a tour both difficult as regards hardships, costly, and too tedious, even with the aids of steam, for those whose starting point is England. These objects, real or imaginary, in a Greek tour, co-extensive with the new limits of Greek jurisdiction, let us now review:—

I. *The Greek People.*—It is with a view to the Greeks personally, the men, women, and children, who in one sense at least, viz. as occupants of the Greek soil, represent the ancient classical Greeks, that the traveller will undertake this labour. Representatives in one sense! Why, how now? are they not such in all senses? Do they not trace their descent from the classical Greeks?" We are sorry to say *not*; or in so doubtful a way, that the interest derived from that source is too languid to sustain itself against the opposing considerations. Some authors have peremptorily denied that one drop of genuine Grecian blood, transmitted from the countrymen of Pericles, now flows in the veins of any Greek subject. Falmereyer, the German, is at the head (we believe) of those who take that view. And many who think Falmereyer in excess, make these unpleasant concessions; viz. 1st, that in Athens and throughout Attica, where, by special preference, one would wish to see the Grecian cast of face predominating, *there*, to a single family almost, you may affirm all to be Albanian. Well; but what is Al-

banian? For the Albanian race, as having its headquarters in regions once undoubtedly occupied by a Greek race, Epirus, for instance, Acarnania, &c., may still be Grecian by descent: but unfortunately it is not so. The Albanians are no more Grecian, and notoriously no more represent the old legitimate Greeks, who thumped the Persians and whom the Romans thumped, than the modern English represent the Britons, or the modern Lowland Scotch represent the Scoti, of the centuries immediately following the Christian era. Both English and Lowland Scotch, for the first five centuries after the Christian era, were ranging the forests of north Germany or of southern Sweden. The men who fought with Cæsar, if now represented at all, are so in Wales, in Cornwall, or other western recesses of the island. And the Albanians are held to be a Sclavonic race—such at least is the accredited theory; so that modern Greece is connected with Russia, not merely by the bond of a common church, but also by blood, since the Russian people is the supreme branch of the Sclavonic race. This is the first concession made which limits any remnant of the true Greek blood to parts of the ancient Hellas not foremost in general interest, nor most likely to be visited.

A second is, that, if any claim to a true Grecian descent does exist extensively, it must be looked for amongst Mahometan clans, descended from renegades of former days, now confounded with other Mussulmans ejected from Greece, and living in Thrace, or other regions under the Sultan's sceptre. But even here the purity of the descent is in the last degree uncertain.

This case is remarkable. From the stationary character of all things in the East, there was a probability beforehand, that several nations—as in particular, four that we will mention: the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Affghans—should have presented the same purity of descent, untainted by alien blood, which we find in the children of Ishmael, and the children of his half-brother the patriarch Isaac. Yet, in that case, where would have been the miraculous unity of race predicted for these two nations exclusively by the Scriptures? The fact is, the four nations mentioned have been so profoundly changed by deluges of foreign conquest or foreign intrusion, that at this day, perhaps, no solitary individual could be found, whose ancestral line had not been confounded with other bloods. The Arabs only and the Jews, are under no suspicion of this hybrid mixture. Vast deserts, which insulate one side of the Arabian peninsula; the sea, which insulates the other sides, have, with other causes, preserved the Arab blood from all general attaint of its purity. Ceremonies, institutions, awful scruples of conscience, and through many centuries, misery and legal persecution, have maintained a still more impassable gulf between the Jews and other races. Spain is the only Christian land where the native blood was at any time intermingled with the Jewish; and hence one cause for the early vigilance of the Inquisition in that country more than elsewhere; hence also the horror of a Jewish taint in the Spanish hidalgo; Judaism masquing itself in Christianity, was so keenly suspected, or so haughtily disclaimed, simply because so largely it existed. It was, however, under a very peculiar state of society, that, even during an interval, and in a corner, Jews *could* have intermarried with Christians. Generally, the intensity of reciprocal hatred, long oppressive upon the one side, deep degradation upon the other, perpetuated the alienation, had the repulsion of creeds even relaxed. And hence, at this day, the intense purity of the Jewish blood, through probably more than six millions of individuals.

But with respect to the Grecians, as no barrier has ever existed between them and any other* race than the Turks, and these only in the shape of religious scruples, which on one side

* Some will urge the intolerance of the Greeks for Christians of the Latin church. But that did not hinder alliances, and ambitious attempts at such alliances, with their Venetian masters in the most distinguished of the Greek houses. Witness the infernal atrocities by which the Venetian government avenged at times, what they viewed as unable presumption. See their own records.

had the highest political temptation to give way, there was no pledge stronger than individual character, there could be no national or corporate pledge, for the maintenance of this insulation. As therefore, in many recorded cases, the strongest barrier (viz. that against Mahometan alliances) is known to have given way, as in other cases innumerable, but forgotten, it must be presumed to have given way; this inference follows, viz. that if any where the Grecian blood remains in purity, the fact will be entirely without evidence; and for us, the result will be the same as if the fact had no existence. Simply as a matter of curiosity, if our own opinion were asked as to the probability, that in any situation a true Greek-blooded population yet survives at this day, we should answer that, if any where, it will be found in the most sterile of the Greek islands. Yet, even there the bare probability of such a result will have been open to many disturbances; and especially, if the island happen to be much in the way of navigators, or the harbours happen to be convenient, or if it happen to furnish a good stage in a succession of stages, (according to the ancient usages of Mediterranean seamanship,) or if it possessed towns containing accumulations of provisions or other stores, or offered good watering-places; under any of these endowments, an island might be tempting to pirates, or to roving adventurers, or to remote overpeopled parts of Italy, Africa, Asia Minor, &c.; in short, to any vicious city where but one man amongst the poorer classes knew the local invitations to murderous aggressions. Under so many contingencies operative through so many centuries, and revolutions so vast upon nations so multiplied, we believe that even a poor unproductive soil is no absolute pledge for non-molestation to the most obscure of recesses.

For instance, the poorest district of the large island Crete, might (if any could) be presumed to have a true Greek population. There is little to be found in that district beyond the means of bare subsistence; and (considering the prodigious advantages of the ground for defensive war) little to be looked for by an invader but hard knocks, "more kicks than halfpence," so long as there was any indigenous population to stand up and kick. But often it must have happened in a course of centuries, that plague, small-pox, cholera, the sweating-sickness, or other scourges of universal Europe and Asia, would absolutely depopulate a region no larger than an island; as in fact, within our brief knowledge of the New Hollanders, has happened through small-pox alone, to entire tribes of those savages; and, upon a scale still more awful, to the American Indians. In such cases, mere strangers would oftentimes enter upon the lands as a derelict. The Sfakians in that recess of Crete which we have noticed, are not supposed by scholars to be a true Grecian race; nor do we account them such. And one reason of our own, superadded to the common reasons against allowing a Greek origin, is this:—The Sfakians are a large-limbed, fine-looking race, more resembling the Wallachians whom we have already noticed, than the other races of Crete, or the other Greek islanders; and, like the Wallachians, are often of colossal stature. But the classical Greeks, we are pretty certain, were a race of little men. We have more arguments than one for this belief. But one will be sufficient. That Athenian painter, who recorded the battle of Marathon in fresco upon the walls of a portico, was fined for representing the Persians as conspicuously taller than the Greeks. But why?—why should any artist have ascribed such an advantage to the enemy, unless because it was a fact? What plausible motive, other than the notoriety of the fact, can be imagined in the painter? In reality, this artist proceeded on a general rule amongst the Greeks, and a rule strictly, if not almost superstitiously observed, and of ancient establishment, which was, that all conquerors in any contest, or at any games, olympic, or whatsoever they might be, were memorialized by statues exactly representing the living man in the year of victory, taken even with their personal defects. The dimensions were preserved with such painful fidelity, as though the object had been to collect and preserve for posterity, a series from every generation, of those men who might be presumed by their trophies to have been the models by natural prefiguration for that particular gym-

nastic accomplishment in which they had severally excelled. [See the *Acad. des Inscriptions*, about the year 1725.] At the time of Marathon, fought against the Lieutenant of Darius, the Olympic games had existed for two hundred years, *minus* thirteen; and at the closing battle of Platæa, fought against the Lieutenant of Xerxes, for two hundred, *minus* only two. During all this period, it is known for certain, perhaps even from far older times, that this rule of exact *portraiture*, a rigid demand for duplicates or fac-similes of the individual men, had prevailed in Greece. The enormous amount of Persian corpses buried by the Greeks, (or perhaps by Persian prisoners,) in the Polyandrium on the field of battle, would be measured and observed by the artists against the public application for their services. And the armour of those select men-at-arms, or ἀριστοι, who *had* regular suits of armour, would remain for many centuries suspended as consecrated ἀναθήματα in the Grecian temples; so that Greek artists would never want sure records of the Persian dimensions. Were it not for this rule, applied sternly to all real conflicts, it might have been open to imagine that the artist had exaggerated the persons of the enemy by way of exalting to posterity the terrors which their ancestors had faced; a more logical vanity than that inverse artifice imputed to Alexander, of burying in the Punjaub gigantic mangers and hyperbolical suits of armour, under the conceit of impressing remote ages with a romantic idea of the bodily proportions in the men and horses composing the corps of the Macedonian army. This was the true secret for disenchanting the martial pretensions of his army. Were you indeed such colossal men? In that case, the loss is your merit; of which most part belongs manifestly to a physical advantage; and in the eyes of no guesswork the advantage was less equivocal than it is at present. In the other direction, the logic of the Greek artist who painted Marathon is more cogent. The Persians were numerically superior, though doubtless this superiority has been greatly exaggerated, not wilfully so much as from natural mistakes incident to the Oriental composition of armies; and still more on the Grecian side, from extreme inaccuracy in the original reports, which was so great that even Herodotus, who stood removed from Platæa at the time of commencing his labours by pretty much the same interval as we in 1842 from Waterloo, is rightly observed by Colonel Leake (*Travels in Greece*) to have stated to him the Greek numbers on the great day of Platæa, rather from the basis of fixed rateable contingents which each state was bound to furnish, than of any positive return that he could allege. However, on the whole, it seems undeniable that even at Platæa, much more at Marathon, the Persians had the advantage in numbers. If, besides this numerical advantage, they had another in qualities of bodily structure, the inference was the greater to the Grecian merit. So far from slighting a Persian advantage which really existed, a Greek painter might rather be suspected of inventing one which did not. We apprehend, however, that he invented nothing. For, besides that subsequent intercourse with Persians would have defeated the effect of his representation had it reposed on a fiction, it is known that the Greeks did not rightly appreciate tallness. "Procerity," to use Dr Johnson's stately word in speaking of the stately Prussian regiment, was underrated in Greece; perhaps for this reason, that in some principal gymnastic contests, running, leaping, horsemanship, and chariot-eering, it really was a disadvantage. And hence possibly arose a fact which has been often noticed with surprise; viz. that the legendary Hercules was never delineated by the Greek artists as more than an athletic man of the ordinary standard with respect to height and bulk. The Greek imagination was extravagantly mastered by physical excellence; this is proved by the almost inconceivable value attached to gymnastic merit. Nowhere, except in Greece, could a lyrical enthusiasm have been made available in such a service. But amongst physical qualities they did not adequately value that of bodily stature. At all events, the rule of portraiture—the whole portrait and nothing but the portrait—which we have mentioned as absolute for Greece, coerced the painter into the advantageous distinc-

tion for the Persians which we have mentioned. And this rule, as *servile to the fact*, is decisive for the Greek proportions of body in comparison with the Persian.

But were not some tribes amongst the Greeks celebrated for their stature? Yes; the Daulians, for instance, both men and women: and in some modern tourist we remember a distinction of the same kind claimed for the *present* occupants of Daulis. But the ancient claim had reference only to the Grecian scale. Tall, were they? Yes, but tall for Grecians. The Romans were possibly a shade taller than the Greeks, but they also were a little race of men. This is certain. And, if a man were incautious enough to plead in answer the standard of the modern Italians, who are often both tall and athletic, he must be reminded, that to Tramontanes, in fact, such as Goths, Heruli, Scyrra, Lombards, and other tribes of the Rhine, Lech, or Danube, Italy is indebted for the improved breed of her carcasses. Man, instead of degenerating according to the scandalous folly of books, very slowly improves every where; and the carcasses of the existing generation, weighed off, million for million, against the carcasses of any pre-Christian generation, we feel confident would be found to have the advantage by many thousands of stones [the butchers' stone is 8 lbs.] upon each million. And universally the best *primâ facie* title to a pure Greek descent will be an elegantly formed [but somewhat under-sized] person, with a lively, animated, and intelligent physiognomy; of which last may be said, that, if never in the highest sense rising to the noble, on the other hand, it never sinks to the brutal. At Liverpool we used to see in one day many hundreds of Greek sailors from all parts of the Levant; these were amongst the most probable descendants from the children of Ion or of Œcles, and the character of their persons was what we describe—short but symmetrical figures, and faces, upon the whole, delicately chiselled. These men generally came from the Greek islands.

Meantime, what is Mr Mure's opinion upon this much-vexed question? Into the general problem he declines to enter; not, we may be sure, from want of ability to treat it with novelty and truth. But we collect that he sees no reason for disputing the general impression, that an Albanian or hybrid population is mainly in possession of the soil, and that perhaps he would say, *lis est de paupere regno*; for, if there is no beauty concerned in the decision, nor any of the quality of physical superiority, the loss seems the value of the dispute. To appropriate a set of plain faces, to identify the descent of ordinary bodies, seems labour lost. And in the race now nominally claiming to be Grecian, Mr Mure evidently finds only plain faces, and ordinary bodies. Those, whom at any time he commends for beauty or other advantages of per-

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* It may be remarked, as a general prevailing tendency amongst the great Italian masters of painting, that there is the same conspicuous leaning to regard the gigantic as a vulgar straining after effect. Witness St Paul before Agrippa, and St Paul at Athens; Alexander the Great, or the Archangel Michael. Nowhere throughout the whole world is the opposite defect carried to a more intolerable excess than amongst the low (but we regret to add—and in all but the very highest) of London artists. Many things, which the wretched Von Raumer said of English art, were abominable and malicious falsehoods; circulated not for London, but for Berlin and Dresden, where English engravers and English landscape-painters are too justly prized by the wealthy purchasers not to be hated by the needy sellers. Indeed, to hear Von Raumer's account of our water-colour exhibitions, you would suppose that such men as Turner, Dewint, Prout, and many others, had no merit whatever, and no name except in London. Raumer is not an honest man. But had he fixed his charges on the book-decorators amongst us, what an unlimited field for ridicule the most reasonable! In most sentimental poems, the musing young gentlemen and ladies usually run to seven and eight feet high. And in a late popular novel connected with the Tower of London, by Mr Ainsworth, [which really pushes its falsifications of history to an unpardonable length, as *e.g.* in the case of the gentle victim lady Jane Grey,] the Spanish ambassador seems to us at least fourteen feet high; and his legs meant for some ambassador who happened to be twenty-seven feet high.

son, are tribes confessedly alien; and, on the other hand, with respect to those claiming to be Greek, he pronounces a pointed condemnation by disparaging their women. It is notoriously a duty of the female sex to be beautiful, if they can, with a view to the recreation of us males—whom Lily's Grammar affirms to be "of the worthier gender." Sitting at breakfast, (which consisted "of red herrings and Gruyère cheese,") upon the shore of Megara, Mr Mure beheld the Megarensian lasses mustering in force for a general ablution of the Megarensian linen. The nymphs had not turned out upon the usual principles of feminine gatherings—

"Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ;"

and yet, between them, the two parties reciprocated the functions. Each to the other was a true spectacle. A long Scotchman,

"Qui siccâ solus secum spatiatur arenâ,"

and holding in his dexter mauley a red herring, whilst a white table-cloth (the centre of his motions) would proclaim some mysterious rite, must to the young ladies have seemed a merman suddenly come up from the sea without sound of conch; whilst to him the large deputation from female Megara furnished an extra theatre for the inspection of Greek beauty. "There was no river mouth visible, the operation being performed in the briny sea itself;" and, so far from this being unusual, Mr Mure notices it as a question of embarrassment to the men of Plutarch's age, why the Phœacian princess in the Odyssey did *not* wash in the sea, but mysteriously preferred the river, (*Sympos. I. qu.* 9;) but, as to beauty, says Mr M., "I looked in vain for a figure, which, either as to face or form, could claim even a remote resemblance to Nausicaä. The modern Greek women indeed appeared to me, upon the whole, about the most ill favoured I have met with in any country." And it attests the self-consistency of Mr Mure that in Arácova, the only [illegible] the wom[illegible] to be [illegible] they [illegible] cordingly, it is by the Bavarian officers of King Otho's army that these fair Arácovites have been chiefly raised into celebrity. We cannot immediately find the passage in Mr Mure's book relating to Arácova; but we remember that, although admitting the men to be a tolerably handsome race, he was disappointed in the females. Tall they are, and stout, but not, he thinks, beautiful.

Yet, in dismissing this subject of personal appearance as the most plausible test now surviving for the claim of a pure Greek descent, we must not forget to explain—that it is far from our design to countenance the hypothesis of any *abrupt* supersession, at any period or by any means, to the old Grecian blood. The very phrase of "national type," which we used in the last paragraph, and the diffusion of a language essentially Greek, argue at once a slow and gradational transition of the population into its present physical condition. Mr Mure somewhere describes, as amongst the characteristics of the present race, swarthiness and leanness. These we suspect to have been also characteristics of the old original *ton d'opameibomenoi* Greeks. If so, the fact would seem to argue, that the changes after all had not been on a scale sufficient to obliterate the primitive type of Hellenic nature; whilst the existence of any *diffused* type marks a tendency to national unity, and shows that some one element has so much predominated as to fuse the rest into a homogeneous whole. Indeed, it is pretty certain that a powerful cross in any human breed, whatever effects it may have in other respects, leaves the intellect improved—if not in the very highest qualities, yet in mobility, activity, and pertinacity of attention. The Greek nation has also shown itself morally improved; their revolutionary war evoked and tried, as in a furnace, the very finest qualities of courage, both adventurous and enduring; and we heartily agree in the [illegible] delivered so ably by [illegible] of these [illegible] from [illegible] in [illegible] other [illegible] ent, [illegible] blime in [illegible] the clas- [illegible] Persians, as [illegible] more obscure in

the page of general history. We do not at all question great stamina and noble elements in the modern Greek character—generations of independence will carry this character to excellence; but still we affirm, that he who looks for direct descendants from the race of Miltiades, Pericles, or Epaminondas, is likely to be disappointed; and most disappointed in that Athens, which for all of us alike (as appealing to our imaginative feelings) still continues to be what it was for Cicero—true and very Greece; in which, therefore, of all cities locally recalling the classical times, we can least brook a disappointment.

If not the people of Greece, is it then the NATURAL SCENERY of Greece which can justify the tourist in this preference? Upon this subject it is difficult to dispute. What a man is likely to relish in scenery—what style or mode of the natural picturesque; and secondly, what weight or value he will allow to his own preferences—are questions exceedingly variable. And the latter of these questions is the more important; for the objection is far less likely to arise against this mode of scenery or that, since every *characteristic* mode is relished as a change, than universally against all modes alike as adequate indemnifications for the toils of travelling. Female travellers are apt to talk of "scenery" as all in all, but men require a social interest superadded. Mere scenery palls upon the mind, where it is the sole and ever-present attraction relied on. It should come unbidden and unthought of, like the warbling of birds, to sustain itself in power. And at feeding-time we observe that men of all nations and languages, *Tros Tyriusve,* grow savage, if, by a fine scene, you endeavour to make amends for a bad beef-steak. The scenery of the Himalaya will not "draw houses" till it finds itself on a line of good hotels.

This difference, noted above, between the knowledge and the power of a scenery hunter may be often seen illustrated in the fields of art. How common is the old sapless connoisseur in pictures, who retains his learned eye and his distinguished skill, but whose sensibilities are as dry as summer dust to the interests of the art. On the other hand, daily you see young people whose hearts and soul are in the forests and the hills, but for whom the eye is perfectly untutored. If, now, to the differences in this respect you add the extensive differences which prevail as to the kinds of scenery, it is easy to understand how rich in the materials for schism must be every party that starts up on the excitement of mere scenery. Some laud the Caucasus; some the northern and eastern valleys of Spain; some the Alpine scenery; some the Pyrenean. All these are different; and from all alike differs again what Mr Mure classes as the classical character of scenery. For this, he thinks a regular education of the eye requisite. Such an education he himself had obtained from a residence in Italy. And, subject to that condition, he supposes the scenery on the Eurotas (to the eastern side of the Peloponnesus) the most delightful in Europe. We know not. It may be so. For ourselves, the obscure sense of being or moving under a vast superincumbency of some great natural power, as of a mighty forest, or a trackless succession of mountainous labyrinths, has a charm of secret force far better than any distinct scenes to which we are introduced. Such things ought not to be. But still so it is—that tours in search of the picturesque are peculiarly apt to break up in quarrels. Perhaps on the same principle which has caused a fact generally noticed, viz. that conchologists, butterfly-fanciers, &c., are unusually prone to commit felonies, because too little of a human interest circulates through their arid pursuits. The morbid irritation accumulates until the amateur rushes out with a knife, lets blood in some quarter, and so restores his own connexion with the vitalities of human nature. In any case, we advise the Greek tourist to have at least two strings to his bow besides scenery.

III.—Is it, then, the monuments of the antique, the memorials of Pericles and Phidias, which a man should seek in Greece? If so, no great use in going beyond Athens. Because, though more solemn images survive in other places, associated with powers more mysterious and ages more remote, as the gate of Lions at Mycenæ, or the relics yet standing (and perhaps to stand for ever) of Cyclopian cities, forms of art that for thousands of years have been dying away through dimness of outlines and ve-

getable overgrowth into forms of nature—yet in Athens only is there a great open museum of such monuments. The Athenian buildings, though none of them Homeric in point of origin, are old enough for us. Two-and-a-half millennia satisfy our grovelling aspirations. And Mr Mure himself, whilst insisting on their too youthful character, admits that they are "superior in number, variety, and elegance, to those which the united cities of Greece can now show." Yet even these pure monuments have been ecombined with modern aftergrowths, as in the case of the Propylœa, of which multitudes doubt [Mr Mure in particular] whether they can now be detached from the connexion with effect. For more reasons than one, it will, perhaps, be advisable to leave them in their present condition, and that is as hybrid as the population. But, with respect to Athenian buildings, it strikes our feelings—that finish and harmony are essential conditions to their effect. Ruins are becoming to Gothic buildings—decay is there seen in a graceful form: but to an Attic building decay is more expressive of disease—it is scrofula; it is phagedænic ulcer. And unless the Bavarian Government can do more than is now held out or hoped, towards the restoration and *disengagement* of the public buildings surmounting the city, we doubt whether there will not be as much of pain as of an artist's pleasure in a visit to the Athenian capital, though now raised to the rank of metropolis for universal Greece.

IV. There are, however, mixed monuments, not artificial in their origin, but which gradually came to act upon the feelings as such from their use, and habitual connexion with human purposes. Such for instance is the Acro Corinthus, of which Mr Mure says—that it "is by far the most striking object that I have ever seen, either abroad or at home. Neither the Acropolis of Athens, nor the Larissa of Argos, nor even Gibraltar, can enter into the remotest competition with this gigantic citadel." Indeed, when a man is aware of the impression produced by a perpendicular rock even 600 feet high, he may judge of the stupendous effect from a citadel rising almost insulated in the centre of a plain, sloping to the sea, and ascending to the height of 1900 feet.

Objects of this class, together with the mournful Pelasgic remains, the ruins or ruined plans which point back to Egypt and to Phœnicia, these may serve as a further bribe to the tourist in Greece. If a collection of all the objects in every class, according to the best order of succession for the traveller, were arranged skilfully, we believe that a maritime circuit of Greece, with a few landings and short excursions, would bring the whole of what is first-rate within a brief period of weeks and an easy effort. As to the people, they will become more or less entitled to a separate interest, according to the improvement and improved popularity of their government. And upon that will depend much of the comfort, much even of the safety, to be looked for by tourists. The prospects at present are not brilliant. A government and a court, drawn from a needy aristocracy like the Bavarian, are not suited to a needy people, struggling with the difficulties of a new colony. However, we will hope for the best. And for the tourist in *Greece as it is*, perhaps Mr Mure's work is the best fitted for popularity. He touches all things sufficiently, but exhausts none. And we add, very sincerely, this antithesis, as due to him, that of what may be called personal guides, or those who maintain a current of personal interest in their adventures, or in the selecting from their private experience, he is the most learned; whilst of learned guides he is, in the sense explained, the most amusingly personal.

HOMER'S HYMNS.

By The Sketcher.

Hymn to Mars.

Mars, of obdurate power, that weighest down
The chariot with thy strength; and, glittering bright
With golden helmet, the beleaguer'd town
Savest, and lift'st up into heaven's light
The burnish'd shield; and with resistless might
Of hand and heart unwearied, art the crown,
Defence, and bulwark of th' Olympian height.
Parent of victory that doth glory earn,
Of justice thou the ever-sure ally;
Against thine adversaries, strong and stern,
Great leader of the perfect men and just:
Thou centre of indomitable trust,
Rolling thy fiery circlet through the sky,
'Mid the seven wandering stars, thy steeds robust,
The third course keeping as they blaze and fly.
Thou man's best stay—giver of vigorous youth,
Thou from above thy glory on me shed,
Giving my days the sunshine of thy ruth;
Inspire thy wond'rous daring, that I may
Ward off the ills that lower upon my head,
And take, with self-control, the manly part,
To bend and break my stubborn will alway,
And curb that worst temptation of the heart.
Wrath and impetuous passion to restrain
Urging to conflicts—teach me to refrain,
To do no wrong, that courage truest, best;
The laws of peace unbroken to maintain,
Grant me, thou blessed, and be this the test,
That I henceforth may breathe the quiet breath
Of life, unscathed by foes, nor fear untimely death.

Hymn to Diana.

Muse, sing Diana, sister of Apollo,
Twin-born, the virgin queen, with shaft and quiver.
She, having bathed her steeds down in the bed
Of Meles' reedy river,
Her golden chariot urged the track to follow
That unto vine-embowering Clarus led.
There in the leafy hollow
Waited for her—her own far-darting brother,
All with his silver bow he sat him down.
Alike was their renown
For arrowy skill, born of one glorious mother.
Hail, goddess, all in heaven, ye fairest, hail!
For you will I prepare due offering,
If so my verse prevail.
But, Dian, only now of thee I sing
Ere o'er the spirit of my song a change
Demand a wider range;
But now with thee begins my varying verse,
That soon must other hymns and glories new rehearse.

Hymn to Minerva.

To Pallas, town Protectress, the terrible, the strong,
Of Athens queen and arbitress! I lift the growing song.
She loves with Mars the battle's din, the tumult and the shout,
And cities waste without, within, the conflict and the rout.
She sends the armies forth to field, all trusting in her might,
And spreads around them there her shield, and brings them from the fight;
She makes them victors every where.—Hail, goddess, deign to bless
Thy people us, for thine we are, with fortune and success!

Hymn to Juno.

I sing of Juno golden-throned, Heaven's great immortal queen,
Whom Rhea bore, right excellent in stature and in mien.
The sister and the wife is she of mighty thundering Jove,
Her all the blessed gods that dwell on broad Olympus love;
And she like reverence shares with him that rules o'er all above.

Hymn to Ceres.

Ceres, the bright-hair'd goddess, venerable,
She, and her lovely daughter Proserpine,
First claim my song; O save, for thou art able,
Goddess, this state, and lead these hymns of mine!

Hymn to the Mother of the Gods.

Daughter of heaven's great potentate,
Thou gracious Muse, my thoughts elate
To such high sense, and better ken,
That of all gods and of all men
The mighty mother in due verse,
And her fresh glory, I rehearse.
The cymbal's clash, the drums rebounding,
The clang of trumpets shrill resounding;
The howl of wolves, the lion's roar,
That stalk the echoing mountains o'er,
That shake the forests far and wide
In all their depths of gloom untried,
Are her delight. Hail, goddess, hail!
And so let this my verse prevail,
That all the queens in heaven that are,
Joy in these hymns with thee may share.

Hymn to Hercules the Lion-Hearted.

Now will I sing of Hercules, the wondrous son of Jove,
Whom fair Alcmena bore to him, submitting to his love;
Nor of the earth-born race of men like him was ever one.
It was in pleasant Thebes she gave to light this destined son,
O'er many ways of land and sea a perilous course to run.
Sent forth by stern Ægisthus, who vexed him full sore;
And many troublous things he did, and many such he bore;
But now he dwells in all delight, [illegible] his glorious seat
Upon Olympus' snowy top, [illegible] [illegible]ious feet,
Fair Hebe, his own wed[illegible] [illegible] son of Jove, thou king,
[illegible] from virtue spring!

Hymn to Hermes.

I sing of Hermes, Hermes th' Argicide
Cyllenian; nor less his care and pride,
With all her flocks, the pastoral Arcady:
The gods' most useful messenger was he.
Born of the gentle Maia, first of love
Twixt Atlas' daughter and Saturnian Jove;
The modest Maia, for it pleased her not
To be with blessed gods, but in a grot
In cavernous shade she dwelt; and thither came
Saturnian Jove, and quench'd his amorous flame
In the lull'd hour and secrecy of night,
Shunning the ken of gods and mortal wight,
That not a thing his joy might intercept:
Sweet, then, the sleep the white-arm'd Juno slept.
And thou, all hail! thou Jove's and Maia's son,
Or ere I change the hymn to thee begun.
Hail, Hermes! many a grace thy favour brings,
Giver and minister of all good things.

Hymn to Vulcan.

Thou shrilly-sounding Muse, of the mighty Vulcan sing,
The god with skill inventive that makes the anvils ring;
'Twas Vulcan with the blue-eyed maid Minerva, taught to men
Their glorious works—and they before that teaching, lived in den
And cavern upon mountain tops, and all like beasts they roved.
But now, from Vulcan learning arts, they live a life approved;
In quietness from year to year, each in his own good home,
Nor any more like beasts abroad for sustenance they roam.
O Vulcan! look propitiously, and grant me to possess
The blessings of a virtuous toil, a virtuous happiness.

Hymn to Apollo.

Thee, Phœbus, hymns the swan with gladden'd wings
Lighting on Peneus' bank, the rapid river,
Thee, with sweet lyre in hand, the rapt bard sings,
Thee, Phœbus, first—thee last—thee Phœbus, ever.
All hail, thou king! I will thy praise rehearse,
So may I make thee gentle to my verse.

Hymn to Neptune.

Of Neptune, shaker of the earth, the awful god I sing,
The shaker of the solemn sea, the wondrous ocean king,
Thine Ægæ broad, and Helicon, that with thy praises ring.

Shaker of earth, a twofold power the gods have given thee,
Thou tamer of the stubborn steed, and ruler of the sea,
When ships do walk their perilous waves, their guardian thou shalt be.

Hail thou whose dark locks floating far, behind the surges sweep,
As with thine arm the mighty waves thou liftest in a heap,
And makest broad from land to land a pathway in the deep.

Hymn to Jove.

Now will I sing of mighty Jove, Jove greatest, and Jove best,
Who seeth all, and ruleth all, in his most perfect breast,
With Hermes prudent converse holds, while leaning as a guest
He sits beside him on his throne. Great Jove on all impress'd,
All glorious, thou propitious be, still greatest, wisest, best.

Hymn to the Muses and Apollo.

The Muses, and Apollo, and great Jove,
These shall commence my song; for whom they love
Are more than men, touch'd with their heavenly fire:
The Muses and Apollo first inspire,
And men are bards and strike the gifted lyre.
Kings are from Jove; and whom the Muses cherish,
Sweet from his lips the stream of music flows.
Daughters of Jove, all hail! and interpose
Such honours to my song as ne'er may perish.
Ye Muses, hail! propitious to my verse
Again to flow for you, and other hymns rehearse.

Hymn to Aphrodite.

Of Aphrodite golden-crown'd,
Chaste and beauteous, be my song;
To her, by lot, the heights renown'd
Of sea-girt Cyprus all belong.

There the zephyr, softly blowing,
Bore her cradled in the foam,
On the wave of ocean flowing
With sweet murmur, to her home.

All the Hours, with golden hair
Braided back with golden band,
Graciously received her there,
As she floated to the land.

About her lovely form they threw,
Glorying in their heavenly duty,
Raiment of celestial hue,
Raiment of immortal beauty.

Around her brow a coronet
Golden—precious to behold,
Rings in each pierced ear they set,
Orichalchus mix'd with gold.

On her softest neck, improving
The new grace, did they dispose,
And on her bosom's gentle moving,
Necklaces in golden rows.

Such the Hours themselves do wear,
With the gods when they disport;
And the choral dances share,
Entering to their Father's court.

And now when every ornament
Around her person was complete;
To the gods with her they went,
Who, seeing her, uprose to meet,

And to salute the wonder seen;
Took her hand within their own,
Each one praying, such fair Queen
Might be his, and his alone,

To his home to take, and be
His virgin spouse; for never yet
Eyes beheld so fair as she,
With her crown of violet.

Hail! dark of eye, and sweetly smiling,
Victory in the contest grant;
Other hymns are fast beguiling,
Aid, oh! aid me as I chant.

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THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

We are now at the close of a parliamentary session, which, if justly estimated, has equalled in interest and importance almost any that has occurred during the present century. The interest has been less exciting—the importance has been less prominent, than those of other periods, when the topics of discussion were of a popular rather than of a practical character. But the matters now at issue have involved the most momentous and vital consequences. Whether the government of the country can be conducted on Conservative principles—whether its institutions can be preserved from further innovation—whether its dignity and credit can be restored and supported—whether the clashing differences of its conflicting interests and ranks can be harmonized and reconciled—these are the questions which have been the subject of experiment in the recent proceedings of parliament; and, if a favourable promise has been given of their satisfactory solution, every loyal and patriotic man throughout the land has reason to rejoice.

Restorations are proverbially attended with more or less of disappointment; and, in the nature of things, they must ever be so, whether in the case of a monarch or a ministry. Hope is brighter than reality; practice is harder than speculation. Independently of those who, from personal disappointment, may say with the old royalist—

"Te magis optavit redituram, Carole, nemo,
Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus;"

there must be many who, in the returning ascendency of their friends, forget the inevitable changes that time and circumstances produce. A prince or a party restored, can never, even if they wished it, return to the *status quo*. They must bend more or less to the mixed feelings which have effected their recall, and which in general imply a departure from the extreme views of an antecedent period. They cannot exclusively consult the interests or opinions of those who have followed their fortunes in adversity, but must look also to the complex character of the combined influences which have led to their recent success. The new convert and the repentant deserter have contributed to the victory that has been won, and cannot either in justice or in policy be excluded from a place in the triumph that is to follow. A restoration effected by moral influences, is peculiarly subject to these observations; and, if it is to be permanent, must be maintained by a fair and faithful regard to the feelings and interests of the majority who have brought it about, and who can alone maintain it.

In the present position of the Conservative party, the existence of such feelings is scarcely to be taken into account. It was inevitable that they should arise in some shape or other; and their appearance may even be a promise of permanent stability, in so far as it is a proof of moderation and impartiality in those who have been replaced in power. The effect of influences such as we have described, is very different on different political parties. They tend to abate enthusiasm, even when they convince the

understanding; and, according to the elements which constitute the vitality of a party, they will be innocent or injurious. Where a party depends for its existence on movement and agitation, the extinction of that excitement which is essential to its progress, must be fatal to its continuance. But where the strength of a party rests on feelings of a calmer and more considerate kind, an abatement of the exaggerated feelings which some of its followers may have rashly indulged, will still leave room for a qualified but decided approval of its measures, and for a less romantic but equally useful support of its ascendency.

The policy of the present Conservative Ministry is to be judged of in reference to the position in which they are placed. They are called on to govern the country on Conservative principles, *through the medium of a Parliament elected under the Reform Bill.* These few words are full of meaning; they involve a bitter but a wholesome truth, and remind us of the difficult and delicate task imposed upon our rulers. We cannot have yet forgotten the fears with which a change in the system of representation was a few years ago regarded and resisted. We had reason to look upon it with the utmost suspicion and alarm, as disturbing the existing equilibrium of government, and introducing new elements of power, of which we either could not foresee the operation, or foresaw that it would be destructive. That momentous measure, facilitated at first by divisions among the Tory party, was ultimately passed, in spite of their united opposition to it. Its adoption as a part of the law of the land, is now a fixed and irrevocable fact. Right or wrong, it stands in the statute-book, as unchangeable, for any thing we can now see, as Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights. Has this measure, then, from which we anticipated such hazardous consequences, produced none of the results which we apprehended? Were we wholly in error in dreading its approach, or are we now, after its accomplishment, in the same position as if it had never been proposed? We deceive ourselves if we say so. The return of a Conservative Ministry to power has not repealed, and cannot repeal, the Reform Act. It is inseparably engrafted on the constitution, and its most questionable effects, so far as they legitimately flow from it, must be submitted to as inevitable, and are even entitled to share in the respect which we owe to the constitution in all its component parts, and to the vested rights of classes and individuals, whether of early or of recent date. We cannot annul the Reform Act—we can at best restrain and regulate it; but restrain or regulate it as we may, a change has come over the spirit of our policy, which is the necessary product of new principles, now as much a part of the constitution as its most ancient and venerable peculiarities.

It was open to the Conservative party when Reform was carried, to retire from political life, or to renounce for ever the duties and responsibilities of office. But such a course would have been cowardly and selfish. They owed it to the crown and the country not to despair of the republic, and not to shrink, when it became necessary, from governing according to those existing laws under which they were willing to live. But when they came to accept office, they found Reform as a fact from which they could not escape, and without which they could no more carry on the government than they could do so without a parliament. Conservatives they might and they must be. But Conservatives of the constitution as reformed, not opponents of past reform, but defenders of the Reform Bill against the aggressions of its original promoters, against the barbarity of the unnatural Saturns who would devour their own offspring. This was the law and condition of their tenure, if they sought to save and benefit the country by rescuing it from the endless agitation of further reform, or the blundering mismanagement of incapable mountebanks.

That the measures, therefore, of a Conservative Ministry under the Reform Bill, should be, in all respects, what might have been wished by those who opposed that measure, is a simple impossibility. Whatever change the Reform Bill has introduced into the constitution must show itself in the representative assembly of the nation, and must extend to any measures which the majority of that assembly are likely to approve. The Conservative majority of the present, and of

every future Parliament, must have its root in the principle of Reform, and must partake more or less of the nature of the soil from which it springs. If, as we apprehended, the population of great towns had an ascendency in the arrangements of the Reform Bill; if the secondary trading and monied classes were thereby admitted to a new preference over the larger interests of property, commerce, and agriculture, this redistribution of power must necessarily show itself by its effects in any measures adopted by a Reformed Parliament, in the same proportion in which it has been produced in the constituencies themselves. We may lament or we may repine at it; but such will continue to be the necessary operation of the representative system, as modified by means now unalterable. We may adhere, if we please, to the precise ideas which we should have chosen in unreformed times; but if we do so, we must be content to sit in a Reformed House of Commons on the left hand of the Speaker instead of the right.

The success, then, of the present Ministry in the task which they have attempted, is not affected by the circumstance that they may have made some concession to the coalition of principles under which we live, and some sacrifice to the interests or demands of the great consuming classes of our population, who have been admitted to an additional share in the representative portion of the constitution. To speak more correctly, it is essential to their success that some such concession and sacrifice should have been made, provided it has been done with as little change as was practicable upon existing rights, and with no surrender to democratic encroachment of what might possibly be preserved.

We humbly but most confidently express our conviction, that the measures of the Peel cabinet, independently of their consummate ability and admirable adaptation to the end in view, are calculated in a pre-eminent degree at once to do full justice to the legitimate principles of the late constitutional change, and to neutralize those dangerous tendencies of the reformed system which made it an object of terror to its opponents, and of anxious solicitude to its true friends.

We think it probable, even if Reform had not taken place, that many of the commercial changes which are now proposed would already have been brought about by the force of public opinion; and certainly that they should have occurred under a reformed parliament is neither to be wondered at nor regretted. The doctrines of what is called free-trade, a phrase of very various and versatile signification, had made rapid progress before 1830; and their enforcement has, in the first instance, been rather retarded than advanced by the agitation and effects of Reform. The contest which that question produced, and the course which its supporters pursued, of seeking to conciliate the movement party by further changes, suspended the consideration of almost all practical propositions. The Whigs, during a ten years' continuance in office, originated no important measure of commercial reform, until their own financial blunders, and the desperation of their dying struggle, impelled them, like drowning men, to catch at the only hold which seemed within their reach. But the opponents of free-trade have as little reason to thank them for so long leaving its principles in aeyance, as its advocates have for their tardy attempt to carry those principles into effect. The Whigs were not free-traders at first, because they anticipated no advantage from such a course, and were too busy with projects of further constitutional change or personal aggrandizement. They became free-traders at last, for a personal object, without understanding the principles which they professed, without providing any means for enforcing their views, without any attention to the safeguards that were required, and without a remnant of moral weight remaining to ensure confidence either in their wisdom or their sincerity.

Nothing can be more ludicrous or absurd than the complaint or boast of the Whigs, that the new ministry have borrowed their principles. If it were so, it would be a severe satire upon themselves, that they had damaged a good and a winning cause by their own want of character or want of skill. But the allegation is as groundless in itself as it is unjust to the British nation. Apart from the impossibility of borrowing any principles from

men who had none to lend, the measures of the new Ministry are essentially different from those of their predecessors, both in the spirit in which they have been devised, and in the manner in which they have been carried out. The Whigs neither knew what to do, nor how to do it. They shrank from difficulties where none existed, and they discredited even innocent and eligible propositions by mixing them up with what was dangerous or destructive. They did not understand the inestimable value of mild and moderate remedies, particularly in a state of society where almost every advantage to one class of interests must be obtained at the expense of another. Nothing had a charm for them which did not excite extreme feelings of extravagant enthusiasm on the one hand, and of serious alarm on the other. The Reform Bill had spoiled both the leaders and the followers of the Whig camp. It inspired a taste and created a necessity for popular excitement, without which they could neither act with confidence nor keep their forces together. Add to this, that they were essentially deficient alike in genius and in skill, in courage and in character.

The measures and career of the present Ministry have presented a very different picture. In so far as essential doctrines are concerned, they have shown an immoveable adherence to a fixed system of political principles, and have thus inspired the admiration and won the respect of the whole reflecting portion of their countrymen. They have arrested the downward progress of the national finances by a bold and decided measure of indisputable efficacy, which, at its first announcement, extorted the unwilling applause of their political opponents, and has since, from time to time, received the direct or indirect approval of almost every statesman of the day whose opinion is of any worth. That measure alone will for ever distinguish them from those predecessors, whose progressive mismanagement and vacillating irresolution had made it necessary to adopt it. It implied a degree of moral courage, of personal weight, and of generous confidence in the honour and self-denial of the nation at large, that could never have found a place with any politician of the Melbourne school. We believe that it will be duly rewarded, and that its blessed fruits, in restoring the credit and asserting the dignity of the country in the eyes of the whole world, will be wholly imputed to those who have proposed it; while its inconveniences and inequalities will be laid, as in justice they should be, at the door of those who occasioned the existing evil, without having the skill or the energy to provide a remedy.

In this measure the Ministry have given place to those considerations of humanity which will best consolidate our existing social relations. It has been resolved to exempt from taxation a larger portion of the humbler classes than have ever before enjoyed such an immunity. The Income Tax has been imposed exclusively upon persons in possession of such means as infer a comfortable subsistence. Those who are struggling with the realities of poverty are not only relieved from its pressure, but are to benefit by its operation, in so far as it has enabled the Government to diminish taxation upon the necessaries of life, or the materials of industry. This boon to their poorer countrymen is the proposal of a Conservative Ministry, cordially responded to by the property of the country, and sealed by the ready sanction of the aristocracy and the sovereign herself. It is an honourable and a prudent concession, calculated at once to exculpate the upper classes from sordid or oppressive motives, and to consolidate the peace and order of society by mutual feelings of good-will, and offices of practical kindness. During a period of unexampled commercial and manufacturing distress, in which the labouring classes have steadily refrained from acts of violence or disorder, we cannot help thinking that a conciliatory influence has been at work, under a sense of the generous spirit which the government measures have displayed, and in the absence of any fear of additional burdens from the impending arrangements for supporting the national revenue.

To counteract, if possible, the natural effect of the Ministerial measure of taxation in reference to the poor, a most false and fraudulent allegation has been put forward by the Whig party, that an Income Tax, though laid upon the rich, must be injurious to the poor by limiting the means of

their employers. On this paltry and palpable sophism, we shall bestow only a few words, as more than sufficient for its exposure. If the proposition means that any kind of taxation is injurious to all classes when no taxation is necessary, we shall not trouble ourselves to dispute it. If the Whigs had left us a surplus instead of a deficit, we might admit that an Income Tax, for the mere purpose of raising money, might have injured the poor, even though laid exclusively upon the rich: yet, even in that inconceivable case, the qualifying consideration would arise, that the money taken from one class of possessors must be given to another, and a new source of employment to the poor must be opened in place of the old one that is dried up. But we have no concern with a question of that very speculative kind. It must here be assumed that a given amount of taxation is wanted, which must be raised from some quarter. Is it better for the poor that it should be raised directly and exclusively from the rich, or that it should be laid partly on the poor, either personally or through the commodities which they peculiarly consume? Surely only one answer can be attempted to such a question. It is nothing to the purpose to say, if it were true, that when laid upon the rich, it will partly fall upon the poor, by diminishing the means of their employment; though even here we would again suggest that the means of employment will be merely transferred from the payers to the receivers of the tax, and that the poor must still be employed, though by a different set of masters. But *esto* that the poor suffer something, indirectly, by the taxation of the rich, do they suffer as much in that form as by a tax laid upon themselves? If this be true, it would become a matter of utter indifference on what class of society taxation was imposed; and it might equally be said, that it was better for the poor to resort to a poll-tax, or a tax on salt, and exempt the rich entirely from taxation, as it would enable the rich more freely to employ, and more liberally to remunerate their dependents. Such a result is the legitimate sequel of the doctrine promulgated by Lord John Russell and his friends, with the envious desire of depreciating an act of generosity which belongs to their opponents, who have adopted the mildest possible form of remedying the blunders of their predecessors; but common sense and sound reasoning alike revolt from the heartless fallacy.

We certainly regard the restoration of our finances, by means of the Income Tax, as the most important measure of the past session. The maintenance of public credit is one of the surest tests of a firm government and a well-balanced constitution. It is apt to be overlooked, alike by despotisms and by democracies. Whether we think of the constant tamperings with the currency which have so often been resorted to by needy and arbitrary rulers, or to the equally infamous doctrine of "repudiation," avowed by some American states, we have reason to rejoice that Britain, under the auspices of a Conservative Cabinet, has made a noble and successful effort in a different direction. Both in a commercial and in a moral point of view, the salutary effects of a restoration of national solvency, by an equalization of revenue and expenditure, can scarcely be overrated.

What has now been done affords us a ground of assurance that feelings of right principle and of an enlarged prudence have not yet lost their legitimate ascendency in the national mind, even as manifested through the medium of the reformed constituencies. But the measures adopted, while they are satisfactory as proofs of public integrity, are not the less honourable to the Ministers who have proposed and carried them. They may claim the merit of having roused the country to a sense of duty, and of having supported and directed it in the path which it should take. The readiness or resignation with which Parliament and the public have consented to the sacrifice required of them for this all-important object, is creditable to the government who have availed themselves of it, in the same proportion in which it reflects disgrace on their predecessors, who shrank from the attempt after their own errors had rendered it imperative. However well disposed the public mind may be to second or support, when necessary, the measures which an honest and able minister may bring forward for imposing new taxation, it is from the government that the proposal must emanate; and

no better criterion can be afforded of a good or a bad government than their willingness or unwillingness to incur, when circumstances require it, the partial odium which such a course of policy infers. The cowardly blunderers, who involved us in our difficulties, did not dare to propose the only remedy that was admissible, and indeed were probably deterred from doing so, by a consciousness that the proposal would have led to a very inconvenient enquiry as to the causes which had made it necessary. Year after year they allowed the deficiency to increase, and rubbed on by means of Savings' Banks, and Exchequer Bills, and a succession of other shifts and subterfuges, such as can only find a parallel in the exposures arising under the commission issued against some fraudulent bankrupt. Even when they knew that the revenue was running into incurable embarrassments, they could not resist, however unwilling they might be to concede, the popular demand for the remission of the postage duty—a sacrifice which, with all its intrinsic conveniences to the public, should in no view have been made without an immediate substitute being provided for the deficiency. Their parting proposals for a fixed duty on corn, and a re-adjustment of the duties on sugar, were not measures which could, on any sound principles, be expected to restore the revenue, but were desperate speculations, resorted to as a last refuge to support appearances and complicate their accounts, with the hope of concealing their former frauds and extravagances.

While we dwell with peculiar satisfaction on the redintegration of public credit by the ministerial scheme, we are not insensible to the merits and advantages of the new tariff, which has tended so much to facilitate the adoption of the taxation on property, and is at once a liberal boon to the middling and poorer classes of the community, and a probable remedy for the signal depression of trade with which, under Whig auspices, the country has been visited. We have neither space nor inclination at this time to enter on its specific provisions; but we bear our willing tribute of applause to the impartiality with which its general plan was devised, and the firmness with which it has been adhered to.

In so far as regards the bearings of the ministerial policy upon the agricultural interest, we feel satisfied that, in point of principle, both the new corn bill and the tariff are safe and salutary enactments. We shall wait with anxiety to see whether any error in their details has left room for unexpected and undue prejudice to the producing classes; but at present, though not without anxiety, we are without serious fears upon that subject. We believe it was necessary to strip the corn-law of its most startling anomalies, and to reduce it to the minimum measure of protection which the general interests of the community at large would admit. That course has now been followed without endangering, as we humbly hope, the permanent prosperity of domestic agriculture, whether as a means of support to the great and important classes who are connected with it, or as a security to all classes against a deficient and uncertain supply of food. If this be the case, it is a great matter that the change has been considerable, as it affords a powerful reason for resisting any attempt again to unsettle the law, and as the alarm which even this degree of alteration has produced, is a warning against further and more serious interference.

The repeal of the laws against the importation of cattle was an indispensable measure; and the only question related to the rate of duty. There is no doubt that it has been adjusted with every desire to deal fairly with competing interests, and we trust that the result will be such as the authors of the alteration contemplate.

Believing, as we have already said, that the different measures which have been brought forward, have been honestly, impartially, and skilfully managed, we can have no sympathy with the small portion of the Conservative party who seem to have been desirous of producing a split in the camp. We are no friends of schism either in church or state. We believe it impossible that good can be done in national affairs, except by a general adherence to the principle which divides public men into large sections of political opinion, and by which individual crotchets are sunk and lost sight of in a broad line of common policy. It is impossible that three or four hundred constituencies, or their representatives, can minutely agree

on every public question, much less on practical details of protection or taxation. "Bear and forbear" must be the motto of their union, if they are to unite at all; and without uniting cordially they must be powerless to effect even the objects on which they are agreed, and will fall an easy prey to the less scrupulous alliance of unprincipled opponents. We are tempted, therefore, to smile at those who, in questions of finance, would leave the party to which they belong on a dispute as to the odd sixpence, or who, in a season of such imminent danger as that which we are now passing through under the Reform Bill, would try to realize the boast of the worthy Welshman, whose family in the time of Noah's flood kept aloof from the ark, and had a boat of their own.

But assuredly it is no more than justice to the Conservative party to say, that never in the history of party politics was there less room for complaint on this score than has arisen since their accession to power. In the midst of many changes, some of them of an untried and startling nature, and rendered more alarming by artful devices to misrepresent their effects, the Conservative party have kept together with an exemplary fidelity and prudence, which was only to be expected from men of high principle and enlightened views. The agricultural members, more especially, have displayed a remarkable degree of moderation and good feeling. Apprehensive as they obviously have been that the measures of Government were likely to be injurious to their interests, urged on by the panic which had spread among some of their constituents, and assailed by taunts and reproaches from malicious opponents for submitting to be deceived by their leaders, they have, with no noticeable exception, pursued the course which their own dignity and duty marked out for them. They neither suppressed the feelings of alarm which they honestly entertained, nor allowed those feelings to transport them beyond the limits of a judicious and temperate opposition to the Government measures, or induce them to withdraw their general support from an administration which they knew to be able and desirous, if any one was, to save the country and constitution from the vital dangers which so recently threatened them, and from which they cannot yet be said to have finally escaped. So far from wishing that the complaints of the agriculturists as to the details of the recent enactments should have been withheld, or that they should have shown a blind and indiscriminate confidence in all that Ministers did, we believe that the course which they pursued has been right and expedient, by proving at once their independence and their discretion, and by showing the difficulties of the subject, and the impossibility of any more extensive alteration of the law, as well as the danger of any renewed attack on interests so powerful in themselves, and so intimately interwoven with the general prosperity of the country.

On the other hand, the firmness of the Government in resisting the views of so large and formidable a portion of their best supporters, has won for them the highest honour, and has impressed the nation with a deep conviction of their energy of purpose, and of their earnest desire to hold the balance even between opposite classes of the community. For the first time since the Reform Bill was passed, we see a Ministry standing in the dignified position of an impartial arbiter of contending opinions and interests. In Ireland, their gentle and equitable sway has dispelled at once the supposed difficulties of their situation, has discouraged violence and virulence on every side, and has rallied round them the loyal and peaceable of all classes and creeds. In England, their measures have left no room for triumph to any section of society, have produced no undue exaltation of one class or depression of another, but have dealt out to all an even-handed distribution of varied advantages, "here a little and there a little," calculated to teach mutual compromise and conciliation, to unite the moderate and practical of all parties in a reasonable adjustment of extreme demands, and to illustrate the invaluable truth, that the true interest of each department of industry and property is identical with the interest of the whole.

Let us shortly, then, review some of the benefits which the country has already gained during the by-past parliament—

1. The Crown has been fully preserved in its privileges, and protected from the danger of encroachment, or from

the unpopularity to which it was exposed by unconstitutional advice. The Church has been left unassailed by further attacks on its existence or rights, and has been placed in that condition of outward security, which will best conduce to the discharge of its internal duties. The House of Commons has been brought into harmony with the other branch of the legislature. The Ballot has been defeated by an increased majority, and organic changes generally are "looking down."

2. Public credit and confidence have been restored without a single addition to the burdens of the poor, and with every prospect of relief to the middling classes, and to the commerce of the country.

3. The principle of agricultural protection has been formally recognised in its most effectual and least objectionable form, and established on its true basis, that of the general welfare. If some abatement of their profits has thus been brought about, it has not involved a greater sacrifice than was necessary at so critical a time, *navis levandæ causa*, and has probably purchased for the agriculturists a greater security in future, by intrenching them in a more defensible position.

4. The principle of colonial protection has in like manner been recognised; a circumstance of the utmost importance to our national prosperity, and an essential distinction between the present Government and their predecessors. We regard the declaration of Parliament on this subject as of great importance at the present time; and as affording another decisive test of the superior wisdom of the present Ministry, and their strong sense of national interests and sympathy with national feelings, as compared with their predecessors. That in all taxation a reasonable preference should be given to our own countrymen, whether in the colonies or in the mother country, seems a proposition so clear in principle, and so inevitable in practice, as scarcely to admit of controversy. It could only enter into the heads of vicious theorists to call in question so obvious a truth; and yet, by the vote on Lord Howick's motion against differential duties, the members of the late Government are solemnly pledged to an opposite doctrine, and have thus shown themselves on a point of fundamental policy at open variance with public opinion, as expressed by a large majority in Parliament, composed of men of all parties in ordinary politics. Apart from many considerations of strict justice, the homely adage that "blood is thicker than water," finds an echo in every breast. We think of the friends who, in every quarter of the globe, are living under the blessed protection of the British Crown, and we grudge not that, even at some apparent cost, we should encourage their industry and promote their welfare. Their prosperity, we know, is our own, and the poorest artisan can feel both pride and interest in the preservation of that colonial empire, to which he or his may yet be indebted for an asylum in adverse circumstances. To realize the true principle of making the colonies an integral part of Britain, may be impossible in existing circumstances; but the nearer we approach to it, the more we shall consult not only the ascendency of the British name in every part of the world, but, along with that ascendency, the advancement of civil order and Christian civilization, which our own country is so eminently destined to illustrate and extend.

Such are some of the advantages which the current session of Parliament has practically secured, and on which it is impossible for the most insensible among us to dwell without gratitude and satisfaction. We have only, we trust, to pursue the career thus begun, and above all, to observe the golden rule of "not too much," to secure the good-will of the nation as now constituted, and to raise our native land to as high a point of prosperity and moral superiority, at home and abroad, as she has attained at any former period.

When we think of these things, a reflection arises which seems likely to impress strongly the minds of all reasonable men, of whatever political opinions.

In April 1835, Sir Robert Peel was driven, by a coalition of Whigs, Radicals, and Repealers, from the office of Prime Minister, which he had shortly before assumed, and in which, after an interval of about seven years, he is now reinstated. Has the country, in any of its interests, gained or lost by the change which then occur-

red? Has the interval of Whig rule been the source of advantage or detriment to any or every class in the community? These are questions not of curiosity only, but of serious importance, as enabling us to borrow from the past a strong and steady light to lead us through the future.

The slightest examination must show, that the result of the displacement of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, has not only not been beneficial to the public interest—that the Whig interregnum of seven years has not merely been lost for every good purpose—but that to these sources we can directly trace most of the aggravated evils to which we have since been subjected.

> "Hoc fonte derivata clades,
> In patriam populumque fluxit."

In the first place, the factious proceeding which then displaced Sir Robert Peel had its origin in a falsehood; in the fraudulent assumption of an abstract principle, which was put forward when it was likely to be useful, and abandoned when it was found to be inconvenient. The triumph of the party who used that pretext was not even available to carry out their avowed object. The success of the appropriation principle was not secured by the success of its promoters. It was speedily rejected by parliament, and then thrown aside with the same cool assurance as some fortunate upstart cuts an unfashionable friend who has been serviceable to him in former days. No party were gainers by that result. The minds of men were merely unsettled, without being satisfied, on either side. The friends of the church were alarmed, while its opponents were in no degree benefited.

In the next place, the fraud by which the Melbourne ministry thus attained office was followed out to the end in their subsequent retention of it. The appropriation clause, in its rise and fall, was a type of their whole policy. Promise without performance, place without power, were the proverbial characteristics of their position, as viewed both by friends and foes. During the long period for which they remained a ministry, it is scarcely possible to point out a single measure, accomplished by them, that could confer benefit on a single individual beyond their own circle.

But, as already said, the period of their ascendency was not a mere blank. It was filled with many events and transactions of a most disastrous kind, and involving consequences that we shall long feel. The power of their opponents, indeed, operated as a negative on any legislative measures of a noxious character. But many sins, both of omission and commission, must be laid to their charge, in matters for which the executive can alone be efficient, and are alone responsible.

In finance, it is enough to say that no attempt has been made by the Whigs to exculpate themselves from the charge thus pointedly brought against them by Sir Robert Peel:—

"In the year 1836, you, the then Ministry, found the affairs of the two great empires in this state. In this country the surplus of income over expenditure was £1,376,000; in India, £1,556,000. You then entered on the performance of your duties with a net surplus of about three millions. How have you left matters? You say I overrate the difficulties. You found a surplus of three millions; you left a deficit of five millions. There is a deficiency on the 5th April 1842, in the finances of the United Kingdom of £2,570,000, in the revenue of India of £2,430,000; you, therefore, on quitting office, left a deficit which it is my duty to attempt to supply, of five millions. The difference in the finances of the country, from the time you undertook office to the day you quitted it—the difference against this country and against its credit, is no less than eight millions per annum."—(*Spect.* p. 363.)

The gross deficiency on our own revenue for the period of Whig domination is at least ten millions.

In our foreign and colonial relations, we are indebted to the Melbourne ministry in these very heavy obligations among many others—

1. The rebellion in Canada.
2. The invasion of Affghanistan.
3. The war in China.
4. The growth or increase of serious misunderstandings with France and America, involving a constant apprehension of impending war, and a corresponding necessity for a war establishment.

These are some of the blessings which have arisen from the popular cry of "keep the Tories out." We

appeal to the common sense and honesty of Whig, Radical, or Chartist, to say now, if any mischiefs comparable to these are likely to have ensued had the "Tories" been let in.

But we fear that we must also lay on Whig shoulders no light load of responsibility for even the more serious evils which have afflicted us in the form of domestic distress. We shall not be so presumptuous as to say that all our commercial and manufacturing sufferings have sprung from their misgovernment, or could have been averted by a different policy. On the other hand, we do not literally adopt the exclamation of the poet—

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws and kings can cause or cure!"

We believe that much may be done for human happiness by good legislation, and still more by good administration, though a large part also of our national enjoyments, as well as calamities, are the gift or visitation of God, without special reference to our own wisdom or folly. In so far, however, as the present internal afflictions of the country can be traced to bad government, which it is now the fashion of the Whigs to maintain, the fault must lie with themselves. That the general distress is not the result of Sir Robert Peel's accession to power, is as clear as sunshine. Is it the effect of causes a few weeks or a few months old, or is it not rather to be traced to the *seven years'* administration which preceded the late change? The country was flourishing when the Melbourne ministry began to govern, and session after session, the speeches from the throne showed any thing but an indication of commercial adversity. We cannot fail to remember, so late as in 1839, the ministerial selection of Mr G. W. Wood as the seconder of the address in the House of Commons, and the glowing picture of increasing prosperity which his speech presented, and which his array of tables and calculations was calculated to set off. Then, and previously, not only were no measures proposed by the Whigs to relieve the commercial interests, but their recent nostrums of altering the corn-laws and sugar-duties were uniformly opposed when suggested by others. In 1838, Mr Villiers' motion for a committee *to consider* the corn-law, was triumphantly negatived by a ministerial majority, composed of the same men who, in June 1842, supported, as an amendment on the supplies, a motion by the same individual for a committee on the same law, or rather on *a new and less restrictive law*, "WITH A VIEW TO ITS TOTAL REPEAL." "Don't forget," says Mr Somebody of the League, "that Lord John Russell voted for the committee." We certainly will not forget it if we can help it; and we hope it will be long remembered by the country at large, as one of the most disgraceful concessions to faction that has ever been exhibited by a public man.

Nothing, however, can be more melancholy than the whole history of Whig trimming and truckling on the subject of the corn-laws. While they thought themselves secure in a reliance mainly on English Whigs and Irish Repealers, neither of which classes wished to meddle with the corn-laws, the subject was evaded and discouraged as much as possible; and Lord Melbourne politely hinted at the insanity of those by whom it was agitated. When all things else had failed, an eight shilling fixed duty was resorted to as a last shift. When this proved abortive, and the ministry were ejected, Lord John Russell, who seems so thoroughly to understand the question, proposed the happy expedient of combining an eight shilling fixed duty with an eventual jump to a duty of one shilling! Lord Palmerston was of opinion that there should be no duty at all for protection, but a duty only for revenue—a doctrine which, disclaiming the wish to encourage agriculture, resolves into a *bread tax*, and which, as Sir Robert Peel observed, would lead legitimately, not to a duty on foreign corn, but to an excise, also, on corn home-grown. Ultimately, when the duty of the day is nine shillings, Lord Howick announces a motion to reduce it for some months to six shillings, and then, abandoning that proposition, he and his Whig allies give their votes for a committee, with a view to *total repeal*. That men capable of such base compliances or extravagant absurdities, should so long have been permitted to govern the country, is truly lamentable; but there is consolation in

thinking that the permission is not likely to be soon repeated.

If the distresses under which we are now suffering are in any degree connected with the principles of government, the late ministry should have foreseen and averted them while there was yet time. In any view, it cannot be doubted that the evil would have been diminished by timely adoption of whatever measures may be necessary to support public credit, and to expand the national resources. In 1835, when Sir Robert Peel was removed from power by the dishonest assertion of the appropriation principle, he had already announced a line of enlightened and impartial policy, and was rapidly gaining for himself a universal popularity, which was probably the chief inducement to his opponents to arrest an experiment so dangerous to their own ascendency. During the interval that has since elapsed, and that has so foolishly been thrown away, an ample opportunity would have been afforded him for introducing, with the advantage of possessing a surplus income of a million and a half, those relaxations of our commercial system which, even with a serious deficiency, he has found it his duty to propose. The country, at the same time, would have enjoyed, during all this time, the inestimable blessing of a truly pacific policy, both in Europe and in the East; and all that fruitless expenditure of blood and treasure would have been saved, which has resulted from the wasteful profusion and intermeddling ambition of the Whig Cabinet.

If, however, the events that have occurred shall be made use of as a lesson for the time to come, they will be a subject of little regret. If the minds of men are thereby weaned from the dangers and delusions of constitutional changes, and turned towards the calm and cautious adoption of practical and practicable improvements, the lesson will be well worth its price.

To the Conservative party, the period which they have passed in exclusion from office has been of inestimable advantage, in consolidating their strength, and teaching them how to use it. Nor would they now enjoy the full measure of honour which the present time presents them, if the incapable and unprincipled conduct of their predecessors had not afforded them the advantage of so momentous a crisis, and so remarkable a contrast. The page of history will long record the moral sublimity of that memorable scene, which lately showed us a public man, all but the greatest statesman of his day, rising as first minister of the crown, among the representatives of the wisest and freest nation in the world, and calling on them, amidst the admiring silence or loud applause of the whole assembly, to make a just and generous effort of self-denial for restoring the diminished dignity, the tarnished honour, and the impaired resources of their native land. The effect of that appeal in overpowering opposition, and extorting from the most unwilling lips a tribute of approval, was electrical at the time, and will not, we are convinced, be less impressive when the true merits of this prudent and patriotic policy are viewed in its ulterior consequences. Let us be proud, as we ought to be, of such a leader: let us be proud of the wise and honourable followers who have made him the object of their unprejudiced and independent choice; and let us thank the great Disposer of events, that a way of safety seems at last to have been shown us, from the many fearful dangers with which we have so long been surrounded.

Hymn to Selene—Luna.

Sweet-speaking daughters of Saturnian Jove,
Prompters of story, tell me in your love,
Of Luna, winged queen, riding her course above,
From out whose beaming and immortal head,
Down on the earth, is so bright lustre shed,
That all in wonder point to see how far 'tis spread.

A universal glory gilds her ways,
The darken'd skies, struck with the dazzling rays
Shot from her golden crown, burst forth in sudden blaze.

When, as arising from the ocean wave,
Where she is wont her lovely form to lave,
She yoked her arch-neck'd steeds, and glittering chariot drave.

Onward her month-dividing course she takes,
O'er their spread manes her full-orb'd radiance shakes,
And all through floods of light her heavenward pathway makes.

So hath she been created as a sign
And wonderment, in her increase to shine
To mortal men, and keep her own celestial line.

Saturnian Jove, he deign'd her bed to share,
Hence was Pandeia born, of beauty rare,
That e'en among Immortals did she shine most fair.

Hail soft Selene! gentle white-arm'd Queen,
Visiting ever this our low terrene
With thy benignant look and thy all-dazzling sheen.

From thee to demigods my song I raise,
Whose deeds the Muses' ministers emblaze,
Bards who their honour'd lips ope to perpetual praise.

Hymn to the Sons of Jove—Castor and Pollux.

Of th' horseman Castor, and his blameless brother
Pollux, ye dark-eyed Muses tell; their mother,
Fair Leda, bore them to Saturnian Jove,
These twin Tyndaridæ, fruits of his love,
(For with fair Leda Jove lay amorous
Under the summit of Täygetus.)
To be preservers of the lives of men,
And ships, that pass the waste of waters, when
Dark storms come on over the untamed sea;
Then they that in their ships sail fearfully,
Call on these sons of Jove with sacrifice
Of milkwhite lambs, and supplicating cries,
Which on the raised deck the while they urge,
The winds and waves the labouring ship submerge;
Then suddenly the sons of Jove appear,
Cutting with yellow wings the murky air,
Rushing. The winds they still, the storm allay,
The white-foam waves reseek their level way;
The toiling seaman gladdens at the sign,
And knows his labours o'er, the aid divine—
All hail Tyndaridæ equestrians, hail!
Again my theme to be, if aught my verse avail.

The Sketcher.

WHY NOT COLONIZE CABUL?

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

Dear Sir,—Why not colonize Cabul? The climate of the peninsular part of India prohibits any thing like permanent European colonization. The children of European parents born there are unhealthy; and if not sent home, to be brought up in a more congenial climate, die off; or if they survive, continuing to reside there, they are rarely blessed with offspring. I may safely assert that the present generation of British in India would become extinct, if left to themselves, in less than a hundred years. We can only occupy that country by sending out fresh supplies of emigrants from time to time: in a word, in peninsular India, we are not, and cannot be, any thing else than birds of passage.

This is not a natural or a safe state of things; the owners of the best part of a country being merely strangers, having no tie of birth to the soil, and consequently incapable of feeling any other sympathy, at best, than that of a dry philosophic humanity for the people. We may go there and enrich ourselves, and come away; but we cannot impress our feelings, our habits, or our religion on the people. Mere drops as we are in the ocean of that vast population, we are still incapable of mixing with it—drops of oil in so much water. If the people rose and expelled us to-morrow, there would be no more trace of us the next day than there are here of the swallows in October. Madras, Bombay, Calcutta—what are they but caravanserais, halting-places, where we only stop to bait and gather gold, and then home again with the best speed we may, flying from the demon "disease?"

In all our other colonies, even in the unwholesomest of the West Indian islands—I do not include that lazar-house at Sierra Leone: it is a cemetery, an outlying grave-yard, not a colony—we have been able to plant ourselves permanently on the soil; and we now see the fine fruits of British feeling—industry, freedom, and Christianity—flourishing in them all. In the United States of America we see the child grown up, and rivalling the parent in every manly pursuit—in the Canadas, and all down the St Lawrence, we see a free and thriving community, toiling, clearing, converting the waste into fertile land, animated by British energy, and guided, even in their jealousy of Britain, by British principle. The constitution sheds its light on the countenance of the poor Hottentot and Bushman; they are our brethren, because men of British blood live with them and among them, our common mother soil bearing both, and attaching both to herself by a common instinctive love of country. The New Zealander has forgotten his horrid banquets; he already sees the families of civilized men growing up and taking root around him; he is fast learning their language, their arts, their letters; their humanity he has already learned, in learning their religion. Every where, but in India, the seeds of freedom, intelligence, and Christian principle are springing up side by side with the wild progeny of the barbarian world, supplanting or assimilating them; in India alone, the old indigenous crop of slavery and policy yields its rank increase from generation to generation, unmixed with any adequate or permanent growth of civil or of moral freedom.

But this is no fault of ours; it is the necessary effect of a cause over which we have no control. The climate, which we cannot change, forbids us to be more than sojourners—as such, we cannot inoculate the people with our characteristics, or habituate them to our modes of life and opinions. There is at present no centre from which such influences can proceed nearer than England. Among themselves we see it is unattainable; but surely, if the opportunity presented itself of establishing a centre of good influences *within reach of them*, a great responsibility would be incurred by us if we neglected or refused to avail ourselves of it.

Cabul, at this moment, offers such an opportunity. We must occupy it to some extent; we can occupy it

permanently, if we please; for here there is no physical hindrance to the settlement of Europeans, except such as the power of England can easily overcome. England cannot contend with the sun, that scorches her children into sterility on the low plains of the Indian peninsula, any more than can the sepoy resist the chill winds, the snows, and frosts of Cabul. The one is essentially the country of the black, the other of the white men; yet the transit from the one (regarding the Punjaub as a continuation of the Indian plains) to the other, is almost as rapid as from the Lothians to the Highlands of Scotland. The sepoy is a warrior at Attock—a woman at Ali Musjeed. Yet these two points are not further separate than Aberdeen and Edinburgh. But what is death to him, is life to the blue-eyed son of the north. At the foot of the Indian Caucasus we are back again in the cradle of our race; it was from these heights the Goth descended; through these passes the Sanscrit emanated; the words I write, the parent sounds of all the languages of western Europe, here first took articulate form. There is nothing to prevent a British colony taking root here as effectually as in any other part of the world. The climate is fully as well calculated for British residents as the Cape or as Australia. Lying at from six to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the soil yields all the products of the temperate zone; in fact, the vale of Jellalabad may be regarded as a continuation of the vale of Cashmere, proverbial for the salubrity of its climate, on the opposite bank of the Indus.

Any nation would have been justified in expelling the tribes occupying the district between Cabul and Peshawur, for the purpose of opening these passes to the traders and merchants of Central Asia. A single pass, or series of passes, like the Khyber, occurring in a mountain chain seven hundred miles long, elsewhere impassable, is virtually, if not technically, common property; and to levy contributions from traders for permitting them to use it, is as much robbery on land as it would be piracy at sea to exact toll from a ship for sailing through the Straits of Gibraltar. It is "a way of necessity," and though these tribes had confined their robberies to the mere exaction of a tax for its use, they would have been open to the right of any other people or nation to expel them, for the purpose of restoring to the community that right of way which they had usurped. But it is notorious that these people, in addition to these unjustifiable exactions, have, time out of mind, pursued the occupation of common robbers, pillaging every body of travellers not strong enough to resist, who did not purchase their protection. To expel those obstructors of commerce would, under any circumstances, be a justifiable act; and now, since from other causes we are at war with them, and have experienced an outrage of frightful magnitude at their hands, to do so would be not only justifiable, but meritorious.

We might readily stipulate with the people on the Helmund, as the consideration of withdrawing our force from Candahar, to give these tribes an adequate means of maintenance in the interior. We are strong enough (for we are now in a condition to concentrate twenty thousand men on the city of Cabul) to enforce such an evacuation; and we ought to be wise enough, from the experience we have already had, to know, that without a complete *clearing out* of at least a portion of this territory, there can be no permanent security for any force we may establish there. The garrison of Cabul, last autumn, numbered upwards of five thousand bayonets—a much greater force than we could afford to keep permanently at such a distance from our frontier; yet we see what short work was made of them by an excited fanatical populace.

We cannot hold Cabul by halves; yet we must hold it, or leave the key to India in the hands of implacable enemies. A solitary British fort at the mouth of the Khyber would be starved out, or carried by surprise; occupying such an outpost would be worse than banishment to a penal settlement; the troops would have no safety outside the walls of their prison. St Helena would be nothing to it. It would be like garrisoning the Craig of Ailsa, with a hostile fleet continually in the offing. These Islamites make a merit of exterminating the Feringhees *quocunque modo*; fair or foul, they are hypocrites on principle,

and heroic in their perfidy; we must make a clear stage for ourselves, and establish a permanent adequate settlement of people on whom we can depend, or else march back to Ferozepoor, with the certainty of finding rebellion there before us.

But, it will be asked, where could colonists be found hardy enough to expose themselves to the danger of taking up their habitation in the midst of enemies so implacable as the whole Affghan population would be made by such a spoliation, and who, if they did not dread to attack 6000 disciplined troops with arms in their hands in the Koord Cabul pass, would make still less scruple of assailing a scattered population of agriculturists and traders?

To which it may be answered, that, once expelled beyond the mountain barriers that surround the district in question, the Khyberees would have no means of return but by their passes, which, if they could hold so long against all the world, we could surely hold against them for ever. The mountains are in fact, in every other direction, inaccessible; and between that impassable wall of mountain on one side, and the Cabul branch of the Indus on the other, lies a fertile and salubrious district of double the area of the largest of our counties; while beyond the Koord Cabul pass, surrounding the city of Cabul, lies another district, in like manner landlocked by the Hindoo Koosh passes on the north, and by those leading to Ghuznee on the west; in fact, a garden of the size of one of our provinces, surrounded by a mountain wall of from two to five thousand feet in height, and having their principal gates, any one of which a single regiment could defend against all the population of Central Asia.

At home we have a greater population than the land, in the present state of agriculture, can support; but we are rich beyond any other nation in ships and means of transport. The navigable Indus leads directly to the foot of the passes, opening on the vale of Jellalabad. This navigation is of no use to us without a permanent *depot* at its inland extremity; and the circumstances of the country and of the time alike point at Cabul as such a station—even at present it is the great commercial mart for Central Asia. What would it not be if inhabited by British merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, and approached by roads laid down by British engineers?

But with British laws and liberties, with a representative government, a free press, and a public system of education, what an abounding fountain of good influences and example would not Cabul be, both to the nations of the Indian peninsula, and to the now disorganized hordes of Affghanistan? These passes, which formerly only opened to pour forth their troops of marauders and assassins, would become very conduits of civilization, continually circulating their overflow of industry, intelligence, and just ideas of constitutional freedom among the nations outside. The tyrant of Bokhara would feel the unwonted influence, sitting even over the mouth of that infamous vermin-dungeon* which underlies the favourite recesses of his palaces, securely as he now seems to be protected from every inroad of civilization by mountains and by deserts; the Russian, advancing on Astrabad or Khyva, would meet the uncongenial gale of liberty, wafted across the desert from the passes that lead westward to Ghuznee; on the east, the Khyber—no longer the dreaded Khyber—would pour forth a new Indus of commerce, arts, and literature, to fertilize and adorn the Punjaub, to spread onward to the gates of Delhi, to the towers of Agra, to the palace doors of Calcutta. The British would be no longer mere birds of passage; their toilsome journeys across the ocean would be exchanged for short visits *home* to Jellalabad or Cabul, little exceeding in distance or expense their present annual trips to the highlands north of the Sutlege. The children of the great families of the peninsula, instead of being shipped off in their infancy, would remain within reach of their parents, at nurse, at school, or at college,

* This potentate keeps a preserve of vermin—fleas, bugs, and other such noxious and disgusting creatures—into which he casts the objects of his displeasure; half an hour's confinement among them kills the victim.

among the healthful mountains, till of age sufficient to endure the hot sun of the plains, when they would descend to their proper pursuits with alacrity and pleasure.

We owe a heavy debt to the people of India. We have drained their country of much gold: we have done little for them in return, beyond administering their affairs with such a vigorous hand that has kept the peace among them when, but for its constraint, they would have risen in arms against one another. This is a boon, and a great one; but we have received value for benefits a hundred-fold greater, if we but knew how to bestow them. If nature has prohibited us from raising up a race of native freemen among them, let us do the next best thing we can, and plant a colony of freemen on their borders. If we cannot exhibit the charities of Christian life and conversation directly among them, save on a small scale and in an incomplete manner, let us show them to them on a large scale, and in all the completeness of a settled Christian society, though it should be at a little distance, and invite them to make the experiment of imitation among themselves. At all events, let us lose no opportunity of creating an additional safeguard for that power which alone enables us to make them even the inadequate return we do.

The Indus is the natural highway between Central Asia and the rest of the world. It is the only practicable exit for the productions of a portion of the earth's surface as large as the western continent of Europe. Cabul is the key to this navigation on the side of Affghanistan, Bokhara, and Independent Tartary: every thing that goes down the Indus from these districts must pass through this great *entrepôt*, which we have now the opportunity of making a thoroughly British town. Here is land which in self-defence we must wrest from its present occupiers; here is a new field for agricultural industry, for manufacturing skill, for commercial enterprize, a climate congenial to our physical constitutions, a locality adapted to our political wants. It is a grand opportunity for doing good.

I do not justify the Affghan war; on the contrary, so far as I can see the points of the question, I condemn it; but if it had been undertaken for the purpose of rooting these pests of Central Asia out of their fortresses, and declaring the road from Cabul to Peshawur free to the peaceful traffic of all the world, I would have justified it; and now that it has resulted in the opportunity of doing this, a just man will not regret the good that is before him, because it may have arisen out of preceding wrong.

Let the Khyberees go in peace, in God's name. There has been enough of bloodshed. Vengeance is a word that ought not to be known in the councils of a magnanimous nation. Let there be no burning, no laying waste: the moral lesson will be far more emphatic. The steam-engine, the mechanics' institute, the public music-hall, springing up at the foot of these bloodstained mountains, would be the most impressive monuments ever erected in memory of the slain; and if the slaughter at Jugdaluck lead to this, we may truly say that this was the best-expended blood that has been shed in war for many generations. I am, my dear sir, your faithful servant,

GILBERT YOUNG.

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

No. V.

Verona.

In this city, Palladio, San Michele, Scammozzi, and Sansovino, are all eminent and classical names amidst the bizarrerie of the times of the Scaligers, and the buildings of those modern Goths, the Austrians, who have raised their frightful white towers on every green hill-top, where nothing but a feudal castle should have stood. No where have we been more struck by the odd mixture of the old and new, the pure and debased styles, than in the streets of Verona and on its adjacent heights. Here, as elsewhere in the old Venetian territory, the solitary Corinthian pillar, that bore the winged lion, becomes a useless obstruction. Walls of houses and convents in this city may be seen every where marked with holes, pierced by the balls with which the French played at racket with the Austrians in 1805. Even within a church poor St Ursula had a narrow escape, after receiving several unsightly bruises, and, together with many of her virgins, exhibiting the cicatrices of some very ugly gunshot wounds. "In that *tempesta de balle*, it is only surprising how any thing or any body escaped," said the old sacristan, alluding to the two hours before daybreak of that terrible 25th of June, as if he had scarcely had time since to recover himself. How disappointing is the church of St George, a joint production of two great architects in different styles—a conception which puts one in mind of a plan for expeditious sculpture, mentioned by Winkelman as of Egyptian invention; the opposite halves of the rudely shaped outline of a statue, *sawed vertically*, were placed in different hands, and a *commissure* effected by cementation! Beaumont and Fletcher have always puzzled us. San Michele built in two styles, and succeeded in both, when he did not endeavour to combine them. Our guide tells us that Verona can boast of no less than seventy-two kinds of marble, and adds, that from this circumstance, the Romans called her *Marmorea*. The friezes and ornaments of the palaces here, and sometimes the walls, are made of a stone apparently identical with that Istrian marble so much used in Venice, and sent from Dalmatia to most of the provinces. One of the most striking of them is by this same San Michele, the Palladio of Verona, but how inferior! It is divided horizontally by a long balcony. The part below the balcony is grave and prison-like; above, a row of the richest order of columns supports a highly ornamented frieze and a pediment full of sculpture. This palace belongs to a family of which the name is European. Here, in Italy, it is *Bevilacqua*—in France, Boileau—in England, Drinkwater. Of course we went to see Juliet's tomb, which stands in a garden formerly belonging to the Franciscan convent. Thousands of English do this pilgrimage every year. We lay down in it for gallantry's sake; but having paid our fee for this gratification, must own that we departed without a sensation or an idea beyond a stone trough! Yet how did the story originate? In returning, we noticed the very becoming headdress of the *oxen*, who look at you with their meek faces through a pretty veil of red twine, very becoming, like a modest matron through hers of lace or of gauze. This adornment is quite epichorial; we never saw it out of the Veronese.

The Open Theatre.

A theatre in the open air was too tempting, and classical at the same time, for us not to attend for once. We had yawned an evening ago amidst the one hundred and twenty empty boxes of the large theatre of Vicenza, where the poor boxkeeper was unable to give us change for our Napoleon, and we were resolved to see *cheap* Italian acting in its Thes-

pian state of nature—nor were we disappointed. Our piece was called the *Two Old Men*. There were also two young men and two young women; two chairs stood on the stage, brought in by two servants. The play had only two scenes, the orchestra only two fiddlers, and the price of entrance was about twopence. The recollection of the "*Two* Gentlemen of Verona," made this recurrence of the dual number odd enough. The two old men, great friends formerly, were now likely to hate each other from being in love with the same young lady, and were as absurd, as amorous, and grotesque in their dress and movements, as any two sexagenarians could afford to be. The two young men, in each other's, and in their *Susanna's* confidence, play off the two elders very much to every body's amusement; most exacting of the respect due to *age*, they are always doing something, when they fancy themselves not seen, to compromise the claim. The young lady gives them to the devil without any circumlocution, whenever they become too importunate. The humour waxes broad and broader as the old Silenuses become aware each of the other's pretensions; they at last resolve to fight for the damsel hand to hand, and come on the stage wrapped in their old cloaks, and, clenching their swords, and talking of the last drop of blood in their collapsed veins, they will not listen to their nephews' sensible denunciation against duelling in general, and are too hot-blooded to be stayed. When they advance upon each other, and seem likely to fall like two torpid cockchafers, the thing becomes very humorous and effective. Our bronze-faced villain of a *voiturier* scratched his head approvingly in the pit before us, while the two Hungarian soldiers, planted there to maintain order, might be seen, as the setting sun throws a gleam upon them, struggling to conceal their faces, which *will* laugh, though quite unsoldierly, and against regimental orders. At length, when the alternative is suggested—"Sooner than your hated rival shall prevail against you, my uncle, only order *me* to marry her, and I will carry her away from his pretensions"—the old man's anger is made the means of accomplishing his nephew's wish, and the spirit of farce and Foote is at its height. The motley crowd burst out into successive peals of merriment, shaking the canvass walls enough to make the old *amphitheatre* hard by jealous—amidst which the many-coloured audience rise, the chairs are tumbled over, and the vomitories have soon emptied the eager crowd over the plazza of the arena.

The Amphitheatre.

From without, this building seems like an inferior Colosseum—the amphitheatre of Vespasian lowered by a story—but when you are within its far more perfect interior, especially if the moon be up, and a company of Italian comedians happen, as when we were there, to be rehearsing by lamplight in the mid arena, while you, sitting high above, and as far remote as the cycloid will permit, can still hear every word they utter, the feeling is certainly very extraordinary; whole ages go for nothing; you have opened the book of time at a much earlier chapter than that which you were reading, and you listen to jokes and dialogue delivered in a tongue somewhat similar, but in tones probably not at all so, to those which these old walls formerly echoed. The audience was dispersing for the night when we first went; but we determined to assist at the next representation. We were first struck, of course, with the enormous magnitude of the building, compared to any place for the same purpose in use among the moderns. The vastly inferior size of the largest of our theatres depends, doubtless, on the necessity of a roof, with which the ancients dispensed, and that necessity, again, on the modern representations being all at night. (It is not a question of hearing merely, that is involved in the space occupied by a theatre, for, as we have said, you *hear* every thing in this vast ellipse. Those ancients, by the way, must have been sad idle fellows, to give up the earlier and active portion of the day to the playhouse.) We hurry on, thousands being still behind us, and look up, being still outside, at these walls,

whose date is unascertained, and whose summit is now thickly *dotted with hats and bonnets*, of which the wearers are within. We are directed to a grey arch, the incised numerals on which look like the fresh work of yesterday; we enter with hundreds upon hundreds, but not a crowd, and find ourselves amongst modern playbills, stuck up along the many divaricating corridors. At length we are delivered from marble steps and staircases, and find ourselves fairly within the ellipse, and in front of the bustling arena! What an astounding effect! we are instantly made to feel the terribly grand result of such a concourse; it was like meeting the whole world face to face, and yet, what was this to a full house in the olden time?—at first we saw nothing distinct, then we saw a parti-coloured mass of living beings in occupation of the stone benches, which all views necessarily represent as void. This mass was cooling itself with thousands of fans, thus adding not a little to the general effect, by making the life and reality of the audience a matter of perception. Progress to a good seat through such compact lines seemed hopeless, and yet on we moved, climbing the steep steps, looking right and left, and when midway up, turning round to reconnoitre our position; as soon as seated, we discerned that a partition of deal halved the building, and separated us spectators, and our share of it, from mimic lines of fortification, and the imposing attitude of a *villa de guerra* on the other. There was a mountain background, and whole regiments of real soldiers ready to rush down on signal from their advantageous position, and reinforce Gustavus, (that was the name of the piece.) To get as near as possible, we make for the *Podium*, and leaning over the arena, see a young amazon princess on a stately charger, who enters by what was once the gladiator's gate, and who is joining her troop in the centre. She salutes gracefully, receives the applause of ten thousand voices, speaks, and is answered. We hear what she has said; but we fancied that we were a little too near, and that both her personal attractions, and her voice, might gain by distance. *Aux armes! aux armes!* The drums set up a terrible uproar, the trumpets bray, other and harsher instruments than these clash in with this military orchestra. The mountain infantry rush from their high stations upon the arena, which fills like a thirsty sponge; a roar of applause bursts forth from the spectators, loud enough to detach an avalanche a mile off—loud enough to show what an awful monster the mob is, and strong enough to shake any but such a building as this to its base. —Spreads the tide of red-coats like mother streams of lava, and rolling downwards to the fray. The sound of fire-arms is amongst us, but nobody seems to fall. Another volley from a distance, two overhead; the powder begins to scent the house, and amidst wreaths of smoke, and all the pother of an incessant drumming, and the discharge of random guns, the young princess springs from her horse, bounds like an antelope over the arena, is lost in her white tent, and we are at the end of act first. After so much melodrama, while we stand at ease like the soldiers, there comes a bit of the ludicrous; a wooden plank has given way, and a few dozen of people, who imagined themselves comfortably seated, are sprawling in the dust.

Ironical cheers, of course, from the opposition (*stone*) benches. No fear of *these* coming down. One shout always prepares for another. What is it now? Poor puss! she will be wiser in future, than to come mousing in the amphitheatre of Verona by daylight in such a crowd. How they hooted her, and how she panted as she flew, with two ugly mastiffs at her heels, right across that dusty arena. Ay, but what tales of real bloodshed couldst thou, old parapet on which we lean, relate, if thou hadst but a tongue and a mind! Here we are, within the very area of a human slaughterhouse, (and, which makes the *whole* impression, that it is *not alone*, as in the Colosseum, but one of an immense multitude,) looking at our ease on those very six gates that opened into that once-smoking arena; from our particular place (where sat the magistrate in his curule chair) fell the signal for the onslaught! All is almost as it was, except the belt of spikes which protected the eager gazer from the tiger's leap! When we hear all those shouts and catch the "genius loci" in the vociferations of to-day, we go back 1000 years without an effort! But we have no time

now for reflection; for the last scene is come again. There is an uproar: cannons boom along the stone walls. Fire! fire! fire! fire! all round. Masses of inflamed tow, wadding of all sorts and sizes, is buoyant in the air, or descends slowly amid shawls and bonnets; those pasteboard citadels still resist, and must be carried by assault; "tantara, tantara;" the hostile message is answered with a defiance. The whole amphitheatre is hushed. The *ladders* are brought; the descendants of the *scaligers* begin to mount; the critical moment has come; a terrific discharge of muskets and cannon repel them from behind the battlements, but the warlike crest of the besiegers clings firm to the walls. They are up, are over, are victorious! The demolished woodwork of the old fort is in a blaze. Her walls totter, she explodes, and sends her crackling timbers far and wide over the empty benches, and the delighted thousands on their legs now begin to move downwards and homewards, to the narrow streets, suburbs, and shops of the modern Verona. We descend with the mass, stopping occasionally for a second to keep clear of the random shots of heroes who had forgotten or been afraid to fire till now. In less than five minutes, with much less pressure than is experienced in coming out of an English parish church or assembly-room, we find ourselves unelbowed on the area of the grand Place and on our way to our hotel. We have dwelt a little on this visit, and have written *con amore;* a room looks larger when *empty*, an amphitheatre when *full*—a sight like that we have just enjoyed is worth a journey of fifty miles. The whole population of Verona is stated at 50,000. The calculation of the capacity of her amphitheatre is given at 25,000—it was entirely full, that is to say, *our* half. If the largest theatres of the modern capitals were all emptied into this ancient building, they would not fill it.

La Porta Stupa.

We were much disappointed by this said wonderful gate of San Michele. We saw its Doric columns and gloomy strength first from within the city; but as the Austrians and French have destroyed its visible connexion with the walls, and as it is now a *closed* gate, we were compelled to drive a dusty mile through another gate in order to get a sight of its other face. Having skirted the exterior of the wall for some time, along a plain fully as bleak as that of Salisbury, we arrive in front of its other face, and linger, but in vain, to receive fresh intelligence from this proceeding. That rough Doric, with his bluff rusticity, assuredly knows little of the arts of peace! To be impregnable, and to show the same face, is his only science, and right skilfully is he built for that. He seems, too, as if he suspected an enemy in every stranger who surveys him too curiously, especially by twilight! Three centuries before his mountain-mother opened her capacious womb to give him birth, other tyrants than the Venetian bore sway within walls of only half the diameter of these. The *Ladder* chiefs (Scaligeri) and the *Visconti* breathed deadly hate on opposite sides of the bridge. The noble river, (the Adige,) which has had its waters so often tinged with blood, now flows hoarsely, but stainless, under Verona's palaces. We have wandered from our gate, and it is time we should return—we have no thoughts of scaling your walls, old gate—we have no ladder, and are not of the Scaliger family. Your unmoved moroseness only makes us sleepy. We must leave thee, impracticable gate, to architects and engineers, who will understand thee better, and to whom thou mayest be more communicative—felice notte! We were conducted from San Michele's "wonderfully severe gate," in which Forsyth says he has "caught the true spirit of a fortified gate, and given to it an air of gloomy strength and severity." To his Pellegrini chapel, which the same writer calls "his masterpiece," approaching the opposite extreme—"*Questa di San Michele!*" said we, looking with disappointment on the building. "*Securò che è di San Michele,*" answers our man, who sees its beauties at a glance. Provoking, that that which to our unbribed judgment seems not of importance enough to be censured or commended

at all, should be understood by such fellows as these. Goth that we are to write it, it is on her *Gothic* churches that we should congratulate Verona, where long-drawn aisles and fretted vault, raised in the native strength of her own quarries, nobly pillared and pilastered, lined and paved with the exhaustless storehouse of her own marbles, fill the uncritical mind with enjoyment, and give an endless scope for objection on the part of the learned in Grecian and Roman architecture. We sat before a *Café* eating ice, close to the amphitheatre; while we listened to a captivating little girl who, accompanied by her brothers and her guitar, sang us airs from Lucretia Borgia—"*Battre pour le choix des Tyrans,*" has been for many times the fate of the Veronese. Three times have they been wrested from the French by the Austrians, and from the Austrians by the French. Their walls are scared with balls, not a few of her ancient monuments have been beaten down by cannon. The Austrians, who are at present in the ascendant, show fight once every year, on which occasion half their force in garrison is *dressed like the French;* whom the other half (after a suitable defence) always succeed in conquering. This representation must of course be very instructive! it struck us as being very paltry and unmilitary!

Vicenza and Palladio.

Palladio might be proud of Vicenza, of which he was, as it were, the second founder. It must be a grand thing for a man to walk about his native city, and behold, in every direction, noble edifices of his own creation. Not a handsome gateway, not a palace front, but was his own design. He was better acquainted with a man's staircases and corridors than himself. Then, to receive deafening plaudits from the *cunei* of one's own amphitheatre! To feel, on entering a church, that the noble domes under which he humbled himself had been raised by his own genius to the God who dwelt there. In all this profusion of talent, there is nothing in Palladio that ever comes upon you like a harsh or unintelligible surprise—how utterly indefinable is that something, so apparently small to the sensual eye—so much the reverse to the eye of taste, which separates, in all human productions, the grand or the original, from the vulgar or the commonplace; a single word in a sentence, trivial in itself, but admirable from its collocation; a management of something that were elsewhere subordinate in a picture, some happy violation of the laws of order in architecture may make all the difference, and stamp the work as coming from the real poet, painter, or architect. What is the great charm of Palladio's front to that long Gothic room, in name and shape so similar to another near it at Padua? Surely in the exquisite skill and judgment with which he has assigned different and appropriate offices to different orders of columns, in a very extensive but totally unconfused employment of them. Majestic Dorians below, exquisite Corinthians above, stand out and support the heavier part imposed on their shoulders, which gently receding, as if to claim the protection of these more masculine creations, Palladio has given them partners, whose Ionic slenderness is equal to the lighter part of the building—a glorious marriage of columns is here, such as till this day we never saw in stone, nor ever expect to see again. But it is to his Olympic theatre chiefly that we should ever return with renewed delight, and reflect on with admiration. When we had read Forsyth's regret that it was all wood and stucco, we thought that we, too, must be disappointed. But no! the stucco is of a very fine kind, and looks like what in fact it is in a great measure, an extemporized marble, made up of very fine marble powder; and, as to the *cunei*, one does not enquire into their material. Sit on one of these cunei—what a work expands to view—what a magnificent simplicity of decoration—what spirit of fresh antiquity comes forward to meet us! The illusion is so perfect, that an effort of judgment alone can persuade you that those boards will not shortly be occupied by the business of the ancient stage. How long the audience is in coming! surely the house will fill presently! What a good seat we have secured by coming

early! Now, then, for those old Roman actors of whom we have read so much! But shall we be able to follow them in their *Plautus* without the book? What do they play to-night? Hisht! Caracalla and Nero are at your elbow—emperors are all abroad—you never were, perhaps, before in a theatre along with the twelve Cæsars! Look up Scammozzi's line of streets—see where the light falls slanting across the way—surely some one is about to appear from that temple in the side scene, though at this distance you cannot catch his footfall. How real every thing is!—still the audience tarries—can we have made a mistake and come too late? Is the play over? Are they gone? The hours of those old Romans were not like ours—doubtless the actor has already said his "*vos valete, et plaudite,*" and they have clapped their hands, those Roman citizens, and gone home before you made your appearance!

Mantua.

As we neared the flat lands of Mantua, vegetation rioted in excess; coarse and rank vegetation of the grasses. The rice waved high over its watery trough; the maize seemed to be pushed by a resistless *vis à tergo* far above its usual height. Young mulberry trees shot up every where and flourished, like some of the Corinthians we had lately seen, under an *exuberance* of capital; but *anguis latet in herbâ*—the cultivator pays for all this superfluity of vegetable life *with his own.* There is a conspiracy of all that grows against him and his! "Life for life!" as the vine says to the goat gnawing its root in the epigram—"life for life!" says the rice, as it falls under the husbandman's sickle. "Lay me on my back today," says the *Grand Turk,* "but tomorrow towards evening you will begin to shiver, and be glad to lie on some of my straw with headach." "Put me into the ditch," says the flax-plant, "and beat me into fibres for your household linen; but take care I don't put *you* into a deeper in return." Even the leguminous plants in this soil are not cultivated in security. Why, partial nature, dost thou make light of the safety of us red-blooded creatures in the interest of the green sap? Are Flora, Pomona, and Ceres in league with Pyrrexia, (who, as the poet says of *Pecunia,* is a great goddess, "though we have reared as yet no altars to her service?") And yet, unhealthy as Mantua undoubtedly is, and must ever have been, having all the conditions requisite for the rise and progress of fevers, no river god ever poured a more limpid water, nor from a cleaner cistern, than the Mincio. The struggling fly would have small chance of escape from the trout of the Mincio; a bathing naiad would be shocked at her naked charms being only magnified, nor would old Walton's skill avail here in manœuvring the quick-eyed fish in such a medium. A long covered bridge delivers you, gasping from the heat, into the custody of the town, and looking sharp for the best hotel. Resign that vain distinction if you sleep in Virgil's birthplace, and tell them to take you to the nearest. Travellers are too fond of using their eyes and their ears in the dilemma of hotel-seeking; the admonitions of the nostril and the conclusions of the judgment are better worth. We turned into a place that had a fair outside; but to us the "*green cross*" will in future stand for a plague-mark chalked on the door. We had soles sent from Venice, (the black ship that brought them was still stinking in the canal!) several hot days before our departure thence; no doubt to be ready for us when we should reach Mantua; not liking these, we had hard fried tunny and old peas fried in fat; in short, we ate suspected and disgustful meats, and bore the consequence, which was, that next day, instead of seeing a palace, which our guide assures was so called because Giulio Romano, who built it, intended it for a *tea* house, we were tucked up most uncomfortably in bed, until late in the evening, in possession of an atrocious *migrain.* When a little revived, we drove round a small piazza, called Virgil's square, round which we went, with two other carriages in pursuit, till we were giddy, and then left it to cross the drawbridges and travel along a flat road, that croaked and plashed on both sides

as we went on. This would not do at sunset on such a soil, so we returned to re-rumble over the drawbridge and the pavement, and passed palaces which had no other interest than as exhibiting the freaks of the architect, who, disregarding all the proportions of his master, all regard for the great example of the correct in style which Virgil had left him, built mean churches, odd palaces, preposterously decorated shambles and fish markets, and earned at this price a reputation for *originality* with the Mantuans, which has not, however, extended beyond the city walls. Alberti's fine church is, in our estimation, the lion of Mantua; it is one of those few buildings which strike as you enter, from its easily comprehended simplicity. To us it was also a delightful sanctuary against the heat, and so we felt doubly pleased with its noble nave and lofty cupola. Good bye, old Mantua, and may it be long ere we pass another dull day in your cheerless precincts. The sight even of your vegetable market, elsewhere refreshing, did not cheer, or tend in any way to make us forget being within range of your rice grounds. Your vegetable stalls are too close to your booths for old iron, to please us; your frowsy garments dangle too near your fruit, and second-hand boots somehow destroy one's appetency for the largest figs, or (which yours are not) the finest apricots. Adieu, old Ghietta, where a thousand Israelites carry on a most active commerce of garments in decay, and look as if they would eat up, coat and all, any man with a new one. The guide-books for Mantua humanely divide your labours into four days. Oh! one day is much more than enough for seeing all that *is*, and much that is *not*, worth inspection. As to ourselves, by way of novelty, we went next day to *Novi*, an excellent place for the practice of abstinence, where having eaten up all the eggs within five miles, (there were a dozen of us,) and it was a scanty supply, we made for Modena.

Modena.

Modena is a small country town, situated agreeably enough, but very limited in its ideas, its resources, and its ramparts. The Duke has a handsome Palladian palace, round the quadrangular court of which, and behind two tiers of arcades which spring elegantly from the pavement, run open corridors, which look and feel cool. They conduct us first through three or four saloons, with white-washed walls, marble doorways, and *scagliogla* floors, on which, unless we had stepped carefully, we should have been in some danger of dislocating a vertebra, while gazing, as we were bidden, at a fresh frescoed Olympus on the ceiling. Having passed through a long line of rooms containing very little furniture for show and none for use, without in the least envying the Grand Duke either his house or his capital, we reach the ball-room, which is fitted up richly with festooned satin furniture, and is gay with glass and gilding. Beyond this is the only room in this long suite which appeared to us really furnished, inasmuch as it has the carpet and the curtains which long habit has made us consider as essential to a sitting-room as grass to a park, the very foundation on which all that comes afterwards is but subordinate; but we came for the *gallery*, and here it is. We saw a picture or two of merit, but none certainly of which the French would have deprived Modena. For the *Nudæ*, it is as good as a life academy. We find it first in a Roman Charity by Guercino, where we envy the starving old man; and next in the Cleopatra, where we envy the *asp*: again, in the Lucretia pretending to be about to stab herself, where it needed not have been, unless Tarquin was quite a ruffian; and as to the Potiphar's Wife, she positively raises the temperature of the cool room in which she exhibits her perfections by several degrees. Then there is a Venus half asleep among her roses and doves, and looking half reproachfully at our modesty (we had English ladies with us) as we turned from her and the other naked, half-naked, and three-quarter naked females, to others in a more everyday presentment, shining in satin, looking rich in velvets, and dazzling with all the glories of Paul Veronese; while poor Bassano, ignorant alike how to rear silkworms or to represent the richness of their

looms, hangs on every woman, princess or peasant, *that one amber-coloured* petticoat of his, the discarded finery of one of Veronese's belles. A kneeling figure turns her back to us in order to display its full proportions, and a snorting white war-horse, with Borgonone written on his crupper, fights a battle as usual over each door. The collection, moreover, possesses some real Canalettis, an artist whose pencil, as we recede from Venice, again drew us thither. One of them proves that in his days the horses of St Marc were altogether gilt, whereas now "their collars only glitter in the sun." Around the gallery, and immediately above the *dado*, are the very interesting bas-reliefs of Trajan's column, which unveils itself in drawings (of the original size of the marbles from which they were copied) made by Giulio Romano. But why should we say more about this grand-duke's palace?—we have paid one of his servants for seeing his pictures, as we shall, on leaving his territory to-morrow, others of them not to be tormented by that mosquito nuisance, his Dogana. The fellows will buzz about our police-blown passport, and hope it may not be found *en règle*—and yet we shouted at the restoration of the old state of things on that continent, which we have delivered up again to priests, Austrian soldiers, and insolent doganas, adopting that impudent phrase of the "holy alliance," the correct expression of a fact.

Ferrara.

While they are strangling poultry, (for every thing you are to eat is alive to welcome you at an Italian Locanda,) and making other necessary arrangements for dinner, we visit the Cathedral, which stands at one end of the "piazza," at a stone's throw from our door. Emerging from the dirty little street of our settlement for to-day, its fine front comes into view, and on approaching nearer, we admire its curious old entrance gate, deeply embayed, as in the northern abbeys, in a series of arches within arches; while, in the van of all, two twisted porphyry columns screw their shafts into the backs of two ugly Cinque Cento lions, which writhe and look ill at ease under their pressure.

On entering, our eye has scarce time to look out for the founts, the monuments, and the "Baldaquino," or for those broad-brimmed *Medusas of the Papal See*, the suspended hats of defunct cardinals, which show their purple border swimming high in the mid nave, when we see far up the Church, that many persons are assembled round two rows of children, placed on a rising series of opposite benches, with a long table in the midst; this table is occupied by little books, artificial flowers, tin crucifixes, and all the fripperies in which the Catholics are wont to deck out their altars. Not a few priests are busily engaged in getting up something, and superior clergy are there who are to be hearers only. These sit apart in a semicircle, directing their attention and ours to a boy and a girl: the first in knee-breeches and buckles, with a crown and a sceptre, and a monkey-like air of importance; while his partner, a miss in her teens, is dressed like a ballet dancer, has her hair periwinkled into ringlets, and sits sparkling under a tiara of green glass! A crowd of folk pour in from the door, and having asked what all this may mean, we are informed forthwith that the "children's contest," a kind of religious controversy, is about to commence, and that these opposite ranks of urchins, at present intent on studying each other's physiognomies, are, at a word of command, to commence bating each other in polemical theology, and to insist on reasons, in the presence of their respective umpires, for the faith that is in their neighbour; if his answer prove prompt and satisfactory, he acquires the right to turn round upon the querist; if otherwise, down he comes like a winged jackdaw, and receiving the minimum of reward, the τι ὀλίγον of a bunch of muslin roses, or a leaden crucifix, he makes his bow and is carried off from the arena. The last boy, he who shall have put down all the opposite bench, by superior memory, impudence, and greater powers of teasing, is to be declared *imperatore*, and will receive the imperial robes, sceptre, and crown, from the last year's Augustus, who will rise to

welcome him, while the priests will confer on him the smartest missal, or the life of a saint, or a very superior nosegay, in proof of their satisfaction. Those cunning priests!—but we must not here say any thing in their disfavour, for they really make way for us, bow at us, and courteously receive our salutation. Placed in the foremost row, with all our *forestiere* airs and heresies upon us, we are hardly seated when a sly old *canonico* turns round, and asks whether we have any such *improving disputations* as these at home. Another would know whether the Catholic faith is not fast gaining ground in England; while a third, not waiting for our assent, affirms to the querist that it notoriously is—enquiring, however, of us whether Oxford is entirely come round, and how the Archbishop of Canterbury got out of his unpleasant dilemma in having suspended a clergyman, because, in his discourses, he had approached too near the true doctrine? One of the party had recently, he told us, read an article in the Edinburgh ————, showing that Protestantism is beginning materially to modify her claims and opinions. We assured him that England was still in the main Protestant—but not so opposed to Rome as to fear the introduction of *pictures* into its churches, (especially if we could get good ones;) most of us wish we could restore to our cathedrals their fine old glass windows; nor do people generally think they hear the devil raising his voice in the organ loft or in the choir, *merely* because they are playing, not Handel's, but Rossini's music—in short, we are seldom accused of being Puritans. "In England at any rate, and even in Scotland" . . . but we are interrupted here from giving further explanation by an urchin of nine years old, rising suddenly and *fixing* a young adversary from the opposite ranks, demanding of him with arms folded, and in a voice of impudent assurance, "*il quale sia il sesto commandamento de Dio?*" "Non fornicare," answers the unblushing vagabond. The priests look knowingly and approvingly on, and "*bene*"—perfectly right—is heard from more than one voice. The laic folk smile, and the sixth commandment young gentleman returns to the charge. "Dichiarate questo sesto commandamento! responde!" "Commanda," he replicates, "che niuno desidera la *donna*, o *roba* d' altrui!" "Eh! non e vero!" bellows out the first young heifer. "*Commanda* il sesto che non si faccia adulteria; *cive peccato con la donna d' altrui*, e *s' intende* ancora che non si faccia fornicazione ne altro *peccato carnale*." "Bravo, bravo," sing out the chorus of priests, and down comes the inexact reader of the decalogue as if they had convicted him of adultery. Another young Horatius now gets up to encounter another Curiatius; assuming not the intimidating attitude of the young bully who has disappeared, but the Jesuit's smoothness and self-possession, he "wishes to know" what he ought to do the first thing in the morning. "*Desidero sapere* quello, che dovrei fare la mattina, quando mi levo dal letto?" Answer, given like an extempore prescription at an hospital, "Si farete il segno della Sta. Croce, et direte, inginocchioni, avante *alcuna imagine* pia e devota, *tre Pater Noter —tre ave Maria* ad onore della Santissima Trinità, ed *un* angelus Dei, ad onore del *vostro angelo custode*, con il Credo, Confiteor, e *Salve Regina*," (all this is rattled off like the quick successive detonations from Perkins's steam-gun.) and in going out of your house? why go to the nearest church, cross yourself as you enter with holy water, and if you can't find time for mass, "direte *almeno*, avante il Sto. Sagramento, gli atti di fedi, speranza, carita, e dolore, con *cinque* Pater, ave, e gloria, pregando per la conservazione ed aumento *della Sta. Chiesa;* e passando per luoghi, *ove sono immagine* pie e devoti, gli farete *riverenza*, levando il capello o la *baretta!*" and do the like to the priests, and to your parents; finally, it should be your care, "fare un poco di orazione," and when all is done and are "al vostro luogho con silenzio é recitare la disputa che avrete studiato, &c. &c. We witnessed this miserable farce for some little time when it became intolerable, and we came away better satisfied with our own church, but not, certainly, better satisfied about the ancient mode of catechetical instruction than before; bowing to the priests as we had been instructed, but not to the pictures or shrines, we withdrew, and the young thunderers, as we fancied, viewed our departure with re-

gret. The priest had complaisantly shown us the title of the work in which these boys were thus examining each other's proficiency—it was called, "Dottrina Christiana composta del Ven. Card. Bellarmino," and dates more than 200 years ago. The English reader might be forgiven if he doubted our accuracy in all this. But no. *There is no mistake;* we have since heard a similar rehearsal in St Peter's itself, and it is, no doubt, the Sunday school education for the whole of Italy. In France and Austria there will be a little political smattering engrafted on Bellarmine. *Sic vivitur*—we chanted the downfall of Buonaparte some eighteen years ago!

From the cathedral to the museum, chiefly to look into the cupboard, for it is no other, (and a very great shame to them it is,) where they keep Ariosto's inkstand, and sit, as all presume to do, in the seat of inspiration, his old gondole chair. The cupboard has certain other souvenirs equally interesting—they let you read a contract in his own hand-writing, (it is a page taken from a private memorandum book, and pasted on one side the shelves,) to let out a certain number of his "bulls" for hire to neighbouring farmers, in consideration of a stipulated rate to be paid by the possessors of the *Europas*, in whose behalf they have been, *pro hac vice*, engaged. Ariosta was a great cattle breeder. The original MSS. of Guarini's Pastor Fido is also here, and lies on the same shelf with a copy of Tasso's Gerusalemme, corrected in his prison. They have, moreover, a fine bust of the *thrice-crowned poet*, with Guarini's Latin inscription beneath,* the obverse of a medallion of Ariosto's head, found in his tomb, is a hand tearing out a serpent's tooth, with "pro bono malum" for device. This coin was probably the work of his patron, Duke Alphonso, who was an amateur artist in bronze; it was he that presented that well-known handsome inkstand† to the poet, for which he received an equally handsome ode. Twelve large cannons, (we mean cannons for gunpowder,) cast and christened after the twelve Apostles! and sent with the duke's compliments to the pope, are a still more formidable evidence of skill in the foundery. Here also we saw the effigy of the said duke's Cardinal brother, who wondered whence his "Caro Ariosto" had got together so much *filth*. *Caro mio Ariosto dove avete pigliato tutta quella porcaria?* In front of such relics, and amidst the "bees," which figure in the earlier editions of the Italian poet, sat Byron, say they, for three whole weeks, (we suppose *occasionally*,) to elaborate his not always wholesome honey for the English market. As to the old gondole, it is not only riddled throughout with the holes of *xylophagous insects, properly such*, but other and larger "Necrobii" and "Polygraphi" than these have been at work on its back and arms, and many a nameless, but not unnamed, tourist has, with his "Wharncliffe" or Brummagen blade, done more destruction than the worm on what remained of the dear old chair. Of this worse than folly, Byron unfortunately set the example to his countrymen, and *Delamartine* taught the travelling "Calicots" of France that it was *ton* for them to book or write their names in remarkable spots. Byron may be excused for wishing his name to occur to every body on a spot which he so eloquently celebrates, and the French poet had an European reputation to extenuate the commission of what must always be held an impertinence; but what possible excuse is there, in such places, for the names of nonsense, which lie layer upon layer, as one mean name

* This Epitaph we have not seen in print—

Notus et Hesperiis jacet hic Ariostus et Indis,
Cui musa æternum nomen Etrusca dedit.
Seu *satyram* in vitia exacuit, seu *comica* lusit,
Seu cecinit grandi *bella* ducesque tuba,
Ter summus vates, cui docto in vertice Pindi,
Ter gemina licuit cingere fronde comas.

† The model was carried to Paris, where it was a few years in vogue; it was then in the hands of Messrs Gimix et Compagnie in the Rue Coq, St Honoré, and has since, we doubt not, descended from the French "Howel and James," to shops of vastly inferior pretension.

succeeds another, and *Brown* half obliterates *Tomkins*, till the whole chair and cupboard is a perfect *palimpsest!* Besides these pleasing relics of a great poet, they show us some illumined music books of rare beauty, and unique in their size; the music lines for notation are four, in place of the ordinary number five; and the notes a perfect system of hieroglyph, known only to Carthusian eyes, from whose convent in the neighbourhood they had been filched; for here, as at Bologna and many other places through which we pass, the almost proscribed Carthusian has no longer any *cœnobium;* a spacious Campo Santo generally supplants it, and a dead city, hardly smaller than the living one in its vicinity, has left no trace of the convent, except the cypresses that once adorned its magnificent and spacious cloisters.

Tasso's Prison.

In questo oscuro carcere vè appena
Giungeva un raggio del maggior Pianeta
Avvinto i piedi di servil catena
Trasa la vita l' immortal Poeta.

MSS. on the spot.

The cell is indescribably vile, and wants all the elements even of a picturesque dungeon. It is a dust-hole, under a madhouse; its walls, like those of any other resort for rats or spiders, are blackened and defaced; yet our desperate *English* carbonari have charcoaled here as every where else where the pencil would not work —smoked their accomplished names, and compelled the door to feel many a sharp stiletto nibbling at its panels for the same noble purpose. Were it not for that tablet of marble inserted into the front wall to announce that this is no vulgar dungeon, you would pass on; but *with* that information what thoughts arise! If we love to think that the Rhapsodist of the Iliad, that Prince of Troubadours, recited, amidst applauding Greece, the deeds of his heroes under his country's plane-trees, or on the shores of the hoarse Ægean; if we are glad to know that Virgil had his knife and fork at the tables of Augustus and Mæcenas, what a pain to recollect that Tasso modulated the exquisite stanzas of his not less immortal epic (worthy to be sung to the harp of Ossian at the banquet of all the princes of the earth) amidst the humiliation and despondency of a dungeon! What fools men are to endure despots! They bring a light and they bring a key; bars there are none, nor bolts; the prisoner has been gone for four centuries; oxygen has entirely eaten up the old iron lock; time has reduced to dust the hand that applied the key; the duke's brow is still contracted, but it is only in the discoloured marble of his tomb; and the despot (and there is nothing in Italy but despotism) who made men quail and cower at his presence, is a disarticulated and unsightly skeleton! This is one of the places where one is compelled to feel in its full truth the "quantula sint hominum corpuscula." As to imprisonment of any thing human in such a place, how any man could have borne it a month, and have lived to come out again, is our marvel;—a hero or a common criminal would have died surely; no prose existence could have stood it!—a nightingale frets himself to death in a cage, even though he be not shut up with toys and mockbirds, but the creative mind of the poet makes, to a certain extent, its own place every where; and though it could not fabricate a heaven out of such a hell, even to a Tasso, it did not prevent him from carrying the prodigious resources of his mind into moods of being far far beyond his prison-bars. The door opens to the gentlest pressure, and the light of day, with the verdure of a small garden near one spot, make more emphatic the silence of the unwindowed cell. In Tasso's time there was a small window, a very small one; it is walled up, but the marks of its dimensions are visible in the old brick-work; and we see that, standing by it, he might, by straining a little, and standing sideways, behold a few inches of the blue sky over the gable-ends of his tyrant's palace! In one corner of his square

area of twelve feet was his pallet, and here he *must* have sat, if, indeed, he, like Ariosto, had a chair to sit on! While we are thus curiously and intently surveying for a few minutes every foot of the small cell, our guide points to where Byron sat nearly the whole day ruminating, and without light, till he had remotely felt the kind of suffering which a brother poet had so long borne in silence.

The Duke of Modena's Country House.

Annoyed with the badness of our pencil, (don't imagine pencils may be had *ubique gentium*,) and the sameness of our journey since we left *Rovigo*—a place of the very existence of which we shall be to-morrow oblivious, though we endured it for a whole day—we had determined to interrupt our note-making; it was not worth while to record any route that it had lain through — a Flemish landscape, irrigated by anastomising ditches, and of a surface in general only to be described *con amore* by a physician in search of malaria, a botanist looking out for new flowers, or a grazier who contemplates land as it is capable of being turned to the use of the farm or the dairy; but we were roused by the name of a place called "Bataglia," within eight miles of Padua, and happening to open our eyes at the same moment with our ears, we discerned an immense pile of building high towering over the bulrush country to the left; and, just as we had determined on the exertion of asking a question, our driver suddenly pulls up, and informs us that we are now in front of the Duke of Modena's country seat—a place which few "*forestieri*" pass without paying its *museum* a visit: so we get down, cross the little drawbridge, pass an *avant-garde* of obelisks, garden statues, and clipped trees; and, entering flankways, come across a surly old seneschal, who stands in a large court with a bunch of keys ready to conduct you over the premises. Glancing at the battlements above, we see an array of old cannon, whose muzzled mouths project slightly beyond the parapet; but centuries have elapsed since they swallowed their last meal of cannon balls, and smelt the invigorating odour of gunpowder. Those *maimed* statues below, armless or headless, round the margin of the green pond in the garden, were wounded before artillery came into fashion, and the fearless frogs have poked their heads for centuries out of the scum under that ever-silent wall, and have never been startled by a single explosion. Our old guide is by no means unlike one of Caravaggio's St Peters. He points the way with his key; we follow, and he coughs; and when he applied himself to opening the museum door, little did we expect to find ourselves in a vast apartment or gallery completely filled with wonders in their way.

In walking down the room, the first objects that arrest our further progress are some dozen Corinthian columns, o nearly two feet high, in *purest rock crystal*, a portico to an elegant temple, dedicated, to judge by the quantity of carved coral and mother of pearl ornaments in its neighbourhood, to the sea divinities. A vast collection of objects are exhibited here which carry antiquity in their faces—instruments of peace and war, (as the articles enjoyed both,) the corn sickle and the spear-head of forgotten generations, the hatchet to hew wood, and the sword to hack the flesh of an antagonist; Egypt and her gods; her carved Scarabæi; her *cat*, in all the mysteries of mummy, surrounded by little idols in opaque green glass; but Egypt and her idols are common every where. Well, then, you have souvenirs of the cinque cento; delicately filagreed plates of ivory, meant for little book covers; ladies' work or jewel boxes, that must have taken entire years to complete, and so on; and all this might have been glanced at and forgotten—not so that hall of heroes which awaits us! We enter the "armoury," and start back on beholding the society with which we are suddenly confronted! Two long files of warriors, extending to a far distant door, stand forth to dispute our progress thither in a variety of menacing attitudes. Cold, stern, silent, they only wait for the trumpet, to join ranks and begin the clash! As we looked at these knights, and thought

on what is now meant by the title, and on some of our acquaintance who possess it, we smiled; but meeting a black vizor or two close to our noses, we found it by no means difficult to repress our levity in such a party! Armed *cap-a-pie*, on horseback and on foot, the knight and his squire, lord and banner-bearer, prick forward, or retreat, parry or lunge, or, already pierced through all their buckram, are falling from their horses, while the unscathed at their side point to the cannon at their feet, or frown, with vizors raised and hand on hilt, on some prostrate adversary, whose pale face is partially revealed to the spectator through the barred *umbrils* of his helmet. In *rastred*, or *ringed*, or tegulated armour, with round iron head-cap, and the red face bare; with helmets shaped like the Phrygian bonnet, with heraldic crest, and the *cointific* floating behind; with moveable vizor, or with pierced *aventails* for the eyes and mouth, (like those grim figures in the Italian processions,) seated firm on saddle, with long pink sash, the horses with *gambriged* housings, iron tusk and broad armour for flank and haunches; the rider armed with lance, bayonet, mace, quiver, or cross-bow, the short stabbing *estoc* of French invention, or the long two-handed sword of the middle ages: all seem real and alive, and, except in the Olympic Theatre of Palladio at Verona, we were never so much in danger *of forgetting our own era*, as when the shadows of past centuries were thus brought back to us in the jousting hall of the Obizzi. Between armed figures and spears and battle-axes, half peeled of their red cloth, lively pictures of battles are painted on the walls; nor could Borgognone produce more conviction in his groups than is to be found in those small circlets of radiating pistols, or those larger ones of carabines that tell their own story in their own way—twisted barrels, and long swivel guns that turn upon wheels, culverine and *spiggardi* armed with protecting projections on their wooden horses behind, and swords which flame in their zigzag course like lightning, or that of St Michael in the Garden of Eden; spurs with one rowel, and that rowel a stiletto; cannons of many barrels and one chamber; old Dandolo's favourite mace, intended to batter head and helmet at one blow into one mass. In case the reader should never have seen this diabolical instrument, and now that the Tower armoury is gone, we will tell him that it is not like the familiar clavus, club or bludgeon, with which Hercules killed Cacus, or that implement with which are inflicted the contusions and fractions of Donnybrook fair or every other festivity in Ireland; nor is it like a smith's *sledge-hammer*, meant to ring on skulls of men as its occasional *anvil*, but modelled like a very innocent thing—the instrument used to froth chocolate! a thing with a long handle, wrought at its extremity into salient *cubes* of iron, and sure, in the least dexterous hands, to perpetrate compound fractures in splinters of a thousand forms. With this instrument, old Dandolo and his men-at-arms took Constantinople from the Turks! The last object in the gallery is a portrait of a most ominous-looking fellow, though not a warrior, a friend, a relation of the Obizzi, and here, by that right and by no other, a *Machiavelli*.

There being no order to the things we see but the order in which we choose to see them, we address ourselves continually to our friend the *custode*, to help our defective knowledge, but find to our regret that his ignorance exceeds our own, and that he is more than a century behind his generation. "What are these characters?" we ask, pointing to some old MSS. which he is studiously exhibiting. "Hanno il carattere di Papyro." "Ay; in what language are they written?" fancying we may not have been heard—"In the language of *Papyrus*, as he has already said." "Whence were they brought?" "From *Papyrus in Egypt*." Hereabouts we began hesitatingly to object that he knew nothing about it, and *he* simultaneously regretted to a friend, who had come *to assist him in not explaining any thing*, that it was in vain to attempt teaching *forestieri* any thing, for *they did not speak Italian*. One thing he did not allow us to overlook, a very fine ancient bust of *Livy* (whose birthplace, Padua, contains another, but of vastly inferior workmanship), which he said Il Signor Canning had pronounced (and with justice) to bear a very striking resemblance to the late Lord Castlereagh. Certainly it was a very fine head. To the mis-

cellaneous objects which are here brought together, it would require the appraising talent of Mr Robins to do any thing like justice: vast erudition and much patience would be required to arrange them chronologically. The family of the Obizzi, to whom this museum is indebted for its existence, (and whose exploits in the Crusades, whose marriages, murders, and processions, *Paul Veronese* has frescoed on the walls,) was a leader of the *Guelphic* party: the last Obicius died some few years ago, and left the museum by will (in the absence of natural descendants) as a present to the Duke of Modena.

Padua—Church of St Anthony.

There were two St Anthonys, a greater and a less; both were Franciscans, and both Thaumaturgists of no common kind; the memory of the lesser St Anthony is strangely connected with a certain pig, of which he made an humble companion, and in whose behalf he used to ask alms, and accordingly, he enjoys the undesirable epithet *del Porco*. Where he is buried and invoked we know not; but the homonymous saint lies *here*, in a shrine, next to Assisi, the finest and most costly we have seen. The building which contains that shrine, seen far off on approaching Padua, resembles the Brighton Pagoda, a chaos of minaret and dome; the interior is equally strange, but of a splendour most dazzling to Protestant eyes. Having entered the church, we leave all other monuments, fine as they are, unexamined, and press on, nor even care to admire the unusual opulence of four grand organs, and the golden Baldaquiro, but make our way into Sansorino's chapel, where, had a devout audience been our object, here we should have found it; the chapel was not so full but that we could see how each votary comported himself. Strangers on such occasions are no interruption; habit is every thing; few care about *forestieri*, or listen to their idle questions, or to the unvarying replies of the methodical sacristan; their thoughts seem concentrated, their affections, their sympathies, all urge them forward, eager to rub head or hand against the materials of that holy shrine; the ancient cripple comes to chafe his palsied limb, and to utter his palsied prayer, beneath the crutch suspended in gratitude by a former votary. Some make a long arm to bring their rosaries, or their prayer-books, into contact with the marble; and out of so many, the only unmoved persons are ourselves, (the intruders,) the beadle, (who does his duty mechanically,) and those occupied in dressing the altar, and in keeping the lamps burning. Some of the leading miracles of St Anthony are here represented in *alto relievos*, by Lombardi, Sansorino, and many a name of eminence besides; nor is it a small merit in such a subject, that so many prodigies should have been discreetly dealt with by such a variety of hands. The young saint begins his miraculous "*acta et gesta*," by a sufficiently startling marvel wrought in the very market place at Ferrara. A personage (no doubt historical) and his wife differ as to the authenticity in all respects of a new-born baby. The mother, of course, has but one declaration to make—the husband perversely attributes his offspring to a certain *Moor*. As in such controversies the evidence of the child itself would always be desirable, St Anthony, in this particular case, brings it about by pinching the young cherub, who forthwith points out with his little index finger his true sire, entirely exculpates the Othello, and happily terminates what had become an unpleasant discussion. In showing us the next miracle, our guide was anxious to know if we perfectly comprehended him:—a heretic defies the saint, who throws out of the window a tumbler to convince him—the glass stood the shock, but the *stone* upon which it fell was shivered to pieces, "*avete capito?*" *Capito? si!* we understand the *relation*, but as to the *fact*—"is that all?—neither that, nor our belief," he says, "are his affair," he has done his duty as expositor, and proceeds to the next narrative in stone, where we find the saint restoring a young man to life, who was found dead in the garden of St Anthony's father at Lisbon, while he was himself preaching at Ferrara. Circum-

stantial evidence goes hard against the old gentleman, who, being tried, is of course found guilty, and ordered to prepare for execution. St Anthony becomes acquainted with this calamity, resuscitates the dead, rescues the innocent, and reveals the murderer. The next lithograph represents a Florentine miser in the agonies of death. Now, St Anthony had predicted, that on opening him, the coroner would find he had no heart, that organ having been in his lifetime transferred to his strong-box; the body is represented in the foreground undergoing the scrutiny, while behind the autopsy is the box just opened, round which are a crowd, each shouting their *eurekas*.

St Justina.

Luke the Evangelist would have little reason to be pleased, if, as they say, his body really did rest in a city that does not include him among her invoked saints, but wishes to have the credit of keeping him. We are half-way up the nave when we see a square monument in oriental alabaster, with a pagan frieze of bulls' heads, and a figure, which is certainly not pagan, in the midst; the unusual combination excites our curiosity, and we stop, as we seldom do, (especially if it is in verse,) to read a Latin inscription, which converts our curiosity into astonishment.

"Hic (bovis effigies fidei certissimus index)
Scriba Dei quaria (?) requiescit corpore Lucas,
Qui fuit Antiochi de nomine ab urbe vocatus,
Pictoris, medicique, nova spectabilis arte," &c.

The reader will have no desire to be presented with twenty other lines equally indifferent; to relieve any heretical doubts on the reality of the importation of these remains, a sort of old trunk, its original packing case, is shown, within an iron cage, in which it is preserved! We may, perhaps, make this a suitable occasion for a few reflections concerning relics in general, which, throughout Italy, are so inseparably and indiscreetly connected with their churches and with religion itself. If the Catholic were content to see in these objects a mere gratification of antiquarian propensity, no question would arise beyond the authenticity of the things themselves, thus collected and exhibited; and it is but just to say, that we believe the "Church" does not insist on receiving them as objects of faith: but considered in their relation to expediency, and bidden to regard them as auxiliaries to religious sentiment, as things capable of exciting a devout frame of mind, we apprehend they are a decided failure. It may be natural, in the first excesses of grief, to collect and hoard souvenirs of the departed, (the poor seldom leave any such behind them;) but at even a short distance of time, with what indifference are they regarded! Now if such things cannot rekindle the affectionate impulses which attended the present object, how shall they animate an oblivious or languid frame of mind, in such an abstract thing as religion? What Catholic, in point of fact, cares to read in St Peter's that under a certain altar are preserved the bodies of St Simon and St Jude? The great historian saw human nature more justly. "Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso, *quod effigies eorum non visebantur*." As to the nature of the *objects* which are preserved in the church treasury, many of them verge on the ludicrous, some on the impossible, and more than one on the offensive. Many things are shown, or pretended to be shown, which *could* not have been preserved under all "appliances and means" of a religion triumphant from the first, a religion of which the heroes had been honoured with royal funerals in place of the martyr's stake; many things (apart from the question of their being too susceptible of decay) *could* not, many would not, have been selected for such a purpose. When our countryman, Mr Lascelles, (it is well for his fame that it happened in the reign of James) went twenty miles out of Rome to see ——— but we really cannot transcribe even from his printed book of many editions—suffice it to remind the reader that Christ was not only baptized but *circumcised*. But to return to the ques-

tion of the authenticity of relics, and say nothing of their impossible *abundance*, (for if the morsels of the true cross have been multiplied *by miracle, so may any thing else,*) *who* was to preserve Christ's cradle, which they show you once a year at St Maria Maggiore? Such an object could not have survived *his own lifetime;* that it *could* have been *studiously* preserved, together with the swaddling clothes which another church possesses, as an object of sacred veneration, is a conclusion which the history of the evangelists positively forbids. We saw lately —now what will the reader guess? we saw a portion, about three feet square, of the table at which Christ instituted the communion—the very board at which he sat at his last supper on earth!! It was composed of two very dark coloured *deal* boards glued down the middle; it was in a gold frame, hanging like a picture against the wall, and a glass before it: we saw it in the church of St John Lateran, and we saw it, *we fear*, the object of *worship* by a whole train of priests in the rich vestments of the church; they *knelt* before it, and lighted their censers, and bowed, and performed, in short, a ritual *destined to that and to no other object*, for it was without an audience, and none were present but ourselves, who were on the spot by accident. Why have the *Jews* no relics, as we believe they have not? They were not more despised or oppressed than the Christians; their religion of traditions and ceremonies made it particularly likely that some object of *their* faith would have been secreted and handed down. None show fragments of the furniture even of Solomon's temple; it was destroyed: true, and that would have been one of the best reasons for expecting much to have been saved by those who, in the pillage, saw so many objects of their profoundest veneration. Relics, then, we presume to be a weak invention, not invented by the *giants* but the *pigmies* of the Catholic church, and addressed to that multitude that can alone be imposed on by them, or receive them with any thing but derision.

The Circus Maximus.

A double row of white-washed stone statues encircles the "Circus Maximus" of Padua, and remarkably ill they look, standing ghost-like and ghastly over a sluggish piece of water which goes all round the enceinte. Hither, however, do the inhabitants repair every evening during the summer; (such a set thing is a promenade,) to amuse themselves and look at one another driving furiously round and round this mean enclosure; and we were not a little struck, as we took our evening walk, at observing some fine-looking horses among them, a breed with fine antique heads, yoked to equipages that might have graced the drive in Hyde-park. In a few days the German wild beast itinerant shows are to commence, and the horse and the chariot races; when the "heat of the *Bigæ*," (as the common people here have been instructed to call it) will be intrusted by not a few of the wealthier citizens of Padua—but we shall be gone, having nothing lively to assist at but the putting up of a new Madonna in the street, which, by the way, is a lively pantomime if we had time to describe it.

The University.

The cloisters here are of two stories round a large court; the walls are covered, as at Bologna, with foreign crests, and many (to an Italian) unpronounceable name of students who came hither in the palmy days of Italian universities. Of these we make out, amidst the dust and cobwebs, some familiar enough to English ears; though the illustrious lawyer, or the sagacious physician, to record whose worth or wisdom the tablet reports itself to have been erected, had been gathered to his fathers centuries before we were born. Of one is "Johannes Erskine," qui summos gymnasii fasces meruit. Another is "Robert Napier, a distinguished youth," qui in Athenæi Patavini regimine, ut perimat feriales fu-

rias, ne feriant et furiant in mortales, justitiæ habenas non frænavit sed strinxit,—if the reader can *construe* this into sense he need not refresh his Latin in Livy's birthplace. A very English-looking face, (remarkable even in monuments,) with long flowing hair, is placed over a very conspicuous tablet, and belongs to John Stokeham, a youth of English nobility. Another tablet relates in Italian, an Italian story, how a certain student *killed his Professor*—the inscription is characteristic of the times, its date 1640; "by a decree of the high Council of Ten," fu *candîto* Geo. Batista Tonesco per haver proditoriamente *assassinato* ed *interfetto* il Dote. Anthony Albanese, lettor publico, par ingiustissima ed iniquissima causa, *del promaiori havuto nel suo Dottorato.* A lady professor sits on the staircase leading to the different class-rooms; her subject, *Ethics*; her names, Helen Lucretia Cornelia Piscopia; her marble corsets, very finely pointed, display the full symmetry of a very unprofessional bust; Angouleme tresses curl in Parian folds over her shoulders; her seat is a stone cushion, on which one hand falls negligently, as if she were on a sofa, while the other or professorial arm has the gesture of authority, and is in act to harangue. The museum attached to this institution contains, amidst other curiosities, a large number of different varieties of *squali* or *sharks* which belong to the Adriatic! These ferocious creatures are arranged along the centre of the room, with mouths and fins fixed for the strike at your head. One huge fellow kept us at his side for full five minutes, he was *sixteen feet in length*; his teeth like a beautiful cupping apparatus, or phalanx of incisors, once made to move with an infallible snap when they were fixed into an erectile tissue, which while he lived could be raised or lowered *ad libitum*, are now at the bidding of Professor Catullus, the lecturer on natural history, compelled to remain up. We saw in a little room, standing by himself, a sulky-looking elephant, who, having seized his master in his proboscis, dashed his brains out against the wall of a church, which tragical story is recorded in a few printed paragraphs; and further to enhance the interest it is natural to take in so mischievous an elephant, a lively little picture of the scene hangs by its side in a small frame within reach of his murderous proboscis.

The Botanic Garden.

Midway between the many minarets and cupolas of those most Moorish-looking churches, St Anthony and St Justina, lies the Hortus Botanicus of Padua, rich in the possession of full 14,000 plants. Over the gateway is an inscription telling the student when it is open, and under what restrictions; but telling him, in Latin, that he is not to come *at all* before St Marc's day, nor then before twenty-two o'clock.

"Portam hanc decumanum ne pulsato ante diem,
"Marci Evangelistæ; nec ante horam xxii;"

and threatening, in Alexandrine verse, mulct, imprisonment, or rustication, to those who shall infringe these restrictions. Some trees here are remarkable for the luxuriance of their growth; others for their great age; not a few for the altogether oriental air they give to the garden. In mere exuberance of leaf few surpass one or two of the eastern planes; as to age, many a Nestorian trunk has been rooted in its present spot for ages. An Agnus castus, spoken of as a fine tree by Gaspar Baulin 200 years ago, is still so to be spoken of as a peculiar looking tree, proved to us by the cast-iron sound of its stem that it had earned its name. The barbed opuntia is here, whose leaf droops over a stem of bristles, that look more like the clustered spikes of the echinus than any growth of vegetable origin. The spiral of the tall cypress, tapering up like minarets here and there over the pointed thorn of the yellow-ribbed *agave* or aloë, and the cactus tribe, which offers you figs on either side of a fructiferous leaf—all these conspire in giving an altogether remarkable air to this garden. Three hundred kinds of roses, and two hundred varieties of geraniums, fill the air with fragrance; but the wonder of the garden (that on which the *custode* chiefly dwelt) was a plant of slender stem, which had lived for two years, and continued to grow in the open wire basket in which was swung and isolated in the

house, (Iilandisia diantholdea.) The gardener here promised us success in cultivating *fenoccio*, (the sweet fennel root so much relished in Italy,) if we sowed it in ground well manured; and if, for the two months during which it should lie there, the weather were fine. At the baths of Luna we tried the experiment with some seed which he gave us; but the result was a failure. A friend tells us that he formerly gave some seed to Sir Joseph Banks, in whose garden it was also unsuccessful. We left these garden scenes with regret, for we had had enough of cold interiors, dull frescoes, and painted ceilings, and had found it vastly pleasant to walk under the living colonnade of pines and poplars. We next day visited the Raglone, or ancient hall of justice, a "reversed hulk," as Forsyth calls a very similar looking building at Vicenza. But this of Padua has no façada of Palladio to conceal its ugly walls, and render an else ungainly mass of brickwork attractive. We entered it about twilight, the best hour for hiding the defects which time has wrought on Giolto's fine frescoes on the walls, and immediately saw that it was quite unlike any other interior with which we were acquainted. Three hundred feet in length, a hundred and twenty broad, and eighty feet high, it looks a kind of Noah's ark, with its hulk in the air; the very windows, which are at least sixty feet above the spectator, admit slender supplies of light, and scarcely enable him to discern a huge wooden colossus, a model of the Trojan horse, made after Virgil's description. Like that of Marcus Aurelius, his fore foot is up, and his hind brought forward, but the animal that trots in the instance before us, does so without a head. He was, however, 200 years in eating his head off, and when it fell an Englishman bought it. Twelve men might easily be concealed in its carcass. One of our party extemporised Laocoon, and struck the old "cinque cento" a heavy blow, of which the sound travelled hoarsely through his huge paunch, and the flanks vibrated for several seconds.

Stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso,
Intonuêre cavæ, gemitumque dedêre cavernæ.

This hall possesses an authentic bust and a good modern statue of Livy, raised on its authority. They showed us a stone on which, by the old law of this country, a bankrupt was obliged to sit naked in penance for his fraud. But the most interesting object in the room was, we thought, a portrait of the daring traveller *Belzoni*, a Paduan by birth, who is looking down from the canvass on two Egyptian sphinxes, a present of his to the university, which confront the wooden horse at the other extremity of the room. On one occasion this vast interior was converted into a banqueting hall, surrounded by flowers in their pots, and a supper table was spread in the extemporaneous greenhouse. Napoleon was the guest. Once a-year the schools assemble to receive prizes, and once a month the lottery announces the successful from the gallery which runs round the whole apartment.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN INDIA.

The rule and policy of England, in her magnificent Eastern empire, will be found to display, in its general character, an unwearied and continuous struggle against evil in every shape, a moral war of enlightened benevolence and Christian civilization, against the malignant influences of barbarous superstition upon minds unacquainted with any kind of freedom. There are, indeed, shades in the picture—there have been negligence and misconception, ill-timed intermeddling with good and useful institutions, the growth of the national mind, and well suited to the country in which they were indigenous: there has been timid connivance at iniquities which might easily have been checked; but the general tendency of our government has been to investigate the causes of every tangible evil, and to apply, sooner or later, a remedy, sometimes triumphant, sometimes very insufficient, but always the best it could devise. Thus the open atrocity of burning widows has been abolished with complete success, and machinery has been organized by which the secret and horrible system of the Thugs is in a sure course of extinction. But the government of India, able and well-informed as it is, scarcely yet knows all the difficulties it has to contend with, all the prodigies to which human perverseness, in a soil so fertile in depravity, can give birth. It has but recently been ascertained, that there exists in India an extensive region, inhabited by a people distinct from the Hindoos, and living under the dominion of an ancient local superstition, which enjoins upon them, as a constant practice, the immolation of human victims!

Our knowledge of this people is derived from a paper of remarkable ability and interest, published in the journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of London for 1842, and written by Captain S. C. Macpherson, of the Madras army, who lost his health in executing a survey of the country, which is extremely pestilential.

The territory which formed the ancient kingdom of Orissa, occupies a space measuring six degrees in latitude, between the valley of the Ganges and that of the Godavery, and having a mean breadth of about three degrees in longitude. This space, rich and productive in its maritime division, is traversed in its whole length by a range of mountains, running at an average distance of seventy miles from the coast of Coromandel. The region which comprises the central ridges, the lofty plateaux, and the inner valleys of the mountain chain, with the great tracts of forest by which they are surrounded, has been occupied, from the earliest historical period, chiefly by remnants of three races, which claim, with the universal support of tradition, the aboriginal possession not of this portion alone, but of the greater part of the soil of Orissa.

Of these remnants, the Khonds (to whom this paper relates) hold exclusive possession of a part of the central tracts of mountain and forest, and exist also, thinly scattered, over portions of the subalpine district, which exhibits alternately the characteristics of the maritime and the mountain regions. The extreme length of the territory within which the Khonds are found, either as exclusive occupants, or mingled with others, is about 200 miles; its extreme breadth about 170, and it is unequally divided by the river Maharadi, flowing from west to east. In the paper now before us, Captain Macpherson exhibits an outline of the religious opinions and observances of the portion of the Khond race, which has fallen under his view, to the south of the Maharadi, and principally in the zemindaries of Boad and Goomsur; two domains which, whether in respect of extent, of antiquity, or of the dignity of the families by which they have been possessed, hold a high rank among the great estates or principalities, whose rulers, practically almost independent, have transferred to us the precarious and unfruitful allegiance which they had yielded in succession to the monarchs of Orissa and of Delhi, and to the Mahratta power; and which is signified by the payment of tribute, by the performance of services, generally formal, and the maintenance of nominal contingents.

The Khonds worship more than a

dozen divinities universally acknowledged, and which are believed to animate and control the sensible powers of the universe; with nearly the same number of local deities; and, alone of all the Hindu Pantheon, the Goddess Kali, (the patroness of the Thugs.)

The greatest of all these is Berd Pennu, or the Earth God, who possesses a double character. First, as the supreme power; and secondly, as the divinity who presides over the operations of nature, who rules the order of the seasons, and sends the periodical rains; upon whom depends the fecundity of the soil, and the growth of all rural produce, the preservation of the patriarchal houses, the health and increase of the population, and, in an especial manner, the safety of flocks and herds and their attendants.

"The earth," say the Khonds, "was originally a crude and unstable mass, unfit for cultivation and for the convenient habitation of man. The Earth God said, "Let human blood be spilt before me!" and a child was sacrificed. The soil became forthwith firm and productive. And the deity ordained "that man should repeat the rite and live."

The disposition of this god is malevolent; and it is only on condition of deprecating his malignity by the ceaseless effusion of human blood, that the Khond enjoys the ordinary bounty of nature. The rite of human sacrifice is the very foundation of the Khond superstition, and all must contribute, according to their means, to its support. It is considered essential that every farm should share the blood of a human victim at seed-time and harvest, and also on various occasions, according to the promise of the year, between those seasons. General suffering from disease or the ravages of wild beasts, and any calamity affecting the fortunes of the Abbaya, or Patriarch, equally call for public expiations to the Earth God. Private atonements are deemed necessary when any extraordinary misfortune marks the anger of the deity towards a particular house, as when a child watching a flock perishes by a tiger, the form which is assumed by the Earth God for purposes of wrath. The priest is always consulted, and generally demands an immediate victim.

"It thus appears," says Captain Macpherson, "that the number of sacrifices in a Khond district depends upon circumstances so variable, that it is scarcely possible to form an estimate, in any case, of their annual average. In the valley of Boroguiza, two miles long and less than three quarters of a mile in breadth, I found seven victims whose immolation had been prevented by the vicinity of our troops, but was to take place immediately upon my departure."

The Khonds do not, at least in the districts to which this paper refers, sacrifice victims of their own people, for such offerings are unacceptable to the divinity. The victims, or "Merias," are procured by a class of inhabitants of the hill country who are not Khonds; and these miscreants purchase them upon false pretences, or kidnap them, from the poorer Hindus in the low country, to the order of the abbayas or of the priests, or upon speculation: when in difficulty they sell their own children for sacrifice, and for sacrifice under a religious system which is not their own! A few Merias are always, if possible, kept in reserve in every district, to meet sudden demands for atonement. Every victim must be bought by the Khonds with a price, an unbought life being an abomination to the deity.

Victims of either sex are equally acceptable to the Earth God; children, whose age precludes a knowledge of their situation, being for convenience sake preferred.

The Meria is brought blindfolded to the village by the procurer, and is lodged in the house of the abbaya; in fetters, if grown up; at perfect liberty if a child. He is regarded during life as a consecrated being; and if at large is eagerly welcomed at every threshold.

Sometimes he is suffered to grow up in ignorance of his situation, and he is presented with farm-stock and land, and with a wife of one of the castes upon the mountains, not of Khond race. Should a family be the result, it is held to be born to the fearful condition of the sire; and should the deity require atonements not easy to be afforded, the father and his children are sacrificed without hesitation.

The escape of a victim is thus described by Captain Macpherson:—

"In the time of Kuli Dora Bissye of Goomsur, uncle of the present Dora Bissye,

and one of the class of Benniah Khonds, which has generally foregone the practice of this rite,—a victim who had been permitted to attain to manhood was led out to sacrifice in the district of Rodungiah. The preliminary ceremonies had been gone through, and an intoxicated crowd expected their consummation, when the fettered youth said to the Abbaya, 'In suffering this death I become, as it were, a god, and I do not resist my fate. Unbind me, and let me partake with you in the joy of the festival.' The Abbaya consented and unbound him; the young man called for a bowl, and drank, and the crowd contended fiercely for the remains of the liqour which his lips had consecrated. He then danced and sang amid the throng, until the sacrifice could be no longer delayed, when he requested the Abbaya to lend him his axe and his bow, that he might once more join his companions armed, like a free man, in the dance. He received the weapons, and when the Abbaya was busied, with the priest, in preparing for the last rite, the youth approached him in the dance, and clove his skull at a blow. He then dashed across the Salki, a deep and foaming torrent, and fled down the Ghaut to the keep of Kuli Bissye.

"A furious crowd of worshippers followed and demanded his surrender. But the Bissye contrived to cajole them until he could collect a small party of adherents, who secretly bore away the fugitive, and his descendants still live.

"In like manner, when the arrival of the English troops first spread confusion above the Ghauts in Goomsur, many victims sought and found protection at the hands of the present Dora Bissye."

The festivals of sacrifice are described as follows:—

"They are generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes, and continue for three days, which are passed in the indulgence of every form of gross excess—in more than Saturnalian license.

"The first day and night are spent exclusively in drunken feasting and obscene riot. Upon the second morning, the victim, who has fasted from the preceding evening, is carefully washed, dressed in a new garment, and led forth from the village in solemn procession, with music and dancing.

"The meria grove, a clump of deep and shadowy forest trees,—

'Sylva alto Jovis, lucusque Dianæ,'

in which the mango, the bur, the dammar, and the pipala generally prevail, usually stands at a short distance from the hamlet, by a rivulet, which is called the Meria stream. It is kept sacred from the axe, and is avoided by the Khond as haunted ground. My followers were always warned to abstain from seeking shelter within its awful shade.

"In its centre, upon the second day, an upright stake is fixed, generally between two plants of the sankissar or bazar danti shrub. The victim is seated at its foot, bound back to it by the priest. He is then anointed with oil, ghee, and turmeric, and adorned with flowers; *and a species of reverence, which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration,* is paid to him throughout the day. And there is now infinite contention to obtain the slightest relic of his person; a particle of the turmeric paste with which he is smeared, or a drop of his spittle, being esteemed, (especially by the women,) of supreme virtue.

"In some districts, instead of being thus bound in a grove, the victim is exposed in or near the village, upon a couch, after being led in procession round the place of sacrifice. And in some parts of Goomsur where this practice prevails, small rude images of beasts and birds in clay are made in great numbers at this festival, and stuck on poles; a practice, of the origin or meaning of which, I have been able to obtain no satisfactory explanation.

"Upon the third morning, the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm sago, while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been intermitted during the night, is loudly renewed. About noon, these orgies terminate, and the assemblage issues forth, with stunning shouts and pealing music, to consummate the sacrifice.

"As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and, if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places.

"The acceptable place of sacrifice has been discovered during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose into the fields of the village, or of the private oblator. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks, and the first deep chink that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the earth god. The rod is left standing in the earth, and in the morning four large posts are set up around it.

"The priest, assisted by the abbaya and one or two of the elders of the village, now takes the branch of a green tree, which is cleft to a distance of several feet down the centre; they insert the victim within the rift, fitting it in some districts to his chest, in others to his throat. Cords are then twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives

with his whole force to close. He then wounds the victim slightly with his axe, when the crowd throws itself upon the sacrifice, and exclaiming, 'we bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us!" strips the flesh from the bones. Each man bears his bloody shred to his fields, and thence returns straight home. Next day all that remains of the victim is burnt up with a whole sheep on a funeral pile, and the ashes are scattered over the fields, or laid as paste over the houses and granaries; and for three days after the sacrifice, the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this time, a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when tongues are loosened."

The Khonds have also a terminus, or god of limits, who is apparently to be regarded as a manifestation of the earth god. He is adored by the same rite as the Great Divinity. Particular points, fixed by ancient usage, upon the boundaries of districts, and generally upon the highways, are his altars; and these require each an annual victim, who is either an unsuspecting traveller struck down by his priests, or a sacrifice provided by purchase, as for the earth god. At one boundary, Captain Macpherson saw the bones of a recent victim whitening in the sun. Besides the blood of human beings, that of buffaloes and of goats is acceptable to the god of limits.

Buffaloes, goats, and fowls are the ordinary offerings to the Hindu goddess Kali, but she is also in many cases propitiated by the rite of human sacrifice.

It must be mentioned, however, that many of the Khond tribes wholly abstain from human sacrifice. Captain Macpherson thinks that the practice of human sacrifice does not exert upon the character of the Khonds an influence so eminently unfavourable to humanity, as it has done in the case of some other races of mankind, since it is combined with no vindictive or ferocious feeling, such as that which prompts to the slaughter of captive enemies. "The rite," he says, "is discharged with feelings almost purely religious, in fearful obedience to the express mandate of the terrible power whose wrath it is believed to place in abeyance; and the offerings are lives, free, unforfeited, undegraded, generally in innocent childhood, belonging to a different race from the immolators, procured by persons of another faith, and acquired by scrupulous purchase, which the Khonds believe to confer a perfect title. They are obtained and offered up without passion. When the axes of the crowd are raised to complete the rite, the justificatory exclamation is upon their lips, 'We bought you with a price!'"

In these opinions we cannot concur; there is a cold-blooded, systematic cruelty in the selection of children as victims—the elaborate preparation, the torture inflicted that there may be no show of resistance—which is infinitely more shocking to us than the honest, intelligible, animal ferocity which prompts the slaughter of a captured enemy.

The species of reverence, which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration, and the desire to obtain relics of the victim's person, remind us very strongly of certain proceedings which take place in a country more civilized than Khondland, and with regard to victims who might be considered, *a priori*, less interesting, as they certainly are less innocent, than the poor Meria children; of Sheriffs soliciting autographs from murderers, and "respectable females" crowding the chapel, to be edified by their demeanour, during the condemned sermon; and Sheriffs' ladies presenting them with white flowers to be hanged in! There is one thing to be said of the Khond sacrifices; they are not sordid, like the murders of the Thugs, who believe it to be a religious duty to strangle travellers in honour of Kali, *and to seize on all their property*. Still, it is most painful to contemplate the fact, that human sacrifices are offered in British India in the face of day; and strong as the sacrifices may be in their mountains, and stronger in their noxious climate, we cannot doubt that a way will, ere long, be found, to induce them to forego this horrid rite. There is the less reason to despair of this, since there are, as will appear below, several good points in the character of these mountaineers. Of the gods not requiring human sacrifice, (though his ultimate offering bears some resemblance to it,) the chief is the god of arms, Loha Pennu; who has in every village a sacred grove, in the centre of which his symbol is buried

—a piece of iron two cubits in length. When war is resolved upon, he is propitiated with the sacrifice of a young chicken, a libation of palm toddy, and an addled egg and some rice. The priest then consecrates the arms of the warriors, and calls loudly upon Loha Pennu, and on "the war gods of the hills," and on all the other gods—he becomes possessed with the god, seizes a handful of the arms, points towards the hostile quarter, and delivers them to those nearest to him, who rush off, followed by the rest, as they can snatch up weapons from the heap. When they arrive in the presence of the enemy, the priest makes a fresh offering to Loha Pennu on the field of battle, and gives the signal to engage. He himself waits in the rear, until some warrior, himself unwounded, can bring the right arm of a slain foe, with which trophy they both rush to the grove of Loha Pennu, where the priest presents it to the god, with the prayer that he will make the axes of the tribe more sharp, and their arrows more sure. Success in arms is carefully ascribed in every case to the immediate interposition of the god, never to personal valour.

The remainder of the Khond superstitions involve no offerings except of grain, fruit, and the common animals. They believe in the divinity of the sun and moon; in a god of small-pox, to prevent whose approach thorns are cunningly planted in the paths which lead towards any infected place; a village god, the guardian deity of every hamlet, and upon whom its ruin or prosperity depends; a god of hunting, and a god of births, and a peculiar tutelary god for each hill and knoll; also a forest god, to whom a considerable grove is uniformly dedicated by every village, and religiously preserved, in order that timber may never be wanting in case of accidents from fire or from enemies. Not a twig is cut for use without the formal consent of the village, nor can the axe even then be applied, before the god has been propitiated by the sacrifice of a sheep or a hog.

Another deity presides over tanks, so important in a hot climate; and the god of rain, and the gods of fountains, are assiduously worshipped. Whenever a fountain dries up, the priest plucks the cocoon of a silk-worm from a bamboo tree, and in the dead of night steals to some living fountain, to entreat the god to transfer a portion of its waters to the deserted spring. He fills the cocoon from the spring and returns to the dry fountain, repeating charms as he goes, while it is believed that a stream of water follows his footsteps under ground. The cocoon cup of water is placed in the deserted well, and after sacrifice, the god either immediately renews the spring, or gives signs of satisfaction, which are always followed by its reappearance in a day or two.

These are the gods generally acknowledged. It is held generally, that a man has three lives or spirits: animal life, which dies; a life which survives the body and animates a succession of corporeal forms; and a life which is identified with the Deity, and possesses power over human affairs.

Deceased ancestors, therefore, occupy the first place among the local divinities; and a perfectly accomplished priest takes between three and four hours to recite his roll of gods and deified men.

Of the other local deities, the most remarkable is Dhungarri Pennu. In him the Khonds appear to adore an influence which is new to ceremonial worship; namely—the conservative principle, or rather that of things as they were. Upon a lofty mountain, the fitting altar of Dhungarri, the blood of buffaloes, goats, and pigs, is annually poured out, before an immense concourse of devotees, whose single aspiration is, "May we continue to live as did our forefathers, and may our children hereafter live like us." These worshippers of the conservative principle seemed to us the most enlightened Orientals we had yet heard of; and we were not a little scandalized at the conclusion of Captain Macpherson's account of them,—surely, surely, the gallant officer *must* be mistaken!

"The greater part of the population, whose predominant sentiment is thus expressed, appeared to me under circumstances peculiarly unfavourable to minute enquiry upon any subject. The Moui tree had just blossomed, and in the drunken festival by which its spirit-producing flowers are welcomed, I beheld the dreadful spectacle of the male population of an entire

community, through which my march lay for two days, wholly deprived of reason. But no woman added degradation to the scene."

Several of the local gods have symbols: in one case a stone smeared with turmeric; in another an unknown substance; in another a piece of iron. But the Khonds are not worshippers of idols, as the following story will show:—

"A moss-grown rock on the hill of Koladah, in Goomsur, which bore a rude natural resemblance to a man seated on a tiger, had been, from the remotest antiquity, an object of superstitious veneration. The father of the late rajah of Goomsur, in compliment to the Jakso tribe, whose former territory included Koladah, built a temple near the spot, and placed within it the image of a man and tiger of the best Hindu workmanship. The gaudy idol remained entirely unnoticed, while the Khonds continued to regard the rude natural image with unabated reverence. In the year 1815, however, when a British force took possession of Koladah, a party of sepoys chanced to bivouack in the temple. Their camp-fire was allowed to scorch the idol, and a Mussulman contemptuously pricked the nose of the tiger with his bayonet. Blood, say the Khonds, flowed from the wound, and a pestilence wasted the English camp; which proved that their divinity had transferred his presence from his ancient hill to the new Hindu shrine. Thither they declined to follow him, but the tiger rock has since ceased to be in any degree an object of religious regard."

They have scarcely any temples. Their divinities are all confined to the limits of the earth. Within it they are believed to reside, emerging and retiring at will by chinks, which are occasionally discovered to their worshippers; and they all assume earthly forms at pleasure; the Earth God, for example, adopting that of the tiger as emblematic of his nature, or as convenient for purposes of wrath.

The priesthood is hereditary, but the office may be assumed by any one who chooses to assert a call to the service of a god; and it may be laid aside at pleasure. The priests are not only interpreters of the divine will, and mediators betwixt the Deity and man, but also adepts in magical arts. They enjoy, therefore, great power and influence, and have an honourable place at all festivals; especially at marriage or funeral feasts, and on the occasion of the birth or the naming of a child, when they decide which ancestor is born again. And when in the public council a priest of venerable age and character demands, "Will men not listen to those to whom God listens?" the appeal is rarely resisted.

Such is, in its general outlines, the religion of the Khonds, though for many curious particulars we must refer to the paper itself.

Their faith appears to bear reference to morality only upon a single point, that of the observance of truth; and Captain Macpherson believes them to be inferior in veracity to no people in the world. The violation of an oath is believed to be invariably punished by the divine wrath, although their ideas respecting these sanctions are not free from casuistry. It is in all cases imperative to tell the truth, except when deception is necessary to save the life of a guest, which is sacred, and is to be thought of before the life even of a child of his protector; for the first duty which the gods have imposed upon man, is that of hospitality.

The denial of a debt is a breach of the principle of veracity which is held to be highly sinful. Let a man, say they, give up all he has to his creditor, and beg a sheep to begin the world with; and by the favour of the gods he shall prosper. Let him have flocks and herds, and deny a just debt, and not a single sheep shall remain to him.

It is evident that the law of insolvency is better understood by these moralists than by some of ourselves.

The Khond religion presents no view relative to the future destiny of man, except what is involved in the doctrine of triple life, already stated. "The Khonds hold the very peculiar doctrine, that death is not the necessary and appointed lot of man, but that it is incurred only as a special penalty for offences against the gods; and this, either through ordinary means, as by a wound received in battle—or through the agency of men who are gifted by the gods with power to destroy, as by transforming themselves to wild beasts; or by

magicians, who have acquired the power to destroy life by impious arts, purely human."

Upon the whole, the point of development to which this superstition has attained, appears to Captain Macpherson to be nearly that which is ascribed to the religion of Greece in the Pelasgic period—"it is the reign of Cœlus and Terra, of night and the starry signs, the genii and the nymphs, and the 'gods now forgotten' of Hesiod; before the dynasties of Olympus, to which later speculations assigned a cosmological character; before Homer and the bards conferred unity and nationality upon the perplexed mythical circles of Greece; when the primary deities were honoured in the forms of nature over which they presided, and the lesser and the derived gods were symbolically adored in blocks of wood and stone, as were the goddess of fertility at Paphos, and the Graces at Orchomenos."

Strange it is to find these old-world notions still existing; strange that Englishmen in the nineteenth century should speak face to face with men holding a different faith which had melted away, and become part of obsolete antiquity before the days of Homer—in comparison with which the stories of Thor and Odin are tales of yesterday, and the Hindu religion, with its records, carried back fourteen centuries before the Christian era, a mere innovation. But stranger still will it be, if, now that we have found them—now that they are within the range of our influence; in a word, now that we are responsible for them, we should fail to act beneficially upon their minds, to encourage their boldness and truth, and the good qualities which they possess, to wean them from their unhappy superstitions, and, if possible, (and, it must be remembered, that their rude notions may be more easily displaced than the more subtle and systematic religion of the Hindoos,) to impart to them, eventually, our own pure faith.

There is now opening to India (unless her foreign relations interfere) a prospect of the full development of the capacities of the richest soil in the world. There is also opening, through the zeal and care of the English government, a still nobler prospect—a prospect of the moral improvement of a clever and industrious population—of the cultivation of their great powers of mind, and the eradication of their evil practices; and we are confident that a few years will do the work of ages with these rude mountaineers, and that they will, ere long, be as far removed from the opinions and the feelings which dictate human sacrifice, as we are from the superstition of the Druids.

CHAPTERS OF TURKISH HISTORY.

No. VIII.

Barbarossa of Algiers.

The original seat and cradle of the name and nation of the Turks, the Altai range of Central Asia, is described by Gibbon as "lying at the equal distance of two thousand miles from the Caspian, the Icy, the Chinese, and the Bengal seas:"—and it was not till the later part of the eleventh century of our era, that the conquests of the Seljookian sultans first brought the hordes of their native subjects in contact with the open sea, on the shores of Kerman and Syria. But the genius of the Turks continued to be essentially unmaritime:—even when their territories comprehended the extensive shores of Anatolia, the practice of navigation, whether for purposes of war or commerce, was still almost unknown:—and their language itself, even at the present day, so strongly retains the impress of its inland origin, that the ocean is expressed by the same term, (*deniz*,) which properly signifies a large lake; and not only the whole vocabulary of nautical technicalities, but even the distinctive names of different classes of vessels, are borrowed from the various languages of the Levant. The Osmanli Turks, in the infancy of their empire, were equally unskilled with their Seljookian predecessors in all that related to naval affairs: and long after their rule was established at Adrianople and throughout Romania, the sultans and their armies owed the means of transport across the narrow strait of the Dardanelles to the precarious aid of their Greek and Genoese vessels, who held the ports of Lycia and the adjacent isles of the Archipelago. (See *Gibbon*, chap. 65, &c.) Almost the first* vestiges of an Ottoman imperial marine are to be found in the flotilla equipped by Mohammed II. for the siege of Constantinople. "But this hasty and imperfect navy was created," (as is observed by Gibbon,) "not by the genius of the people, but the will of the sultan;" and the 300 vessels, which were shamefully routed by a squadron of five Christian ships, and which were afterwards drawn with ease overland from the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn, could be scarcely entitled to rank with even the lowest rate of modern galleys. The armaments directed against Rhodes and Otranto, in the latter part of the same reign, indicate a considerable advance in naval tactics; but their fleets were adapted rather for the conveyance of troops and warlike stores, than for an engagement at sea with a hostile force; and on the repulse of the former expedition by the knights of St John, the Rhodian and Venetian squadrons continued to rule the Grecian seas, and to infest, almost with impunity, the commerce of the subjects of the Porte.

The office of *capitan*, or high admiral, does not appear at this time to have ranked as a separate and permanent dignity, or to have entitled its holder to the grade of pasha, but was generally annexed to the sandjak or government of Gallipoli, the earliest acquisition of the Ottomans on the European side of the straits. The duties of this officer were indeed, apparently, confined principally to the superintendence of the arsenal and equipment of the galleys, and did not extend to the command of the armament when afloat, which usually devolved (as was the custom till a far later period in our own and other countries of western Europe) on the general of the land troops embarked for service. Under Bayezid II., the Turkish navy began to acquire a more regular organization; the ships were of increased size and stronger construction, and mounted with numerous heavy guns; and Kemal-Reis, originally a page of the seraglio, and who owed his elevation in the first instance to his extraordinary personal beauty, was the first Ottoman naval

* "It is indeed related, that, in the time of Sultan Mourad II., the Ottomans occasionally made excursions to the neighbouring shores and islands: but these expeditions are not worth enumerating."—Hadji Khalfa, *Maritime Wars of the Turks.*

commander whose exploits made him known and formidable in the Mediterranean. The terror of his name extended even to the shores of Spain, which he ravaged in 1487, in the hope of effecting a diversion in favour of his Moslem brethren in Grenada, then engaged in their last mortal struggle against the overwhelming power of Castile and Aragon; but the impulse thus communicated soon again died away. In the last year of Selim I., when a fresh attack was meditated against that "nest of pirates, Rhodes," (the reduction of which had become doubly necessary from its intercepting the communication between Constantinople and the newly-conquered realms of Egypt and Syria,) the wrath of the fierce monarch was vehemently kindled against his ministers, to whose misconduct he attributed the dilapidation of the fleet, and the deficiency of stores and ammunition in the arsenal. "When the viziers reported to the sultan that they had ammunition sufficient for a four months' siege, the padisha replied in fury, 'Have all men yet forgotten the disgrace sustained by the arms of my grandfather, Sultan Mohammed-khan, the conqueror, before this infidel castle of Rhodes, that you would fain double it on me? If in twice four months we take such a fortress, it will be well done. How stand ye there at my footstool, and talk of powder for four months only? As for myself, I believe that I shall never undertake another voyage, except that to the next world; but be that as it may, I will commence no war so ill prepared, or by the advice of such improvident counsellors!' These words spake the glorious sultan, as with fore-knowledge; for within six months from this conversation he was summoned to the world of spirits; and Rhodes was with difficulty taken* within the time he specified, when besieged by his son Sultan Soliman-khan of auspicious memory." [Hadji-Khalfa.]

Such is the brief outline of the naval history of the Ottomans, prior to the accession of Soliman the Magnificent. But before many years had elapsed subsequent to that event, the crimson ensign of the crescent and star had been displayed in triumph on every European shore within the Pillars of Hercules, and the maritime service of the Porte had been raised to a degree of completeness and organization, fully commensurate with that which the regulations of the Sultan had introduced in the other departments of public affairs, and far exceeding that of any contemporary Christian state, with the single exception, perhaps, of Venice. Yet this sudden impulse was received, not (like most of the improvements of that glorious reign) from the personal energy of the sovereign, but mainly from the victories of an obscure piratical adventurer of the Ægean, whose valour and rare good fortune enabled him to lay the vassal kingdoms of Barbary at the feet of the Sultan, in acknowledgment of the honours which were heaped upon him, and who not only introduced among the Ottomans themselves the rudiments of maritime tactics, but formed by his example a school of naval commanders, and first organized that system of Moorish piracy, which (originally intended to retaliate the ravages of the Maltese knights and Sicilian rovers) continued, almost up to our own time, the scourge of the Mediterranean commerce.

The early career of this corsair-king, and his not less famous brother, (to whom was applied, in common with him, the sobriquet of Barbarossa, or Red-beard,) has been made in some measure known to European readers by the narrative of Robertson, (Hist. of Charles V., book 5):—but as his account is not without inaccuracies, we shall follow the statements of Hadji Khalfa, (*Maritime Wars of the Turks*, ch. ii.,) who professes to have drawn his materials from an autobio-

* A curious discovery was made, about twenty years since, relative to this second and famous siege of Rhodes, which places the conduct of Lisle-Adam and his chivalrous followers in rather a new light. In the course of some excavations among the ruins of the Grand Master's palace, a range of hidden vaults was laid open, containing more than 20,000 pounds of powder; which, as was surmised from appearances, had been placed there for the purpose of blowing the Commander of the Faithful, and all his host of true believers, into the air as soon as the defenders had evacuated the place, which they did immediately on its surrender! The "deadly nitre" had, however, slumbered for more than three centuries, harmless and unsuspected.

graphy compiled by Khair ed-deen himself, at the command of Sultan Soliman. Their father, Yakoob, whom Robertson calls "a potter of the Isle of Lesbos," had in truth been a levend, or soldier of irregular infantry from Anatolia, and having formed part of the garrison left in Mitylene on its capture by Mohammed II. in 1462, continued to reside there on receiving his discharge. His son, Khizr, afterwards Prince of Algiers, was born in 1468, (the same year with his great antagonist Andrea Doria,) and commenced active life by accompanying his elder brothers, Oroudj* and Elias, in their trading voyages to the coasts of Egypt and Syria. But their commercial prospects were ruined by the capture of their vessel by the Knights of St John, after a conflict in which Elias was slain, and by a long subsequent detention in the dungeon of Rhodes; and the two surviving brothers, when at length set at liberty by an exchange of captives, obtained from the Prince Korkoud, who governed the coasts of Anatolia for his father Bayezid, an authorization (like a modern letter of marque) to cruise at sea against the Christians for the reparation of their broken fortunes. Their nautical skill and daring soon made their names renowned throughout the Levant, and their depredations extended even to the Adriatic and the coasts of Italy;—but the fall and death of their patron Korkoud, which immediately followed the accession of his brother, Selim I., appears to have rendered their position insecure;† and abandoning for a time their haunts in the Ægean, they sailed with their galleys and treasure to Tunis, where they demanded shelter and protection. Their reputation ensured them a favourable reception from the reigning prince, Mahommed,‡ whose weakness at sea exposed his coasts to constant devastation by the Christians: and on condition of receiving a fifth of all their captures, he even committed to their custody the important castle of the Halk-al-Vad, or *Goletta*, which, guarding the narrow entrance of the salt-water lake on which Tunis stands, is in effect the key of the capital on the seaward side.

This compact continued, at least nominally, in force for several years; during which the power and resources of the brothers derived vast accessions, not only from their own valour and exertions, but from the voluntary adhesion of the numerous Moslem rovers, who, singly or in small squadrons, had scoured the Mediterranean, but who were now attracted by the fame of these new *sea-kings* to range themselves under their victorious flag. Thus reinforced, they no longer confined their operations within the petty limits of a piratical cruise, but turned their thoughts to the establishment of their power on the mainland of Northern Africa, the political aspect of which at that conjuncture was singularly favourable to such an enterprize. Since the final extinction of the Mohammedan kingdom in Granada, the Spanish arms had assumed the offensive on the coast of Barbary. Oran, Tripoli, and other places of importance had been annexed to the crown of Castile; and little opposition could be offered to the further progress of the invaders by the disunited and distracted principalities of the Moors. The power of the Shereef dynasty, which still rules in Maghreb,§

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* Called *Horuc* by Robertson and others. The word in Turkish signifies "young," and perhaps may have been merely a *nom-de-guerre*, as we know no other instance of its use as a proper name.

† In this statement we have have followed Hadji-Khalfa; but it would appear, from all other accounts, that the *commencement* at least of their Tunisian career must have long preceded this epoch.

‡ Mohammed was the twenty-first sultan of the dynasty of the Beni-Hafs, which had governed the kingdom since A. D. 1226, when it threw off the yoke of the Almohades. He succeeded Muley-Zakaria, by whose mediation the peace was concluded in 1491 between Bayezid II. and the Mamluke sultan, Kait-Bey. (See our January No. p. 41.) Von Hammer, (*Hist. of Ott. Emp.* lib. xxviii. note,) erroneously places the establishment of the Beni-Hafs in A. D. 1156, only ten years later than the æra of the Almohades.

§ *Maghreb*, "the Land of the Setting, or of the West," is a term often used by Arabic writers resident in Asia, to denote the whole extent, from Egypt westward, of Northern Africa, the natives of which are popularly termed *Maghrebins*. In Africa, however, it is generally confined to the provinces west of Telmessan, forming the modern empire of Morocco. *Al-Gharb* (Algarve) has nearly the same signification.

or Morocco, was then struggling in its infancy; and the other provinces, as Algiers, Telmessan or Tlemecen, &c., were held either by petty chiefs who pretended to independence, or by princes of the house of Beni-Hass, paying little more than nominal allegiance to their titular sovereign, the King of Tunis. Every thing contributed, therefore, to the aggrandizement of these daring adventurers; and having earned the character of champions of the faith by the recapture of Cherchel and other ports from the Christians, their succour was invoked by the Algerines, whose chief or *sheikh-al-beled*, a Bedouin emir named Selim Aben-Toomi,* could not protect them against a threatened attack from the Spanish governor of Oran, who had already blockaded their harbour by building a fort on an islet commanding the entrance. The aid of Oroudj was prompt and effective; but, as usual in such cases, he speedily rid himself of Aben-Toomi, assumed the sovereignty in his own name, and by the reduction of the neighbouring chiefs of Tennes and Telmessan, became so formidable as to draw on himself an attack from a strong Spanish force, headed by the Marquess de Comares. A host of Moors and Arabs, the partizans of the deprived rulers, joined the Spaniards on their landing: and Oroudj, attacked by overwhelming numbers in the inland districts of Telmessan, attempted to cut his way through to the coast, accompanied by his younger brother Tshak, and a band of his faithful Levantines; but they were surrounded near the Tafna, "where the valiant Oroudj Reis, and all who were with him, died sword in hand, and drank the perfumed sherbet of martyrdom," (1518.) His head and right hand (for he had lost his left arm some years before in an attack on Bugia) were paraded in brutal triumph through the seaport towns of Spain, where his name had long been a "sound of terror."

Khizr was at Algiers when he learnt the fate of his brother, which left him the sole survivor of the sons of Yakoob. His authority was readily acknowledged by the troops and people; and a Spanish fleet, which appeared before the place the ensuing spring, was shattered by a storm; while a land force, which had moved from Oran to co-operate in the expected attack, was encountered in the field by Barbarossa, and defeated with loss. Still his tenure of Algiers would have been but precarious, had it depended entirely on his own address and good fortune: but the recent overthrow of the Mamluke power by the Ottomans had extended the *shadow of the horsetails* far along the north of Africa, and the divan of Selim at Cairo was crowded by the representatives of the Moorish potentates. Khizr had before this time made overtures for the favour of this redoubted conqueror, and had sent to Constantinople, in token of homage, two cargoes of rich stuffs selected from his prizes—a gift which was graciously received and remunerated by the Sultan. He now openly declared himself the vassal of the Osmanli Emperor, in whose name he struck coin, and read the *khotbah* at Algiers, dispatching at the same time into Egypt his most trusted lieutenant, a noted corsair named Kurd-Oghlu, ("son of the wolf,") who was charged to lay at the feet of Selim the submission and homage of his master. Selim, transported at this easy acquisition of a new kingdom, received the envoy with the highest distinction; and delivered into his hands the pelisse and sabre of honour, the horsetails and kettledrum, which were the appropriate ensigns of the dignity of *beglerbeg*, or viceroy, of Algiers, to which Barbarossa was elevated by a special firman, under the new title of Khair-ed-deen Pasha —a name signifying "one good in the faith," corrupted by Christian writers into *Hayradin* or *Hariadenus*.

Such was the commencement at once of the Turkish supremacy on the Barbary coast, and of the immediate connexion of Barbarossa with the policy of the Porte, of which he continued thenceforward the firmest and most loyal, as he was the most powerful feudatory. Secured in his usurped possessions by this potent alliance, he continued during several succeeding years to complete the reduction of the neighbouring Arab and Berber chiefs,

* Called by Robertson "*Eutemi*, King of Algiers."

whose revolts he repressed, by the aid of a body of janissaries sent from Constantinople, with merciless severity:*—while from the impolitic persecution of the Spanish *Moriscoes* by Charles V., he derived the accession of a valiant and faithful colony. By an edict, published Dec. 1526, the Emperor summarily prohibited the public call to prayers, and other ceremonies of the Moslem faith, the free exercise of which had been guaranteed on the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand; and the Moors, overpowered in the attempt to defend their religious liberty by arms, implored the aid of Khair-ed-deen to transport them from their native soil, now become a land of bondage. The appeal was quickly replied to by the appearance of an Algerine flotilla on the coast; and no less than 70,000 Moslems are said by Hadji Khalfa to have been brought over, in successive voyages, from Europe to Africa, where they were settled mostly in Algiers and its vicinity, and proved the firmest support of their patron's sway. In the mean time his squadrons, consisting chiefly of galleys and light brigantines, overspread the sea under his subordinate officers, the principal of whom, besides the redoubted Kurd-Oghlu, and a renegade Jew named Sinan, were the *reises* or captains Salih and Aiden, and another noted corsair, known only by the uncouth nickname of *Caccia-diovola*, or *Devil-driver*, under which he is mentioned by European writers. Torghoud, (the *Dragut* of the Christians,†) whose fame as a naval commander almost rivalled in later years that of Khair-ed-deen himself, was at this time a captive of Doria in the Genoese galleys, having been captured in a marauding descent on the coast of Corsica. Many thousand Christian captives, torn from the coasts of Spain and Italy, were either detained in chains for ransom, or sent to work on the fortifications of Algiers and Djerbeh, an island intermediate between Tunis and Tripoli, which he had occupied as an eastern depot for his plunder. The miseries undergone by these unhappy wretches, as described by a contemporary Italian writer, appear to have anticipated the more modern horrors of the negro slave trade. "Thrown by heaps like logs into the narrow holds of the Turkish galleys, they were only released occasionally for examination: when those who appeared so nearly worn out with hunger and privations as to render their recovery doubtful, were cast alive, without further ceremony, into the sea." One of the works thus constructed was the vast mole, or artificial isthmus, which now unites the mainland to the small island covering the port, on which stands the famous lighthouse battery. By a sudden attack in 1530, Barbarossa had succeeded in dislodging the Spaniards from this important post; capturing at the same time a squadron of nine large ships, which arrived from Spain, though too late, for its succour. The crews of these vessels were kept in slavery; but the officers, many of whom were men of high rank, were put to death without mercy. "The relatives of the admiral" (says Hadji-Khalfa) "offered 7000 florins for his body, but the true believers disdained to become traffickers in infidel carcasses; and it was accordingly thrown into a pit!"

The system of the Mediterranean warfare of this age, as well as the character of the vessels employed in it, was so wholly different from that of modern times, as to require some description to render it intelligible. Though ships of heavy tonnage and more than one deck, impelled by sails alone, and carrying one or more complete tiers of guns, had been introduced for some time in war, these *carracks*, as they were called, (corresponding with the modern line-of-battle ships,) were scarcely considered as constituting part of the *active* force, but rather regarded as floating castles, to cover with their guns the disembarkation of troops, or assist in the attack of seaport towns, and in sea-fights to serve as rallying points for the swarms of scattered galleys, which

* In the version of Hadji-Kalfa's "Maritime Wars," published by the Oriental Transl. Soc., *Tunis* is evidently given (in the account of these transactions, pp. 35, 36,) by mistake, for *Tennes*, a seaport town, lying W. of Algiers.

† This corrupted appellation is still preserved in that of the Maltese headland, where he received his death wound at the great siege in 1565.

might take refuge under their heavy battery, as broken infantry in land actions reform their ranks under cover of their artillery.

But the strength and vigour of the contending squadrons lay principally (as in the maritime wars of classic times) in the numbers and rapid manœuvring of their long galleys, rowed usually by slaves or prisoners of war; and by the velocity and impetuous onset of which the fate of a naval action was generally decided, rather than by the weight of fire from the *carracks*. The ordinary war-galleys, (called in Turkish *Tchekdereh* or *Tchekdermeh*, and by the Moors *Tareidat*,) would seem to have differed so little, either in build or equipment, from the triremes with which the Lacedæmonians and Athenians had disputed the empire of the Ægean nineteen centuries before, that some further details on these points may not be found uninteresting.

The hull lay very low and close to the water, extremely sharp built and straight in the run, and of such extraordinary length in proportion to the beam or width, that the Venetian galleys of the largest class, which measured 165 feet from stem to stern, were only 32 feet in total breadth. The prow was furnished, as of old, with a long and sharp beak: and from this, as well as from the usually black colour of the hull, the epithet of *grab** (literally *raven*) was popularly applied to these vessels by the Moors. The after-part was occupied by an extensive poop or quarter-deck, which was the station of the captain and the soldiers, and which was defended on the quarter by galleries and boarding-nettings. From this a descent of two or three steps led to a long narrow platform, (called in French *coursier*, and in Spanish *cruxia*,) running the whole length of the vessel from the forecastle to the poop, and serving both for a gangway and a flush deck; on this the guns were mounted, usually a single long heavy piece pointed forwards in a groove near the bow, and two or four others of smaller calibre amidships. The rowing-benches (to which the galley-slaves were usually chained by one foot) were arranged in a quincunx order on a sort of sloping gallery or wide gunwale, (in French, *pont*,) which projected over the ship's side, so that those who stood in the highest rank were immediately below the *coursier*, and under the eye of their taskmasters, who quickened their exertions by the unsparing use of the lash. The galley was pulled with twenty-six oars on a side—a number which seems to have been nearly invariable in all rates† but the smaller classes (*galères subtiles*, or *legères*, called *fergata* or frigate, and *khirlangitsch*‡ by the Turks, and by the Moors, *jafan* and *thelthi*) had only one or two men to each oar; the largest (*galeazza* of the Venetians, and *maona* of the Turks) had sometimes even as many as five or six;§ those of the ordinary rate, (*galères bâtardes*, whence the Turkish *bashtarda*,) which were almost exclusively employed by the Turks, had, like the ancient triremes, three.

The galley was provided with a main and foremast, which might be raised or struck as required, and which carried large lateen sails; but a craft of the construction just described could only have been trusted under sail in light winds and smooth seas, as her want of heel, and deficiency in beam, must have made her at all times a bad sea-boat; while her great length must have exposed her to *break her back*

* This name is still retained in the Indian and Arabian seas for a peculiar class of fast-sailing vessels, in which the place of a bowsprit is supplied by a long projecting bow, the last vestige existing in these days of the beak of the ancient galleys.

† This would seem to have been also the case among the Greeks, as indicated by the name of *penteconter*, applied to the smallest class of their war-vessels; while it is worthy of remark, that the complement of 150 or 160 rowers, assigned by Mitford (ch. viii. sect. 4) to an Athenian trireme, is precisely the number required for a *tchekdermeh*, each of the fifty-two oars of which was pulled by three men.

‡ This word (literally *a swallow*) is used in the modern nautical vocabulary of the Turks for a corvette, or gun-brig.

§ These were almost peculiar to Venice: they carried a considerable number of guns; and their commanders, who were always Venetian nobles, were instructed not to avoid the attack of twenty-five light Turkish galleys.

and founder in a rough sea. But these disadvantages were compensated by the swiftness with which vessels so navigated could be impelled, like the steam-boats of modern days, over the smooth summer seas of the Mediterranean, and by the facility with which they penetrated into creeks, rivers, and inlets, which the intricacy or shallowness of their waters rendered impervious to vessels of draught, and depending only on sails. With their masts lowered, and their long, low hulls undiscernible on the surface of the sea by the sentinels on shore, the corsair galleys lay during the day unsuspected in the offing, opposite to a town which they had marked for plunder; at midnight the inhabitants were roused by the flames of their dwellings, and the fierce cry of the *tecbir*, and daybreak saw the marauders again far at sea, bearing with them their booty, and such of their captives as had been spared from the slaughter, long ere the ineffectual aid of the neighbouring garrisons could reach the scene of devastation. These enterprizes were frequently led by *Mudagils*, or exiled Spanish Moors, whose religious zeal was sharpened by the thirst for revenge, and whose local knowledge was aided by intelligence from their brethren, the *new Christians* of the Inquisition, who, in most cases, still adhered in secret to the faith of their fathers, and gladly guided the plunderers to lay waste the domains usurped from them by the Nazarenes. The numerous ruined *atalayas*, or watch-towers, which crown almost every eminence along the sea-board of Murcia and Valencia, afford still existing evidence of the frequency, at no very remote date, of these deadly visits, and of the unceasing vigilance necessary to guard against them.

The independent kingdom of Tunis still intervened between the Ottoman pashalik of Egypt and the newly-acquired dependencies of the Porte in Algiers; but its throne was no longer occupied by Sultan Mohammed, who died in 1523, after a reign of more than thirty years. The contest of his forty-seven sons terminated in the victory of Hassan, one of the youngest, who secured himself by the massacre of all his brothers—Rashid alone escaping to Algiers, where he was sheltered and protected by Khair-ed-deen. He was still residing there in exile, when (in the summer of 1533) an imperial *tchaoosh* arrived to summon Barbarossa to a personal conference with the sultan at Constantinople—the successes of Doria on the coast of the Morea, and the capture of Coron, having determined Soliman to direct all the naval forces of his empire against the Genoese admiral. His obedience was prompt. Committing the management of affairs in Africa to Hassan Aga,* a renegado of approved prowess and fidelity, and carrying the Tunisian prince in his company, he departed with a squadron of eighteen sail, "burning with desire to render his face resplendent by rubbing it on the threshold of the abode of the august Padishah, whose glory is like that of Jemsheed!" Coron had already been recaptured by the Turks; and Doria, who was lying with his squadron at Prevesa, withdrew at the approach of his redoubted enemy to the Italian side of the Adriatic; but two of his ships were intercepted in their transit by the Algerine flotilla; and Barbarossa arrived in triumph at Navarino, where the capitan-pasha Ahmed, (surnamed Kemankesh, or *the Archer*,) awaited him with his fleet. The united armaments sailed together for Constantinople, entering the Golden Horn amidst reiterated salvos of artillery; and Khair-ed-deen was entertained as an honoured guest in the palace of the capitan-pasha. At his public audience of the sultan, he was received with distinguished favour, presenting gifts of African rarities and wild animals; his principal officers also bowed before the throne, and, after being invested with robes of honour, were appointed to the superintendence of different departments in the arsenal.

The influence of the grand-vizir Ibrahim, was at this period at its zenith; and the assiduity with which Khair-ed-deen had courted the good graces of this all-powerful minister, had been repaid by the care taken of his interests in the recent treaty with

* Knolles confounds this Hassan with a son of Barbarossa of the same name, who afterwards distinguished himself at the siege of Malta.

Austria,* when the ministers of Charles V. (as king of Spain) had in vain endeavoured to procure restitution of the fortresses recently taken from them on the coast of Barbary. But his patron was now absent at Aleppo, where he had taken up his winter quarters with the advanced corps of the army destined to act in the spring against Persia; and Barbarossa, who found himself thwarted by the jealousy of the other vizirs in gaining the ear of the sultan to his schemes of African aggrandizement, obtained permission to repair in person to the camp, and receive from Ibrahim his investiture in the government of Algiers, which passed through the hands of the grand-vizir in virtue of the extraordinary powers conferred on him by his new office of *serasher-al-sultanat*.—(See our September No., page 299, and November, page 598.) Though now entering on his sixty-sixth year, the vigour and activity of the corsair were still unimpaired; and instantly mounting on horseback with his suite, he traversed Anatolia with the rapidity of a courier, and presented himself at the vizir's headquarters. "On his arrival at Aleppo, the vizir showed him the greatest respect, going out in grand-procession to meet him, and mustering all the troops to do him honour. A general divan was held, in which Khair-ed-deen, after saluting the vizir, had his place assigned him, on the first day, below all the begs and pashas; but on the next day he was clothed with a robe, in token of his dignity as beglerbeg of Algiers, and took his seat above all the other governors." After the completion of the ceremony, he returned with equal speed to Constantinople, which he reached on the twenty-fourth day, having halted only long enough to pay his devotions at the tombs of two famous Moslem saints at Brousa and Iconium.

The winter of 1533-4 passed away amidst warlike preparations; but the enterprize which Khair-ed-deen had at heart, was the reduction of Tunis; and after representing to the sultan, in numerous interviews, the value and importance of the place, and the ease with which it could be reduced, from the unpopularity of the reigning prince, he received the imperial permission to undertake it. Early in the summer, accordingly, while the sultan was advancing to open the campaign against Persia, which closed with the conquest of Bagdad, he passed the Dardanelles "on a propitious day," at the head of such a warlike armament as the Levant had hardly seen since the first days of the Osmanlis. So great had been the zeal and activity displayed in the arsenals, that sixty-one *bashtardas*, or heavy galleys, had been launched and equipped during the past winter and spring, which, with the Algerine squadron and fire vessels belonging to independent corsairs, raised the aggregate to eighty-four sail, on board which were 8000 janissaries. The peace still subsisting with Venice, preserved the Isles of the Archipelago from aggression; and the first attack was directed on Reggio, recently colonized with the Greek Christians transferred from Coron and Modon. The town, abandoned by the panic-stricken refugees at the first appearance of the crescent, was sacked and burned, with all its shipping: "and Khair-ed-deen, the same night, *having had a favourable dream*, arose and set sail with lanterns lighted at the poop and prow of every galley," and continued his course along shore, pillaging and burning, almost without resistance, wherever he chose to land. Naples itself expected an attack; but the aim of Barbarossa was elsewhere directed. Stretching out from the shore during the day, he ran silently at night into the bay of Terracina, where 2000 men were landed for the attack of Fondi, a town a few miles inland, in which there resided the most celebrated beauty of the age, Giulia Gonzaga, wife of Vespasio Colonna, Count of Fondi. In a true corsair spirit of gratitude, he had formed the resolve of repaying the favours heaped on him at Constantinople, by securing this "paragon of Italie" (as Knolles calls her) for the harem of Soliman; and

* "Algiers and all its dependencies," (said Ibrahim to Correlius Schepper,) "are the sandjak of Khair-ed-deen; he conquered them, and we confirmed them to him; we could not resume them if we would, and we would not if we could!" A rare instance of diplomatic candour!

with such suddenness and secrecy was the enterprize conducted, that the town was surprised by escalade, and the princess, starting from her couch while the Algerines were forcing her palace gates, was saved only by being thrown across a horse, half-naked as she was, by a cavalier* of her household, and carried off at full speed into the mountains. The Turks, after revenging themselves for their disappointment by pillaging the town and destroying the churches, returned unmolested to their vessels.

Thus balked of his intended prize, Khair-ed-deen instantly quitted the shores of Italy, as a leopard retreats on missing his prey; and the priests and citizens of Rome, who were already preparing their flight from a still more ruthless sack than that inflicted on them seven years before by the army of Bourbon, were relieved from their apprehensions by the news of his apparition on the coast of Africa. Casting anchor before the goletta of Tunis, in accordance with his previous instructions, he occupied the capital without opposition in the name of Muley-Rashid, whose former partizans crowded to his standard, while Hassan, deserted by all his adherents, fled into the interior. But the absence of Rashid, who had been left a state prisoner at Constantinople, could not be long concealed, and a fierce revulsion of popular feeling ensued; when Khair-ed-deen, boldly throwing off the mask, planted his horsetails before the citadel, and declared the kingdom to have become a province of the Ottoman empire. The infuriated but disorderly resistance of the Tunisians was speedily crushed by the veteran troops and formidable artillery at the disposal of the corsair; and Hassan who, during the tumult, had re-entered the town at the head of a swarm of Bedoweens, was pursued into the desert† and utterly overthrown.

Tunis was now completely in the power of Khair-ed-deen, who occupied himself diligently in repairing and strengthening the fortifications of the town and the goletta, with the view of transferring thither the principal seat of his power from Algiers, which was less favourably situated either for an attack on the shores of Christendom, or communication with Constantinople. But his sway was not destined to endure many months: the cause of the fugitive Hassan had been espoused by Charles V., who eagerly embraced the opportunity of delivering his Sicilian dominions from the formidable neighbourhood of Khair-ed-deen:—and in June 1535, a fleet of 500 sail, bearing 30,000 veteran troops under the command of the Emperor in person, appeared off the African coast. The events of the short campaign which followed are so popularly known from the eloquent pages of Robertson, that it is needless to give them in detail. The goletta, after a siege of a month, was carried by storm:—the citadel of Tunis was seized by the Christian captives confined in it:—and Barbarossa, finding all his efforts in the field unavailing against the overwhelming force opposed to him, was compelled to seek safety in flight. His fleet, with the vast naval and military stores which he had accumulated in the arsenal, became the prize of the victors: and Hassan was restored, as a tributary vassal of the Emperor, to the throne of a city which had just been subjected to all the horrors of war at the hands of his Christian allies.

When Tunis was irrecoverably lost, Barbarossa, with the corsair Sinan, and such of his personal adherents as remained, had made the best of his way to Algiers, the administration of which had been ably conducted in his absence by Hassan Aga and another renegade named Mourad. Undismayed by his reverses, he gave in-

* The current story represents her as having subsequently ordered the assassination of her preserver, '*soit parce qu'il avoit trop osé, soit parce qu'il avoit trop vu!* But the silence of the contemporary Brantome, who would certainly not have omitted so scandalous an anecdote in his narrative of the incident, may surely outweigh the testimony of Amelot de la Houssaye, who wrote a century later; and the few traits respecting her which remain on record, contain nothing which would show her capable of so atrocious ingratitude.

† Hadji Khalfa states, that, on this occasion, the artillery of Barbarossa was impelled over the level surface of the desert by sails fixed on the gun-carriages! Marco Polo mentions a similar mode of propulsion as applied to vehicles in some districts of China.

stant orders for the equipment of such vessels as were in the port, with which he put to sea on the fifteenth day after his arrival:—and Charles, returning to Europe in triumph as conqueror of Tunis, was amazed by the intelligence that his indefatigable adversary (of whose fate he had been hitherto uncertain) had suddenly appeared with thirty-two galleys off the Balearic Islands, which were wholly unprepared for this hostile visitation. The governor of Minorca, attempting to oppose the invaders in the field, was overpowered and killed: the citadel of Mahon surrendered: and Barbarossa, after pillaging the whole island, and destroying the town, returned to Africa with his booty and prisoners. But his stay was not of long duration: again committing his interests to the care of his faithful lieutenant, Hassan, he sailed from Algiers (whither he never returned;) and after narrowly escaping the encounter of a greatly superior force under Doria, arrived early in 1536 at Constantinople, whither Soliman had lately returned victorious from Persia. His great patron, Ibrahim, was now no more: but neither this change, nor the loss of Tunis, diminished the favour with which the Sultan continued to regard him:—he was at once replaced in the direction of the dockyard and the arsenal: and a few months after his arrival, the removal of Kemankesh Ahmed made room for his elevation to the dignity of capitan-pasha, the powers of which he had for some time virtually exercised.

"The infidels of Venice" (says the Turkish historiographer) "are noted for their vast wealth and commerce, and not less so for their treachery and disregard of good faith. As their dominions adjoin those of the Porte, and their trade is chiefly with our countries, they generally preserve a show of friendship; yet none are in truth more inveterate against the professors of Islam." Since 1503 they had remained at peace with the Porte; and this good understanding had been promoted by the services of Aloysio Gritti, and by the interest of the grand-vizir Ibrahim, who had been born a subject of the republic. But both those powerful safeguards were now withdrawn, Gritti having been assassinated by Mallath, the vaivado of Transylvania, a short time before the disgrace and death of Ibrahim; and the pacific counsels of Ayaz, the new grand-vizir, were overruled by the vehement representations of Barbarossa, who was eager to efface, by fresh achievements, the remembrance of his disaster at Tunis. His arguments derived additional weight from the assistance rendered on various occasions by Venice to the enemies of the Porte, and from some casual encounters at sea between the vessels of the signory and the Turkish galleys; the excuses of the senate were disregarded by the sultan, and war was proclaimed in the summer of 1537.

The standards of the three vassal kingdoms of the republic, Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea, still floated from their lofty flagstaffs in the Place of St Mark; but the last had been reduced by the progressive conquests of the Turks to the two fortresses of Monembasia and Napoli, on the mainland. The Ionian Islands, however, with the exception of Santa Maura, were still subject to Venetian rule; and nearly the whole of the Cyclades were held as hereditary fiefs, under the signory, by various patrician families, the ancestors of which had subdued them after the capture of Constantinople, in the fourth crusade, (A.D. 1204.*) But these extensive insular possessions could be secured only by a continued supremacy at sea; and the Venetian squadron, under Pisani, in the Adriatic, was far from capable of coping with that commanded by Barbarossa. At the breaking out of hostilities, he was cruising with 135 war-galleys, and a vast fleet of transports, on the coast of Apulia, where he had lately landed Lutfi-Pasha with 25,000 men for the invasion of Italy; but the Venetian war recalled both the capitan-pasha and his colleague to the eastern shore of the Adriatic, to co-operate with the

* The Venetians, in this instance, "abandoned their maxims of government, adopted a feudal system, and contented themselves with the homage of their nobles for the possessions which these private vassals undertook to reduce and maintain."—(*Gibbon*, chap. 61.)

grand army in the reduction of Corfu. The tents of Soliman were pitched on the mainland opposite the island, which was devastated by his light troops, while the siege of the capital was vigorously pressed both by sea and land. But both the city and the fortress of St Angelo, in the centre of the island, proved impregnable to the Moslem arms; and in the middle of September, the sultan withdrew his troops and returned to the capital, for the first time, without having added to his dominions in the campaign.

But the naval warfare of the year was not yet concluded. Though Lutfi-Pasha, with the greater part of the fleet, had sailed for the Bosphorus as soon as the siege of Corfu was raised, Khair-ed-deen still kept the sea with sixty select galleys, and after ravaging Zante and Cerigo, directed his course against the defenceless islands of the Archipelago. Taken by surprise, and unprovided with fortresses or soldiers, many submitted, or were yielded by their Venetian lords, at the first appearance of the crescent in the offing: Patmos, Tino, Syra, and Jura, (the Gyarus of the ancients,) fell without resistance under the Ottoman yoke: the family of Quirini surrendered their patrimonial isle of Stampalia or Astypalœa: and their example was imitated by the Pisanis, the lords of Nio or Ios, celebrated in classic times as one of the claimants of the birth of Homer. The fruitless defence of Egina, was punished by the pillage and conflagration of its capital, and the slavery of 6000 of its inhabitants: and the senator Sagredo, who valiantly disputed against the Ottomans the isle of Paros,* (the property of his relations the Venieri,) was sent in chains to Constantinople. The Prince of Naros, the largest and most important of the Cyclades, bore the title of Duke of the Archipelago, in virtue of a grant by Henry, the second Latin Emperor of the East, to Marco Sanuto, from whom the reigning Duke Grispo was twentieth in succession:† but he distrusted the strength of his fortifications, and signed a capitulation with Khair-ed-deen, (Nov. 11,) by which he transferred his allegiance from Venice to the Porte, and covenanted to pay an annual tribute of 5000 ducats. His submission did not, however, exempt his island from plunder: and, laden with the spoils of the Ægean to the estimated value of 400,000 sequins, Barbarossa at length re-entered the Bosphorus. The morning after his arrival he repaired in state to the divan, preceded by 600 slaves, chosen from among his captives, each bearing gold and silver vessels, rolls of stuffs, and cloths, &c., which were presented to the sultan in token of homage: "whereupon he received the most magnificent robes of honour, and the highest marks of favour; for no capitan-pasha had ever yet done such service."

The events of this year had demonstrated to the Venetians the inadequacy of their own navy to contend single-handed with the Ottoman marine, guided as the latter now was by the energetic genius of Barbarossa: and in February 1538, therefore, a maritime league was concluded between the Signory, Pope Paul III., and the Emperor; the command being entrusted to Doria, as admiral-in-chief. The Papal and Venetian squadrons issued from the Adriatic before the Turkish fleet was ready for sea:—but Khair-ed-deen, irritated by a report, (which was purposely spread by the ministers of the Porte,) that they had sailed towards Crete to intercept a rich convoy coming from Egypt, guarded by Salih Reis with twenty galleys, fearlessly put to sea with only forty galleys, leaving the remainder to follow when their equipment was complete. Steering towards Negropont, he landed three thousand janissaries, with artillery, on the isle of Ishkato, or Sciathus, off the entrance to the gulf of Voto, where the Venetians had a fortress situated on an almost inaccessible rock; but this lofty stronghold was

* Knolles erroneously attributes these conquests to the squadron under Lutfi-Pasha.

† The series of the Venetian dukes of Naros continued till the reign of Selim II., who deposed the last in order to confer the dignity on his Jewish favourite, Joseph Nassi. Many of the descendants of the Venetian lords of the Ægean, the Pisani, Venieri, &c., settled at Constantinople, and still divide the minor offices of diplomacy with the Greeks of the Fanar, from whom they are distinguished by the Turks, under the odd appellation of *taoushanler*, (rabbits or hares.)

carried by storm on the seventh day; and Barbarossa, who, during the siege, had been reinforced by the junction of ninety galleys from Constantinople, besides the squadron of twenty under Salih, resumed his voyage with this augmented force, now numbering one hundred and fifty sail, towards Crete. The capture of the islands of Skyro, Andro, Serpho, and Scarpanto, scarcely delayed the progress of the fleet: but the Christian armament was not to be found in the Candiote waters: and the pasha vented his disappointment by a destructive descent on the island. The open towns were every where laid in ashes; but the strong fortifications of Canea and Retimo defied his attacks; and his departure was hastened by the intelligence that Doria, with the fleets of Spain and Italy, had at length made his appearance at the rendezvous at Corfu.

Khair-ed-deen instantly made sail for the Ionian sea, directing his course towards Prevesa, at the mouth of the Gulf of Arta, which had recently been cannonaded by a division of the confederate fleet under the Venetian patriarch Grimani; and scarcely had he reached his destination, when the whole Christian navy was descried steering in the same direction. Their combined forces considerably outnumbered those of the Ottomans, amounting to 167 sail of carracks and galleys, while Barbarossa (who had weakened himself by detaching numerous cruisers) had only 122 to oppose to them, all of which were galleys. As the pasha's object was the defence of Prevesa, the fortifications of which had been damaged by the previous attack, he had run into the gulf before the arrival of the enemy, and landed part of his troops and artillery on the beach in front of the town: while with his vessels drawn up in line, he offered battle at the mouth of the strait. The armaments confronted each other during three days, without any hostile movement on either side: and Doria, finding the attempt on Prevesa hopeless, at length (Sept. 27) gave the signal of retreat. In the repassage of the straits, a partial encounter took place between the Venetian carracks and galleons, and the division of galleys under Torghoud; the Turks, galled by the superior fire of their ponderous antagonists, retired in confusion within the bay: but Doria still refused the entreaties of the Venetian admiral Capello to be permitted to follow up this advantage, and stood out to sea towards Santa Maura. "But the pasha" (we again quote Hadji-Khalfa) "having in a dream seen many large fishes swimming out of the gulf," interpreted this as a favourable omen, and sallied the next day from the straits with his whole force in pursuit—and Doria, yielding to the instances of his officers, no longer declined the combat. Great part of the day was spent in distant manœuvring, the wind and the swell being unfavourable to the navigation of the galleys; but at the approach of evening the sea fell calm, (in consequence, as we are assured by the Turkish writer, of Barbarossa having thrown into the waves papers inscribed with texts from the Koran,) and the action then commenced in earnest. The heavy galleons of the Venetians, lying becalmed and immoveable, were separately enveloped and assailed by swarms of the hostile galleys; while Barbarossa in person, boldly leading a select squadron through the intervals of the line, cut off these unwieldy floating castles from the support of their own light vessels. Doria, whose conduct on this occasion was far from worthy of his former fame, still continued to hover at a distance from the fight, without venturing on a decided movement for the extrication of the besieged galleons, the resistance of which was at length overpowered by the number and pertinacity of their assailants. Two of these large vessels took fire, and were blown up, with the greatest part of their crews: four fell into the hands of the Moslems, and the rest were only saved from a similar fate by a sudden and violent squall, which, with the approach of night, put an end to the conflict. Barbarossa endeavoured to improve his success by an attack on the galleys under Doria; but without awaiting the onset, they gave way at his approach with such celerity, that two Spanish vessels only fell into his hands; and the whole Christian fleet, extinguishing their lights to conceal their course, made the best of their way to Corfu, "so disorderedly," says Knolles, "and in such haste, sparing neither sayle nor oare, that it seemed rather a shameful flight than an orderly retreat."

Such was the battle of Prevesa, (often called by Italian writers the *Battle of the Galleons*,) which Hadji-Khalfa characterizes as "the grand victory of Khair-ed-deen, and the most astonishing battle ever fought at sea!" It was in truth far more important in its results than in the actual amount of loss sustained by the defeated squadron; for it at once gave the victors the sovereignty of the sea, which they retained almost undisputed till the battle of Lepanto, fought in nearly the same waters, exactly thirty-three years later, (Oct. 7, 1571.) The brunt of the engagement, as well as the weight of the discomfiture, fell almost wholly on the Venetians, whose commanders loudly inveighed against the backwardness of Doria as the sole cause of the discomfiture; while he recriminated, by condemning their refusal to admit Spanish troops on board their vessels, which were thus unfit to come to close quarters with the strongly manned galleys of their opponents. The Ottoman fleet, in the mean time, on its return to the shores of Epirus, after the battle, had been driven out of its course and shattered by a violent storm, in which many of the galleys foundered or were dashed to pieces on the rocks, the remainder with difficulty gaining the port of Avlona: but Doria, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of Capello, refused to renew the attack while the enemy were thus disabled, and sailed with his whole force to the north, whence, after taking and garrisoning Castel-Novo, a strong fortress belonging to the Turks on the Ragusan frontier, he withdrew into harbour for the winter.*

Meanwhile the tidings of the victory had been received at Constantinople with rejoicings and illuminations; and the sultan, whom the news reached during his absence on a hunting excursion at Yanboli in Thrace, showered honours and rewards on Barbarossa and his officers on their return with the fleet to the Bosphorus. But the magnitude of the advantage gained was more clearly shown by the arrival, in the following spring, of a Venetian envoy commissioned to sue for peace on behalf of the Signory; which, since the maritime supremacy of the Adriatic was lost, no longer felt secure within their hitherto inaccessible lagunes. The negotiation was protracted through the following year:—but the fears of the Venetians were quickened by the re-capture of Castel-Novo, which Barbarossa had taken by storm, (August 10, 1539,) after twenty-six days' siege, slaughtering nearly the whole Spanish garrison: and the treaty was at length signed in May 1540. The price to Venice of this pacification was the payment of 300,000 ducats, the cession of all the isles captured by Barbarossa, and the further surrender of the almost impregnable fortresses of Monembasia and Napoli di Romania, which had defied all the efforts of the Turks during the war, and were the only possessions still held under the banner of St Mark in the Morea.†

After the recovery of Castel-Novo and the peace with Venice, Barbarossa appears to have remained at Constantinople in the tranquil enjoyment of his honours till the summer of 1541, when he was again roused to action by the intelligence of the vast armament with which Charles V. and Doria were preparing to assail Algiers. He sailed accordingly in all haste with eighty galleys for the African coast; but the same hurricane which overwhelmed the Christian fleet and army with ruin on their landing, drove him into an intermediate port, where he remained weatherbound more than a month, till the emperor had returned with his shattered forces to Europe. Without further pursuing his voyage, he retraced his course to the Bosphorus, which he entered in

* The year 1538 was further memorable in the Turkish maritime annals for the expedition of Soliman-Pasha of Egypt into India, and his fruitless siege of Divabad, or Diu, then held by the Portuguese.

† The Moreote fortresses were yielded after a contest of finesse, in which the Turkish diplomatists for once proved an overmatch for the Venetian. The *public* credentials issued by the senate to the envoy, Badoero, declared this cession inadmissible; but the private instructions of the Council of Ten, in which he was authorized to give up the point if hard pressed, had been betrayed to the ministers of the Porte, who regulated their demands accordingly.

all the pomp of a naval triumph, and dismantled his vessels for the winter, there being no longer any fleet capable of contesting with him the empire of the Mediterranean. But his repose was now about to be disturbed from a fresh quarter. The common hostility of Francis I. and the sultan to the emperor, had led to the conclusion of a league in 1536, (the first instance of an alliance between the Porte and any Christian power;) and in 1542, Antoine Paulin, Baron De la Garde, appeared in the camp of Soliman, whose naval co-operation he was commissioned to solicit against the maritime possessions and confederates of Charles. The sultan, who had been incensed by the murder near Milan of a former French envoy on his way to the Porte, readily acceded to this proposition; but the season was already far advanced; and it was not till April (1543) that Barbarossa once more put to sea with 110 galleys and forty smaller vessels, carrying the French ambassador as a guest on board the *Capitana*, or flag-ship.

Messina in Sicily was the first point of attack: the town was surprised and sacked; and the castle, unprepared for defence, was yielded at the first summons: and the Turkish fleet, passing through the straits, anchored at the mouth of the Tiber. The consternation of the Romans was with difficulty allayed by the assurances of Paulin; but the formidable visiters, without committing any act of hostility, continued their course to Marseilles, where the Duc d'Enghien lay with the French fleet of twenty-two galleys and eighteen galleons, in expectation of his puissant auxiliaries. But the united armada was detained by the irresolution and delays of the French commanders, so long as to draw forth indignant remonstrances from the old corsair, whose fiery spirit was chafed by inaction; and they at length received orders to attack Nice. "To the astonishment and scandal of all Christendom," (in the words of Robertson,) "the lilies of France and crescent of Mohammed appeared in conjunction against a fortress on which the cross of Savoy was displayed." But though the town was occupied by the besiegers, the citadel was resolutely held out by the governor, a Maltese knight named Simeoni,* whose zeal was stimulated by his recollections of a long and rigorous captivity in the dungeons of Tunis, whence he had been released by Charles V. The ammunition of the French ran short in the course of the siege, and they were compelled to purchase a supply from the Turks—an instance of neglect which roused afresh the choler of Khair-ed-deen; and he broke out into angry invectives at being compelled to act with such ill-disciplined and inefficient associates! The enterprise was at length abandoned on the approach of an army under the Marquis di Guasto; and the Ottoman fleet wintered in the harbour of Toulon, where it was furnished with provisions, chiefly (as old Knolles intimates) "*by the Genowayes*," (Genoese,) "*and especially by Doria himself*, who, under the colour of redeeming of prisoners, willingly furnished the Turk with such things as he wanted!" Thus courteously parted at last these two redoubted antagonists, who for thirty years had disputed with varied fortune the sovereignty of the sea: and Barbarossa, being dismissed in the ensuing spring by Francis, set sail for Constantinople, ravaging the Italian shores as he passed with even more than his usual merciless severity, as if conscious that he should no more revisit the scenes of his past depredations and warlike achievements.

Notwithstanding the partial failure of the attack on Nice, the veteran admiral was received, as usual, with high distinction by the sultan; but the long career of Barbarossa was now drawing to a close: and it does not appear that, after his return in 1544, he was ever again at sea. He died July 4, 1546, (A. H. 953, 6th of Jemadi-al-evvel,) at the age of upwards of eighty lunar years; and was buried on the European shore of the Bosphorus, and between the villages of Beshiktash Ortakeui, on a spot where he had previously founded and endowed a mosque and a *medressah*, or college. Here the tomb of the pirate-king, the first and greatest of the naval heroes of the Ottomans, is still pointed out, standing on a gentle eminence within view of

* Robertson calls him, "Montfort, a Savoyard gentleman."

the Black Sea, and distinguished only by a low ivy-covered cupola. "The date of the death of Khair-ed-deen Pasha," (says Hadji-Khalfa,*) "is chrono-grammatically expressed in the sentence, *Mât Rais al-Bahr*, 'the captain of the sea is dead.' May the mercy of God be extended to him!" Notwithstanding the vast treasures which had passed through his hands during his long life, his constant liberality to his soldiers and lieutenants had prevented him from becoming rich. And, if we may credit the report of the Venetian ambassador, his personal property, exclusive of the lands which he held under the sultan, amounted at his death to no more than 60,000 sequins and 2000 slaves. Eight hundred of the latter he bequeathed to the sultan, and 200 to the grand-vizir, Rustam-pasha, to whom he also remitted a debt of 30,000 sequins—precautions, doubtless, intended to secure to his heirs the undisturbed enjoyment of the remainder. It is not improbable, however, that the principal part of his hoards may have been safely deposited at Algiers, out of the reach of the officers of the khazneh.

We have been compelled to follow in detail the incidents of the life of this remarkable adventurer, as his career presents, in fact, an epitome of the naval history of the Mediterranean during this period. The fleets of Spain and the Italian states, united under the leadership of Doria, maintained an almost unceasing contest for supremacy against the Turkish flag, which, under the daring guidance of Khair-ed-deen, for the first time emerged from the Levant, and arrogated to itself that maritime empire which the Osmanlis had hitherto tacitly conceded to the Nazarenes. Nor was his personal character less remarkable than his achievements. By the union of courage and good fortune, he had raised himself from the station of an obscure marauder to the rank of a sovereign prince; yet, with a moderation especially rare in an Oriental, he prudently chose to secure and perpetuate his prosperity by attaching his fortunes to the most powerful empire then ruled by a sovereign of his own faith, rather than to reign in precarious independence as the founder of an ephemeral dynasty. Notwithstanding the sanguinary ruthlessness of his military operations, he does not appear to have been wantonly cruel: and the uniform fidelity and loyalty shown to him by his lieutenants and followers, proves that he possessed the faculty of securing the attachment of those under his command.

Note.—The rule of the Beni-Hafs in Tunis, after their restoration by the arms of Charles V. in 1535, was neither long nor prosperous. The reinstated king, Hassan, kept possession of the throne for ten years: but he was odious to his subjects, both from his degrading vices and his vassalage to the Spaniards; and, in 1545, he was dethroned by a popular insurrection in favour of his son Hamida. Hassan fled to Spain, and returned with some troops; but he was defeated, taken, and blinded by his son, who continued to reign for twenty-five years. He was not, however, more popular than his father; and during his temporary absence the Tunisians called in Kilidj-Ali, the Turkish capitan-pasha and viceroy of Algiers, who instantly obeyed the summons, occupied Tunis, (1570,) and sent the vast treasures of Hamida to Constantinople. But the fortress of the Goletta had remained all along in the hands of the Spaniards; and after the battle of Lepanto, in 1572, Don John of Austria appeared with his fleet off the town, and easily expelled the Ottoman governor, Hyder-Pasha; while Hamida, in spite of his entreaties, was sent with his family as a state-prisoner to Sicily; and his brother, Muley-Mohammed, installed as king, under the control of a Spanish governor who left him scarcely the shadow of power. This pageant of royalty subsisted, however,

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* *Concetti* of this sort are the usual eastern aid to memory: and many historical works never record an event of importance without one; the autobiography of Baber particularly abounds with them. In the present instance the numerical value, respectively, of the different Arabic letters composing the sentence above quoted, is:—40, 1, 400, 200, 10, 60, 1, 30, 2, 8, 200; the total product of which is 953, the year of Barbarossa's death.

only two years. In 1574, an Ottoman fleet and army, under Kilidj-Ali and Sinan Pasha, re-occupied Tunis. The Goletta was carried by assault after a siege of thirty-three days; and Muley-Mohammed was sent to Constantinople, where he died in the Seven Towers. With him was extinguished the race of the Beni-Hafs, which had borne the Tunisian sceptre for 350 years. The kingdom was erected into a pashalik; but neither this nor the other Barbaresque *regencies* (as they are commonly termed in Europe) continued many years to receive the governors sent from Constantinople. About the beginning of the following century, the janissaries and soldiery of the garrison, having seized the supreme power, proceeded to elect a chief from their own number, who, however, acknowledged the supremacy of the Porte, so far as to solicit from the sultan a firman of investiture, till the arrival of which he did not assume the title of pasha, styling himself only *dey*, or delegate. The authority of the deys, or pashas, was, however, wholly dependent on the pleasure of the military body, consisting of the janissaries, the *Koul-Oghlus*, ("sons of slaves," or Mamlukes,) and others of Turkish descent, who arbitrarily raised or deposed these chiefs, and disposed with absolute control of the lives and properties of the Moorish inhabitants. This strange form of government, to which it would be difficult to find any thing analogous, except the ancient monarchy of the Mamlukes in Egypt, subsists at the present day only in Tunis; Tripoli having been brought, a few years since, into more immediate subjection to the Porte, and Algiers converted by conquest into a French colony.

SONNETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, LIFE OF GOLDSMITH, ETC.

TO LITERARY FAME.

THOU idle, airy shadow, Fame! how few
Enjoy thee; or, if won, say art thou worth
The mental toils to which thy love givest birth?
Toils long and patient, love unbought and true!
Thee, gainful arts forsaking, we pursue,
To win a name familiar to our earth,
To reign the circling favourite of each hearth;
Sought, studied, quoted, found for ever new!
Yet proud it is to form a People's theme,
To live when all our fellows die—to be
Objects of honour that we ne'er may see;
When future tongues and pens with praise shall teem,
And pride exults in the prospective dream—
For such the honours, Genius, paid to Thee.

TO TIME.—A REMONSTRANCE.

TIME! once to me a laggard—now I see
Months, seasons, years, so fast and traceless fly,
That oft I deem some great mistake there be,
Thou moving swifter, or in reckoning *I*.
Thou seem'st to cheat me of my span;—so run
Weeks nimbly on as days were wont to go,
Months end ere yet I count them well begun,
And each more short becomes as old I grow.
Whence is this change? Is life so dearer grown,
Enjoyments heighten'd, pleasures more pursued,
The time that *is*, more sweet than what has flown,
Or years with stronger zest than youth endued?
Oh no!—contentless still our life is cast,
Youth ever forward looks, but age recalls the past.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE THROUGH THE BASQUE PROVINCES IN 1836-7.

MARTIN ZURBANO.

THIS partizan, who has now attained a high rank in the Spanish service, at the time I speak of was a lieutenant-colonel of *Cuerpos Francos*, with the rank of a major in the army. He was a very independent personage, refused honours and decorations, wore no uniform, affected an extreme simplicity, not to say negligence, of dress, and appeared to entertain some degree of contempt for the troops of the line, who, certainly as far as daredevil courage went, did not in many instances equal the band of desperadoes he commanded. There was a curious sort of equality prevailing in his corps, great familiarity amongst officers and men off duty, although in the field the latter were perfectly obedient, or if not, Martin, as they all called him, knew very well how to make them so. Not a man nor an officer but quaked when they saw his brow contracting into the thousand small wrinkles, and his deep-set grey eyes emitting those flashes that with him were sure indications of a coming storm. On one occasion some of his men were rummaging the houses of a village; he was retiring after a reconnoissance, and the Carlists were following him up in some force, but at a respectful distance. The bugles had twice sounded to recall the stragglers, but they still lingered—Zurbano instantly gave orders to fire upon them. This was immediately done, and, although I do not suppose there was a very careful aim taken, for nobody was hit, the whistling of the balls brought the plunderers back to their ranks at double-quick. They were fired at till they arrived within a hundred yards of the main body, and came up shouting for mercy, only to be welcomed by a shower of blows from the flat of their officers' sabres. Had they remained one minute longer in the village, they would have been taken or slain by the Carlists.

Whoever has seen a fierce rat-hunting may form some idea of Zurbano when he got on the trail of the Carlists. There was all the desperate eagerness and haste, the headlong and inveterate fury with which that animal attacks its prey. Once, when heading a charge of cavalry against three or four Carlist companies, who were drawn up in a plain amongst some scattered trees, a parapet and wide ditch, only visible on very near approach, barred his progress when not thirty paces from the enemy, who poured in a volley, and began to retire leisurely towards the mountains. Zurbano's face became livid with rage and disappointment, and swearing one of the most blasphemous of the many blasphemous oaths in the Spanish language, he threw himself from his horse and literally began to tear with hands, and feet, and nails, almost with his teeth, at a quantity of stones and brushwood employed by the enemy to stop a gap through which he might have passed. Before an opening could be made, however, the Carlists were out of his reach, or it would probably have fared badly with them, for he was in no mood to give quarter.

I made his acquaintance at Vittoria, and seeing that I took an interest in his wild and adventurous mode of warfare, he invited me to accompany him on his next sortie. To this I willingly assented, and three or four nights after received a message, saying that he was going to march at two in the morning. I took care to be exact, and at the hour stated we moved out of the town. I soon learned that his object was to cut off a troop of cavalry which each morning passed a certain spot on its way to relieve pickets. An hour before daybreak we were in our ambush; the infantry lying down in a dry ditch, and the thirty horses, that composed all Zurbano's cavalry, concealed as much as possible behind some straggling bushes and trees. We waited till sunrise, but the enemy did not appear, having probably taken some other road, or perhaps had received warning of the ambuscade. The day being once well broken, Zurbano knew it was useless waiting any longer, for there was not sufficient cover to prevent his men being seen, unless favoured by the twilight. Not to have it said he had been out for nothing, he resolved to

stretch out in the direction of the mountains that bound the plains of Vittoria to the north, and see what fortune might send him.

The sun had just risen above the hills, and was gilding every object around. The infantry crept out of their ditch, wiped the dew from their musket barrels, and fell in; the cavalry dismounted and tightened their girths, and one or two officers ascended an adjacent knoll, and began inspecting the surrounding country with their field-glasses. Amidst all this note of preparation, I was somewhat taken aback by a figure that I suddenly perceived standing near me. Fancy a man of seven or eight-and-twenty, full six feet high, meagre enough to have personated Don Quixote, or the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, cased in a complete suit of rusty black that fitted him very tightly, a broad brimmed black hat on his head, and gaiters of thick tan-coloured leather buttoned over his pantaloons, and reaching up to the knees. He had a *canana*, or belt full of cartridges, round his waist, and was leaning on a well-cleaned and servicelike-looking musket. But his face was the most striking part of him. His features were as thin as the rest of his person, and his brown skin was stretched tight over an aquiline nose and strongly-defined cheekbones; while his eye had a steady *voilé* look, that one felt sure would be exchanged for fierce and flashing glances when the moment for energetic action arrived. I never saw a countenance more indicative of strong resolution and fiery passions, not softened, but restrained and shadowed over, as it were, by the grave and reserved expression which it is one of the earliest studies of the Roman Catholic priests to acquire. At this moment, one of the officers who had been looking out from the neighbouring hillock came running down, having descried some Carlists and armed peasants in a village about a league off. He put himself at the head of a company of infantry, and away they went at a sort of swinging trot, while the remainder prepared to follow at a more deliberate pace. My priest (for a priest he was, although, I believe, he no longer exercised the functions of one, but, on the contrary, was living very uncanonically at Vittoria with a young and handsome widow)—my priest then drew the buckle of his *canana* a hole or two tighter, threw his heavy musket on his shoulder with one hand, as though it had been a feather, and started off in front of all, with strides that might have made him a dangerous rival for Captain Barclay. In a few minutes the Carlists began firing very long shots, which took no effect, and which their opponents did not return. Presently, however, the latter arrived close to the village, consisting of thirty or forty straggling houses, built in a sort of orchard, across the middle of which a low earthen parapet had been raised. From behind this parapet the Carlists fired. The popping now became sharp, but did not last long; and when Zurbano, to whom I had attached myself, arrived at the village, the Carlists had run for it, leaving five dead bodies, stripped as bare as my hand, according to their custom, and nine prisoners, in the power of the guerillas. Four of Zurbano's men were killed, and some others wounded. The prisoners were wild haggard-looking wretches, that seemed half starved, and were dressed in peasant's clothes, tattered and dirty, and some without shirts. They looked like beggars and lazzaroni cut out of some picture of Murillo's. Four of them were mere boys of fifteen or sixteen. They had all fought like devils, however, or they might easily have escaped; but they had stuck to the parapet, loading and firing till their opponents had actually jumped over and surrounded them. I caught a sight of my friend the priest, his mouth black from biting cartridges, and his hat burnt and perforated by a bullet that had been fired point-black at him, but had fortunately missed his head. He now exchanged the damaged castor for a scarlet *boina*, which gave him a still queerer look than before.

Some bread and wine were found in the village, and distributed to the men. It was now past noon, and as there seemed nothing more to be done, we set out on our return to Vittoria, followed up, as usual, by the Carlists, who kept firing long shots, and making the surrounding hills ring with their yellings and wild screams of laughter, like so many Mohawks. They kept a good way in our rear at first, but seeing that little or no notice

was taken of them, grew bolder, and presently some infantry skirmishers appeared to the left of our line of march.

"*Adelante la cavaleria!*" shouted Martin, and away went la cavaleria de la Rioja, as they called themselves, headed by young Zurbano, (a lad of fifteen, but as bloody a little desperado as ever stepped,) their horses' small hoofs and long slender fetlocks sinking into the ploughed ground at every step; but, notwithstanding that, getting on at a rattling pace, as all Spanish horses will do, so long as there is nothing to leap in the way. The Carlists ran like mad; two or three were lanced, however, but the remainder got among some gardens, and as the cavalry were returning from their charge at a leisurely pace, began blazing away at them. Suddenly an old sergeant, who was much esteemed by Zurbano, and whom I had particularly noticed for his fine Moorish head and splendid Mameluke mustache, dropped his reins, threw his arms convulsively into the air, and fell from his horse. He had been shot through the spine, and died almost instantly.

I rode up to Zurbano's side at the very moment that an officer was informing him of this death. He scarce made any reply in words; but as we rode along, I noticed his features working and his forehead contracting, while, by the motion of his lips, I saw that he was cursing and swearing to himself, as was sometimes his custom. The man who had been killed was one of his oldest followers, and, I afterwards heard, had once saved his life in some desperate affray with custom-house officers; for before the war, Zurbano had been a smuggler of great daring and notoriety.

We had now reached a small dilapidated village, (Gamarra Mayor, I think was its name,) about a couple of miles from Vittoria. As soon as we passed the last houses,

"*Halto!*" cried Martin. It was the first word he had uttered since the death of his sergeant. The little column halted, and Zurbano spoke a few words in a low tone to one of his officers, who immediately rode to the rear, and returned with the prisoners that had been taken a few hours previously.

"*Arrodillarse!*" said the officer.

The poor wretches, who appeared fagged and wearied from the pace at which they had been hurried along with their hands tied, did as they were ordered, and knelt down in line under the lee of an old broken wall. A score of soldiers stepped forward to within three paces of them, and brought their muskets to the present.

"Fire!" The order was obeyed, and the victims fell dead, scarcely moving a limb after the discharge, which had been so near, that some of them had their skulls blown to pieces, and the grey stone of the wall behind them was spattered with their brains.

These slight sketches may give some idea of the character of Zurbano, then only the leader of a few hundred men, but who did not display less energy and activity, when, at a later period, called upon to command more than as many thousands, or to crush rebellion in entire provinces by his bold and unsparing measures. Should Spain unfortunately relapse into a state of anarchy, in spite of the exertions of its present meritorious ruler, Zurbano would doubtless be called upon to play an important part. Vast energy, complete indifference to human life, and utter carelessness of his own—such qualities in troublous times, and in Spain especially, have seldom failed to procure for their possessor a high station or a bloody grave.

Auxiliary Portuguese Troops and Military Punishment.

Returning into Vittoria one morning from an early ride on the Castile road, I met the Portuguese division, with their general, Baron (now Count) Das Antas, at their head, marching from the town to the Prado. These troops, which had been sent into Spain by the Portuguese government to assist the cause of the Queen, to the success of which, however, they had never much opportunity of contributing, consisted of some artillery, a squadron of lancers and three of chasseurs or light dragoons, five or six battalions of infantry of the line, and one of caçadores or riflemen. Their equipment was so

similar to that of British troops, that but for the absence of scarlet, and the tawny complexions and exuberant beards of the men, they might, without any great stretch of imagination, have been taken for a British division. Their appearance, both on parade and off duty, was admirable; in the field, as I have already mentioned, they had little opportunity given them of showing what they were made of, having been for the most part employed on garrison duty. It was said, but I know not with what truth, that the caçadore battalion had been sent into Spain to give it an opportunity of wiping off some stain it had incurred during the civil war against Don Miguel. At a subsequent period to the time I speak of, the whole division got rather roughly handled in an action with the Carlists near Arminion, a village on the Ebro, and but for the gallantry of the lancers commanded by Don Carlos de Mascarentras, and of a battalion of the Spanish regiment of Almanza, that covered their somewhat confused retreat, they would probably have come off worse than they did.

All that was later—and on the day I speak of they were smart and *pimpant* enough, fully meriting the epithet of *finchado*, which the Spaniards apply to them in ridicule of their stiffness and somewhat over attentiveness to the minutiæ of dress. The bitter feeling that is so often found to exist among nations whose proximity should make them friends as well as neighbours, is very marked between Spaniards and Portuguese, especially among military men. I had many opportunities of observing this during my rambles about the seat of war, associating alternately with officers of both nations. The Portuguese, well paid and well fed, found matter for sarcasm in the scanty rations, forced economy, and often shabby uniforms of the poor Dons, who, in their turn, looked down from the height of their moral superiority upon the dapper neatness of their allies, whose gilding had not been rubbed off by the hardships of bivouacs or besmirched by the smoke of the battle.

Their bands, which were good, but rather too *drummy* even for military music, were hammering away in grand style—the troops all in full dress as though for a review. I turned into a corn-field to see them pass. The bright morning sun blazed down upon them, its rays glancing upon the steel and brass of their arms and accoutrements; the mustached, soldierlike faces of the men, cast partly into shade by the peaks of their shakos; the horses of the cavalry curveting and neighing; plumes waving, and sabres rattling—it was a pretty bit of military pageant, and I could not help acknowledging, that, on parade at least, there was little fault to be found with the heroes of Lusitania. On reaching the Prado, which was neither more nor less than a grass field overlooking the road, surrounded with a low parapet wall, and planted with some rows of trees, the troops filed in, and formed three sides of a square. To the centre of what would have been the fourth side, a guard advanced conducting a prisoner, and I now remembered having heard that a man had been sentenced to be flogged for an attempt to desert to the Carlists. The preparations for the punishment were not long in making themselves visible. A large bundle or sheaf of sticks freshly cut from the trees, about three and a-half feet long, and at the thickest end about the circumference of a man's thumb, were laid upon the ground. A number of corporals and sergeants from the different battalions left the ranks, piled their arms, and formed a line in the centre of the square. The charge against the prisoner and sentence of court-martial were read, and the poor fellow, after being stripped of jacket and shirt, was tied up to a tree, near which a drummer took his stand. The right-hand man of the line of non-commissioned officers took a stick from the bundle, and applied ten or twelve blows on the back of the deserter; then passed on, the rod being split and broken, and fell in again on the left of the floggers. As he gave his last blow, his place was taken by the next man, who delivered about the same number of cuts, and passed on in his turn, to be succeeded by another. A tap of the drum accompanied each blow, and the band played all the time; but the cries and shrieks for mercy of the sufferer were heard above the crash of the instruments.

I had witnessed punishments in our own service, but I never saw any cat-o'-nine tails flogging come up to the severity of this one. After, as far as I could judge, some four or five hun-

dred blows, the screams of agony ceased, and it appeared to me the man became insensible, although I was afterwards assured it was not the case. The flogging continued, and the bits of stick as they broke off were wet with blood. The shoulders of the culprit were greatly swollen, and had the appearance as if a thick cushion of raw flesh had been laid upon them. However horrible the comparison may be, it is an exactly suitable one. I do not know to how many stripes the man was sentenced, nor how many he received, for I left the scene long before it was over. At length he was unbound and carried to the hospital on a stretcher, but died a few hours after. The troops marched back to their quarters, the bands playing their national air of "Viva Dona Maria," and went to breakfast with what appetites they might. As to mine, I am not ashamed to confess, it had been completely taken away.

Garrison Tertulias.

Some of the pleasantest hours I passed during my rambles in Northern Spain, were spent at the *tertulias* in various garrison and depot towns. In all those places of security there were many officers' wives residing, while their husbands were in the field, and the principal amongst them had evening meetings at their houses, to which, when once invited, a visiter was welcome so often as he thought proper to return. There is a cordiality and absence of ceremony, a *franqueza* (to use their own expressive word, which implies more than our frankness, or the French *franchise*) about Spanish hospitality, which I always thought very delightful. Hospitality it is not, according to English notions; for we in England have a good deal the habit of estimating a man's hospitality by the quantity of meat and drink he sets one down to on entering, or before leaving his house. The glass of iced water, the sweetmeats, or small *xicara* of chocolate, would appear sorry refreshment to those habituated to the Heliogabalian dinners and suppers, without which it is in England deemed almost impossible to assemble a party of friends.

Notwithstanding these deficiencies, the *tertulias* I speak of were very pleasant meetings. There is a total absence of affectation about Spaniards in general, a desire to please, and a vivacity or *enjouement* which does not altogether accord with the character for gravity usually attributed to them. They always appear desirous to contribute as much as in their power to the amusement of the society in which they find themselves. Of this I have seen numerous instances in their *tertulias*. Although frequently, and when the number of persons assembled is small, the evening passes in conversation, yet, when practicable, dancing, music, cards, and games of all kinds are introduced. If any one is present possessed of a talent which may be exercised for the amusement of others, he either volunteers or is called upon to exhibit it, and the call is invariably met with willingness. In five instances out of six, perhaps, an Englishman or Frenchman requested to sing or play would make more or less difficulty before complying, the former frequently from *mauvaise honte*, the latter from affectation or a desire *de se faire valoir*. Not so with the Spaniard. He takes up a guitar, sits down to the piano, or does any thing else he is asked to do, without a moment's hesitation or without a word of objection—does his best, and leaves off without the slightest feeling of wounded vanity when he sees that his efforts have ceased to amuse.

The state of things in Spain during the war, and the uncertainty of life amongst the male portion of the societies I speak of, contributed also to introduce a tone of frankness and a kind of *laisser-aller*, not exceeding, however, the limits of decorum. Men who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, who, before another sun has set, may be called into the field to meet a sudden and honourable death, feel a natural desire to extract the most real enjoyment possible from the short span of life that, for aught they know, awaits them. Time becomes too precious to be sacrificed to the paltry gratifications of vanity.

Many marriages arose out of these *tertulias*, or at least were projected;

for during the war not many parents were willing to expose their daughters to become widows almost as soon as they were brides. Nor is it to be supposed that the taste for intrigue, which forms so marked a trait of the Spanish character, remained dormant. On the contrary, many piquant and sometimes romantic incidents enriched the *chronique scandaleuse* of Spanish garrisons during the late civil war. One anecdote of a somewhat tragical nature I will relate.

In a large fortified town of old Castile was residing a young and handsome woman, the wife of an old officer of dragoons. The husband, who was some thirty years older than his wife, had shared the triumphs and reverses of the Peninsular war, from Baylen and Ocaña to the final expulsion of the French; and had also distinguished himself against the Carlists —but all his services had only obtained for him the rank of captain. His squadron formed part of a division operating in Navarre and Castile, and he had left his lady, Dona Euphrasia, for safety in the fortress alluded to. Her beauty was not long in procuring her many admirers, but none appeared to be listened to with any degree of favour, until a young colonel on the staff arrived in the town. Still the most scandal-loving could find little to say against her conduct, and were fain to content themselves with supposing and hinting what they could neither prove nor dared openly assert. Some one of those kind friends, ever ready to carry bad news, informed the husband of the rumours abroad on the subject of Dona Euphrasia's conduct, adding, that her admirer was in the habit of visiting her every evening that she did not spend at the *tertulia*, to which they both belonged. The old officer was of a fierce and jealous disposition, and painfully alive to the disparity of years between himself and his wife. He immediately applied for a few days' leave of absence; but the division was on the eve of active operations, his corps was short of officers, and his demand was refused. The passion of jealousy, however, was stronger in his breast than old habits of discipline and obedience, and the same night he left his regiment without permission.

Late on the evening of the second day, he pulled up his horse at the door of the house inhabited by Dona Euphrasia, and, dismounting, hastily ascended the stairs. His wife's apartment consisted of three rooms, leading one into the other, and with but one entrance-door for all three. This door was fastened, but opened to his summons after a moment's delay, and his wife threw herself into his arms. She was pale, and there was some agitation visible in her manner, but that might be attributed to joy at his return. The officer extricated himself from her embrace, and passed on to the second room, and then to the third, where he seated himself, and remained for some minutes, replying, with an absent air, to Dona Euphrasia's enquiries as to the cause of his sudden arrival. During this time, his eyes wandered restlessly round the apartment, as though in search of something that their owner felt sure of ultimately finding. Suddenly his attention seemed fixed by a large matting that was usually laid down in the centre of the room, but was now rolled up in an alcove. He turned his eyes to his wife's countenance. Her pale face grew yet paler under his keen searching gaze.

"*Que Demonio!*" exclaimed he with a sardonic smile, "you have still that old matting here? I am weary of the sight of it."

And in an instant, and before his horror-stricken wife could divine his purpose, or interfere to prevent it, his sabre was drawn and passed thrice through the matting. A deep groan was heard, the stream of blood passed through the woven reeds and ran over the floor. The lady fell senseless to the ground.

Three hours afterwards the old officer rode into the Carlist lines as a deserter. The following day the body of Colonel P. was privately interred, and Dona Euphrasia entered a convent.

MERIVALE ON COLONIES AND COLONIZATION.

By the condition of his office, the Professor of Political Economy at Oxford is bound to publish some portion of the lectures which, in the discharge of his public duties, he has delivered to the University. To this regulation the public have been indebted already for some lucid and beautiful disquisitions of Mr Senior; and the lectures now before us, which owe their origin to the same cause, will not, most undoubtedly, diminish their sense of its beneficial consequences. They contain a valuable accumulation of important facts, collected with much industry, arranged with admirable method, stated with great perspicuity, and reasoned upon with unusual sagacity, and still more unusual candour. It is not, we think, a little to the credit of Mr Merivale—and the opinion derives strength from the many examples to the contrary which may be found among modern writers—that he has not aspired to be "plus sage que les sages," that, without neglecting theory, he has appealed to fact, that, instead of propounding crude notions with dogmatical conceit, he has kept his sounding-line in his hand, and heaved the lead repeatedly in the course of his adventurous, but well-considered voyage.

That modesty which is the best result of extensive learning, joined to a manly confidence in his own unbiassed and enlightened judgment, combine to render this work an admirable model of the principles which should be the guide of such investigations, as well as of the research and ability which Mr Merivale has proved to be consistent with the other less brilliant, but not less solid and useful qualities to which we have alluded. In this view we would particularly recommend to the notice of those to whom the work, in the shape of lectures, was originally addressed, the diligent and attentive consideration of this valuable treatise—cautious without timidity, learned without ostentation, refined without excessive subtlety, Mr Merivale presents a striking contrast to some of the writers which the University he belongs to and adorns has of late produced. A kind of epidemical taint seems for a season to have poisoned the fountains of education. With a pedantry and ignorance of human affairs, which would almost disgrace a Poor-Law Commissioner at Somerset House, the works to which we allude combine a complete disregard of the most ordinary rules of grammar and composition. Every thing, we are told, answers some purpose in the economy of the universe. The only one, however, we can assign to this trash—which Grub Street, in its rudest state, would have scarcely tolerated—is that which the Lacedæmonians endeavoured to effect when they pointed to a drunken helot as the most effectual safeguard against intoxication. We hail, therefore, with great delight, the proof which this work affords, that sounder and healthier principles float in the atmosphere of Oxford; and we will, without further preface, lay before our readers a summary of its contents, with such remarks as they have suggested to us. Perhaps, to a general student, the sketch of the actual and past condition of European colonies will be found the most attractive. It is, we think, impossible even for the most superficial reader to peruse this account without interest and instruction. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on the more abstruse topics which Mr Merivale examines, there can be none as to the diligence, skill, and judgment with which this part of his task has been accomplished.

In his review of the state of Spanish colonies, Mr Merivale, after describing the conduct of the Spanish towards the aboriginal inhabitants, which, when the first fury of conquest had overpast, he agrees with Keeren in considering as more humane than that of any other European government, proceeds to give the following account of their commercial policy:—

"The traffic of the mother country was confined, at first, to the single port of Seville; afterwards to that of Cadiz. It was under the control of a board, termed the 'Casa de Contratacion,' which was subjected to the direct government of the crown. Two squadrons were annually dispatched — the 'galleons,' usually about twelve in number, to the port of Carthagena in South America; the

'flota,' of about fifteen, to Vera Cruz in Mexico. It was the great amount of business, relatively speaking, carried on by those few vessels, and the sudden activity communicated to commerce during the brief transactions which supplied the wants of a whole continent—all the trade of the empire collected as it were in one focus—which dazzled the eyes of European observers, and occasioned the most fallacious ideas respecting the amount of annual exchanges actually made. The Spaniards, it is observed by A. Smith and by Robertson, while they tried almost every other nostrum of colonial policy, never adopted the system of confining their trade to an exclusive company. But, as Heeren remarks in answer, the monopoly of a few rich houses at Seville was naturally produced by these restrictions, and a virtual company, though not so designated by law, was in fact instituted; and Humboldt bears witness that a similar monopoly was practically established in Mexico by a few commercial houses, which bought up and retailed the imports.* Thus, while the Americans had to buy the goods of the mother country, or those which the importers had purchased from abroad, at a price far exceeding their values, the benefit of this monopoly was reserved to a small and privileged class alone. But, in fact, the trade of the flota and galleons was so utterly inadequate to supply the wants of so vast a population, that, until the operations of the smuggler began to redress the evil, it was almost destitute of European commodities.

"In connexion with the restrictions on foreign trade, not only the settlement, but the visits, of all foreigners were prohibited more strictly than in China or Japan. The punishment of the strangers who were found in the colonies was at first death—in later times, perpetual imprisonment. Spaniards themselves might not visit them without royal license, and this was usually only granted for a limited time, unless in the case of those who went out to hold government offices. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, the landing of a Boston vessel on the desolate island of Juan Fernandez to refit, and the appearance of an English whaler in the South Seas, were occurrences of sufficient importance to require a long report from the viceroy of Peru, and the reprimand or cashiering of several officers.

"Internal commerce between the provinces, to complete the picture, was prohibited almost as effectually as foreign trade."

He then gives an account of their political condition. The ruling principle of Spain in the government of her dependencies was jealousy—her single object was the maintenance of her authority. For this purpose a machinery was employed so complicated and intricate as to clog even the ordinary motions of government, and to make any sudden or violent exertion of strength impracticable. Every thing that could tend to activity or independence—education, enterprise, study, were sedulously discouraged. The picture drawn by Humboldt is a decisive proof of the extent to which this system had been carried:—

"Les lois Espagnoles défendent l'entrée dans les possessions Américaines, à tout Européen qui n'est point né dans la Péninsule. Les mots d'Européens et d'Espagnols sont devenus synonymes au Mexique et au Pérou; aussi les habitans des provinces éloignées ont de la peine à concevoir qu'il y ait des Européens qui ne parlent pas leur langue: ils considèrent cette ignorance comme une marque de basse extraction, parce qu'autour d'eux il n'y a que la dernière classe du peuple qui ne sache pas l'Espagnol. Connoissant plus l'histoire du seizième siècle que celle de nos temps, ils s'imaginent que l'Espagne continue à exercer une prépondérance prononcée sur le reste de l'Europe. La Péninsule leur paroît le centre de la civilisation Européenne."

The Spanish provinces were divided into nine governments, five of which were within the torrid zone, viz., the viceroyalties of New Granada and Peru, and the "Capitanias Generales" of Guatimala, Porto Rico, and the Caraccas. The four others, the viceroyalties of Mexico and Buenos Ayres, the Capitanias Generales of Chili and the Havannah, in the last of which the Floridas were included, were beyond the tropics or in the temperate zones.

The great division of the inhabitants was into the pure and mixed races or *castes*. The shades of this mixture were marked in the language of the colonist with the most accurate precision that European vanity could suggest. Seven-eighths of these castes in New Spain consisted of the mestizos, sprung from the white (Creole or European) and the copper-

* *Nouv. Espagne*, iv. 288.

coloured race. The child of a negro and Indian was termed chino. The mulattoes were the offspring of the white man and negro woman. The descendants of a negro and mulatto woman, or of a negro and a chino, were termed zambo. The quarteroons came from the white man and mulatto woman—the quinteroon from the quarteroon woman and a white—here the distinction ceases, the child of a white and quinteroon is white. Those unions by which children are produced more deeply coloured than their mother are called emphatically salta atras—leaps backward. By the law of the mother country the Indians were reduced to a condition of absolute pupilage. Not only were they excluded in common with the other natives of those regions from all political influence, but in the most ordinary transactions of life their competence to manage their own affairs was limited to the most insignificant objects. By the introduction of this system, to which no parallel can be found in history, thousands of human beings, possessed of civil rights, yet incapable of civil functions, nominally free, yet in reality dependent, were disabled from being parties to any contract (no pueden tratar y contratar) and reduced to a state of helpless bondage and imbecility.

Those immense possessions, surpassing in magnitude the empire of Russia or the British dominions in the East, stretching over 1900 leagues, from Cape St Sebastian to the Straits of Magellan, from the 37th degree of north to the 41st degree of south latitude, were governed almost exclusively by foreigners. The corruption of these authorities was seconded by the plague of a lazy, debauched, and superstitious priesthood—an immense part of the revenues of New Spain was in their hands, and their numbers amounted to a sixth part of the inhabitants of Spanish America. The courage, steadiness, and sagacity of the old Castilian race were exchanged for apathy and cowardice. The Creole inhabitants were steeped in habits still more ignominious and deplorable; and when the Bourbon dynasty ascended the throne of Spain, the American provinces had sunk into a state of abject sloth and almost hopeless degradation.

Such a state of things, however, could not always continue. The irresistible energies of commerce had found the means of supplying the various wants, in some degree at least, of the inhabitants of those vast regions, in spite of all the barriers which so much care had been employed to fortify, and so much labour to maintain. The policy of the Austrian monarchs was slowly, indeed, and cautiously, but finally abandoned by the new dynasty. The richness of the soil and the exuberance of its hidden treasures—advantages, which the folly of man, though it might for a time suspend, could not altogether annihilate—began to overcome the restraints of barbarous legislation.

Charles the Third lowered the duties on merchandize, and abrogated some of the most irksome formalities to which the merchant was obliged to submit. He opened the commerce of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hispaniola, Louisiana, and Campeachy, to the ports of Seville, Carthagena, Alicant, Barcelona, Corunna, Santander, and Gijon. In 1778, improvements in Mexico, Guatimala, Venezuela, and La Plata, advanced with a continually accelerating pace; and had wiser councils been adopted in Spain, had the hostile feelings engendered by difference of rank and colour been allayed, had the official patronage of America been confided to purer and more adequate hands, and had not the soil of Spain herself been violated by an invading army, Mr Merivale thinks, that the flag, which the Spanish people upheld with such heroic energy in the old world, might still have floated over the scenes of its ancient splendour in the new.

"Trojaque nunc stares! Priamique arx alta maneres!"

Be this, however, as it may, one thing at least is certain, that the history of Spain and her political children is pregnant with the most important and salutary lessons. The dominions acquired by such prodigious efforts of civil policy and military skill, established at such infinite hazards, and cemented by such torrents of blood, wasted away in the vain attempt to gratify the pride of princes, the luxury of priests, the innumerable vices of a long train of weak, corrupt, and rapacious ministers. By the records of the custom-house at Seville,

it appears that in the space of seventy-four years, the kings of Spain had drawn into that country, from America, a sum in gold amounting to ninety-one millions sterling. The annual returns of America to Spain, (in the beginning of the 18th century,) rather exceeded than fell short of ten millions sterling. If Charles V., instead of laying the foundation of an universal monarchy, had attended to these dominions; if, instead of endeavouring to reduce the Netherlands—to conquer England—to overcome France—to enslave Italy, to annex Portugal to his empire, Philip II. had aimed at developing the incredible resources which were legitimately within his reach, Spain might have eclipsed, in might and splendour, all the empires which ancient or modern story has described. But to disturb the peace of other countries, these monarchs hastened the ruin of their own—to obtain tribute they prevented traffic—to secure the treasures of the new world they discouraged industry in the old; while Spanish hostility raised England and Holland to grandeur and opulence, laying in one the foundation of that maritime superiority which she has ever since maintained, and enabling the other to acquire a factitious importance which has not yet altogether passed away.

The utter ruin of Spanish prosperity was bequeathed by Philip II. as a duty to his successors; and in spite of experience, in spite of reason, in spite of suffering, it was executed with fond, persevering, and desperate fidelity. Such were the kings of Spain—the scourges of their friends—the stewards of their enemies—without fleets, though in their dominions the sun never set—without commerce, though their colonies were the most magnificent the world had seen—impotent, though their power was absolute—and beggars, though riches that mock calculation were at their command.

Inaccessible, indeed, and indocile, must be the mind of him to whom these events have afforded no instruction.

Cuba, and Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, in Asia, are now the sole colonial remains of that once mighty empire. The Philippines, as Mr Merivale observes, hardly fall within the definition of a colony. But Cuba, since its commerce was enfranchised in 1809, and Porto Rico, which in 1830 contained 45,000 free labourers, possessing no land of their own, bid fair, from the exuberant fertility of a virgin soil, as well as from other causes, to obtain a pre-eminence in West Indian traffic, which no mercantile precautions will long be able to counteract.

The Portuguese settlements in America were less brilliant than those of the Spaniards, though prodigious if the proportion between them and the mother country be considered—Brazil, if we include the whole district once claimed by the Portuguese, being 300 times as large as Portugal. They were the fruits of that spirit of trade and discovery which displayed itself in Portugal during the 15th century, when every enterprize was carried on with vigour, and every expedition was rewarded with success. Thus Portugal, hitherto so inconsiderable among the nations of Europe, began to take the lead among them all; and from creeping along the shores of Africa with a few vessels, her fleets began to stretch to the East Indies, and to grasp that trade which was the object of Alexander's ambition. Immense riches, vast armies, numerous fleets, prodigious commerce, beyond any thing that had ever, since the fall of the Roman Empire, fallen to the lot of any European power, were the return for those splendid and magnanimous exertions. But when, owing to the fatal expedition of Sebastian, Portugal became a Spanish province, all virtue, generosity, or concern for the public good, were extinguished among its inhabitants. A few private families acquired an infamous opulence by the ruin of their country; while the Dutch stripped the Portuguese of their empire in the East Indies, and a considerable portion of their dominions in Brazil. And though, when Portugal recovered her independence, she regained possession of Brazil, the taint of Spanish policy still continued to infect her councils, the tide of her commerce was turned into the bosom of a few monopolists, the desire of extending the regal power predominated in her councils, and the spirit was quenched for ever which had made the Portuguese a great people, and their dominions a mighty empire. In 1807 freedom of trade was, by the interference of the English government, established in Brazil; and not-

withstanding a great falling off in the produce of her mines, the progress of that country, during the last thirty years, has been rapid and astonishing.

"But," says Mr Merivale, "her prospects, in a more comprehensive sense, are sufficiently gloomy. The rapid increase of wealth has unfortunately silenced the voice of policy and humanity, which, in the last century, were no where more willingly listened to than in Portugal, and the extension of the slave trade has more than kept pace with the progress of wealth. Hence cruelty and licentiousness, and the other vices of slavery, once confined to the great seaports, seem to be corrupting the Brazilian character, even in the remotest districts. The slaves are every where outnumbering the free cultivators; the coloured freemen increasing more rapidly than the whites; and this latter class of mixed population—no less, it is said, than 600,000 in number, out of five or six millions in all—endowed with physical strength and mental energy far more abundantly than the degenerate Creole race, seems to threaten the present frame of society with more immediate danger than awaits it from the slaves themselves."

The colonies of the Dutch are now of little importance. The French-American colonies, important and extensive as they then were, now consist of Cayenne, and three not very important islands, notwithstanding the burdens to which the French Government once submitted for their support, amounting to two millions annually—a sum which, as the French were without any maritime power sufficient for their protection, must be considered as altogether flung away. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the blood and treasure which France is now lavishing amid the sands of Africa, may furnish her citizens with equal cause for mortification and regret. Thus it is, that national vanity assumes the airs of wisdom; and while tossing its cup and ball with infantine folly, terms the destructive pastime patriotism, and summons the universe to look on and admire. We quote a striking passage from Mr Burke's European settlements, in which the character of the nations we have mentioned and its effect upon those Colonies, is portrayed with uncommon vigour and fidelity.

"There seems to be a remarkable providence in casting the parts, if I may use that expression, of the several European nations who act upon the stage of America. The Spaniard, proud, lazy, and magnificent, has an ample walk in which to expatiate; a soft climate to indulge his love of ease, and a profusion of gold and silver to procure him all those luxuries his pride demands, but which his laziness would refuse him.

"The Portuguese, naturally indigent at home, and enterprising rather than industrious abroad, has gold and diamonds as the Spaniard has, wants them as he does, but possesses them in a more useful though a less ostentatious manner.

"The English, of a reasoning disposition, thoughtful and cool, and men of business rather than of great industry, impatient of much fruitless labour, abhorrent of restraint, and lovers of a country life, have a lot which indeed produces neither gold nor silver; but they have a large tract of a fine continent, a noble field for the exercise of agriculture, and sufficient to furnish their trade without laying them under great difficulties. Intolerant as they are of the most useful restraints, their commerce flourishes from the freedom every man has of pursuing it according to his own ideas, and directing his life after his own fashion.

"The French, active, lively, enterprising, pliable, and politic, and though changing their pursuits, always pursuing the present object with eagerness, are notwithstanding tractable and obedient to rules and laws, which bridle their dispositions, and wind and turn them to proper courses. This people have a country where more is to be effected by managing the people than by cultivating the ground; where a peddling commerce, that requires constant motion, flourishes more than agriculture or a regular traffic; where they have difficulties which keep them alert by struggling with them; and where their obedience to a wise government serves them for personal wisdom. In the islands the whole is the work of their policy, and a right turn their government has taken.

"The Dutch have got a rock or two on which to display the miracles of frugality and diligence, (which are their virtues,) and on which they have exerted these virtues, and shown these miracles."

In his examination of the history of British colonies, the almost boundless scope and variety of his subject have compelled Mr Merivale to pursue a different course from that which he has adopted in treating of the colonies of other countries. His object has been "to indicate chiefly those

facts which will be of value as examples, which may serve as tests of doctrines hereafter to be considered as indications of a policy to be recommended or to be avoided;" and his work expands into a scientific discussion of propositions which comprehend under them a vast variety of phenomena. Mr Merivale justly considers that Great Britain, the first manufacturing country, and that which engrosses the greatest share of the carrying trade of the globe, can gain but little from her colonies in return for the prodigious sacrifices she makes in their behalf.

"We might draw many articles of raw produce cheaper and better from other countries than from our colonies: therefore, so long as their produce is protected, we are taxed for their benefit. But it may be questioned, whether any of the commodities they require from Europe, except some few articles which we do not and cannot produce, could be obtained by them cheaper or better from any other source than from ourselves. Consequently they are no longer taxed for ours, except in one or two unimportant particulars. When the navigation laws, as far as regards the colonies, were greatly modified in 1824, no great change or disturbance of the colony trade ensued. Things had found, of themselves, that level which those laws were intended to maintain artificially. It is impossible to conceive a more direct contrast than that which exists between the British colonial policy of late years and that of our ancestors. They cared for the most part little or nothing about the internal government of their colonies, and kept them in subjection, in order to derive certain supposed commercial advantages from them. We give them commercial advantages and tax ourselves for their benefit, in order to give them an interest in remaining under our supremacy, that we may have the pleasure of governing them."

After pointing out the effect produced, first, by the abolition of the slave trade, and recently, by slave labour in the colonies, the diminished produce of our West Indian islands and the increased difficulty of production, which, owing to the comparative exhaustion of the soil, prevails among them, Mr Merivale bids us "pause for a moment to reflect on the remarkable uniformity with which events have succeeded each other in the economical history of the West Indies in general. At each epoch in that history, we see the same causes producing almost identical effects. The opening of a fresh soil, with freedom of trade, gives a sudden stimulus to settlement and industry; the soil is covered with free proprietors, and a general but rude prosperity prevails. Then follows a period of more careful cultivation, during which estates are consolidated, gangs of slaves succeed to communities of freedom, the rough commonwealth is formed into a most productive factory. But fertility diminishes; the cost of production augments; slave labour, always dear, becomes dearer by the increased difficulty of supporting it: new settlements are occupied, new sources of production opened: the older colonies, unable to maintain a ruinous competition, even with the aid of prohibitions, after a period of suffering and difficulty, fall back into a secondary state, in which capital, economy, and increased skill, make up, to a certain extent only, for the invaluable advantages which they have lost. Thus we have seen the Windward Islands maintaining, at one period, a numerous white population; afterwards importing numerous slaves, and supplying almost all the then limited consumption of Europe. We have seen Jamaica rise on their decay, and go through precisely the same stages of existence. We have seen how St Domingo, in its turn, greatly eclipsed Jamaica; but St Domingo was cut off by a sudden tempest, and never attained to the period of decline. Lastly, we have seen the Spanish colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico, after so many centuries of comparative neglect and rude productiveness, start all at once into the first rank among exporting countries, and flourish like the exuberant crops of their own virgin soil; while our islands, still rich in capital, but for the most part exhausted in fertility and deficient in labour, were struggling by the aid of their accumulating wealth against the encroaching principle of decay. The life of artificial and anti-social communities may be brilliant for a time; but it is necessarily a brief one, and terminates either by rapid decline, or still more rapid revolution, when the laboriously

constructed props of their wealth give way, as they sometimes do, in sudden ruin.

According to an article in M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary, the consumption of sugar by European nations in 1833, (the last year of slavery in the British islands,) amounted to 560,000 tons—of which the English West India colonies furnished 190,000, the Mauritius 30,000, the East Indies 60,000, Cuba and Porto Rico 110,000, Brazil 75,000, other European colonies 95,000.

"The amount of that expenditure which Great Britain is annually called on to incur in behalf of her colonies, over and above their own revenues, although it has been much exaggerated by opposers of the colonial system, is still very great. By a Parliamentary paper of the session of 1835, it appears that the total charge on our revenue, on account of their military, naval, and civil establishments, amounted to £2,360,000. To this must be added, in fairness, the annual loss to this country occasioned, as before explained, by the colonial monopolies, chiefly those of sugar and timber, which is estimated by Sir H. Parnell, in his work on Financial Reform, apparently on reasonable grounds, at two millions more, and the charge which we have recently incurred for the liberation of our colonial slaves is not less than £600,000 or £700,000 per annum. If we were to add to these sums the cost of the wars of which our colonies have furnished the direct cause, the account against us would be enormous indeed."—P. 236.

"But this is a digression from my present subject, though it can hardly be considered an inapposite one, when it is remembered how large a portion of our wars of the last century were undertaken chiefly with the view of protecting and strengthening that very trade with our colonies which, I have endeavoured to show you, we were crippling and injuring all the while by the manifold restraints of our prohibitive system. And the true ground on which that system is still defended by many of its supporters is, that the favour thus afforded to the colonies (for the effect of the system, as I have endeavoured to point out, is now almost confined to the affording favour to them) tends to keep them in connexion with the mother country; a notion which I do not believe to be well founded, but which, if it be, affords indeed a political justification for maintaining the system, but not an economical one. The misfortune is, that its supporters will not be satisfied with putting its vindication on its own real ground. They cannot be content without maintaining that the country gains by it in the immediate course of commercial transactions, as well as in respect of the maintenance of the national defence and supremacy. And those whose reason could not be persuaded of the reality of the commercial gain, have long had to submit to the imputation of entertaining novel theories and un-English sentiments; as if the economical defence of the system were necessarily involved in the political, and the principles of Malthus and Ricardo were inseparably connected with those of Franklin and Bentham. You, I am sure, will learn to despise this foolish and vulgar outcry. There is no novelty in the plain and simple arguments which show the mischief of restrictions on trade; but if they were novel, they would not be the less cogent. There is nothing un-English in pointing out the fact, that England suffers a certain loss by the maintenance of a particular system; but if it were otherwise, loss of country is a poor substitute in enquiry for loss of truth.

"But these are considerations which need but little concern us now. The rapid tide of sublunary events is carrying us inevitably past that point at which the maintenance of colonial systems and navigation laws was practicable, whether it were desirable or no. We are borne helplessly along with the current; we may struggle and protest, and marvel why the barriers which ancient forethought had raised against the stream, now bend like reeds before its violence; but we cannot change our destiny. The monopoly of the West India islands cannot stand; and its fall will be followed by the crash of those minor monopolies which subsided along with it; for the branches of the colonial system were nearly connected with each other. And when these are gone, the same curious result will follow which has attended the overthrow of so many other institutions and systems, political and intellectual, which have held for their respective periods a powerful sway over the minds of men. All the theories which have been founded on it by induction, or raised on baseless assumptions, in order to support it,—all the volumes of statistical facts, tortured into arguments—all the records of the eloquence or the reasoning by which it has been defended, which once were in vogue with the million, which swayed senates and silenced captious objectors, and governed and delighted the public mind—will pass with it into nothingness, or speak to us as it were in a dead language. Let us look back a few years, and ask where are the monu-

ments of all the zeal and ingenuity which was once vented in defence of the slave-trade? or of the Stuart succession? or in opposing the mitigation of the penal code? Buried together with the learning which was expended on the topics of witchcraft, alchemy, astrology, and the Ptolemæan system. I do not make these comparisons in any sneering or critical spirit, but merely from the illustration they afford of the dependence of that vanity of vanities, the fame of human speculations, on the durability of the subject or the cause which gives origin to them. We stand in respect of economical philosophy, as well as other matters, on the very verge of time, between two distinct eras. I do not say that we are wiser than our predecessors; but circumstances have thrown a new light on the subject-matter of our studies; and whatever theories may occupy the thoughts of a future generation, of one thing we may be sure—that the shadowy arguments by which commercial prohibitions have been so long defended, will be remembered only as ingenious and worthless disputations on imaginary premises."—P. 237.

"The fundamental idea of the older British colonial policy appears to have been, that wherever a man went, he carried with him the rights of an Englishman, whatever these were supposed to be. In the reign of James I. the state doctrine was, that most popular rights were usurpations; and the colonists of Virginia, sent out under the protection of Government, were therefore placed under that degree of control which the state believed itself authorised to exercise at home. The Puritans exalted civil franchise to a republican pitch; their colonies were therefore republican; there was no such notion as that of an intermediate state of tutelage, or semi-liberty. Hence the entire absence of solicitude, on the part of the mother country, to interfere with the internal government of the colonies, arose not altogether from neglect, but partly from principle. This is remarkably proved by the fact, that representative government was seldom expressly granted in the early charters; it was assumed by the colonists as a matter of right. Thus, to use the odd expression of the historian of Massachusetts, 'a house of burgesses broke out in Virginia' in 1619, almost immediately after its second settlement; and although the constitution of James contained no such element, it was at once acceded to by the mother country as a thing of course. No thought was ever seriously entertained of supplying the colonies with the elements of an aristocracy. Virginia was the only province of old foundation in which the Church of England was established; and there it was abandoned, with very little help, to the caprice or prejudice of the colonists, under which it speedily decayed. The Puritans enjoyed, undisturbed, their peculiar notions of ecclesiastical government."—(P. 103.)—"After the separation of the thirteen old provinces, England remained in possession of Nova Scotia, which had a constitution already, and of Canada and its dependencies; provinces which had been conquered from France, and possessed no constitutions of their own. Representative forms were gradually conceded to them; to Canada by Mr Pitt's government in 1791, the immediate object of the measure being to attach the Canadians to the British Government, in order to secure their aid against the people of the States, and also to exempt the inhabitants of British descent from the burden of French laws, under which they were subjected to some oppressions; to Upper Canada at the same time, on its separation from the lower province; to New Brunswick when separated from Nova Scotia in 1785; to Newfoundland in 1832. In all these the frame and government is similar in the main to that of the old crown colonies, which has been already described. But the greater degree of control which the mother country has exercised, both in the formation of these constitutions and in the internal arrangements of the colonies, may be estimated from various circumstances. The reservation of land by the authority of the mother state for the church establishment; the control exercised by the mother state over the sale of all other waste lands, perhaps the most important function of government in new countries; are altogether inconsistent with the principles of the founders of most of our old North American colonies. In some of these the people elected the governor himself; in some, many of the executive functionaries; in some, neither the crown nor the governor had any negative on the laws passed by the assemblies."—P. 105.—"Still more striking is the difference, when we regard the spread of our establishments in other parts of the world. The penal colonies afforded the first instance (a very necessary one, no doubt) of settlements founded by Englishmen, without any constitution whatever. Since that time, the example has fructified. We have of late years seen the foundation of three different colonies, in which convicts are not admitted, and yet all of them governed, for the present, directly by the crown, with only a prospective provision for the future establishment of a constitutional system. This is a remarkable novelty in British policy."

Our North American empire oc-

il existe moitié moins d'esclaves, nous ne l'aurions payé que quarante-neuf millions quatre-vingt-seize mille francs, c'est-à dire que nous aurions fait une économie de vingt millions deux cent dix-neuf mille huit cent francs. Si nous l'avions acheté dans les pays où les travaux de l'agriculture sont exécutés par des ouvriers libres, l'économie aurait été plus grande; car nous aurions payé environ trente millions de moins. La préférence donnée aux productions des peuples libres nous procurerait des avantages bien plus grands encore; la consommation du sucre deviendrait plus étendue, plus générale; une multitude de personnes qui sont obligés de s'en priver ou d'en restreindre leur consommation, au prix où il est actuellement en achèteraient, ou en consommeraient d'avantage, s'il se vendait à plus bas prix.

"Ainsi, en donnant la préférence aux productions que nous vend l'esclavage de nos colonies, nous donnons gratuitement, sur une seule denrée, un peu plus de vingt millions tous les années. Nos sacrifices ne s'arrêtent pas là; nous payons, en outre, plus de la moitié de leur administration; nous payons les troupes qui les gardent, les marines qui les protégent."—P. 125.

M. Merivale enters into a very long examination of the question, as it now prevails, of transportation. The old system he decidedly condemns. But he defends the system which now prevails of making the admission into the service of a master the reward of good conduct, at the completion of a certain period of severe labour, instead of being, as was the case till a very recent period, the immediate destination of the criminal. The apprehension of those who would abolish transportation altogether, and of those who would uphold it in its present improved state, are set out by Mr Merivale with great clearness and with great impartiality. He decides with great impartiality, and on what is, in fact, the only true ground, in which one of the two [illegible] which we have mentioned [illegible] the interest of [illegible] the necessity of [illegible] which [illegible] are too [illegible] question is one [illegible] and unquestionable, and [illegible] on the evils [illegible] taking place of [illegible] in an obvious fallacy; in our opinion, the vices of the present system are so great, so numerous, and so preponderating, that no time should be lost in effecting its abolition. The subject should, we think, be considered, not only, as Mr Merivale has considered it, with reference to this country, but with reference also to that vast region of the earth which is the immediate object of our speculation. Now, as far as this country is concerned, Mr Merivale considers all prospect of the reformation of the criminal as desperate and chimerical. This is an opinion, however, in which we do not concur; in many instances where jails are properly regulated, the most salutary effects have been wrought upon hardened offenders by their imprisonment. Suppose, however, that we admit the criminal to be incorrigible, of what weight is the admission? The improvement of the criminal is a desirable, it is true, but a collateral object—it is not for his own sake that his punishment is inflicted, nor is it by the desire of effecting this reformation, still less by way of revenge for the injury he has done, that it could be justified. To Him who reads the heart alone, this privilege belongs—and when man rashly, weakly, presumptuously arrogates to himself the attribute of omniscience, the consequences have been ever most deplorable. Never can it be repeated too often, that example is the sole end of punishment—it is inflicted that the punishment of a few may be a check to all.

"Ut omnes ad omnes poena ad paucos pertinet."

But this effect is altogether incompatible with transportation. The criminal is entirely removed from all his kindred and acquaintance, and conveyed to a spot where he sees not the eye of scorn, he hears not the voice of reproof; where, under a milder climate, and on a soil more fertile, food and clothing are provided for him—where, in a society composed of criminals, all sense of his degradation is extinguished—where, after a certain time, at the worst, abundant nourishment, and, at the best, wealth and importance, are within his reach; a new career is open before him, and his crime enables him to follow the track which a spirit of enterprise has led some of the best born and best

tured commodities, yet, in actual practice, such gain is found to be almost wholly illusory; that the disadvantages of a forced trade in manufactured commodities are almost always greater than its advantages, but that to a country possessing the means of manufacturing cheaper than the rest of the world, the benefit must be visionary altogether; while, in order to secure this delusive profit, we are forced to concede to our colonists a monopoly for their raw produce, which is a real and substantial loss to ourselves. It is plain, therefore, that the whole fabric is, in truth, maintained by sacrifices on our part, amounting to an enormous national expenditure."—P. 220.

"It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the peculiarities of our other Australian colonies, for there is a striking general similarity in point of natural features. The insular position of Van Diemen's Land, modifies its climate to a certain extent; it appears, in fact, to be singularly variable in respect of temperature. This also has been a convict colony from the beginning, and more exclusively so than even New South Wales. In 1821, free emigration commenced, and for some time its progress was very rapid; but the settlers having been allowed, in the usual inconsiderate manner, to spread themselves at random on the soil, it is alleged that this island (as large as Ireland, and peopled by only 50,000 inhabitants) has already arrived at that first point of retardation in the history of colonies, when the best land in available situations is already occupied, or taken out of the market. This seems hardly credible, yet there are some circumstances in its economical condition not very accountable. Its own inhabitants speak in magnificent terms of its capabilities and prospects; it was confidently foretold, that it would become the granary of the pastoral settlements of the Australian continent; yet, of late years, comparatively little capital has found its way there; and it is said, that the re-emigration to Port Philip and New Zealand has fully equalled the emigration. But notwithstanding this temporary depression, there can be little doubt of its resources and eventual prosperity. It has a great advantage in its favourable situation for the command of the whale fisheries."—P. 122.

The opinion of M. Say on the same subject is expressed in the following passage:—

"Avant que les principes de l'économie des sociétés fussent bien connus, on croyait qu'il convenait à une nation de cultiver sur son territoire les denrées de sa propre consommation, plutôt que de les produire sous une autre forme, et de les obtenir par des échanges; c'est-à-dire, plutôt que de les acheter de la main des étrangers, même lorsque l'on pouvait, par ce dernier procédé, les obtenir à moins de frais. Conséquemment, on attachait une haute importance à posséder, dans les contrées équinoxiales, des colonies où l'on cultivât ces denrées que l'Europe ne pouvait pas produire. Depuis les derniers progrès des sciences économiques, au moyen desquels on a pu se convaincre que tout progrès industriel consiste à pouvoir acquérir à un moindre prix les mêmes produits, quelle que soit la voie par laquelle on se les procure, la question s'est réduite à savoir si le sucre, par exemple, revient moins cher étant cultivé dans des colonies dépendantes de notre nation, que lorsqu'on se le procure par la voie du commerce avec l'étranger.

"Il y avait un moyen simple de décider la question. C'était d'assujettir à un droit égal tous les sucres, de quelque part qu'ils vinssent. Les consommateurs, alors, les auraient tirés des lieux qui les fournissent au meilleur marché. Ce n'est point ainsi qu'on a fait. Pour nous obliger à préférer les sucres de nos colonies qui coutent plus cher, on a chargé de plus gros droits d'entrée ceux des contrées étrangères qui coutent moins."—P. 121.

"On a, par cette politique, encouragé une production désadvantageuse, une production qui donne de la perte; et pour que les auteurs de cette perte, c'est-à-dire, les colons, ne la supportassent pas, on l'a fait supporter aux consommateurs Français. La consommation actuelle du sucre en France est évalué à cinq cent mille quintaux métriques; or, si nous achetons cette quantité dans l'Inde où ailleurs, à 50 francs meilleur marché, par quintal métrique, il est évident que, même en payant les mêmes droits d'entrée, le quintal métrique nous reviendrait à 50 francs de moins; ce qui nous procurerait une épargne annuelle de 25 millions, que nous pourrions consacrer à d'autres achats, à d'autres jouissances, sans que le commerce Français gagnât moins, sans que le trésor public vît diminuer ses recettes."—P. 121.

M. Comte, in his valuable treatise on legislation, states in these words the effect of this system in France.—*L. 5, c. 26*—

"La quantité de sucre qui se consommait en France il y a peu d'années (in 1826) était d'environ soixante-quatre millions six cent mille kilogrammes. Ce sucre, à raison de cent sept francs trente centimes les cent kilogrammes, coûtait à la France soixante-neuf millions trois cent quinze mille huit cent francs. Si, au lieu de l'acheter dans des îles où il existe neuf esclaves pour deux personnes libres, nous l'avions acheté dans une îles où

il existe moitié moins d'esclaves, nous ne l'aurions payé que quarante-neuf millions quatre-vingt-seize mille francs, c'est-à dire que nous aurions fait une économie de vingt millions deux cent dix-neuf mille huit cent francs. Si nous l'avions acheté dans les pays où les travaux de l'agriculture sont exécutés par des ouvriers libres, l'économie aurait été plus grande; car nous aurions payé environ trente millions de moins. La préférence donnée aux productions des peuples libres nous procurerait des avantages bien plus grands encore; la consommation du sucre deviendrait plus étendue, plus générale; une multitude de personnes qui sont obligés de s'en priver ou d'en restreindre leur consommation, au prix où il est actuellement en acheteraient, ou en consommeraient d'avantage, s'il se vendait à plus bas prix.

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educated inhabitants of this overpeopled country to pursue. Can there be a doubt that the change, so far as he is concerned, must be for his benefit? But if we consider its effects upon the society which he has injured, and to which he owes reparation, it is widely otherwise. The spectacle of his unrewarded toil, of his legitimate sufferings, of his deserved ignominy, can neither reclaim the guilty nor intimidate the wavering. As a lesson to the community he has injured, his punishment is flung away, and if it does not operate as a motive to encourage, it can afford no reason to deter. Again, if we consider the country to which he is sent, in what code, human or divine, shall we find permission of disgorging upon other countries the refuse of our own—of inoculating the most distant extremities of the globe with a moral pestilence—of adding to the miseries of savage life the gigantic vices of abused civility—of lending the passions that spring up in the rankness of untaught nature, a type still more malignant and incurable than their own—of letting loose upon the helpless natives, ruffians, stripped of the very instincts which distinguish their species in its rudest state, in comparison with whom the wild beasts of the forest would be mild and merciful? Must we not regret that the lines of our great poet are still true as when they were first written—

"Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;
Our sailing ships like common sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews.
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian coast;
Thieves, panders, palliards, sins of every sort—
These are the manufactures we export."

The views of Mr Merivale on the subject of emigration are marked with the same vigorous sense and sound judgment which distinguish the passages that we have quoted. That emigration may, under certain circumstances, under the pressure of sudden distress, or where it is intended to check the pernicious effects of an inveterate system, act as a remedy against immediate evils arising from local and temporary causes, he readily admits. That it may afford "requiem spatiemque," while other remedies, more durable and requiring longer time for their operation, are preparing, he does not deny. But that it is, as the style of some writers would induce us to believe, to be valued as a panacea, long required and now happily found, against all the evils of society, as a standing resource against causes the influence of which is constant, immutable, and universal—these he considers as the wild conceits of enthusiastic projectors, as fancies wholly without foundation in reason or experience. The remedy afforded, compared with the evil to be alleviated, is as an atom of sand to the ball of the earth. Upon the prevailing habits of the labourer, the amount of population must principally depend; and as the relief afforded by emigration can only be transient, a very short time will elapse before its repetition will be necessary. To imagine, so long as the fountain is redundant, that we can prevent the stream, which

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,"

from flowing onward, is ridiculous. This effect can only be produced by more extended foresight in the people and the increased productiveness of the labour, whether arising from the greater use of machinery or the discovery of new markets. But without such assistance, the evils engendered by a pernicious system, as, for instance, the subdivision of land in Ireland, cannot be successfully encountered by such an expensive, limited, and precarious remedy. In ancient times, we read of plagues that have swept away the third or fourth part of a people; but in a generation or two, the loss was replaced, and the amount of their population was the same.

The Isle of Skye, in 1755, contained 11,000 inhabitants; upwards of 8000 emigrants left it, in the years immediately succeeding that era, for the United States. After their departure, its population consisted of 14,000 residents. The provinces of Old Spain which furnished America with colonists were always, in like manner, the most populous. It is a mistake to imagine, that the first emigrants who leave an ancient country belong to the lowest class of its inhabitants. The middle class, unwilling to sink

lower, and yet unable to maintain their original position, are those by whom the evils of an over-peopled country are most keenly felt, and most speedily avoided. It is not till after they have succeeded in establishing themselves, that a market for the labour of the lower classes is open, and among the many flagrant absurdities into which certain speculators, whose theories we shall have presently occasion to examine, have been misled. The total disregard of this truth is perhaps the most conspicuous. To begin a settlement with paupers is to build upon sand. In moral, as well as in other structures, unless the foundation be firmly laid, all the labour and expense bestowed upon them is flung away. That Mr Merivale, though we do not find any passage in which he explicitly insists upon the truth, is fully aware of its importance, the following extract, in which the class of men on whom the prosperity of all colonies must depend is accurately and powerfully described, will suffice to show.

"But the class of settlers is that of small farmers, and others possessed of some means, however slight, and at the same time able and willing to maintain themselves by the labour of their hands. To them it is not too much to say, that with good conduct on their own parts, and exemption from extraordinary casualties, North America offers, after four or five years of probation, a certainty of a happy competence, or probability of acquiring moderate wealth. These form the core, the most useful and healthy part, of the great mass of settlers whom this country annually sends across the Atlantic, destined to augment the increasing myriads of small yeomanry, who constitute the body of the people in our colonies, and in the northern states of the Union."—P. 111.

Three systems have been adopted with regard to emigration during the last two hundred years, by this country; 1st, That of granting emigrants a free passage, and on their arrival apprenticing them to settlers, who pay in return a certain sum to government, which is, in other words, a tax on wages. 2dly, That of obliging emigrants settled on government land to pay rent to government, which is a tax on profits. 3dly, To exact a certain price for the land on which the emigrants settle, and to turn the money so obtained into a fund to facilitate emigration, which is a direct tax on capital—the settler being obliged to employ part of the money he would have employed in the cultivation of his land upon its purchase. This being the scheme which combines every conceivable disadvantage, and is most directly at variance with common sense and common experience, it has of course enlisted on its side a number of ingenious advocates, who have succeeded by clamour, abuse, and misrepresentation, in forcing it, in part at least, upon a reluctant, and for some time even a hostile government. What can be more pernicious than such a system to the class which Mr Merivale emphatically terms the "core of a colony," on which the prosperity of all colonies must peculiarly depend, consisting of men who rely partly on their own labour, and partly on their small savings, for the success of their enterprize, and for carrying them, as Mr Merivale observes, through the first years of certain privation, and almost inevitable distress? In colonies the wages of labour are, in fact, the price of land. The judicious scheme we are now considering is to turn the price of land into the wages of labour. The evil of artificially raising the price of land is to be met by an artificial supply of labour, since, as the money thus raised is to be set apart as a fund for providing labourers, labour will be comparatively cheap. But the artificial price of land must limit the demand for labour, and thus the remedy for an injury inflicted upon one class is to be found in a still greater injury inflicted upon another. Again, if the colonist gains by the diminished price of labour as much as he loses by the artificial price of land—*i.e.* if he neither gains nor loses, but is left where he was—what becomes of the argument urged in favour of the scheme, that it offers a check upon the occupation of land? No ingenuity, however—and a great deal has been exercised on this subject—could reconcile us to any attempt to alter human nature by Act of Parliament, or to restrain the propensities of colonists by method of committees, discussing at the distance of half the globe, under the influence of violent party feeling, matters of which they are for the most part profoundly and incurably ignorant. That liberal wages, joined to plenty of land,

dispose men prematurely to exchange the condition of labourer for that of proprietor, is unquestionable. It is no less true that liberal wages encourage population, that the high price of labour, and cheapness of land, oblige the superior class to treat the inferior with kindness and generosity, and insure the proper care and nurture of the children of the colonists. When these children arrive at maturity, they will endeavour to establish themselves as their fathers have done. Real wealth and happiness will then keep pace with the progress of population. The theory in question is neither more nor less than a revival, under a specious name, of a malignant and exploded prejudice. Tacitus tells us that, by keeping up the old names of the Republican magistrates, "*eadem magistratuum vocabula*," Tiberius hoped to veil from the Romans the depravity of that servitude to which they were actually reduced. The less sagacious advocates of this system imagine, by an inverted application of this rule, that a new name can disguise the real antiquity of a barbarous superstition, which, since it has ceased to provoke the indignation of mankind by its mischief, has been overwhelmed by their derision for its absurdity. It is a folly which, from the days of the Heptarchy down to the æra of Mr Wakefield, impertinent projectors have never been wanting to support, and wretched dupes to act upon. The aphorism on which it depends is this —"That people are not the best judges of their own interest." So, as the labourer was once pinned down to his parish, colonists are now to be tethered to a particular spot in a wilderness. They are to be straitened and confined (Mr Wakefield not being yet able, literally, to carry his happy idea of an iron belt into effect) by imaginary lines and capricious demarcations; and in addition to other difficulties naturally arising from their situation, for fear prosperity should make them wanton, others are to be contrived for them which they have left their country to avoid. What are the laws of the Plantagenets and Tudors—the laws against engrossing and regrating, and the statute of labourers—to this? Inoperative as they were, the objects of these laws were under the eye of Parliament—seas did not roll, and mountains did not rise, between Legislature and the victims on whose behalf its parental vigilance was exercised. We did Mr Wakefield injustice. He has improved upon his original. Centuries of experience were requisite before the transcendant folly of such a project as his could be ripened into full perfection.

If, however, any of the profound theorists whose projects have led to so fortunate a result as that which the late intelligence from Australia has presented to an admiring and grateful public would condescend to rely less on their own natural abilities, and to appeal to the recorded experience of others, they would perhaps discover that the tendency to occupy new, and to abandon less productive land, is an infallible law of colonial progress.

M. Talleyrand in his work on colonies thus expresses himself—

"Dans l'Amérique septentrionale un voyageur qui part d'une ville principale où l'état social est perfectionné, traverse successivement les degrés de civilisation et l'industrie, qui vont toujours en s'affoiblissant jusqu'à ce qu'il arrive, en tres-peu de jours, à la cabane informe et grossière, construite de troncs d'arbres nouvellement abattus. Un tel voyage est une sorte d'analyse pratique de l'origine des peuples et des états. On part de l'ensemble le plus composé pour arriver aux données les plus simples; on voyage en arrière dans l'histoire des progrès de l'esprit humain; on retrouve dans l'espace ce qui n'est dû qu'à la succession du temps."—*Talleyrand, Essai sur les Colonies nouvelles.*

Not less striking is the following extract from M. De Tocqueville's admirable work, which we earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers. We regret that our limits will not allow us to quote the whole passage. It seems as if it had been written for the express purpose of contradicting Mr Wakefield. After describing a spot in the wilderness, he finds that it had already been occupied by some colonist, and abandoned for another situation, (Mr Wakefield's iron belt not being yet appreciated by the inhabitants of Ohio.) These are his reflections on the occasion. T. 3, p. 50:—

"Au milieu de ces arbustes, on apercevait encore quelques pierres noircies par le feu, répandues autour d'un petit tas de cendre: c'était sans doute dans ce lieu qu'était le foyer—la cheminée, en s'écroulant, l'avait couvert de ses débris. Quelque temps j'admirai, en silence, les ressources de la nature et la faiblesse de

l'homme; et lorsque enfin il fallut m'éloigner de ces lieux enchantés, je répétais encore avec tristesse: Quoi! déjà des ruines!

"En Europe, nous sommes habitués à régarder comme un grand danger social l'inquietude de l'esprit, le désir immodéré des richesses, l'amour extrême de l'indépendence. Ce sont précisément toutes ces choses qui garantissent aux républiques Américaines un long et paisible avenir. Sans ces passions inquiètes, la population se concentrerait autour de certains lieux, et éprouverait bientôt, comme parmi nous, des besoins difficiles à satisfaire.

The true secret of colonial prosperity is to allow the colonists to manage their affairs in the way they think most suitable to their own interest. "Wise and salutary neglect," to use Mr Burke's phrase, on the part of the mother country, is greater kindness than all the regulations that projectors and speculators can imagine, or committees and governors enforce. If any lesson can be inferred from history at all, it is this: that colonies have always flourished in an inverse proportion to the care bestowed upon them by the metropolis. All beginnings are hard; but when full scope is given to industry and enterprise, the incitements they carry with them are so mighty, that whatever mistakes may happen in the management of affairs at first, they seldom fail of proving beneficial in the end. Numberless were the Spaniards, many were the English, who perished from imprudence, famine, and disease, in their first attempts upon the continent of America. But the terror inspired by such examples is transient; the good they produce is lasting; and it is the nature of all men, and especially of all colonists, to think that their greater energies or better fortune will carry them through, where other adventurers have been unsuccessful. The most singular proof, however, of the height which this fantastical project has reached is to be found in the speech of Colonel Gawler, to whom principally its execution was confided—a production in comparison with which all the descriptions of human folly that may be found in the pages of Rabelais, and Cervantes, and Swift, are tame and feeble, and which we believe, in real history, it is as yet impossible to match. Among the elements of colonial prosperity this gentleman includes "a high tone of society." We are surprised that an Italian opera and a French ballet, and the shops of restaurateurs, elegantly furnished drawing-rooms, and exclusive balls, were not specified, as they were, of course, included in this description. What would an American emigrant in the present day think? What would the Spanish soldier or the English puritan, in former days, have thought of such an instrument of success? Will "a high tone of society" clear the forest, or drain the swamp, or repel the savage? Is it in search of "a high tone of society" that man becomes for a time the companion of felons and wild beasts, and the inmate of the howling wilderness? Was it by encouraging "a high tone of society" that the children of America now pour along the valley of the Mississipi? No, undoubtedly not! To suppose that you can unite opposite advantages is preposterous. The man who leaves the land of his fathers in search of opulence or freedom, is not the man who will obey the "centralizing influence" which Mr Wakefield is so desirous to establish. If he were, he would be eminently and peculiarly unfit for the situation he has chosen to occupy. The restless, and it may be fiercer, feelings which prompt the settler to traverse the ocean—to thread the forest—to fling himself upon an untrodden shore—to exchange the home where he has lived, and the altars where he has worshipped, and the society of his friends, for the burning plain and trackless solitude—dwell not in the same breast with the feelings which dispose a man to acquiesce in arbitrary enactments—to maintain "a high tone of society"—to content himself with what is tolerable, when what is better is within his reach—to forego his own obvious personal advantage for the sake of doubtful public good. These may be desirable qualities in a citizen; they certainly tend to embellish social life: but they are precisely those which are most fatal to such undertakings as we now discuss. The love of society, of its refined amusements and its tranquil pleasures, is itself pernicious to new settlements; accordingly, we see that the attempts of the French, the nation in the world most remarkable for this very turn of mind, at colonization, have been almost, without exception, unsuccessful. You cannot, to borrow an expression

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But let us appeal to facts. America is the great school of emigration; fifty years have not elapsed since Ohio was colonized; a vast proportion of its territory is still uncultivated, yet the stream of emigration in that half-peopled land is setting rapidly towards the west. No Mr Wakefield is at hand to arrest the fertility of nature, to limit those blessings which the Creator has so prodigally lavished, to insist, in the mere wantonness of presumptuous folly, that the capital of the settler shall be applied in a way comparatively injudicious and unprofitable. No boards, no companies, no surveyors, no commissioners are there to perform the task assigned to the earthquake and the pestilence—to act as a continual taint upon the air, the water, or the earth would have done. No Colonel Gawler exhorts the backwoodsman to lay down his mattock and his axe, to vary his desperate struggles with physical and moral impediments, with the ancient occupants of the wilderness, the alligator, the reptile, or the savage, by endeavours to acquire the courtly habits of long-established opulence, to look upon a clumsy imitation of the follies in which distempered luxury flings away during an hour the toil of months, as a prerequisite for his success, and to hail a debt, in itself not trifling, if the time in which, and the purposes for which, and the infant state of the society by which it was contracted be considered, enormous, as an infallible symptom of future splendour and prosperity. What was once necessity is now choice; the rebuke of Canute to his flatterers would apply with equal propriety to those who imagine that they can control an instinct which has rent asunder ties, in comparison with which all the restraints that human policy or impolicy can invent, are as the cords of the Philistines to the strong man in his waking fury. Dispersion must precede the state of things which the new immigration school wish to reach at once by statutes and companies. The less closely men associate, the more simple are their manners, and the fewer their wants:—

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by the inhabitants of no country have the true principles of civilization been seized upon with more sagacity, and acted upon with more success.

The centralization which Mr Wakefield recommends is precisely the circumstance which M. De Tocqueville, a pupil of Montesquieu, and worthy of so illustrious a master, points out as most inevitably pernicious to the energies and activity of all communities.

"Mais je pense que la centralisation administrative n'est propre qu'à énerver les peuples qui s'y soumettent, parce qu'elle tend sans cesse à diminuer parmi eux l'esprit de cité. La centralisation administrative parvient, il est vrai, à réunir à une époque donnée, et dans un certain lieu, toutes les forces disposibles de la nation, mais elle nuit à la reproduction des forces. Elle la fait triompher le jour du combat, et diminue à la longue sa puissance. Elle peut donc concourir admirablement à la grandeur passagère d'un homme, non point à la prospérité durable d'un peuple." P. 161.

The theory is one to which the whole history of North American colonization stands in open and diametrical contradiction. Had there been even a grain of truth in Mr Wakefield's doctrine, had it not been a mass of contradiction and absurdity, had it been even in his power to plead that he had fallen into the common mistake of quacks, political and medical, of applying universally a beneficial specific, the colonies, by whose rapid progress imagination is baffled, would long ago have been exterminated. Every rule that Mr Wakefield has laid down, that people have systematically violated. Their prosperity has kept pace with their dispersion—and if it had been the merciful intention of Providence to warn us against adopting his delusive projects, the example could not have been more striking and complete. In short, we fully agree with Mr M'Culloch, that the adoption, partial as it is, of Mr Wakefield's system, is a national disgrace.

The colonists carry out with them, together with the experience of thirty centuries, ideas of subordination, of property, of decent order, and habitual respect for the administration of justice. They bring the skill, energies, and industry of civilization to the scene where all the treasures of savage nature lie scattered before them in unlimited profusion. There lie, waiting the hand of adventurous enterprize, all the elements of wealth and power—all the materials out of which the proudest edifice ever raised by the hand of Grecian, or Roman, or English architects have been erected. Yet a few years and the stones that now lie buried in the quarry will be raised into solemn temples and stately palaces. The forests that now serve as a lair for wild beasts, or spread pestilence around them by their noisome exhalations, will bear, from one extremity of the universe to another, the produce of the soil from which they sprung. The rank savannahs will become fertile pastures, and the "busy hum" of commerce will resound amid the unexplored and silent wilderness. But let enterprise take its course. Presume not to mark out the channel in which it is to flow—to bend the noble and wild outline of nature to the fallacious regularity of geometrical system—to suppose that laws, and decrees, and vexatious interference, can abridge, though they may fatally prolong, the destined period of its probation.

"Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit."

There must be toil, there must be privation. There may be disappointment; but if not thwarted by the irksome meddling of pedantic legislation, the resolution of the English settler, of the countryman of Drake and Raleigh, will make its own cause good.

In discussing the subject, so chequered with guilt and shame, of the conduct pursued by the settlers towards the original inhabitants, Mr Merivale deprecates those "vague and general desires of good," which are too frequently the surest resources of hypocrisy and cunning. He quotes, in terms of becoming admiration, the luminous report of Lord Glenelg, Aug. 22, 1838, as containing the best, clearest, and most conscientious summary of the duties of a colonial government towards the natives. In his opinion—and we rejoice to find our own views of the matter corroborated by such authorities—missionaries are the best pioneers of civilization. It is not until the higher nature of the savage is awakened—until the moral and intellectual cravings, which nothing on this side the grave can satisfy, are excited—until the scales are purged away from the eyes which have long been shrouded in obscurity, that the

real benefits of civilized life, the virtues it inculcates, or the crimes which it prohibits, can furnish him with motives of action or forbearance. His senses, indeed, may be flattered by unknown enjoyments; his imagination may be awed by the display of unexpected power; his reason may be rendered the thrall of violent injustice or of base cupidity; but to hope for security—to expect improvement, until other views, other prospects, other relations are set before him—until the veil which hid eternity from his view be lifted up—until the lever is placed on that spot in the ideal world, from which alone it can obtain sufficient purchase to wrench from their holdings habits the most powerful and inveterate, can only lead us up—to this moment it has invariably led—to danger and disappointment. But as Mr Merivale judiciously observes, in countries where civilization though stationary is ancient, and religion though debasing has long prevailed, the process must be reversed. In the latter case there is no void to supply, no craving to allay; the imperious appetites of our moral nature have been satisfied with unwholesome food, no doubt; but for the present they are still. To the services performed by the missionaries in different regions of the globe—which, though the accounts of them are in some cases perhaps tinged with superstition, in others highly coloured, from the sanguine temper of the actors, are, beyond all doubt, generous and encouraging—Mr Merivale bears ample testimony. In America, the destruction of the red man and the progress of the white man have advanced by nearly equal steps. Where a barbarous people has been civilized by the intercourse of a foreign nation, it has happened, as in the case of the tribes who overrun Europe after the fall of the Roman empire, or of the Mongols who subjugated China, when the victory of the former over the latter has been acknowledged complete—(so it was that "Grecia capta ferum victorem capit")—the conqueror admits the conquered to his councils—the conquered opens his schools to the conqueror. But in a state of things, where one of the two parties unites the advantage of intellectual and physical superiority—the other sinks under the crushing weight of such an irresistible preponderance. If this did not happen in Mexico and Peru, it was because the original inhabitants had already emerged from a nomadic state. But in North America, where the knavery and strength of civilized man have encroached upon the lessening domain of the ruler of the desert, the result has been a blot on the glories of American enterprise and industry, that ages of benevolence and humanity will hardly be sufficient to wash away. The Indians in the thirteen states amount to little more than six thousand souls.

Whole races have perished. Their lineage, their names, their very language, have been blotted out from human memory, as irrevocably as the track of the arrow in the air, or of the vessel in the waters. Outcasts in the land of their fathers, the Iroquois are now begging their bread. The tribes that once wandered over New England, those who, a hundred and eighty years ago, touched the hand of Penn on the banks of the Delaware in sign of peace, which they have kept ever holy, are no more. Well and wisely does Mr Merivale rebuke the flippancy of those who, like the advocates of the slave-trade in former days, would attribute such enormous guilt to an overruling and irresistible necessity. Here, indeed, in the most remote corners of the earth which the restless foot of English adventure has explored, let government interpose—not to hoard a wilderness—not to wring money from settlers, to be squandered with prodigality as it was raised with ease—not to check society in its progress, or to forbid encroachments on a desert; but to protect him that hath no helper, to fling the shield of truth and equity around the unconscious savage, who has crossed the path along which inexorable ambition, and still more inexorable avarice, press forward to their ends—to guarantee his rights, to elevate his nature, to turn him into an instrument of good, and to make the soil on which he and his children, and his children's children shall dwell, free, civilized, and Christian—an imperishable monument of English justice.

POEMS ON PALESTINE.

What is a poet? That is a question, oh, benevolent reader, to which the answer varies every ten years! A few decades ago, in the days of Hayley, a poet was a very precise, rather old-maidish sort of a gentleman, who carried manuscript epics about with him in his pocket when he was invited to tea, and read to the admiring spinsters, who had been asked to meet him, twelve cantos of his poem, and refreshed himself with a cup between each. Wonder in those days was divided between the powers of his body and mind; and although the aforesaid spinsters affected to be astonished at his intellect, the chief object of their admiration was, in reality, his unequalled capacity of drinking slops. When Hayley was Apollo, Helicon was a teapot.

Shortly after that time, a poet was a young gentleman of highly philanthropic principles, who was so deeply touched with love for his species in general, that he disdained the mean-souled wretches who cared a farthing for any individual of it in particular; a patriot who tossed up his frosty cap in honour of Robespierre; who talked of the "red vintage" of the French Revolution, and thought our poor old English constitution, in comparison, was the smallest of all possible small-beer, where, with a hasty hatred of all conservative institutions, he declared that all the froth was at the top, not perceiving that a fine glittering coronet of froth is the surest sign of the soundness of the beverage below; and though some of the sober spirits, who had been deluded by the fire of that great volcano, and thought it "light from heaven," turned away in loathing and disgust, still the poet of that period was a being such as we have described—believing in the perfectibility of man, and advocating the very concourse of the great Tory maxim, which undoubtedly has at first sight a touch of honesty and common sense to recommend it, "that a man can do as he likes with his own"—viz. that a man has no right to do what he likes with his own, as that is an abuse of the rights of property; but has an undoubted right to do what he likes with his neighbour's, as individual ownership is against the great law of nature, and the indefeasible equality of man. In a few years after that, a poet was a being of a very different order—for there were giants in those days. It was no longer thought a sign of genius, or a proof that a man was fit to write poems, that he was fit for nothing else. A poet was a thorough gentleman, a good hand at cudgel-playing, a dauntless horseman, and a devil among the grouse. He was also, we are bound to add, a Tory of the first water—or rather of no water at all, but a Tory considerably above proof. A slight alteration in the definition then ensued. A poet was slightly affected, talked about imaginary woes, made himself out to be a monster of iniquity, and a prodigious instance of the force of irresistible passion; whereas, in reality, the young man was of very feeble stamina, and about as awful an instance of the force of ungovernable passion, as a sentimental ox, whose ferocious lowings and amatory gambols excite perturbation and astonishment among the sober-minded descendants of Io. But with this, and another little failing or two, deducted from his merits, he was a pearl of price; with only this drawback from his value, that he left behind him such an innumerable number of paste imitations. Yes—since the day of that dark eclipse, a poet has generally been a sickly-looking individual, sitting in an upstairs parlour, in Kensington or Brompton, behind a couple of flower-pots—not particularly well shaved, not very indulgent of soap—and with his shirt-collar elegantly thrown back, and his eyes fixed in a fine frenzy on a cobweb in the ceiling. But still, though these are undoubtedly the types in those different eras of the genus "poet," we are not to conclude that there were no exceptions to the general rule. There are few things more utterly distinct and unlike than the author—especially a poet—and the idea the uninitiated reader has formed of him in his mind. Before the fancy

of the enchanted maiden, whose ears are still thrilling with the melodies of Irish minstrelsy, whose eyes are still glistening with the tears that have started involuntarily from her heart at the desolation of Tara's halls and the wailings of despairing heroism, rises a tall romantic figure, slim and delicate, of a young bard, with deep thoughtful eyes, and a countenance, "oh how pale, how wan!"—whereas, when she is really presented to the veritable Simon, she beholds one of the merriest-looking of gentlemen—evidently first cousin to Puck—with about as romantic an expression of countenance as the frontispiece to Joe Miller. There once was evoked upon the bosom of the summer sea, one of the loveliest of islands, overshadowed with the most graceful and stateliest of palms. There was as much enchantment thrown round it as round the charmed isle of Prospero and Miranda; and the creator of this fairy vision was pictured to the glowing imagination of boys and virgins, as a half-etherealized creature of the elements—a being whose mind had probably "o'er-informed its tenement of clay," and whose strains resembled those of the swan, the sweeter as they approached the nearer to his death.—Heavens! what a mistake! In youth, the stoutest wrestler on the green—the conqueror of the flying tailor at a jump—the rider of the celebrated steeple-chase on the back of Colonsay—and in age hardened into iniquity by long impunity, and running an occasional muck with a prodigious crutch, to the terror of all the well-disposed inhabitants of these dominions; till at last he aggravated himself to such a pitch of tyranny, that Nero and Domitian are believed to have been Christian gentlemen in comparison! For with them it was only dangerous to be rich, while with Christopher it is still more dangerous to be stupid.—Now, if you will compare the numbers of these two most influential classes of the Queen's subjects, you will be able to form some slight idea of the respective cruelty of the three potentates.

Nor is it more easy to predict a poet's residence than his appearance from his works. Many brilliant descriptions of freedom have been written in the Fleet:—Paradise Lost, amid the noise and smoke of London; and are not we ourselves writing this imaginative and poetical article in a small room, up six pair of stairs, commanding a charming view of a week's washing suspended from sundry poles in our landlady's back-green? We have no belief whatever in a *genius loci*; or why are we not at this moment engaged in the biography of washer-women, the history of mangles, or the theory of barrel-organs—of all which our present lodgings are intensely suggestive—instead of being pleasantly occupied in recording our critical opinions of one of the best and simplest of religious poems, properly so called, we have met with for many years? The Christian Pilgrim, by Edmund Peel, is pleasant reading on many and various accounts, but chiefly from the vein of true and Christian sincerity that pervades it from the first line to the last—a rare quality in these days of wordy and inflated piety, where the broad phylactery of the Pharisee is generally a great deal more visible than the genius of the bard. Woe is us! poor authorlings, turning our lone hearts to criticism, in the immediate vicinity of the roof of a common stair—what can we pretend to know of the blessed influences of soft skies and summer seas, that probably glide with imperceptible power into the minds and writings of the more fortunate husbandmen who dwell in the far southern regions of the Isle of Wight? We retract our rash and most absurd assertion, a few lines up the page, denying the existence of a *genius loci*. We see in the title-page the name of Bonchurch as the residence of the author, and we think we can trace a vast difference between the descriptions of nature contained in the poem, and what they must infallibly have been if he had been established in the Orkneys, or had even inhabited a cottage *ornée* in the wilds of Lochaber.

It is probably to the romantic scenery and wild sea-breezes of the Undercliff that the poem is indebted for the calm and harmony by which it is characterized. It is not with a diseased dislike of his kind, or surcharged with morbid egotism, that the Christian pilgrim begins his peregrinations to the Holy Land.

"The blast of war to shake the solid earth
Had ceased—to roll in thunder thro' the deep.
Can time be ripe for that auspicious birth,
When they who sow in hope in joy shall reap,
Heart ache no more, nor drooping eyelid weep?
What calm hath wrapp'd thee, vale of many woes?
Ere wake the whirlwind out of deathlike sleep,
Ere earth be rack'd with agonizing throes—
A transitory calm, a terrible repose!

"For war the rulers of the world prepare,
Flash in the rising sun the sword and spear;
Athwart the gloom sulphureous lightnings glare,
Host after host the floating banner rear.
God of Sabaoth! dost thou see and hear!
Ye peel'd and scatter'd whom the proud despise,
Look up! for your redemption draweth near.
Behold a revelation! read the skies,
Return, ye wandering tribes—ye trodden-down, arise!

"Why hang ye doubtful? Wherefore stand ye dumb?
And eastward gaze with an enquiring eye?
The Shiloh hath been sent, the Christ is come,
Redeemer of the world, who came to die!
Who fought the fight, and won the victory.
Beneath the burden of our guilt who bow'd,
Who rose, and captive led captivity;
Who pluck'd the sting from death, and rent the shroud—
Jehovah! from the heart of Juda lift the cloud!

"God of the Jew and Gentile! Lord of all!
Rich unto those who call upon thy name,
Upraise thy people, never more to fall;
And grant that we, the richer for their blame,
Glean of their fulness, glory in their fame.
Oh for the time eternally decreed,
When the Good Shepherd shall his sheep reclaim,
And to green pastures by still waters lead,
Of Jordan ever free on either bank to feed."

In this true spirit of benevolence, the pilgrim visits the region of wonder,

"Where in olden time
Prophet, and bard, and apparition bright,
Shone as the stars!"

and from the glories of the past draws auguries of the future restoration of the chosen people. There never was a period in which men's minds turned with more immediate expectation, than during the last few years, to the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning the Jews. It is evident to any one who looks to the present condition of the East—even without reference to the words of holy writ—that it is at this moment the cradle of great and portentous events. Since the beginning of this century, the Jews themselves have been earnestly looking for some wonderful interposition in their behalf; and a great number of religious persons, both in England and other countries, have entertained a similar belief; nor has the course of affairs, in very recent days, tended in any measure to alter this opinion. The operations in Syria, the tottering condition of the Turkish empire, the fact, so self-evident, that a very short time must produce a total alteration of the present distribution of power in all those regions, and the extreme likelihood that Palestine will be the battle-ground where the great contest will be decided, must have struck every one who attends merely to the ordinary current of human affairs, and the tendency of recent politics. But whether the impending convulsion will end in the restoration of Israel, or whether that great event is still postponed, no man can be bold enough to say, till the prophecy is actually merged in the event. At the same time no one will deny that this heartfelt expectation, pervading so

many nations, and involving such wonderful consequences, is a fit auxiliary to the poetical interest of a poem of which Palestine is the scene and subject; and it is the humble and believing spirit with which Mr Peel has introduced this subject, that with us gives one of the principal charms to his work. There is little attempt at individual character, and only the feeble outline of a story; the poem is therefore one of description and reflection. We quote a description of a waterfall:

"The murmur of the pines which overhang
The gulf, dark-heaving from the mountain hoar,
Is drown'd in thunder—in the coil and clang
Of cataract on cataract, to roar
And bellow through the cavern evermore.
Where from the ridge the headlong waters leap,
The beams of morning arch the torrent o'er;
Not Iris knows in brighter lines to steep
The cloud, when love looks down upon the troubled deep.

"Between the rock and overwhelming river,
Within the colour'd arch the travellers cling,
To where, recoiling, earth doth reel and quiver
Beneath the deluge which the torrents fling
Down—the rough heart of adamant to wring.
White as a cloud athwart the rolling moon,
The waters plunge into the vapoury ring,
Or glowing like the golden haze of June,
Or robed in rainy light to melt before the noon."

All the scenes hallowed to the Christian reader by so many recollections are visited by the pilgrim, and their present condition contrasted with their former state; and any persons who wish a pious, no less than a poetical guide, over the sacred territory, cannot do better than put themselves under the direction of Mr Peel.

Can it be the force of contrast—or of alliteration—or what is it that directed our eyes, when we had closed the "Pilgrim, a Poem of Palestine," to a green-coloured volume on our table, called "Pan, a Pastoral?" From whichever of these mysterious influences our act proceeded, we certainly extended our hand to the aforesaid Pan; and a utensil filled with more extraordinary contents, it has never been our lot to encounter. It now wants, by our watch, a quarter to four, and as we are engaged to meet a few choice spirits at an early tea, in the Candlemaker Row, at six, we shall devote the intervening space to a consideration of the possible depths to which the human intellect may fall. The poem, in fact, is a psychological curiosity, having been written, the author tells us, under the debilitating influence of "an epidemic feverish complaint, and of the *ennui* arising out of impatience of the confinement and regimen that I felt at the same time to be necessary." The poem, therefore—if we may venture an opinion on so recondite a subject as Hahnemannism—is written on strictly homœopathic principles, as it produces the same diseases which it cures, namely, *ennui* and impatience. And of all the modes in which those two enemies of the human race have yet taken to vent themselves, it strikes us that a pastoral is the oddest and most surprising. A pastoral!—why didn't the feverish author rather indite a satire?—he would have found a grateful relief to his feelings of impatience by writing daggers and stilettoes against his first schoolmaster, or his college tutor, or the clergyman of his parish, or the lord mayor of Brussels, where his work is printed, or any other respectable individual he could think of. But a pastoral—with bleating sheep, and twaddling old shepherds, and fruitful plains, and spreading vines—why, it was the very thing to irritate his disease into insanity, and in all probability lead to his ignominous expulsion from all the branches of the temperance society established in the Belgian capital. For we hold it to be an indisputable fact, that the man who writes a pastoral drinks—we deliberately repeat the expression, drinks. But on looking a second time at the preface, we fear the beverage is not barley bree, but barley water—for hear what the feverish and impatient

author says on the advantages of hunger:—"I must now mention a remarkable fact, worthy the observation of phrenologists, namely, that while fasting in order to starve out the complaint, which is my usual method of getting well, I found that numberless ideas of my infancy, and the recollection of studies hitherto almost forgotten, rushed in upon my memory as if by some magic spell; and I continued to enjoy the most lively remembrance of almost every thing that I had formerly read on the subject of history, especially the traditions of ancient nations respecting the return of the golden age, during the whole period that I lived on this spare regimen."

Acting on this hint, we shall immediately publish a work—by subscription, of course—to be called "Aids to Memory, or the Virtues of Water-Gruel," and any person desirous of recollecting his historical information, or of having a lively idea of the golden age, will have nothing to do but fork out his half-guinea, and put himself on spare diet. It is a pleasant thing to have lively ideas on any subject, but a lively remembrance of the golden age surpasses all the efforts at liveliness we have heard of for some time. We venture to suggest the subject to Thomas Hood, to be illustrated by the inimitable George. But while the poet starved himself into these facetious recollections, he was not altogether unmindful of controversy, and lets us see in a very decided manner that he is a devoted subject of the Pope, yet not in the bigoted style we are accustomed to imagine a Spanish inquisitor; for our worthy friend—at all events while under the influence of *ennui* and impatience—is as liberal and tolerant as if he were a disciple of the present respectable Robert Owen, or the late lamented Mr Paine. "M. de la Mennais," he says, "has exposed the mistake made by the Jacobins in representing Christianity as being unfriendly to popular liberty and equality, and consequently excluding it from their code of morals; for the fact is diametrically the reverse. Christ was the first great teacher who ever openly proclaimed the equal rights of man," &c. &c. * * * * *

"It may naturally be asked, how a system of such unlimited benevolence, and proclaiming so undisguisedly the equality of all creatures, and the sole prerogative of the Creator, could ever have been made a tool of such tyrannical oppression, and a means of such appalling fanaticism as it actually has been in all ages." "In countries the most fanatical in their outward observance of religion, do we find the most severe and antichristian laws and customs, particularly in such states as are without the holy guidance of the universal church. Some very sensible observations on this head will be found in Dr Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*, and in Dr Wiseman's *Lectures*, and particularly in that masterpiece of English writing, Cobbett's *History of the Protestant Reformation*, and his *Legacy to Parsons*, in which the plunder of the poor for the exclusive aggrandizement of the rich, and the consequent misery and beggary of the mass of the people, is amply set forth as being effected by perversion of that very religion which says to the rich, 'sell that which thou hast, and give it to the poor.'"

This jumble of free-thinking and Popery—this "historical recollection" of the Vatican, with "a lively remembrance" of the Rotunda, must have been produced when he had reached the minimum of the spare diet to which he owes his inspiration—the force of starving can no further go. But the figure of speech, or rather of thought, mentioned above under the somewhat colloquial name of the Jumble, seems to be a favourite with the author of *Pan, a Pastoral*—a statement which will be sufficiently proved by the mere copying out of the dramatis personæ.

SCENE—*Palestine, and particularly the country round Bethlehem.*

MENALCAS, *a young shepherd.*
DAMÆTAS, *an aged shepherd.*
PALÆMON, *a shepherd and traveller.*
PYRRHO, } *philosophers of different creeds and systems.*
PHILOSTRATUS, }
LUCIANUS, *a satirical guest.*
MELIBŒUS, *an old herdsman.*
BACCHUS *and his comrades in chorus.*

VENUS *and the Graces, dancing, form the ballet.*
Numerous attendants, besides herds, flocks, dogs, &c., make part of the scenery
[*Mary appears with the infant, and is saluted by nine several sages, each invoking his favourite muse, to wit*]—
CLIO, *or the song of glad tidings.*
THALIA, *or the salutation and gifts.*
MELPOMENE, *or the consolation.*
EUTERPE, *or the power of sacred song.*
CALLIOPE, *or the prophecy of martyrdom.*
ERATO, *or prophecy of church music.*
POLYHYMNIA, *or traditions resolved.*
TERPSYCHORE, *or prayer and penance.*
URANIA, *or eucharistic consummation.*
ASTRÆA *at length descends and speaks the epilogue.*

All these worthy personages are led to Bethlehem by the guiding star, and discourse learnedly on Herod and the apostles and the popes, in a style which few Arcadian shepherds in the first century are likely to have done, unless when they were afflicted with an epidemic feverish complaint. The sagacious reader will now see that *Pan* is not only a pastoral, but an allegory; and it will be interesting to observe how the characters are supported. The first scene, which represents a large plain in Judea, presents us with Menalcas, who wakens from amidst the shepherds sleeping by their flocks, and after a few observations about Aurora, puts his hand (probably) before his eyes, and says—

"But who comes hither? if mine eyes be true,
'Tis old Damætas, follow'd by his goats.
Yes, it is true. Mine eyes do not deceive,
I know him by his sedgy mantle grey—
His measured step, and crook worn out by age;
But most of all, by Mopsus, his old dog."

The gentleman thus introduced—evidently a sketch from a blind gaberlunzie and his colley—can scarcely believe his ears, for he is apparently a little deaf, when he hears

"The voice, half recollected, half forgot,"

of the polite Menalcas.

"For," as he remarks with a fine knowledge of cause and effect, "sudden change can work a queer confusion in man's frail memory;" and, instead of answering the observation of his acquaintance, namely—

"That, 'tis most strange that we should come together
On Syria's plains, who but the other evening,
In the fresh pastures of Arcadia,
Batten'd our flocks with wholesome dews distill'd
From the moist nightcap of high Mænalus,"

he—this old fellow, with sedgy mantle grey—unmindful of the allusion to the battening of their flocks—which, however, is probably a misprint for

"Moisten'd our clay with mountain dew distill'd,"

has the great unpoliteness to put some inquisitorial questions to his friend.

"But, tell me, as we jog along the way,
Thy story, and for why thou'st hither come?"

Damætas had evidently never read Lord Chesterfield. Menalcas, on the other hand, is a perfect model of a nice young man, and, somewhat to our surprise, abstains from making any allusion to the report then generally prevalent, that Damætas's mother had sold her mangle. Evidently delighted with his behaviour, the ancient pig-driver waxes eloquent, and indulges in some amazingly lively remembrances of the golden age—

"When little children used to take a ride
On the huge elephant's leathern trunk;
And, often times, shipp'd on a dolphin's back,
Would make their cruise upon the level brine,
To visit Tethys in her coral bed;
Or to review the sporting finny shoals,
That skuttle on the billows;"

and he is only interrupted, after two or three hundred lines, by Damætas mentioning that he sees two young philosophers hurrying towards them—

"Philostratus and Pyrrho as I wist;
The sophist and the sceptic, hand in hand,
Guided by sage Palæmon."

And as the scene immediately changes, and Damætas and Menalcas are not introduced in the next, we conclude they have slipped into Bacchus's tap-room for a little refreshment, after their palaver, and to escape the company of the three philosophers. Their motives were unimpeachable in both respects—for more twaddling block-heads than our friends, the sophist and the sceptic, it is impossible to find. We have always remarked, that of all the stupid fellows, the stupidest and most intolerable are the noodles who affect to be facetious. A dull fool we like—we honour—we almost venerate. In the first place, he is always respectable—in the next place, he is uniformly prosperous. The wealth of people with one idea is very great; but of people with no ideas at all, it is incalculable. We love their stolidity—the sombre dignity of their utter want of comprehension, and the awful majesty of their fat and inflexible expression. Our hatred, therefore, for Lucianus, "the satirical stranger," it is impossible to describe. Whenever any two respectable gentlemen are engaged in some interesting enquiry, and are as sober and serious as it is in the nature of respectable gentlemen to be, this facetious merry-andrew is always on the stretch to show his cleverness, and is constantly putting his tongue in his cheek, or his outspread fingers on his nose, or indulging in some similar impertinence. We think one of the steady slow coaches gives him a very good rap on the knuckles in the following dignified remonstrance—

"I find that learned travellers are apt
To make a jest of those who toil at home;
But if thou canst be serious, and the joy
Of meeting friends hath not made judgment drunk,
And changed instruction to a bantering fop,
Thou wilt resolve the questions I have made."

But severity on such a Grimaldi is entirely thrown away, and he goes on scattering his witticisms, with the most amazing prodigality, to the very end of the chapter. We will therefore shift the scene once more, and refresh ourselves with a lyric. We remember, in the Freischutz, being greatly struck with the eloquent expression of a respectable owl, which, stuck on the top of a holly bush, and at every swell of the music, opened its enormous eyes with the most extraordinary vivacity, and shut them again, as if disgusted, at the horrible spectacle before it. The lesser owls were musical as well as melancholy, and hooted and howled at the proper bar in the chorus, as if they had been pupils of John Hullah. The owls we have always considered the principal performers in that delightful opera, though some people prefer Staudigl and Das Fraulein Lutzer. In the same manner, we have been delighted with the part assigned, in one of the most splendid passages of the pastoral, to a class of performers not usually considered very partial to the concord of sweet sounds. Little could the poor Indian, whose untutored mind led him to the assurance, that when he was—

"Admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog should bear him company,"

imagine that there were many old shepherds transplanted from Arcadia, who, in a higher and another sense, were *accompanied* by their dogs. As witness the following sublime anthem—

"SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESS sing—and the rest join the chorus, *aided by the barking of their dogs.*

"Vesper's lamp now bids us fold,
Beaming o'er yon mountain cold;
Hark, I hear the wether's bell
Tinkling in the shadowy dell,

Lowing herds and bleating flocks
Echo'd from the sounding rocks,
Browse upon the purple heath,
And bite the green turf underneath:
Now the milkmaid blythe and gay,
Sings across the flowery lea,
To the wild bee's evening hum,
Or the hoary beetle's drum.

Chorus—Hylax, now the chorus join,
Mix thy sonorous bass with mine.

"Shepherds join the noisy choir,
Sound the timbrel, strike the lyre:
Colin on his pipe shall play,
And Marian sing her roundelay—
To lull the folded flocks to sleep,
While faithful dogs their vigils keep.
Shepherds' songs, my boys, were sung
Before Erato's harp was strung,
Or skilful Orpheus tuned the lute,
Or Hermes blew his magic flute,
That had such wondrous power to close
The watchman's eyes in safe repose.

Chorus—Hylax, now the chorus join
Mix your sonorous bass with mine.

"By aged Argus, servant true,
That his return'd Ulysses knew,
By the dogs that Hesiod bore
Mangled from the Œtolian shore,
By bearded Loskis' yellow eyes,
By shaggy Busy's hairy guise,
By silky Poskis' spotted hose,
By fuzzy Zante's woolly nose,
By Tobit's cur to heaven removed,
And bousie Shargs, of all beloved—
Pales now we beg of thee
To keep our folds from peril free.

Chorus.—Hylax, now our chorus join,
Mix thy sonorous bass with mine,
And say good-by before we go,
While honest Tray cries bow, wow, wow.
Thundering Ringwood, Jowler bold,
Fangs and Stentor guard the fold,
Then bark farewell before we go,
While honest Tray cries bow, wow, wow."

So pleased, so astonished, in fact so flabbergasted, is our old idiotical friend Menalcas with the very marked superiority of the four-legged performers over the bipeds, that he apostrophizes —"Oh, Jupiter, who would not be a dog!" He then, in a most disingenuous manner, contrasts the conduct of a faithful house-dog with that of some captain's wife, who, while her husband, at Bellona's call,

"Fights for his country in a foreign land,
——————— betrays her absent lord,
Squanders his store, and banquets treacherous friends."

The dog, on the other hand, behaves like a Christian and a gentleman.

"He silent sits, listing to every sound,
And with quick nose each cranny fairly tries,
Where with his master he was wont to roam,
Sniffling and snowking all the country round."

A combination of almost impossible attributes, that prove him to be a very clever dog indeed—for where, we should like to know, except in the instance of an Irish baronet's bird, which had the faculty of being in two places

at once, will you find an example of any animal, human, brutal, or pastoral, that can at the same moment sit silently trying all crannies with its nose, and sniffle and snowk (whatever that may be) round all the country? We are almost reconciled to our witty acquaintance Lucianus, the satirical traveller, who evidently thinks Menalcas a bore, and interrupts his allusions to the faithless wives of colonels and captains—probably American, from his allusion to their stores—in a manner a great deal more peremptory than polite.

"Jog on, jog on, and quicken every step,
For I am weary of this pilgrimage."

But we are inclined to suspect, from the next scene to which we are introduced, that in the pastoral ages Father Mathew was unknown; for on making a turn in the road, they come to "an area amidst a wood"—as we are punctiliously informed in small type—"in which Bacchanals are seen celebrating the Brumalia." Whether these games were instituted in commemoration of a recent chancellor, in which case they ought to have been spelt Broughmalia, we are not informed; but the manner of the performers do not appear to have said much for their moral or religious education; for Menalcas—who is not in some respects unlike a parish beadle—exclaims,

"What means, Damætas, this uproarious group
Of wassailers at such an hour of night?"

And Damætas professes his ignorance in the following easy and simple language—

"I know not, shepherd, less it be the wake
That Bacchus and his crew are wont to keep
At this dark season of the sleeping year."

A long description follows of the origin of Bacchus and Venus, for the edification of Lucianus and Menalcas, which is interrupted by a "song of drunken Bacchanals, with a chorus of loud instruments." We are not ourselves tea-totallers, nor do we object to a little moderate conviviality; but invitations to such prodigious drinkings as are contained in this bacchanalian chant, we hold it unsafe to scatter among a musical and thirsty generation; for how would it be possible for any man, even a president of a temperance lodge, to resist the seductive blandishments of a set of jolly topers, adding also example to precept, in such unequalled strains as these?

"With arms akimbo Momus stands,
And holds his sides with both his hands,
And laughing, says, with waggish head,
Go, weeping Niobe, to bed.
Mawkish Prudence, get thee hence,
With wrinkled Care and sober Sense;
Advice and dull Morality,
What have we now to do with ye?
You may budge and go to sleep,
Hecate doth her vigils keep;
Swill'd Bacchantes beat the ground,
And the merry toast goes round."

We have long been of opinion that Milton was a poor versifier, and a comparison between this stanza and any of the songs in Comus, will prove that he was not only a very indifferent song-writer, but a contemptible plagiarist besides. The following stanza, however, he has not copied, probably from a knowledge of his immeasurable inferiority:—

"We that are of purer mettle
Imitate the pot and kettle,
Round the fire duly set
Singing as we warmer get,
And, like the kettle and the pot,
We scold and hiss when we get hot;
Till running o'er withboiling rage,
We fume, and thus our heat assuage.
So here's a health to father Lot,
Who his own salted wife forgot;
And here's to all the Muses nine,
And may they all be soused in wine!"

The pilgrimage, however, proceeds—for the invitation to imitate the demoralized culinary implements, so graphically described as seated *round* the fire, whereas the shepherds knew very well that their proper place

was upon it, seems to have failed; and in the following scene we find them encountering "Venus holding her court on the other side of the way, amidst a chorus of graces and nymphs," and with a virtue worthy of a gold medal from the society for the suppression of vice, resisting the allurements of the whole bevy, although their attractions are extolled in a most captivating manner by "the muses who sit round and sing in chorus." Menalcas, we are sorry to say, somewhat falters in his notions of propriety, and indulges in some rather loose observations about "cool alcoves" and "jasmin bowers," and "untying young ladies' girdles," but is checked by Damætas.

"Oh, youth, these thoughts are foreign to our cause,
And dangerous inmates of a pilgrim's heart;
If thou would'st clamber virtue's rugged hill,
Thou must not turn on either hand, Menalcas,
But look straight forward like the unicorn!"

Imagine a virtuous gentleman looking straightforward like a unicorn, aggravating his voice like any nightingale, and popping the question to some virtuous maid, who shuts her eyes like a rhinoceros, then dropping on his knees like a buffalo, and concluding all by putting the ring on her fair finger like a badger. Damætas's knowledge of natural history qualified him to superintend a new edition, now much wanted, of Buffon. His own portrait as an ass, would form an appropriate frontispiece. But all wisdom is not monopolized by Damætas, any more than all wit by Lucianus. An old man is observed musing on a sun-dial, and the pilgrimage is much pleased with the commencement of his apostrophe.

"Ah, what is what?—to know the which, they say,
Is better than abstruse philosophy!"

An aged individual in search of the knowledge of what's what, suggests a pleasing image of the simplicity of pastoral times. He would probably have been illuminated on the subject by a visit to Tattersall's, where it is generally believed that that branch of abstruse philosophy is more deeply studied than at either of the great universities. At all events, we submit that he has no chance of getting any answer to his enquiry by asking such tremendous puzzlers as these—

"Why any thing exists—and what is any thing?
And what is nothing—what is cause and change?
Where have we come, who live and feel and move?"

As he entirely floored the three philosophers, the two shepherds, and even the drunken Bacchanals, we are not ashamed to confess that we are also unable to resolve his queries.

We shall not follow this very transcendental philosopher in the rest of his pilgrimage. For us it will be sufficient to say, that, sturdy Protestants as we are, we have too much reverence for the sacred personages of the Scripture narrative, to introduce them, as this image-worshipper has done, in such very promiscuous company as Arcadian shepherds and the nine muses. Let us take care that we do not lose our temper—which is very bad for the health, and by no means improving to the appearance—by taking a serious view of the absurdities of a performance, from which we have hitherto derived nothing but amusement.

We will therefore skip over the scenes at Bethlehem, the gifts of the magi, the hymns to the muses, and other matters of too high import for our feeble faculties, and endeavour to find out what the author has all this time been driving at; for the reader will, up to this point, have shared with us the amusement that has held possession of us, at all the extraordinary incongruities presented in every page. Know, then, oh reader! that "J. Forster, M.B., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., &c. &c. &c., author of Philozoia, Eulogy of Shargs, and numerous other works," and now crowned with immortal bays as the author of "Pan, a Pastoral of the First Age," has been endeavouring all this time to show, that all the heathen fables had a direct reference to the Christian religion, and the universality of the Holy Church. You will perceive, therefore, that the personages of this pastoral are all alligators, as Mrs Malaprop would say, from the banks of the Nile, and the shepherds, whose eloquence we have been listening to, may turn out to be beef-eaters in disguise, and ready to flash upon us in all the brilliancy of

their real characters—if we could only make them out. But how is it possible for the unassisted intellects of ordinary men to make out the real meaning of such sublime and mystical adumbrations? The "Eulogy on Shargs" we think we could comprehend; for we fancy we can make him out to have been a real *bona fide* dog; but Pan, and Damætas, and Lucianus are so

"Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,"

(an immortal line of Percy Byshe Shelley, which we recommend to Mr Forster as the motto of his next edition,) that they become altogether lost in the immensity of their height: and we are thrown back for consolation on the philosophical statement of our friend Pyrrho—

"I must esteem that doctrine paradox
Which makes the little comprehend the great."

It is a doctrine that ought to be scouted by all the readers of this transcendent poem; an excellent description of which is contained in the answer of the sapient Philostratus—

"It is the function, Pyrrho, of all oracles,
With a prophetic and unerring tongue
To utter truths which baffle human reason."

But happily we are not left in the baffled condition so disheartening to us little ones who cannot comprehend the great, for he is graciously pleased to add for our satisfaction,

"And yet there is a mode to try their worth,
And measure their validity thereby,
Without recourse to our own scanty wit.
Tis——"

What is it do you think?—Do you give it up?

"'Tis to consult the page of history!"

Whereupon our friend Lucianus shows his wit in a quip or quiddity which must have delighted his hearers; and proves that he had been accustomed to the highest society.

"You mean that test which prudent cooks employ,
The pudding's proof, which in its eating lies."

Six o'clock, and ten minutes' walk from Candlemaker-row! The last image has made us so consumedly hungry, that we shall make ducks and drakes of the bailie's bread and butter. Now, what is really your opinion of "Pan a Pastoral?"

THE INCOME TAX.

An Excellent New Song.

All you who rents or profits draw,
Enough to come within the law,
Your button'd pockets now relax,
And quickly pay your Income tax.

A pleasant medicine's sure to kill,
Your only cure's a bitter pill:
The drugs of base deluding quacks
Made Peel prescribe his Income tax.

You can't enjoy your pint or pot
And then refuse to pay the shot;
You can't pursue expensive tracks
Without a toll or Income tax.

Ye Quakers clad in sober suit,
And all ye Baptist tribes to boot,
'Twas right perhaps to free the blacks,
But thence arose this Income tax.

Ye bagmen bold, ye lovers fond,
Who daily like to correspond,
Remember, as you break the wax,
Cheap postage means an Income tax.

Ye noisy fools, who made a rout
To try to keep the Tories out,
The blunders of your Whiggish hacks
Have brought us to this Income tax.

Old Cupid's wish to crush the Czar
Has cost us, in the Affghan war,
Both English lives and Indian lacs,
And hasten'd on the Income tax.

Regardless of the price of teas,
They anger'd, too, the poor Chinese,
The Mandarins have shown their backs,
But war soon brings an Income tax.

Yet now I hope the new tariff
Will something save in beer and beef
If that be so, you'll all go snacks,
And half escape your Income tax.

At least we poor folks fear no shock
At hearing the collector's knock;
His jest the poundless poet cracks
On him who calls for Income tax.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART VI.

FRIENDS AND RELATIONS.

IT was twelve o'clock at noon when I again breathed the smoky but grateful atmosphere of my relative's habitation. The dinner party which I had been invited to join was already assembled, and at once, and without ceremony, I was admitted to a private view of the complete and graceful group of Chasers. It is proper for me here to state, that the obese brass-founder—Chaser, senior—was a man of wealth. He had ten thousand pounds in cash, of which a parental government kindly took the charge, thereby relieving him from much solicitude and many restless nights, and for which he held securities, the most secure that could be found; the foundery and the dwelling-house had long since become his own; that unobtrusive row of houses in the adjacent alley that bore the burden of a line of workshops, and contained a little world of petty renters, were content to call him owner; and, in the main street opposite, a good-sized house or two, just raised and hardly finished, were indebted to him for their existence. Nor were these all. Three miles from Birmingham, where smoke and dirt were not, but in their place a broad expanse of sky, a wholesome air, hedges, trees, and shrubberies, there was a field of rising ground, and on the hillock's centre were springing up the solid glories of a suburban palace. Here, likewise, the teeming forge of Mr Chaser supplied the mind and muscle, the stone and brick-clay that were engaged in rearing to its height the noble structure. Whether the opulent owner proposed to end his days here, or built his castle on speculation, and in the way of business only, I cannot say. Such particulars as I have communicated to my worthy reader, I learned from Thomas, the intelligent ostler of the Sun, at which I had slept; and the inference I drew from the good news was, that, notwithstanding all the grossness and vulgarity of my man of *metal*, he enjoyed a laudable relish for those choice palatable delicacies of life which he could so well afford to purchase, and which after all are not to be despised by poor and hungry men. With this consoling, animating thought, and with an appetite roused and sharpened by long exercise, I approached his table.

I entered the long passage, and passed into the small kitchen at its extremity, and there, in various parts of it, sat, stood, reclined, and lolled, the interesting family. Dinner had commenced, and all were eating. A deal table, relying upon three legs placed at unequal distances from the centre, being small, was appropriated, as was just, to Mrs Chaser and her spouse. Under the shadow of a door, and in a corner, seated on a stool, knife in hand, I caught the figure of the blue-eyed youth—the eldest son, and supervisor of the *rough* department. As great men carry their business-habits into the retreats of life, so did my ancient friend appear to adorn the domestic hearth with graces borrowed from his peculiar occupation. Still uncoated, and still covered with black honours conferred upon him by the smithy—still turning his pale and inauspicious countenance from your gaze, silent and unobservant he sat, reducing to their original elements a monstrous *hunch* of bread torn from the loaf, and an endless surface of fried bacon, ravished from the flitch. Reclining against the above-mentioned door, and similarly employed, was a youth by a year or two the junior of my friend. His face was, like his brother's, *white*, but, unlike his, good-humoured. The heavy monotony of beans and bacon was relieved, on the part of this young gentleman, by a lively exhibition of grotesque grimaces, performed apparently for the improvement and delight of invisible spectators in the yard aforesaid. A bench was fixed against the wall. Here sat in company a pair of juvenile Chasers; in company as respects their bodies and the swallowing of the beans, but as to conversation, friendly exchanges, and the like, as far asunder as the poles. One dish

supplied the two. They eat with little modesty or reserve, each against the other—both against time. One boy, the last male Chaser, had a seat at the dresser with Ebenezer, the apprentice—a strange lad, of whom I shall have to speak at some length hereafter. This hopeful twig (not Ebenezer, but his messmate) diversified the moments by mischievous attempts to rob the poor apprentice of any little comfort that he could get in such a family, and from such a meal. Now he called his attention to some curious phenomenon in the room, and took the opportunity to dig a fork into his bacon, and so *bone* it. Now he acted with his feet certain evolutions beneath the table, causing the boy to writhe, to stoop, to rub his legs. Then vanished from his plate beans by spoonfuls. The victim said nothing, but bore the molestation with a meekness amounting to a fault. Very sorrowful he looked, and intimate with trouble. The canker had already galled the early promises of his spring—if the promise flower can ever shoot and grow in poverty's unsunned, neglected garden. There is little more to be noticed in this exclusive dining-room. "Miss Eliza" sat upon her father's knee, over against her mother. The young lady was the latest produce, and being on that account the best beloved, was, according to a sound philosophy, neglected, spoiled, and ruined. Her hair was very red, her face freckled, and her behaviour froward and most insolent. She assisted her parent's deglutition by a constant pulling at his whiskers, and her parent submitted to the infliction without a murmur, like a wise man as he was, in the presence of one greater than he. With joy be it said, as with unbounded delight I remarked, that the overbearing Chaser himself was but a humble subject in his own house, under the despotic government of his own wife. An appropriate servant girl professed to clean some dishes at a sink. I did not believe her. Yet charity hopeth all things, and is therefore bound to hope that even the dirtiest person, and the blackest water, and the foulest sink, may contrive, between them, to achieve a miracle. There was little ornament in the room except upon the ceiling. This was tastefully decorated with hams and sides of bacon, which were no doubt greatly improving in flavour under the treatment of sundry flies and blue bottles, who passed the summer months here, and gave their best attention to the food in question.

Nobody thought fit to notice me. Before I had time to a say a word, the eldest son rose from his seat and sighed. "That's done," said he, and then, without another word, departed. "Hollo there, Ben!" cried the father, calling him again; "how get you on? Do you want me, lad?"

"No," replied the son. "I've set the men on Brownlow's work. They won't be done afore to-morrow at dinner time."

"What have you done with Gruel, Ben?"

"Gove him the sack," said Ben, "on Saturday night. I see'd how it was with him. He's going to break up all at once like Shivers did, and then we should have another wife and family hanging on again for months. I wasn't a bit too soon with Gruel, I can tell you. He's in the horspittle by now."

"Very well, Ben," said Mr Chaser in a voice of contentment. "Any thing else?"

"Yes, very well indeed, my dear," added Mrs Chaser herself, "and very careful of your father's interest; but recollect, Master Benjamin, you have not yet said *grace*, and how often have I told you that no blessing can accompany our best actions if we neglect"—

"Oh, bother!" cried Ben, interrupting her, and taking his leave at the same time.

A general laugh succeeded. All bore a part in it but the sad apprentice. When it subsided, Mr Chaser was polite enough to turn to me.

"There, sit down, lad," said he. "Take that seat of Ben's. What has kept you all this time? I was in hopes—I was afeard, I mean, that you had gone home again. Wanted to look about you, eh? I say, Molly"——

"Oh!" shrieked the lady, trying very hard and ineffectually to blush. "Fie, Mr Chaser, fie! Remember we are not alone. *Mary*, my dear."

"Well, Mary, my dear, is all them beans gone? Is that there bit of bacon cold? because if it aint, just give it to the boy, and if it are, let Susan brile another rasher."

"It's not *quite* cold," said the imaginative and economic Mrs Chaser.

"More it aint!" exclaimed her husband, planting the back of his fat hand upon it to be convinced. "There, enjoy yourself a bit," continued he, putting the savoury morsel in my hand. You must be rare and hungry. Fill your belly, and then I'll hear all you have got to say."

A bright remembrance of a delicious day passed in Cambridge, spent in honourable toil, when the unknown future was arrayed in all the apparel of a gorgeous fancy—stole suddenly upon me. The feelings of that day—the soft contentment, pure satisfaction—the fond and pardonable pride—the feelings and the incidents of that day, vivid and clear, were here in Chaser's kitchen. How, why, or when they come, who shall tell me? They pierced, and penetrated, and left me quickly as they had come, with the warm blood gushing from my stricken heart.

I held my plate in silence, sitting on the stool, surveying the cold bacon, but for the moment thinking of nothing less.

"Oh, it isn't good enough, isn't it?" said Chaser, looking at me all the time. "I don't doubt you are used to better, but don't despise your wittles. What, aint you done yet?" he exclaimed, turning upon the apprentice. "Ebenezer—this won't do, my lad. Now, missus, call upon Ebenezer for his grace."

Ebenezer's knife and mouth were in juxtaposition.

"Now, Master Ebenezer, if you please," said his mistress solemnly, "put your knife down. '*For what*——' Go on."

Poor Ebenezer dropped his knife, and mumbled something very indistinctly about his "thankfulness;" for what, or to whom, it was impossible to gather. He also took his leave.

There is no arguing with a healthy and determined hunger. It has no moral perceptions. Offended to the quick by my cavalier and disdainful reception, incensed at the free and easy mode of Mr Chaser, his domineering behaviour and address, I vowed internally to taste none of the food that could not be offered to me with a better grace. But an internal vow! Heaven help it in a struggle with an internal *growl!* Snow before the meridian sun! a syllabub before a giant! I hated Mr Chaser, I hated his family, I hated the meanness and depravity of human nature, my own nature, myself; but I devoured beans and bacon with avidity, and having finished them, and appeased the animal craving, I became vexed and miserable indeed. Long before I had concluded my repast, three Chasers made a simultaneous rush to the sink, where, turning on the spout which admitted water, they participated in one short and incomplete ablution. Six hands, of different size and shape and colour, were thrust under the tap, catching what liquid they might in the general *mêlée*. A second rush towards a family jack-towel, suspended on a noble roller behind the kitchen door, and more startling than the first by reason of that roller; and a third rush, out of the room and into the open yard, completed with a fine *effect* another act of the performance. Very gratifying to my vanity, and flattering to my feelings, was the marked attention of my young and new-found relatives.

Of the male offspring there remained now in the room only the facetious performer on his own face—evidently his father's favourite. There was an air of independence and low assurance about this youth—the result of an unlimited and fatal indulgence—that was offensive in the highest degree. His enviable privilege it seemed to banter and expose to ridicule the venerable author of his existence—favoured child! The sire's ambition, and vain pride it was, to be the subject of the hopeful's sallies—sapient father! If, on my arrival in Birmingham, I had entertained a hope of becoming the book-keeper, clerk, or accountant of Mr Chaser, and if, even whilst sitting on the stool and swallowing my dinner, that hope at intervals still stole forth, faintly and indistinctly glimmering, it was effectually extinguished during the short conversation that was now about to take place.

"Well, Tom;" said Mr Chaser, smiling.

"Well, old gentleman;" replied the son, smiling also.

"Ha, ha, ha!" continued the father, struck comical by the repartee, and laughing outright.

"Ha, ha, ha!" rejoined the son, imitating him, and laughing outright also.

"Don't, Tom, don't!—there's

good fellow;" cried old Chaser imploringly, and shaking all over, "take care—don't—I am *so* full!"

"Well, I won't, old gentleman; but I say, do tell what's-his-name here [a polite reference to me] that story about you, and mother, and the bandbox."

"Master Thomas, Master Thomas," interposed Mrs Chaser, frowning a reproof.

"Ah, that's right, Molly, stop him—do. Let my wittles settle, Tom."

"Come, go it, father," continued Tom, urging him on, and taking no notice of his mother's remonstrance. "Begin at the old place—'*When Missus and I was a-courting.*'"

"Did you hear me, Master Thomas?" enquired the lady in a louder tone.

"*She persuades me one day to walk into a hay-field,*" said Tom, proceeding in the narrative.

"How can you sit there laughing, Mr Chaser?" asked Mrs Chaser, very angry indeed, "encouraging your son in this family *exposy?*"

"Oh—oh—oh!" groaned Chaser in convulsions.

"*Now Molly's wind was none of the best,*" continued Tom.

"Miss Eliza, Miss Eliza!" exclaimed Mrs Chaser, with feelings wounded to the quick, but still with all her dignity, "leave your parent's knee this minute. I cannot suffer you to breathe this tainted atmospear. Mr Chaser, I am shocked at your behaviour. Miss Eliza, come." *Exeunt* Mrs Chaser and Eliza.

"Oh!" cried Chaser, wiping down his forehead, "I are puffed for certain. We have put our foot in it now, Tom. Get along, you dog, and look to *business.*" It was a talismanic word, and sobered Mr Chaser quickly. In a moment again the poetry of life was dissipated, and he was the brass-founder and the proprietor of the suburban mansion. "I are not going to be bamboozled by *Uphill* any longer. Have you wrote him to say so, Tom?"

Merry and jocose as was Master Tom, even in his ill-regulated mind, joking was held subordinate to the important consideration of "the main chance."

"Haven't I though?" he said, in answer to his father's question. "I wish you had seen the letter."

"What did you say to the thief?" asked the parent, working himself up to an intense hatred of the unfortunate Mr Uphill.

"Oh, the humbug! I gave it him well," answered Tom, stirring up the caldron of unholy passions. "His bill's due on Monday, he offered fifty pounds to meet it, and the other fifty in a fortnight's time. I told him we had done that for him once afore, and wasn't going to do it again. If he couldn't pay regularly he shouldn't buy the goods, and, as he had bought 'em, he must bide the consequences. If he failed to pay the bill on Monday, the lawyer must certainly have a touch at him on Tuesday?"

"Did you say, Tom, that I was out of pocket by the whole transaction?"

"Leave me alone for that. In course I did."

"It was very lucky, Tom, we got him to take that old metal off our hands when we renewed his bill. We should never have sold it else. It wasn't worth the price of carriage, and he paid for it handsomely.

"Yes, you can't grumble there, I think, old gentleman—something like a hundred per cent, I reckon."

"Did you write to him that I hadn't a sixpence of ready money in the house, and that lots of bills were coming due on Tuesday?"

"Why, to be sure I did. I wrote the usual thing, only with a little more of spice for the occasion."

"What have you done with the five hundred pounds as was remitted from America this morning?"

"It's in the desk."

"Then pay it, Tom, at once into the bank. We've got nothing to pay away this month, have we?"

"Nothing but the wages."

"What's your next job, Tom?"

"Oh, don't break your heart—I've lots to do. There's no fear of rust in this house. I aint begun the books yet, but them's soon done. There's only two months to enter up. Why did you ask?"

"Nothing pertikler. I want a pipe, Tom."

Tom directed his steps to a cupboard, one of the innumerable conveniences with which this small kitchen was crowded. From it he drew forth a well-used clay pipe, and a home-made box of burnished brass containing the tobacco.

"I say, father," he said in a half whisper, lighting the pipe which he had previously filled, "do tell the Londoner here your wonderful story about mother and the bandbox."

"Get out, you rascal," replied his father, threatening to throw a plate at his head. Tom caught his father's hand, caused the plate to fall to smash, and then with an extraordinary grimace, performed for this occasion only, took instantly his leave. There was no doubt of this lad's being the genius of the family, and head of the *literary* department. If matters had worn a more favourable aspect, and my reception had been of the most satisfactory nature, the only situation that I could possibly fulfil in this establishment was already occupied by a principal, the possessor of powers which I might in vain attempt to emulate or acquire. There was no home for me with Mr Chaser; and, alas, alas! there was no home for me in the wide and populous world! I rose from my seat.

"What Pare you off?" enquired Mr Chaser, in a voice that fully expressed his wishes in the matter.

"I was thinking, sir,"——

"Well, don't hurry for a minute. I'll hear all you have got to say. What is it you expect? What are you fit for? Now let's hear all about it?" Mr Chaser fixed himself cosily and comfortably in his chair, crossed his legs, puffed his pipe, and prepared himself with a true patronising air for any thing I had to communicate. I sat down again, and after a desperate struggle with my better self, I resolved to take my opportunity, and to engage all the energy I possessed in one last tremendous effort to move the man to succour and befriend me. I coughed, and hemmed, and took the necessary measures for a long oration —my auditor was all attention. I felt that my only chance of prevailing with my antagonist, was by compelling his mind to dwell upon the memory of my lost mother—by speaking of their early intercourse—by calling up a point in his existence when his soul was fresher—his heart less fortified by the bulwarks which an educated selfishness—miscalled experience—had set up against mankind. I spoke to him of her many sorrows, the untimely loss of all her offspring, her fears, anxieties, and endless watchings at my infant cradle. I spoke to him of her unbounded love, her self-denial, and her long endurance. I told him how she had ventured her little all of earthly happiness to secure my affection, that was her right—my present and eternal good, which she lived to forward—how she had lost her venture, and how the loss of it had beggared, ruined, and destroyed her. Nor did I forget to convey to him, in terms which I deemed irresistible, a faithful narrative of our leave-taking. I described her silent vigil at my bedside—her forbearance whilst I slept—her tender regard when I awoke; graphically I pictured the affecting scene that followed. I mentioned the warnings which she had received from the old nurse—her firm belief in the woman's prophecies—the dark forebodings of evil which visited her spirit, and oppressed her with a painful sense of apprehension as the hour of separation approached. Then, in the liveliest colours, I painted the gladness and the joy that animated her fair bright countenance, when she in thought resigned me to the protection of her dear relative—absent, but not forgotten in the lapse of years; remembered and confided in as the tried and faithful friend of old—the companion of her youth. "In obedience to her command, sir, I have come to you," were my concluding words. "In compliance with the desire that strove in her heart, when every other worldly wish was disregarded or dismissed. Disobedient in many things, I obey her last injunction. I appear before you, recommended by her dying breath, and by the memories which attach you to the departed. I am no idler. I would not depend upon your charity for my daily bread. It is in your power, no doubt, to procure me employment in this large, busy town. Your influence must be, from your position, important; I ask, entreat you, to use that power, to employ that influence, for the child of your lost friend and cousin—once beloved and cared-for, according to your own acknowledgment. You shall find me but too glad to labour for my existence in any condition of life. Do not think that I have gone through the burning fires of the past without some purifying—some improvement. To toil and to sweat is the universal lot. Happy

am I to be set free with no harder punishment. Put me in the way of an humble, honourable independence —it is all I ask—and I will thank and bless you."

For the first few seconds Mr Chaser hearkened to my recital with great respect. Then he altered his position in the chair, turned his back upon me, and listened apparently with an attention riveted to every word. I noticed the refreshing change; I perceived that I had struck at length a human chord—my heart leaped at the brightening prospect, my tongue took courage, and warmed with animating sounds. Soon the pipe was forgotten, and it dropped neglected on his knee, whilst his big head fell sadly on his shoulders. What! had I reached and shaken the old man's heart of iron, and did the favourite pipe give place so readily to my poor cause! Oh! force of natural eloquence, not to be resisted by the mightiest when thou comest on the wings of passion and with the strength of Truth! I concluded my address. —The man was vanquished. He did not move a limb—a muscle—he did not breathe. Was it shame for his previous undeserved and cruel treatment of me?—was it sorrow and remorse that held him thus silent and breathless? Had I set bleeding afresh some ancient and half-cicatrized ulcer of the mind? Was conscience still so tender in this rough-hewn case? I had indeed achieved a victory, not more glorious for the conqueror than advantageous for the conquered. I had no more to say, but I stood still, ready to reap the rich reward of my success. And for some minutes Mr Chaser kept still likewise. "Intense and profitable moments for us both," thought I. Mr Chaser at length breathed softly. I waited for his words—none came, but he breathed again. "What," said I, secretly, "are the pains and tortures of the body, compared with the throes and agonies of a stricken conscience! What may be his sufferings now! Still he drew his breath, and still he sat motionless. I approached him, and held out my hand. He did not take it. I was deeply moved; I walked across the kitchen and placed myself before him. I had scarcely done it when I was startled, terrified by——a snore! Mr Chaser was indeed fast asleep—and had been so—there was no doubt of it, ever since he had arranged himself in his chair, and had turned his back upon me and my native eloquence.

The shadow of my form crossing the closed eyes of the sleeper—awoke him. He muttered some words with a confused apprehension of the passing scene. Then he looked about him, surveyed the kitchen generally but obscurely with half-opened eyes, and called upon me "just to repeat that there last word again."

"Which word?" I asked, sick—most sick at heart.

"About your mo—ther—go to bed —wish good-by — nursery-maid — crad—le," and the eyes were covered gently over by the lid, and he bobbed his head, and was fast asleep again.

With a fiercer desire to suffocate the snoring brassfounder than had possessed Hamlet when his hands itched to shorten the prayers of his overpious uncle, I dragged myself away from the temptation. Leaving immediately the hall of feasting, I directed my steps towards the manufactory. Here were life and animation truly. Workshop after workshop I passed through, meeting a hundred creatures in my progress too busy with their hands to grant their eyes one passing glance at the intruder. In every room there was a Chaser, securing the respect and homage due to the unconscious spirit reposing in the kitchen, and which otherwise might have been suspended. So inconstant and disloyal are the masses! Few words were thrown away, and fewer moments lost. Each workman felt the uncomfortable influence of the evil eye that fell upon him—that fixed him to his work, and kept him hammering in spite of all his struggles for rest and breathing-time. The youthful Chasers were present in a twofold character. *Ostensibly* they presided over the different departments of the factory, labouring, however, with the men, as labourers. *Really* they were so many spies, noting the various proceedings, compelling silence, enforcing constancy, marking down defalcations. How accurately they performed this division of their task, the workmen themselves acknowledged with wonder and dismay as Saturday night arrived, and with it the acceptable settling time. If, during the short interval of social relaxation, my young friends had

found nothing to say to me, I could hardly expect them to be very communicative during the severer hours of business. They permitted me to pursue my road without the smallest greeting or acknowledgment of my presence. One room contained a regiment of young girls who were engaged in the higher branches of the service. Their office it was to finish and furnish the last touches to the work, which had become brighter and cleaner as it had gradually descended from the rough hands of dirty Benjamin. Over this youthful *corps* Mrs Chaser herself sat in authority. An awful silence prevailed. The little burnishers and lacquerers held their breath, and the mistress had enough to do to watch that none escaped them. As I proceeded, the lady bowed her head with much solemnity. Had my mouth been open it would have shut immediately. Another room completed the survey. It was the counting-house—a small square chamber, filled with drawings and designs carved in wax or cast in plaster. Here was a desk and one high stool. Here sat smoking a pipe, in humble imitation of his parent, the facetious Tom. A jug of small beer was before him; the ashes of his tobacco were strewed upon the open books. He was the only lazy man in the establishment—true, he was the only genius. A smile was on the countenance of Master Tom. This was no compliment to me; his face was never serious. The counting-house conducted to the street. I snuffed the fresh invigorating air blowing through the open door. How glad was I to feel again the generous element about me! I was *not* so thoroughly deserted as I deemed. I had my health, my liberty, and oh, above all, I was sensible and alive to the beneficent operations of a bounteous and all healing nature. I heard the buzz of human voices. Hope whispered delusively in my ears, and promised more than I could ask. I listened eagerly to her promptings, and rose superior to my fate, and to the scorn these men had thrown upon me. I departed. "Good-night," exclaimed the clerk, deridingly. I turned upon him, but he met my enquiring gaze with a grimace that set me laughing, and I could not be angry. I encountered Mr Chaser as I passed up the alley. He beckoned me into his house, but it was only to dismiss me from it more formally and decidedly. He did not hesitate or blush to acquaint me that he had considered the matter over very seriously, and had come to the conclusion that he could not help me—that was one word for all. As for recommending me, why he knew nothing of me, except that I had been to college, and broke my mother's heart, which were two things against me, and therefore he couldn't be responsible, and so *that* point was settled. If my father had sent me to him when I was young; and if many other circumstances, too tedious here to mention, had taken place, why then something very satisfactory would have been the consequence, and he would have performed wonders in my behalf; but as he had not sent me when I was young, and as the particular circumstances had *not* come to pass, why of course it was impossible to relieve my urgent wants—to put a crust of bread into my starving throat. This was all very natural, reasonable, and easy to be understood. "Take my advice," said Mr Chaser, kindly and in conclusion, proffering his counsel, "go back to London. You are sure to get into something *there;* but here there's a dreadful feeling against you college chaps. We don't want gentlemen in Birmingham. We can't afford 'em. Go back again, and get your living where you are known. If you stop here any time, Missus told me just to say, that she hoped you wouldn't come hanging about the factory. Laziness is horrid catching, and you'd only be ruining the boys, and do yourself no good, for we shouldn't give you the least encouragement. Do you understand?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"Well, then, I've nothing more to say, except"——

"Now, father, don't be all day," exclaimed a voice from a workshop window, distinguishable as Master Ben's.

"Coming, lad, coming. There, go about your business," he added, with impatience. "You are upsetting the whole house. Get on, get on," and so saying, he moved towards the door, urging me at the same time most unceremoniously before him; in short, and without concealing the

fact—kicking me clean out. I walked very hastily indeed from the house, and quicker still, if possible, out of the street itself. Then I stopped to breathe, and collect into a steady focus the flurried powers of my mind. The flattering and soothing, although obscure suggestions of hope, that had erewhile kindled in my bosom the dull and dying embers of a confidence almost extinguished by disappointment and despondency, still protected and sustained me, albeit not with all their earliest vigour. It was pleasing, it was delightful, it was ennobling, to experience the healing assurances of success pouring upon the troubled spirit; but more delightful, more convincing, more conducive to my happiness would it have been, had the invisible and mysterious agents who visited the lonely chamber of my heart, pointed out distinctly the particular path which I had missed—the path that led to honour and to fortune. Deeper would have been my gratitude had they but hinted the name and dwelling-place of one feeling individual ready to employ me, and to rescue me from a threatening famine. The fault lies not with thee, thou goddess Hope! Glorious in the *abstract* are thy splendid visitations! It is our misfortune and our loss that we cannot feed and thrive upon abstractions!

There was but one house in the town of Birmingham besides Mr Chaser's (which I had firmly resolved never to behold again) that I was entitled to approach in the quality of an acquaintance. This was the public-house at which I had put up; and without any desire on my own part to visit that house of entertainment, I found myself, after many hours' wandering, standing before it, and ready to claim the privilege which I may be said to have purchased with my sixpence on the previous night, *videlicet*, that of seeking a temporary rest upon the bench fixed against its hospitable door. I occupied and amused myself for some time with watching and observing the many thirsty individuals who, one after another, entered the public-house for refreshment, remaining there long enough to be refreshed for Herculean labours, if any were to follow. Then I noticed the passengers—scrutinized their looks—formed a judgment of their characters. Now a surly and morose fellow passed, well-dressed, tall and thin—his lips closed, his brows wrinkled and contracted—his hands buried in his pockets. I wondered how many tales of misery it would take to moisten his cold grey eye—how many cities and empires might be desolated and dissolved before the quiet and steady pulsations of his heart would be accelerated by a beat. Next my eye was caught by a stout, fresh-coloured gentleman, walking somewhat slowly under the shelter of a broad-brimmed hat. He was indubitably sweet-tempered and communicative. He had just issued, or I greatly erred, from a pleasant meeting of choice friends, and some smart sally had fallen from his lips, at which the jocund company were roaring still. With what a pardonable vanity he twists his lips about and laughs, and to himself re-acts, and now once more, the rich conceit, unmindful of the world, and careless of the universal criticism, which, as he passes, judges him deranged. "Now, here's a man," thought I, "to lend or give me half-a-crown without a murmur, had I the soul to ask it." The opportunity was my own. Twilight had arrived; the air was cold and nipping. I shuddered at my destitution; and I rose and followed him. I touched him gently, and he stopped. My poor heart failed me speedily, and stammering an excuse, I blushed, and trembled like a maiden criminal, and begged him to inform me "What it was o'clock?" Most kindly he replied, and instantly I felt how much more kindly still he would have spoken if I had told him my distress, and besought him to relieve it; and feeling this, I was annoyed, enraged, half-maddened at my folly and my pride. Returning to my seat, I found myself in company with Thomas, ostler. That well-informed member of society having left his cattle to the sweet digestion of their evening repast, had found his way into the open air, and taken up his position on the bench. With pewter in his hand he looked into the world, and with copious draughts from it he seemed to reconcile his nature to the unequal but existing state of things. I did not suffer my pride to stand in the way of my advancement here. Thomas and I already understood each other. As early as daybreak I had recommended myself to his notice,

and for one long hour he had relieved the process of *whish—whishing* at the horses, in imparting to my ear the most important communications. Thomas had been a month in Birmingham, was most dissatisfied with his place, disgusted with the natives, and he intended to elope the instant he could find a gentleman ready to seduce him to a better situation. He had always been a coachman in *a family*, and "it *drove* him wild to hear the language in the yard, and see the goings on, which he was quite impartial to." In return for all this frank unbosoming, I explained to Thomas the object and expectations of my visit to the town. Now, on my return, and sitting on the bench, I told him of my failure and condition, and asked him, as a man familiar with the world, and as a friend, what he would advise me to do or think of next?

Thomas pondered for a while before he answered, nor did he speak at length until I had taken a handsome share of the remaining porter as a warranty of my good faith and fellowship.

"Betwixt ourselves," said he, "there's no good to be done in this place. The people are a puzzle, and neither you nor I, nor any body else, can make any thing of 'em. I don't know if it's the smoke as does it, but it's a fact you can't see through e'er a man of 'em—they are in disguise. I have found 'em all as buttery as you like whilst you are talking to 'em, but, out of your sight, they haven't a civil word to say for you!"

"Ah, Thomas, what you say of these people is, perhaps, true in a measure of the whole world!"

"Yes, but what I say is, there's no measure at all about these Birmingham chaps. There's no trusting them. I don't think they are Englishmen—that's my opinion. They are for ever going a sneakish, roundabout way, instead of marching at once to the point. I haven't studied human nature for nothing. They remind me of an old master of mine who had a superannuated passage dug out of the ground, and there he was groping his way through it morning and night, instead of walking in at the street door, which was wide open, and right before him.

"Well," said I, sighing, "there was little flattery or dissimulation on the part of the Chasers."

"Why, perhaps, you were a very particular friend, and they had nothing to get out of you. From what I've seen, they'll lick you down till they get all the juice out, and then they'll chuck you about like a bad halfpenny. But, I say, where did you think of sleeping to-night?"

"Heaven knows! I have told you that I am penniless. I suppose that I must beg my weary way back to London, and begin the journey to-morrow. I shall find a heap of straw somewhere to-night: I am determined not to break my heart for a little trouble."

"You call it a little, do you? Well, I am glad of that. But you sha'n't sleep on straw, any how. Just come up into the loft. My bed's big enough for two, and if you like the half of it, you are welcome to make yourself at home. Something I dare say will turn up for you in a day or two."

We proceeded to the stable-yard, ascended the ladder in the stable, and entered the sleeping apartment of the benevolent ostler. There was a moveable stove in the room, a small fire was burning in it, and a genial heat prevailed. Oh, it was very grateful to my desolate heart! Thomas had the tact of rendering himself comfortable under unfavourable circumstances. His room was very small, but it was very neat and clean. The roof was sloping—the ceiling inconveniently low—but the floor was white from recent scouring. One window supplied the loft with light. It consisted of a few small diamond panes of glass, but rubbed and polished with such success, that what they lost in number they gained again in power. A press bedstead was on one side of the room, putting forth an allowable claim during the daytime to be recognized as a wardrobe, and opposite to it was a cupboard containing the whole stock of plate, crockery, and hardware, that served Thomas at his meals. I was very happy, and sat down before the stove, chafing my fingers.

"Ah, a bit of fire's nice, isn't it? Were you ever abroad, where they only smell the fire and never see it? I left the first and best place I ever had on that account. My father was a man cook; and when I was boy, I used to stand with my back to the kitchen fire for hours together, hold-

ing up my coat and warming myself through and through. When I was taken abroad to *Pa-ree*, I looked for the fire so naturally, and got so disappointed and miserable, that I gave my governor the discharge before I had been with him a month. What's the use of being warmed by a fire if you can't see it. I say, should you like a cup of tea? I was going to turn in when you came up. Make yourself at home."

Thomas displayed the contents of his cupboard, put a small kettle of water on the fire, and prepared for tea. I apologized for my intrusion, and I felt ashamed when I deprived the generous fellow of his hard-earned provisions—so I told him.

"Now, I say," said Thomas, "none of that. Wouldn't you do the same for me?"

"Thomas, I cannot tell. I hope I should."

"Very well; then there's no obligation on either side. The poor man hasn't got many privileges, but if he can help a fellow in distress, and has got the heart to do it, mind you, why he needn't envy all the privileged classes together, with the king at the head of them."

"Do you ever read books, Thomas?"

"No; but I'm very partial to the the atre. That's the school for human nature, depend upon it. Were you ever at Common Garden in London?"

"I never was at a playhouse in my life."

"Lor'!" cried Thomas, turning up his eyes and hands, and suffering the latter to fall again upon the table, as though his surprize had taken away all his power and he couldn't prevent them. "Lor'—what you have lost! What, never seen a tragedy?"

"I have read one often."

"Yes, that's like the *Pa-ree* fire. If you haven't seen it, you know nothing. The dresses and the scenery, and the actor's faces and action are every thing. I wish you had only seen a few of the combats that I have. No man knows any thing of the horrors of war if he reads the newspapers for ever, unless he has seen a few desperate combats on the stage. They have got a very fair playhouse here. How should you like to go to-night?"

"With what spirits, Thomas, do you think I could participate in amusement of any kind?"

"That's very true. I know some men who always get drunk when they are low-spirited; but it doesn't answer. Still, I think there's something very consoling in a tragedy. You do see great people so tremendously wretched, that your own troubles look as light as a feather after it. I say, just shut that door behind you. I'll be bound there's some fellow listening in the stables. It's impossible to be sharp enough for Brummagem."

I complied with Thomas's request, and then he unbuttoned his pocket, and produced an old leathern pocket-book. From many papers he selected one narrow slip.

"There!" he exclaimed, putting it before me. "Do you know what that is?"

"Not exactly, Thomas."

"No, I dare say not," he added, with a triumphant smile. "It's by a great favour, I can tell you, that I have got hold of that. Look at it—it's an order for the pit."

"And what of it?"

"Why, read. 'Theatre-Royal. Admit two. Not admitted after seven.' You see they are very particular." Thomas proceeded in a lower tone. "The ostler that had my place before I came here, comes out to-night, and I'm agoing to support him. I can't get away till late; but if you'll take the order and leave one in my name, I'll be after you as soon as I have put up the horses, and made things right below."

I explained to Thomas that I had no desire to leave his hospitable loft, but I was ready to do any thing with respect to the playhouse that he might consider most advantageous to the interests of himself and his predecessor.

"Well, that's very kind of you," replied Thomas. "The fact is, if somebody doesn't go to give Thatcher a hand, I'm afraid he'll do no good. He's stark mad for the stage, and yet I don't think he'll ever get to first-rate parts. The stuff's not in him. But he thinks differently, of course. He's got a very queer part to-night. There's only one line for him to say, though he's on in nearly every scene. Now what I want you to do is this—When he first appears, just make some remark about his fine figure to the man who sits on one side of you, and when he walks across the stage, ask the man on the other side if he ever saw

such command and grace, and if he is not of opinion that he'll turn out a Kemble. I'm sure Thatcher will sink without a little encouragement. If you stir these two men up, and excite them a little by talking about poor Thatcher whenever he walks on, they'll be quite prepared to clap him as soon as he speaks; and you must take particular care when he does speak, for he shuts his mouth again directly, and you won't have another chance to kick with your feet and clap your hands all night again. I have got his speech here somewhere." Thomas searched through his papers again, and found one with a few words written on it in pencil. "Pay attention, there's a good fellow! It's in the fourth scene of the third act. The king asks Thatcher if he knows Am—Am—Am something—Ambergreses, I think it is—and if he does, what he thinks of him. Then Thatcher says he does, '*and what I know*,' says he, '*is this: that whilst the sun is shining in his face, the east wind's blowing mischief from his heart.*' Now, directly Thatcher has said this, I want you to cry—'*Oh, oh, beautiful!*' and clap, and stamp, and holla '*bravo, bravo*,' and nudge the two men—all at once. You must not lose a minute, and you may holla out in your excitement any thing you like except *angcore*, because that's quite nonsensical in a speech, and was only meant for songs and dances. Now, I say, can you do this for a fellow with a family?"

"Thomas, you have been very kind to me, and I would willingly do any thing to serve you. But do you think me equal to this task? Recollect I know nothing of the theatre's proceedings."

"All the better and more natural. If you go a little beyond the mark, they'll think you are carried away by your feelings. We have got an hour to spare, and we'll talk it over."

Our tea was finished. Thomas returned to his duties. I set out to perform mine. I proceeded to the theatre and took a seat, as I had been instructed, near two gentlemen who appeared by their demeanour not to be regular visiters. We entered into conversation, and before the rising of the curtain we were as intimate as it was possible for us to become in the short space of twenty minutes, and without an introduction. The theatre became very crowded. A great performer from London was about to appear after an absence of many years—and the audience was full of expectation. I was prepared to execute my commission in every particular. The simplicity and frankness of Thomas, his unhesitating cordial reception of me—beggar and unknown as I was—his warm and catholic spirit, had touched me deeply. His low employment could not sully, his rough exterior could not obscure, the pure humanity that adorned his humble nature—could not control the streaming tenderness which God is pleased, with irrespective love, to draw from founts imbedded in the coarsest earth. I compared his friendly conduct with the heartlessness and barbarity of the Chasers, from which, be it remembered, I was yet fresh and still smarting—and I felt proud to be engaged in the poor man's service. I remembered, too, through whose instrumentality it was that I was now here, who it was that had come to my rescue in the first bitter hour of want and helplessness—the gentle-hearted and hard-labouring Thompson. I sat in the pit of the theatre summing up all that the poor man had done for *me*, and reckoned my present attendance a very small instalment indeed in discharge of the debt I had contracted. When the curtain drew up at length, and the charm and novelty of the scene gave new fire and vigour to my feelings, I became roused and animated to an uncontrollable degree, and then it was that, forgetting every thing—even the grand representation itself—in the fulfilment of the office which I had undertaken, I took leave of my judgment, and gave vent to the most extravagant and chivalric ebullitions of emotion. My neighbours did not at first seem pleased at their proximity to so restless an auditor as I proved to be. Be sure, I was ever on the alert; and, regardful of Thomas's precepts, profoundly mindful of the exits and the entrances of Mr Thatcher. Little repose did I allow my new acquaintances, for very jealous was I of the glances and encomiums they bestowed on every one but him who needed them the most. "Look at his gait and figure, sir," said I, beseechingly, as Thatcher walked along—

most awkward and ungracefully, it cannot be denied. "Look, sir," I repeated, pulling at the sleeve of one." "Dont," replied my victim, harassed and annoyed in the extreme, "do let me hear the play," he added, reduced almost to tears. What is refused to perseverance? Fortunately for me, my play-goers were modest and retired. They might, with great propriety, have recommended me to the notice of the constable; but they shunned publicity, and preferred submission to the torture. Perhaps they did at last perceive a latent beauty in the martial bearing of the well-dressed Thatcher — perhaps it caught and struck them unawares. Suddenly, and at my instigation, they hailed his entrance with a burst of acclamation—a huge *bravo*—and then the audience, with one accord, burst into laughter. We repeated the experiment, but not with like success. Some cried for our expulsion—others, *shame!*—some gave dark hints about the watchman and the watch-house; and not a few were for corporal punishment, and on the spot. My colleagues were silenced instantly—not so Thomas's faithful and infatuated confidant. In quiet reserve I held myself for the approaching speech. It came. Poor Thatcher had but one friend in the house, but he made noise enough for fifty. There was a general commotion — loud signs of indignation—a dozen violent hands laid hold of me. "Away with him—send him to the devil!" exclaimed one indignant party. "Make him remember it!" said another. "Give the dog a bone!" interposed a third. I was held up in the air—the people made way that those who bore me might pass along freely; and, in a few minutes, I found myself in the street, half stupid from excitement, and from the cuffs and blows that had been gallantly dealt upon me in my progress.

"That's pretty treatment, isn't it?" enquired a youthful voice, recalling me to consciousness. It was Ebenezer, the apprentice. "That's the way they've treated me," continued he, "since I was five years old. Now, I don't look for any other."

"Did you see them then?" I asked.

"Yes, I sat behind you in the pit, and, when they dragged you out, I followed. You have had your share to-day. I say, is that true what you said to my master?"

"What?"

"Oh, I heard you, every word! I was in the yard, emptying the *aqua-fortis*, all the time. If all's true that you told him, he ought to be ashamed of himself for turning you out; but he's got no feelings. None of 'em have. It will be different this day two years."

"I suppose you will then be a free man."

"No—not that exactly—though we shall all be free too. Ah! I know something."

"Well, good-night, Ebenezer," said I.

"I say, stay a minute—do. Didn't I hear you say that you had broken your mother's heart?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, didn't I?—tell me," said Ebenezer, quickly.

"Something like it, perhaps," I replied, "if you listened as closely as you confess to have done."

"I didn't listen," replied the boy. "The door was wide open, and any body might have heard you in the next street. You run away from your mother then?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, but I run away—and, when mother died, they told me I broke her heart, and that running away had done it. Look here," he continued, taking an old, discoloured letter from his pocket with a trembling hand. "Oh, I forgot!" he said, putting it back again, "it's dark now—you can't see to read it. But that's what they said, and they have made me as miserable as a murderer."

"How old are you, Ebenezer?"

"I was fifteen last birth-day. I run away two years ago. Wouldn't you have done it? Mother was a widow, and had five girls besides me. She couldn't earn enough to keep them, and I could get nothing to do. Now, I say, do tell me, was there any harm in my going off without a word, and leaving my share of the victuals to be divided amongst my sisters?"

"I don't think there was."

"Well, I think not, too," added Ebenezer, his young and sorrowful countenance assuming a sadder cast.

At this moment a party of low roisterly men approached us, singing, and exclaiming at the top of their voices.

I retired under the lighted portico of the theatre, and drew Ebenezer after me. The face of the boy was a striking one. His features did not possess either beauty or perfection of form, but from their combination there sprung a sweet and plaintive expression, that could not fail to touch your heart and win it. His complexion was dark, and of a temperament known by the term *susceptible*, marking, as it does, how alive and quick the hidden spirit is to affections from all external things. His hair was black, and twisted by nature into close round curls, wiry and strong, like the negro's. He had a small dark brown eye, and above it a pencilled brow, ingenuous and truthful. The eye was soft and melting when it spoke, and speak it did most movingly, oftener and more convincingly than the lips, which carried on their impending edges a weight of early woe.

"Why did you follow me from the theatre, Ebenezer?" I asked, when we were under cover of the portico.

"I don't know exactly," he replied. "Only I wanted you to tell me of your mother, and because I knew you were unhappy, like me. I didn't like the way they treated you to-day. I don't wonder at their ill-using me; that's to be expected—but you are their relation, aint you?"

"Well, Ebenezer—we have nothing to do but to submit to out lot, and to bear our troubles patiently."

"Oh no! we needn't though," answered the boy with great vivacity, his liquid eye full of emotion, "no, we needn't. I know better."

"If we do not, we shall only make our condition worse."

"No, we sha'n't do that either," he continued. "I say, did you ever hear of the New Moral World?" I am a member of that."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and in two years you'll find things very different.—I can't tell you how it all is; Mr Rational can; but I know this—we shall all be very comfortably off in the New World—the poor are to be rich, and the rich are to behave themselves. We are to be united, and love one another, and the subscription's only sixpence a week."

"I never heard of this."

"Oh, it's quite true, you may depend upon it. Have you ever heard of Juggernot?"

"I have read about it."

"Well, that's where Mr Chaser will go, and all the hard-working masters. Mr Rational says there's no hard work at all in the new world—that one day in the week is enough for a man's support, and we are only to work for ourselves. I am to be a nature's noble."

"A what!"

"A nature's noble. A nobleman, you know—a great man, with plenty of money and carriages. My instincts are to be allowed to show themselves."

"I never heard of this before, Ebenezer."

"I daresay not," replied the boy, "Mr Rational says, that in the old world it's all force and fraud, and the light of truth is put out with a priestly extinguisher. I wish you would become a member. You would find out directly what your nature is, and then all your troubles would be put an end to."

Poor Ebenezer spoke with much earnestness on this curious topic. The subject was, in truth, novel to his listener, nor did he seem himself to comprehend it in all its bearings, and with that conviction and power which were necessary to render it perfectly intelligible. The lad was unfortunate in life. He had no goodly heritage—the lines had not fallen unto him in pleasant places: a dim shadow of future good had been placed before his sanguine and excitable spirit—a prospect of happiness such as he had never dreamt of, and without waiting to enquire into the reality and truth of its pretensions, he enjoyed the promise at once, and with a delight and assurance that could not have been increased by the surest possession. Such, before I parted with him for the evening, I gathered to be the condition of the susceptible boy. Language similar to the above he continued to reiterate. He spoke of the great cause of the suffering poor until his eyes filled with water; and of his revered master, Mr Rational, he made mention in terms of praise that had no limit. The gods and demigods of old, and the saints of a later date, were mean company for the benevolent patriarch of the New Moral World. He was quite sure that I should be well off and comfortable in the new state of things, and that I could do nothing better than become a disciple. "He

was a disciple," he said, "and if I would meet him to-morrow night after he was done work, he would show me his ticket of admission and his medal." There was a mixture of vehemence and artlessness in the manner of poor Ebenezer that was not to be resisted; but, independently of these, it was not difficult to create in my depressed bosom an interest in any cause where I might look to find the seeds of my own future prosperity. I consented to meet Ebenezer on the following evening at an earlier hour, and on the same spot. He would then conduct me to the abode of Mr Rational, and from that gentleman himself I should learn the exact amount of relief that was about to be showered upon the believers in the new creed, the members of "*the New Moral World.*" I accompanied the lad to the street in which he lived, and then returned immediately to my own temporary home. Thomas was sitting over his fire, and smoking his pipe—he looked disconcerted and unhappy. The arrival of travellers had frustrated his benevolent intention, and he had not been able to reach the theatre. "It's always the way," said Thomas, expressing himself tritely but profoundly, as most persons do similarly situated; "if I hadn't wanted to go out, here I might have sat for ever before a job had walked into the yard—but because I did, there's just been one continual shower. Well, what luck for poor Thatcher?"

I narrated at full length my experience at the theatre.

Thomas shook his head slowly and despondingly. "Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "They have raised a party against him, as sure as I am a ostler; who'd have suspected it? The public press will give him the last kick to-morrow morning, and Thatcher will be a soger and a supernumery from this night forrards. There's genius crushed!" Thomas became low-spirited, and, although we sat together for an hour or two after my return, there was no moving him to any thing like cheerfulness and social enjoyment. Thatcher's failure, which he looked upon as consummated in my expulsion, fastened upon him, to use his own expressive words, "like Old Bailey pinions, and he was quite at a stand-still."

Very civil was Mr Thomas, but very sorrowful.

I once overheard two beggars discussing their separate states—comparing the results of all their wanderings. A few passages in their conversation were worthy of remark; they indicated the meditative and brooding spirit of man, neither crippled nor frozen beneath the cold rags of lean mendicity. The mendicants had withdrawn themselves from the public street, and were planted against a dusky brick wall that enclosed the garden of a great nobleman—one of the green spots of London, upon which the city-pent boy was wont to stare wonderingly, dreaming the while of paradise; one almsman was old, and leaned upon a staff—his companion was middle-aged—both were sickly-looking.

"I don't agree with you, Roger," said the younger beggar; "it's with the first blush of morning that hope revives and life looks promising again. When I wake up, I feel confident and fresh, and something supports me inwardly that's as stout as this good wall. I have no doubts or fears, but I feel as certain of luck as though I was rolling about in yonder carriage. It takes some hours to disappoint me and make me desperate, and when disappointment and desperation do come, it's not all at once, but gradually and gradually, like the twilight and the night, as I have seen them on a large common, creeping and crawling along, taking the place of sunshine. I don't give way till night and darkness come, and then it's true I am very wretched indeed. But sleep cures me again, and I rise next morning as strong as ever, and as ready to trust fortune as though the jade had not jilted me since the day I first trusted her, many years ago."

"You are a sanguine man, Jacob," answered the elder one, "and you have not lived long enough to get your blood quieted and calmed; depend upon it, what I said is true. For us beggars there is no happiness in the broad day; cuffs and cruel words, and the prospect of the cage. It's miserable work! When I was as young as you are, it was just when night came on that my spirits revived; and I took courage, and hoped and believed in the kindness of the day that was yet unborn; but the sun rose, and I drooped again; for the day looked like all the rest, and it proved

just as cruel and deceitful. Now my heart is moved neither night nor day; and I have lost all the enjoyment that I used to feel, expecting and hoping from one hour to another. There's but one time when I feel myself excited as I used to be when I was confident and young, and very strange excitement it is too. I mean, Jacob, when I am asleep and dreaming. It is a gay time that for beggars, and the only time in this world when they get the advantage. I have often dreamt that I was a king, when I dare say the king himself was dreaming that he was a beggar; and who was the happiest man then, I should like to know! Give me twelve hours' sleep, and golden dreams all the while; I care for nothing else."

I have never forgotten the reasoning of my philosophic mendicants. Strikingly it presented itself to my memory when I rose from Thomas's poor but hospitable bed, elastic and full of belief. How exactly did my own impulses coincide with those of Jacob! How, in spite of the unrelenting reality of my situation—in the very teeth of disappointment and abandonment—my easily-moved heart rose and expanded at the sight of the bare floor, dappled here and there with dancing sunlight! If, on the preceding evening, in place of an aching brain, tossed with fierce alarms, I had deposited on my pillow a mind peace-sustained and tranquillized by firm assurances, there would have been a ground now for hilarity—a motive and a reason for the confidence that inspired me with gladness, and urged me to activity. Thomas bustled about his work—every hand in the house was busy—every creature in the street was moving. Sunshine was with them all—lighting up their paths, illuminating their contented cheeks—blessing and adorning industry with grace and beauty borrowed from the skies. How petty looked my troubles in the midst of all! How evident it seemed, during the brief period of a dazzled fancy, that they were soon to end; and that the object of my life was now to be obtained, if I would only walk abroad and seek it diligently. Walk abroad I did. Every street and alley of the town I searched and scoured for employment. The brisk morning inspired me with confidence, and with a boldness at which I have since marvelled. I visited the inhabitants—first imploring, and at length demanding, some post of business, however poor, however humble. "Heaven!" I exclaimed, as I found myself wandering from house to house, heaping defeat upon defeat, mortification upon mortification, "this is incredible. Surely there must be many, like myself, seeking, as I am now, the means of life, and they must obtain it too, or starve and die—as I shall soon. What an amount of misery is there then of which the world knows nothing, and for which it cares as little! But no, it cannot be; there is, there must be, some broad avenue to success, and I have missed and lost it." I continued steadily my ineffectual pursuit. Failure accompanied me throughout. Winter was in my heart again. Hope, bird of passage as she is, flew from the bleak spot, and sought a warmer home. She left me depressed and beaten down in spirit, and then I knew how I had warmed and nestled in my bosom a fluttering and inconstant charmer. I returned to the public-house. Already was my foot upon the ladder which conducted to the loft, when a sickening sense of shame prevented my further progress. How could I ask—accept a pittance from the kind stranger? Could I, without a blush—could I again partake of the food which his hard labour scarcely enabled him to provide for his own support? No, I could not, would not do it, and I retreated instantly. I passed into the next street lest Thomas might be about, and, seeing me, suspect that I was lingering near the house in expectation of a further invitation from him. It was a quiet street, and afforded me an opportunity for meditation. Little speculation needs the outcast and the beggar. I resolved to pass the coming night under the broad sky, because I had not where to lay my head. I had never before spent a night in the open streets. It was a novel and a curious procedure, and might afford me instruction and amusement. God help me! To what shifts must griping necessity reduce that poor soul that soothes itself with such expedients for knowledge and entertainment! At the corner of the street through which I walked, almost the only passenger, there stood the shop of a pawnbroker. I had

passed it very often. I had looked into its window time after time, remaining there for many minutes together, for want of better occupation; but the place and its transactions had suggested nothing to my strained and weary mind. Approaching the shop for the twentieth time, I remarked a young woman crossing the road and hastening towards it. She was neatly dressed in a faded but still clean silk gown, and a small befitting bonnet, which was drawn closely to her face. She tripped along with short and rapid steps, looking neither to the right nor left, and, arriving at the shop, hurried anxiously into it. My curiosity was raised, and I watched her from the window. A bundle was in her hand; tremulously she untied it, and drew from it a coat, black and little worn. Her lips and every feature moved as she addressed a young man who fixed his eyes keenly upon her, taking at the same moment the coat from her hand, and holding it up at its full length. Then the man smiled and shook his head. Her own fell, and she drew a handkerchief from her pocket that I thought was bedrenched with tears—but this was my own fancy. My warm breath had moistened and darkened the window—I removed the vapour, the handkerchief had not been unfolded, it was very white, and, as yet, tearless. Then the shopkeeper placed the coat before her, closed his arms, and looked still more rudely into her downcast face. He spoke a few words which, of course, I could not hear; but which his emphatic gestures, like a good dictionary, enabled me to translate. There was no doubt of his meaning. He had refused to advance another shilling on the pledge. The young woman made a brief answer—a few shillings were extracted from a drawer and spread upon the counter. The pawner could scarcely take them up for agitation, but having secured them with her shaking fingers, she tottered from the shop more confused than when she came to it. She passed me quickly, enabling me to catch a glance of a most fair and melancholy visage. She turned the corner of the street—I followed and observed her. She rested against a post—again the same white handkerchief was in request—I could not be mistaken now—she filled it with her tears. I followed still the young and gentle sufferer; with rigorous care she dried her eyes and wiped her cheek, and then moved quickly into a second street. "Sad, sad," thought I, "must be her history!" Arriving at a baker's shop, she stopped, looked for a moment in, then entered. There sat, awaiting her appearance, an emaciated figure—a tall and sickly-looking man, as old perhaps as she, and once, no doubt, as fair. He placed a penny on the counter—bowed to the mistress of the shop, and took the sorrowing woman's proffered arm; he breathing hard and painfully, and coughing with every little effort—she, for the sake of her dear charge, burying her tears beneath her smiles, and turning these encouragingly upon him, arm in arm they issued slowly from the shop. It was a task for one, at least, to find the street's extremity. I waited till they reached it, then losing sight of them, I returned without delay to the public-house. The ostler was busy in the yard. Instructed by what I had witnessed, I mounted the ladder unperceived by any one, and took a garment from the box of clothes which I had carried to the loft on the preceding night. I ran to the pawnbroker's, and pledged it for a crown. To appease my hunger I purchased bread, which I devoured in the street; then I bought some meat, which, with returning confidence and cheerfulness of heart, I speedily conveyed to Thomas. He expressed his displeasure when I exhibited my offering, but I saw that he was pleased that I presented it. The motive of the gift gratified the man, who loved to look upon the better side of human nature. He pressingly renewed his invitation; I was freed from the grating shackles of obligation, and I did not hesitate to accept it. The satisfaction which I received from the fresh and unlooked-for possession of comfort—from the certainty of another night's rest, produced a happy reaction—a powerful and sudden transformation of feeling, at once agreeable and cheering. Thomas made tea. He had shortly before paid a visit of condolence to the unfortunate Mr Thatcher. Once and again he mourned over the fate of that gentleman, and furthermore expressed his decided conviction, that his histrionic friend only waited for a convenient opportu-

nity to remove himself from this great scene of trouble, "where," continued Thomas, "as the play has it, '*all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely passengers.*'" He had never seen a man so cut up in all his life before, and he didn't wonder at it; for the eyes of the public were on him, and he must be a terror to himself wherever he went. I consoled my host, and bade him cherish better thoughts.

"It was very kind of me," he answered, "to talk in that way; but Thatcher's case was one of those wholesale miseries that didn't admit of any hope whatever. Some men were ruined in public, some in private. Now Thatcher was smashed every way."

Thomas continued to talk in this mournful strain until the hour of my appointment with Ebenezer approached, and I rose to depart.

"Don't be late," said Thomas, in a supplicating tone. "This business has made me very nervous. As long as I am doing something I don't care, but sitting alone sets me moping, and going into the tap below is worse than all. Get back as quick as you can—there's a good fellow!"

I pledged my word to return in good time to supper. Thomas followed me to the gate, and there, putting his hands morosely into his pockets, solemnly declared that it was a perfect madness for him to think of going up stairs again, and so he shouldn't attempt it, but he'd just keep company with the horses 'till I came home. Thus speaking, he opened the stable-door and walked into it, a lump of spiritless matter.

I arrived at the portico of the theatre before the appointed hour, but Ebenezer was already waiting for me. He was now cleaner and better dressed than I had found him at our previous meeting. His face had been recently washed, and much rubbing had brought upon it a glossy brightness. It was highly coloured too, partly by nature, but chiefly by excitement. His soft dark eye glanced with delight when I approached him, and his young lips quivered with an over-eagerness to welcome me. I looked upon him with admiration. It was a face that would have graced a prince. With my mind's eye, and in my age, I revert to him with sadness; for I have lived to witness, as a common sight, the cruel fate of genius beating through the straits of poverty—its early power and promise, its rapid wreck and ruin.

"I haven't much time," said the boy, greeting me. "I must be at home again in an hour. I was obliged to tell a falsehood to get out at all."

"Then you did wrong, Ebenezer," I replied, "and you may be sure no good will come of it."

"I couldn't help it," returned the boy, blushing as he spoke. "If I had said that I was coming to you, they would have kept me in the house. They do nothing but make game of you, and call you names."

"Ebenezer," said I, sincerely interested in the welfare of the ardent apprentice, "listen seriously to what I say. A lie is the first temptation that the devil puts before us, when he has resolved upon our destruction. A very pleasing temptation it is to many, but it is fatal to all. It was when I brought myself to write an unwarrantable falsehood to my mother, that greater offences committed against her seemed hardly offences at all. They do say that lying is the criminal's alphabet, and that nothing is easierthan to become a robber or a murderer, after you have once uttered a deliberate lie without a pang or a blush."

"Well, let us go to Mr Rational now," answered Ebenezer, uneasy and restless in his manner. "I am ready," I replied, and we walked together in silence. I thought the youth had grown sullen. We had proceeded some distance, when he stopped and looked up at me. He was crying. "It's all very well what you say," he exclaimed, sobbing, "and I can't help it if you think so bad of me. But what was I to do? I had promised to meet you, and they would have hindered me."

"It would have been wiser to break your word with me, Ebenezer, than your faith with God. Don't cry so, boy. The people are observing us, and they will think that I am ill-treating you. And do not suppose that I am a hypocrite, preaching what I cannot practise, for the sake of being thought better than yourself. I have been wicked, very wicked, and I would have you avoid the rock upon which I have foundered. I can have no object in view but your own happiness, in thus speaking to you."

"Well, but you don't think," he

continued earnestly, "that because I told master a lie this once, that I shall turn out such a character, do you? I don't feel as if I should, and yet people wouldn't say so if it wasn't true."

"Be careful for the future, Ebenezer," I replied, "and watch yourself narrowly. If we are satisfied that we have done wrong, and are sorry for it, our very faults often prove our best counsellors and friends."

I hardly knew what to say to mitigate the pain which my reproof had inflicted. The heart of the apprentice was as sensitive as a girl's. A touch would set it gushing.

We reached at length the abode of Mr Rational. The great and good man dwelt as far as possible from the denizens of the old immoral world. He occupied the attic of a very high house, situated in a street of very humble pretensions. Ebenezer waited an instant at the street door, to arrange his Sunday's dress, which had become disordered in our progress, wiped his face briskly with a blue cotton handkerchief, asked me if he looked as if he had been crying, and, upon receiving my assurance that the smallest vestige of a tear had not been left behind, he mounted the scraper at the door, and pulled at a lofty bell with all his might and main. A friendly understanding amongst the numerous lodgers in this establishment, rendered it incumbent upon Ebenezer to repeat this operation six distinct and several times. With my assistance he was enabled to complete the work, and after some little necessary delay, we obtained admittance. The door was opened by a lad about fifteen years of age; his singular behaviour did not permit me to take any but a very hasty glance at him. He drew the latch of the door violently aside—the door flew wide open—and he himself flew up stairs like an arrow from a bow. I looked at Ebenezer for an explanation. "It's all right," said he, guessing my meaning. "We must go up stairs—Mr Rational's at his supper, and he's very angry if Jem's out of the way, for he don't like waiting upon himself." "Oh, very well," was my reply, and then Ebenezer set out on his journey, and I followed him, and after the lapse of a period something short of an hour, and after undergoing a fatigue, which he who ascends Mont Blanc may understand—we reached the distinguished chamber, holding within its walls the future purifier of the world and general regenerator of mankind. There he sat, a rump steak broiled to a charm before him—a savoury morsel on his fork, revelling in gravy—pickled onions at his side—there he sat, a hard and musculous man, fifty years of age at most, six feet three at least. High cheekbones, large eyes, thick nose, broad chest, tremendous mouth, and sandy head of hair—frizzled—all united to impress me with an overpowering awe, and "to give the world assurance of a man." The youth who had answered the six peals of the bell stood behind the giant's chair, a satellite scarce recognizable in the presence of that huge terrestrial body. In the corner of the room I perceived a gold-headed stick—club rather—about a foot higher than the waiting boy, no doubt a flexible twig in the grasp of its massive owner. The gold, or gilt, or brass mounting of the stick stood in gareish contrast with every other article in the room, which certainly was as scantily supplied with the understood conveniences of life as any receptacle for man could be, short of his last and narrowest. Ebenezer had doffed his hat, and put his hair in order, before he ventured to ascend a stair, so oppressed was he with reverential fear or love. Under the eye of the renovator he literally quailed, and it was with difficulty that he found words to effect my introduction. Brandy and water, strong and hot, did Mr Rational imbibe to his contentment, not to say satiety. One long and crowning draught he swallowed as Ebenezer spoke on my behalf, then placing the glass quite empty on the table, and breathing thickly through his nose, he unclosed his lips again, roaring like Stentor.

"What," he exclaimed in a voice which, but for the brandy and water that had made it hoarse, and reduced its volume, would at once have brought the roof upon us. "What, Ebenezer, another deluded native of the immoral world! Has he come with his heart in his hand, and his hand in his pocket—has he come to draw the milk of knowledge from the moral paps of the harmonious reformer?"

Ebenezer made the great teacher understand that I was a very wretch-

ed individual, and that having been spurned by my relatives, I had come to him for comfort and advice.

"Ah, ha!" cried Mr Rational, in a tone of sarcasm, that trilled most unpleasantly on the tympanum, "the old thing—stopping up the instincts of your nature, and be d——d to them. Now, I tell you, young man," he continued getting very angry, "if the instincts of your nature compel you to think and feel as you do think and feel—who, I should like to know, has any right to prevent your feeling and thinking as strongly as you please? Every body must have liberty to act in accordance with the dictates of his nature—Some more brandy and water, Jem—then every body shall speak truth without mystery, truth without error, truth without fear. Truth will produce love, and love every thing else that's desirable—and this is the millennium."

Ebenezer followed the speaker with a countenance glowing with admiration and delight. To me, I confess, he was not exactly intelligible. The size of his person, and the vehemence of his manner, inclined me to regard him as somebody, but I could attach no suitable ideas to his mysterious words. Jem soon returned with the brandy and water, placed it before the Regenerator, and retired behind the chair as before. Mr Rational quaffed, smacked his lips, belched impolitely, and proceeded.

"I don't blame you, my boy," he said, shaking his head—"quite the reverse. I pity you, now that you have become unbearable to yourself through your false principles, and your ignorance. You have lived under the old system till you can stand the heart-hardening, the mind-softening process no longer, and you want to repose under—under the—give me the book, Jem"—Jem produced a dirty dog-eared volume, which Mr Rational opened, and resumed, reading from it as follows—"under the leafy shades of the real tree of knowledge, situated in the garden of Paradise, where man adorns himself with the fig-leaf of intelligence: the tree where wealth grows upon the branches, and war ceases even amongst the caterpillars, and virtue comes from the sap and vital juice; where you see Pandemonium, the old world, in the distance, swallowed up into nothing; and where you shall enjoy yourself for ever, and some time after, in the increasing happiness of your children, if you are fathers of families."

No one attempted to check the flow of eloquence.

"No!" exclaimed Mr Rational, imbibing a *teetle* drop more, and striking the table with his knuckles, "there isn't—it's no good hiding the matter—there isn't no glory, there isn't no power, there isn't no love in that miserable, ignorant, and disunited beast—Man! Look at France—look at Spain—look at Portugal—look at Italy—look at Poland. Aint you disgusted yet? Well, then, look at Turkey—look at Russia—look at Persia—look at India—look at China—look at 'em all, one at a time, and then all together. Read what the books say of 'em. Read the papers. Can you bear it? Aint they all in excitement? Aint they feeling the necessity of something? What is it they feel? What are they excited about? I can tell you, and I will—but pay your subscription like a new moral creature—learn wisdom, and walk as a nobleman into the superior state of human existence."

Fielding observes, that there is a class of men whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world, and who, consequently, are not at five-and-twenty as difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. It is true that I had not passed the last two years of my life without deriving some knowledge from the sharp practice to which I had been exposed; but the experience which I had collected had rather skimmed and irritated the surface of my system than entered potently and beneficially into its centre. I had endured the whipping of the master: had I not felt the smarts? But mine was not yet the wisdom dearly purchased with the punishment. Mr Rational was, to all intents and purposes, intoxicated; that is to say, if he had not arrived at that extreme point at which drunkenness, placing its wretched victim in horrid stupefaction, leaves him in a plight which the vilest animal that crawls might contemplate with triumph; if he had not reached this honourable climax, he had safely gained that only less pitiable condi-

tion in which reason, tumbled from her seat, is content to bow and minister to folly that usurps it. I could not fail to be conscious of his state. For half an hour he continued to preach in the above mazy style, filling up the very small gaps of repose with hot infuriating liquor; becoming, as it was natural he should become, more violent and more incoherent with every fresh imbibition. I had seen enough to be satisfied, and as the moment for Ebenezer's return homeward drew near, I was glad to remind him of the terms upon which he had received permission to come abroad. It was difficult, I thought, to conceive how the inspired bacchanal or madman could obtain so firm a fastening upon the mind and feelings of this boy. The more the large man raved, the brighter gleamed his eye, the more absorbed were all his faculties in the consideration of the speaker. Turning towards him for the purpose of hinting that it was time to depart, I beheld his lips moving in a dumb attempt to repeat the incongruous sounds of the untired ranter; and when I touched and pulled him, he was as insensible to my application as a stone might be, or as the gold-headed stick was, quietly reposing in the corner. Finding no means of moving the rapt boy, I resolved at least to take my own departure, and walking towards the door with that object, I called loudly to Ebenezer, informing him of my intention.

"Not yet;" roared out Mr Rational, "listen to the demonstratable truth. Why will you be a bigot? Come here, come here," he continued coaxing me towards him; "must you go? must you go?" said he more tenderly, and grasping my hand. "Do wait a little—only a little till I've spoken about marriage and divorce—durable affections—pleasure and enjoyment—love and separation—marry who you like—three months' notice turn her off—marry somebody else—permanent happy union. Oh, listen to this"—Ebenezer's attention had been loosed by the regenerator's diversion from the main oration. I took the opportunity to remonstrate with him, and to inform Mr Rational seriously, that neither of us could, with propriety, remain any longer—"Come to-morrow then," exclaimed the gentleman, pinching my wrist with a force that made refusal dangerous. "Come to-morrow morning and hear the rest."—Again the wrist was most affectionately pressed and the promise extorted. With some difficulty I escaped from the room, and afterwards from the house, in possession of Ebenezer.

"Get home, Ebenezer," I said, as soon as we reached the street. "Get home, for heaven's sake! Keep yourself out of trouble, and avoid these scenes for the future."

"What do you think of him?" enquired the apprentice, regardless of my advice. "Is he not a wonderful man?"

"He's mad drunk," I answered.

"Oh no! he's not," returned he. "I have seen him so before. He is always excited when new members come to him, and he says it's because he feels so for their unhappy lot. I wish you had waited a little longer. He was just coming to it, and then you would have heard all about the poor, and what is to be done for them. But you'll go to-morrow—won't you?"

"Yes, Ebenezer, because I have engaged to do so, but not with any hope of reaping benefit from my visit. I do not suppose that I shall see you again. There is nothing to be done for me in Birmingham. I shall try my fortune once more in London. God bless you!"

We were standing opposite the dwelling-house of his master. Much against my will, he had prevailed upon me to accompany him hither.

"Wait a moment," said Ebenezer, "don't go just yet—I feel so wretched. It seems as if I had known you such a time. Do you know I haven't another acquaintance in the whole of the place? I mean one that I can talk to. I say, I have a good mind to run away with you. They'd never find me in London. I think I should rise and make a fortune there. I'll speak to Mr Rational about it."

"Be grateful, Ebenezer," said I, "that you have a roof over your head, and daily bread accompanying your daily labour. It is hard enough to be forced as I am into the streets. You would be mad to rush into them. Starvation awaits you there. Now, good-night; your time has elapsed. Look, there's a light at the window."

"O yes! I know; they are going to prayers. Never mind that; but

tell me, if Mr Rational gets a situation for you, won't you wait in Birmingham then? You may as well do that as go to London. I wish you would."

"If he or any man, Ebenezer, will furnish me with employment, you shall find how eagerly I will accept it. We shall see to-morrow. Go home. I am sure they will be angry with you. Good-night."

He did not answer, and I moved gently on. I was half afraid that he would insist upon accompanying me at last. He remained silent for a minute, and then he called loudly after me.

"Stay. Come back for a minute; only one minute. Perhaps," he added, running up to me, "I sha'n't see you again, after all. Search your pocket, and see if you haven't a keepsake. I have got a medal that was given to father when he was a soldier. You shall take it to remember me; and what will you give me for your sake?"

I had about me an old leathern purse—empty, of course—I begged that he would by all means accept it; and wished that it were in my power to offer him something better, or even that with a better recommendation.

"The value's nothing," he rejoined. "Father's medal isn't worth much; but don't lose it on that account, for you'll forget me directly if you do. Can you write?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, I am learning to write too; and in two months, master says that I shall be able to read writing as well as any one. Oh, do write me a letter in two months, and then I'll answer it! That's the way with all friends."

"I will endeavour to do so. But, Ebenezer, I implore you to go home. You will be punished, and I shall be unhappy, knowing that I have been the cause of it. You have nothing more to say?"

"Oh yes, I have," he replied; "I have a great deal on my heart, but it's all confused, and I sha'n't think of it properly till you are gone; and then one thing after another comes into my head, as they did last night, and I hate myself because I didn't recollect them when you were here. Ah, there! one thing now," he exclaimed, taking me by the sleeve, "I have just thought of it. You said you told your mother a falsehood, and then you never considered any thing wrong afterwards. Do tell me all about it."

I was in the act of excusing myself from complying with this request, which I saw would lead to enquiries that could not be answered in a night, when the sudden opening of Mr Chaser's door, and the appearance of that gentleman himself, gave a violent impulse to my legs that was not to be opposed, had opposition been desirable, and which effectually and for ever separated me from the interrogatories of the anxious apprentice.

Early on the following morning I returned to the lodging of Mr Rational. I had little inclination for a second interview with this offensive individual; but, having promised Ebenezer to wait upon him, I was afraid to keep away—afraid lest the uninformed boy, dwelling, as our nature prompts the best of us, rather upon the evil than the good of men, might suffer more injury to observe me failing in one particular, than derive benefit from an attentive listening to all my previous admonitions. I set out accordingly—unprepared, indeed, for much that was to follow. Mr Rational was sitting in his attic as before—the deformed transformed. Every appearance of excitement and inebriety had departed from his countenance. It wore a serious expression, and the repose that accompanies habitual study and contemplation. It seemed the fit and natural expression of that enormous bulk. I had yet to learn the moral teacher's powers of *appropriation*. He welcomed me with cordiality, and beckoned me to a seat. He made no mention of my previous visit, but referred to Ebenezer in the tenderest terms. "He was a boy," said he, "might win a stranger's heart, and he was inclined already towards me for the sake of that sweet lad." There was a homeliness in his mode of speech and in his utterance, that betokened him a man risen from the lower ranks of life, devoid of education; but, in his sober hours, he could display a vivid eloquence and a force of diction that polished minds might envy. Very soon I ceased to wonder that the confiding, tendril heart of Ebenezer had clung so trustingly around this [illegible] He spoke to me of the infirm[illegible] bewailed humanity's har[illegible]

siring, as I thought, to excuse the proceedings of the previous night, he touched upon the various aberrations to which the mightiest intellects are prone. "But, my young friend, what should this teach us?" he continued—"what, but that we are living in ignorance, in misery, and in sin; in the midst of evils encouraged and increased by the falsest institutions that the foulest error could devise—institutions founded when the mind itself was crude and inexperienced—founded in utter ignorance of our great moral nature. We know little of this nature; we are deceived respecting it. Our notions are irrational—we are imperfect, inconsistent beings. History tells us this. The history of man is the history of lies, deceit, fights, robberies, and murders. Man has striven against man; brother has fought against brother — poverty, crime, and misery, have been the consequence — virtue and happiness have been unknown. What do you say to the man who, regardless of reward and personal advancement, comes in strength to destroy the baneful system, to raze the pestilent institutions, and to build up a new system and new institutions, founded on the immutable, unfailing, and discovered laws of nature—a system, from which, as water from the mountain spring, gush love, riches, charity, happiness, moral and intellectual perfection. I can effect this change, and I come to do it in the broad day, and in the sight of a deluded people. A system," he added with energy, "that shall close the reign of ignorance, of violence, and warfare—that shall destroy poverty, and take for ever from the human breast all fear or thought of it—that shall remove all impediments to happiness between man and man—that shall bring about abundance—enjoyment—pleasure — endless delights—daily increasing riches—peace, charity, and good-will, now and for ever."

It is a pity that, having faithfully recorded the eloquent preamble of Mr Rational, containing, as it does, so much that looks benign and lovely, and pregnant with benevolence, I am compelled now, by a strict regard to truth, to refer to a transaction militating against myself, and very discreditable to the moral regeneration of mankind. Seduced by the apparent sincerity and actual warmth of Mr Rational, deceived by his sophisms, and fairly enslaved by the liberal and extensive promises that he held out to the eager and necessitous, I became at last as zealous a believer in his doctrines as poor Ebenezer himself, and quite as ready to submit myself to the discretion and authority of their promulgator. Upon the day succeeding the above interesting meeting, I deposited my trunk of wearing apparel with the polite proprietor of the pawn-shop. The day following that found me placing into the hands of Mr Rational one guinea and fifteen shillings, the sum obtained from the pawnbroker in consideration of my constituting him the guardian of my property; and, upon the third day, the Reformer vanished, carrying with him my little all, and the savings of a host of humble proselytes. It was necessary that I should lose every thing, in order to know and feel myself thoroughly the scorned man—the expelled and castaway. From the fortunate evening when I discovered a means of converting my few fragments of clothes into money, I had buoyed myself up against the pressing tide of unpropitious circumstances, with the knowledge that I had wherewithal to shield me from want for many days to come. This knowledge—this safe conviction—valuable as it was for its own sake, was precious, indeed, for the facility and power it gave me to look abroad with calm and settled thought. Famished, and ignorant when and where the hunger might be appeased; cold, shivering, and exposed, without the prospect of shelter or a bed—how could I think—reason—form a plan? How could I hurl from my oppressed, distended mind, burning with apprehension and alarm, appalled with fear of visitations, unknown and fast approaching—the crushing weight of present misery? It was impossible. But the sudden consciousness of my improved state—the feeling of having money—or that which could at any instant purchase it, removed, as with a charm, every distressing fear. It placed the terrors at a distance—where I might contemplate them as one indifferent to their existence, and, surveying them in all their formidableness and on every side, I could prepare to overcome and crush them, or at least receive them with a fortified and governed

temper. This ray of consolation breaking into the dark day of my misfortune, was annihilated, like every other earthly promise, before the light could warm my clouded spirit. Cheated by the plausible impostor, but more deceived by my own half-formed judgment and absurd credulity, I threw into the air the one defence that stood between me and a gaping beggary. It was at mid-day that I discovered the villany of Mr Rational. I left his door, stunned by the information which I had received, and then slowly, and in desperation, I pursued my way out of the hateful town. I passed into the suburbs, intending to walk until my passion should be dissipated, when, if my reason were yet left me, I would drag myself once more home. "*Home! home!*" I repeated the word till I shrieked, frantically laughing. Home for me?—With whom? With the poor ostler, upon whose bounty I had already lived until the food which I meanly gathered at his board stuck in my throat, refusing to be swallowed, held there by shame and self-abhorrence? Was it to him that I could now return? No—welcome starvation rather; and, if it must come, death on the highway. Should I put again to trial the soft and sympathetic heart of Mr Chaser? Yes, to be thrown into the street with vulgar insolence and brutality! Truly that were worth the attempt. Irritated to a degree that admitted not of subjugation or control, I increased my pace, trembling from head to foot with anger and excitement, and repeating my grievances aloud as to a multitude. Schemes that might never be reduced to practice, were invented by my hot imagination—the only faculty of my mind that could exert itself; and this let loose, became delirious with its freedom—and one after another was disposed of as impracticable, wild, and useless. Still I walked forward, and, with my back upon the city, experienced at least a sense of freedom. For three hours I did not slacken my pace. Reaching, however, a roadside public-house, almost dropping from fatigue, I craved permission to rest my limbs. It was granted me, and the eye of the landlady followed me with suspicion into the tap-room. There I sat, wondering what I should do next. Every thing I possessed was on my back. I had no ties like other men to bind me to a particular spot of ground; I acknowledged no preference for any—the loveliest of nature's heaven-begotten scenes of earth. Generous fields, ripe with the sustenance of life, wherever they might be, in whatever quarter of the globe, were now for me to seek, and, if I found them, there would I recognize my father-land. "And I will wander," I continued, "until I reach them. I cannot be deserted entirely by my God. I shall find a haven yet. Punishment I deserve—I have received—but He is not a God that persecutes unto the end, and who delights in vengeance. I will not falter. Yet have I not read," I asked despondingly, "of poor and famished men, brought to the pass in which I find myself, carrying their inefficient prayers to man, screaming for bread, receiving in its stead a stone; then lingering on and sinking, till the friendly hedge receives them where they die, less pitied and regarded than men's dogs. It is a horrid death. Heaven, let it not be mine!" I wept bitterly, for tears were as companions, soothing my griefs. The pain was less acute, assuaged and softened by the water drops. I thanked the landlady, and set out again. I did not proceed a hundred yards before a fresh suggestion darted across my brain. I would go at once to London. "If help is to be got," I said determinedly, as if I needed energy and emphasis to persuade myself, "London is the likeliest place to meet with it; and if I die, where is the fitting place for me to lie but near the pauper grave of my poor father? Oh, father!" I cried out, bursting again into wild emotion, "could you have foreseen this dreadful hour—could you have witnessed this completion of your darling plans—what would have been your grief? Heaven was gracious when it carried you to peace—and to oblivion of the world. And my dear mother, where is she with her thousand anxieties—her indefatigable cares—her fears—her mother's love? What would at this moment be the expression of that watchful eye that in her, dear one, marked so carefully the earliest shadows of some approaching accident? How terrible would be the violent motion of that heart, that shook and bended at the boy's shrill cry of joyousness! These were sickening, maddening thoughts; and, like a mad-

man, I ran along the road, seeking to fling off and to escape the intolerable load. Night came on, bringing with it a lowering sky. Black clouds gathered overhead, and tracked my way. At length they burst, and rain poured down in torrents. Wet to the skin, and shuddering with cold, I continued my journey. I was no longer violent—I did not weep. I felt that I had reached the height of my calamities; and once upon the summit of bleak misery, as on the naked mountain tops, there is rest, silence, intensity, and breathlessness. My road brought me to a farm-house. It was a rural palace. A fire was burning in a large sitting-room, and its cheerful blaze made visible a dozen happy creatures who formed a circle round the family hearth. A halo of rich light surrounded them. Beyond them, in the room, all was darkness. It was the delicious hour of unutterable felicity—who cannot call it to remembrance?—when the good fire, made sacred by our affections, pours forth a stilly joy that winds into the soul, rendering other light an irksome glare and a profane intrusion. Sweet notes of music caught my ear as I passed the door—some home melody, with power to represent the unruffled peace that dwelt within. I hurried on. The night was growing darker—the storm more violent; the wind howled fearfully, and the rain fell as though the floodgates of heaven were opened, for a second time, upon a doomed world. A new impulse moved me. I would return to the farm-house, and crave permission to sleep there—in some barn or outhouse, in any hole where a friendly roof would cover me from the pitiless fury of the elements. No sooner thought than done. I knocked at the door, and begged to see the owner of the house. He appeared; a portly man, with a rubicund face that seemed aware of the soul's integrity, and made it apparent in every look and feature. It was a face that I could trust, and I asked for shelter, convinced that my petition was already complied with. The farmer heard me, and took no time for thought. "Ay, ay, lad," said he; "it won't do to turn a Christian into the storm, just after bringing the animals comfortably out of it. What an awful night it is! I should be sorry to have my dog in it. Here, Willy," he cried out, "take this youngster to the old blue room; make him a fire, and give him supper—and—do you hear?—dry his clothes for him, or we shall be hanged for murder. There—follow the boy," he continued, addressing me, "and get those things from your back as soon as you can."

"It must have been an angel," said I to myself, as I sat before a crackling fire, enjoying a wholesome meal, and clad in a shepherd's dress, with which the good farmer had supplied me, whilst my own was growing dry; "it must have been my guardian angel that whispered in my ear, and gave me courage to turn back. I should have trudged on in spite of every thing, and died perhaps before morning. I shall never forget this kind-hearted creature. Oh, that I could acquire influence and wealth only to display my gratitude to the few whose ready hands have drawn me from perdition!" Whilst I was thus dreaming, the farmer himself stepped into the room. I rose.

"Never mind, my lad," said he, motioning me to be seated, "eat away, eat away. You are very welcome. I have only come to see how you are. They'll make a bed for you directly. The men breakfast in the morning at six o'clock, and you are quite at liberty to join them. Make yourself comfortable. They are as much at your service as if they were your own. All I have to ask you is, that, for the sake of those that come after you, you wont run away with a blanket or any other paltry thing in the room, as the man did that I gave a bed and supper to last year. My missus has just reminded me of it, or else I had forgotten all about it. It isn't worth your while; for, in the first place, stolen things never do a man good; and secondly, it isn't the thing, and, as I said before, isn't fair to those who are as badly off and more deserving than yourself. I don't mean you," he added, perceiving me changing colour. "I mean such rascals as the fellow I speak of." I assured my benefactor that he had nothing to fear from me, and that misfortune had not yet made me indifferent to honesty.

"I believe you," he answered,—"I could tell it by your looks; but my good lady has seen so much of the world, and has been so deceived, that

I don't wonder she is suspicious a little, and looks about her. Don't mind what I have said—finish your supper, and get a good night's rest, and thank God we have been able to afford you both."

The farmer departed, and, if he did not sleep soundly, it could not be that he had not earned repose, or that self-reproach disordered and discomforted his pillow.

Existence is a history of contrasts and dissimilitudes. Without us and within, sunshine and cloudiness vary with the hour. Sorrow is set off against delight; enjoyment is heightened by misfortune. Our cup of life has mixed ingredients, and the draught is oxymel. Strengthened with a hearty breakfast, and cheered by the return of smiling weather, I resumed my travels, gladdened and encouraged. I did not remit exertion, nor lose confidence, for many hours. Arriving at length at the outskirts of a large city, I halted, and directed my eyes in search of a temporary resting-place. Before an ancient-looking inn, the only house in view, and at a low table, five or six men were seated; by turns talking, laughing, smoking, drinking, but principally occupied in discussing the merits of an old newspaper. Bold with my success at the farm-house, I resolved to apply to this company for succour. Their looks were, upon the whole, good-humoured, and time and place were promising. I had hardly yet acquired the beggar's needful strength of heart, and I advanced towards them with a meek and hesitating step. Drawing near, I overheard one—the loudest and most disputatious of the party—arguing with vehemence a contested point in the debate. Catching sight of me, he did not pause, but pointed to me with his finger, and fixed upon me the general attention. "Now, there's a fellow," he continued, as if pursuing his discourse—"he's another of them; till you rid the country of such locusts, you'll do no good at all. We are eaten up by vagrants. To jail with them, say I, or transport 'em, sir, at once. I have got a way of treating them." I checked immediately my further progress—and went quickly forward on my journey.

I cannot torture myself by a minute recital of the wretchedness which accompanied me during the five following days. I cannot, even in my age, look back upon that horrid scene, and not be affected with something of the pain I felt in passing through it. One day I lived upon a portion of bread given to me by a charitable baker; and on the same night I slept in an unguarded stable, whither I had crept at nightfall, unperceived by any one. A second day I begged alms upon the road, and submitted, for a few pence, to the most cruel and degrading insult, and reproaches too! Ah, every one was liberal of these; these were to be obtained unasked; reproaches for being an idler and a beggar—for not labouring, as I should, for my support! One gentleman I found most bountiful in this respect, and prodigal of invectives. He was the master of a fine white house and ornamental garden. In the latter he was promenading with much stateliness, when I ventured to solicit his assistance. He started back in great affright, and looked upon me with a killing frown. High iron gates protected him from violence or assault, and, conscious of his advantage, he was bold to overbear and bluster. "Why doesn't the able-bodied rascal get to work, and not annoy the public in their houses? It would be more becoming, fellow."

"It would indeed, sir," I replied, "and much more grateful to the miserable wretch before you. Perhaps you'll give me work, sir?"

"What does the blackguard mean?"

"Or kindly tell me where I may obtain it?"

"John," cried the gentleman to his servant-man—"here—go fetch the constable. This man will murder me. Look how the monster grins. A pretty thing to insult a householder on his premises. We've stocks, thank God, for beggars! Think of that, fine fellow."—And with this denouncement he strutted off.

Two nights I spent in the open air, gathering what sleep and rest I might at the foot of a large tree. The fourth night, suffering from extreme cold, benumbed and aching in every joint, I crawled to a brick-kiln, hazarding my life—too worthless to be taken—for a little healing warmth.

I reached at last my destination—reached it, broken down, crushed in body and in mind. I had become thin and wan from prolonged anxiety. A fever was upon me, and my feet were

sore and swollen. The first feeling that I experienced on entering the metropolis, was one of vexation and vain regret that I had come so far, at such a cost, without a single object to allure me. "Fool that I am!" I exclaimed, "why did I not wait patiently in Birmingham? Something might have turned up there. I am certain of my fate in London." So tossed and beaten was my unsettled and afflicted mind! How had it held its seat so long?

It was on a Sabbath-day that I found myself again in the great city. I was master of a few coppers, which I had received early in the morning, passing through the village of Highgate.

Parched with burning thirst, and having no appetite for solid food, I made my way to a public-house, where I purchased and drank off a draught of ale. There, sitting to rest my tired and harassed body, I took up mechanically the newspaper of the day. It was a print that ministered to the morbid cravings of distempered minds, filled with the weaknesses and vices of mankind, dressing depravity and corruption in gaudy robes, to spare the eye from dwelling on their loathsomeness. It was the poor man's intellectual food. Fit reading for the child of immortality, with his one short day of preparation, dragged from the mercenary hold of worldly traffic! How full of consolation to the bruised spirit toiling for the crust, his eye for ever on the earth—his first and last, his only home and hope! How ennobling to the human understanding!—how worthy its transcendent scope and grasp! Here was a column of recorded offences, softened down to look harmless and attractive—here one of indecent jesting—here course disloyalty—here witty blasphemy—and here a string of cruel and cold-blooded sophisms—the devil's rhetoric, goading the needy, the helpless, and the ignorant, to discontent, rebellion, and destruction. But there was another column yet. In it, the broken-hearted, the world-weary, and the desperate, might find the sure and easy way of vanquishing their care. Here they might see hardihood, alienated from true valour, rushing upon its fate, and courting death with most unnatural zeal. It was the *suicide's* own column. I read with avidity the accounts, gathered from every province in the kingdom, of those gallant men who, ground by circumstance, escaped her tyranny; with their own hands severing the bonds that held them. I was transported with the more romantic and highly finished pictures imported from foreign lands, where the prurient mind and pen are unrestrained in warm delineation. From these, I knew the faith and constancy of lovers, who, divided in life by cruel destiny, pressed to each other's breast, leaped united into darkness and the grave; the gambler's recklessness—he who, trying to overreach, was himself deceived, and, losing all, staked at last his soul's best hopes for temporary forgetfulness and peace. It was a dangerous study in my present season of trial and desertion, and I continued it until a resolution to live no longer, and perish by my own impious act, informed me that I had nothing more to learn. Death appeared here not a grim spectre, as I had been accustomed to regard him, but as a good angel, coming with healing on his wings to conduct the weary and the worn to blissful and eternal quiet; and ah! did not I long for repose, and release from suffering, as the hart panteth after the water brooks! I put the journal aside, and departed from the public-house nerved for the fearful deed. "What," I asked myself, "what, what have I to live for? The love of life, deemed paramount in the heart of man, is extinct in mine. My affections are with the dead—and I will join the dead in death." I walked to the river side, and coolly and deliberately marked on a bridge the spot from which I would cast myself into the water that very night. "No one," thought I, "shall witness the fact—no officious hand shall drag me back to misery, and, when I rise again, no creature will recognize me, and none will be able to aver that I did the deed myself. Thank Heaven, then, I have but one more day to live!" My fever increased, and thirst became again insufferable. My skin was dry and hot, and my body now burned with heat, and now was chilled with cold. My mind was preternaturally calm. I drank more ale, and then I visited the two churchyards where lay in amiable sleep the authors of my life—that miserable life, whose flame was burning rapidly to the socket. "Ah me!" said I, contemplating the

humble sod over my poor father, after having spent a long hour at my mother's graceful monument. "What a difference even in graves!" Who questions the universal power of wealth? Who says it may not purchase immunity from sickness, and the ills that flesh is heir to? True, it cannot. But if in this brief sojourning it takes from them the poignant stings that indigence inflicts—and moves the bitter from the cup that all must drink, its claim to honour and regard is not to be contemned. Well do I remember the gratefulness with which my father spoke of his partner's funeral—how he thanked God that he had been able to bury her with decency and respect, and to place over her dear head the sculptured structure and the engraved memorial! "He could not have lived," he said, "to see her loved remains dishonoured." What had been his own fate? Had I not lived to witness the violation of his sacred corpse? Had I not seen it, in its thin deal case, mingling in a row with a dozen pauper coffins, over whose tenants the one divine service, hastily performed, was all too long and tedious for the pampered minister of God? Had I not seen coffin after coffin carried to the remote and well-defined portion of the ground, distant from putrescent respectability and the aristocracy of worms' food? Had I not seen, too—oh! dreadful spectacle—shell piled upon shell, plashing in the watery earth—the topmost (and that was my father's) not reaching to the water's thick and mudded surface? Yes, I had seen all this and more, and gazing once again upon the grave, the melancholy scene was re-enacted, and my own dark purpose was confirmed.

It was six o'clock in the evening when I entered the street in which I had dwelt from my birth, until I left it to reside in Cambridge. A foolish desire to look upon the old house and to take leave of it for ever possessed me, and had compelled me to retrace my steps, after having arrived for the second time at the river's bank. A superstitious feeling, inherited from my mother, prevailed over the reason that was left me; the visit presented itself to my mind in the form of a duty, and—strange incongruity!—I was afraid to destroy myself until I had religiously accomplished it.

The church bells were tolling—calling the multitudes who thronged the streets to prayer, and notifying to me the hour of my departure. I continued still very feverish, but my mind was wonderfully composed. There was no tumult there—no disorder—no irregular mixing of ideas. I was aware of every thing that took place. I could reason—and, listening to a discourse, I felt myself able to reply to it steadily and fully. If I crossed the road, and passengers encountered me, I stopped suddenly still, bowed, and permitted them to pass on. "Surely," said I, "a madman could not do that. He would not be alive to these refinements of behaviour." I intercepted a gentleman on his road, and requested him, with many polite expressions, to direct me to a neighbouring street. He did so. I answered him again. We parted. It was another instance of my sanity. I endeavoured to recall to memory the events of the last few years. They rose without an effort—one after another—in regular succession. Who should say that my intellect was not as bright as sunshine?

I passed a dissenters' chapel. Many persons, men and women, were hurrying into it. It was a large square building—looking like a theatre, and the folks were crowding about the place like playgoers. A small knot of young men prevented me moving forward. One of them spoke. "Come, old fellow," said he to his companion, "let us go in—only for the fun of the thing." He entered the chapel, and the rest followed. I, scarcely knowing what I did, went immediately after them.

THE NORMAN CONSCRIPT.

By Delta.

> Oh! leave the lily on its stem;
> Oh! leave the rose upon the spray;
> Oh! leave the elder-bloom, fair maids,
> And listen to my lay. Coleridge.

I.

The good, the wise, ever their country love
With deepest fervour—else, how can it be?
There all our sweetest pleasures have been shared;
There all our dearest visions have been dream'd;
There were we born; there glow'd our childhood's sun;
Parents and kindred, friends, all whom we loved,
All who love us, are there; and, when we think
Of what the earth affords of happiness,
The yearnings of the spirit turn to home.

II.

Here, in the silence of delightful eve,
Under the canopy of this broad elm,
While murmurs far below the osier'd stream,
And gleams, as 'twere a speck of gold, beneath
Grey clouds—pale evening's couch—the vesper star,
'Twill yield to memory pleasant scope, to trace
Back through the past the windings of a tale,
Simple—but full of sorrow; 'tis of one
Whose home and heart were in another land,
And all the hopes that stirr'd that heart—though here
Life's lamp its latest flickering lustre shed;
And, o'er his ashes, the sepulchral boughs
Of yon old yew-trees shed congenial gloom:
A course erratic—from the day, when first,
Over a son so dear and dutiful,
His weeping mother hung on Julien's neck,
And bless'd his parting footsteps, to the time,
When, 'mid the heather of yon mountains blue,
Came to his wasted frame the sleep of death!

III.

Behold him by the waters of the Seine,
Blue in the morning light, a happy youth,
Singing behind the team his country's songs—
"Red Roncevall," or "Marlbrouk to the Wars;"
Hard by, engulf'd in summer foliage, shine
The white walls of the domicile, the home
Where first to light open'd his infant eyes.
He was a father's only son; his sisters
Loved him, as sisters love an only brother;
And many a year flow'd on with joyful sound;
But yet his bosom knew not full delight,
Till, by the stile, Jeannette seal'd with a kiss
Their mutual vows—and Julien's bliss was full!
Ah, kings might envy happiness like that,
Which then made earth an Eden to his eye!

IV.

Months in this soul's delirium pass'd, such months
As life before or after knows not of—

The heyday of the heart—the halcyon tide
Of hope without a cloud—the jubilee
Of being; and what pride gleam'd in his eyes,
When fair Jeannette, refusing others, gave
Her hand to him, under the evening star,
As hinds, with music, on the village green,
Danced with their loves to celebrate the May!

V.

What sorrow darken'd o'er thy Father's house,
When came the Prefect to its door, and call'd
His son to arms! It was a putting out
Life's cheeriest light; the old man saw the hope
Of his age perish; felt the iron pierce
His soul; and when, in garb of blue, with plume
And sword and sabre-tache, the garden gate
Young Julien left, the patriarch after him
Gazed wistful; while prophetically fell
Over his mind a cloud, through which he cast
His latest gaze, as conscious that, on earth,
He ne'er might see him more:—then turn'd him in,
To solace those who, sobbing by the hearth,
Sorrow'd aloud, nor would be comforted!

VI.

Yet must we pass not o'er the girl, who wept
Not less for him, because she wept alone—
Unseen—and dreamt at midnight, and at morn,
Of all the manifold dangers that beset
A soldier's devious path. Ah! faithful still,
She sigh'd for him in solitude; she pined—
As if the vacant earth no other held—
For him in city-crowded streets; and while,
To the blue concave and the glittering streams,
'Mid moonlight sang the nightingale, she thought,
How from the same grove came the same wild notes,
When, hanging on the arm of Julien, she—
Her bosom heaving with tumultuous joy—
Through the green meadows stray'd so gaily home!
Yet did she hope—for love is strong in hope—
That he would come—must come, and make her his—
For passion which can cease was never true;
That soon the blessed day would dawn, when war
Should hush his stormy trumpet, and lay down
The sword; and ever as, beseeching alms,
In faded, tatter'd garb a veteran pass'd,
Who talked of fields whereon in youth he bled,
Pleased, and yet sad, she listen'd, and alway
(His wants relieved) would bless his parting steps.

VII.

How pleasureless for her each week pass'd o'er—
Each month; no Julien came at even tide,
As he was wont, presenting her with lilies,
Rosebuds, jonquils—that paint the varying moods
Of summer; and at vintage time she sought
In vain for smiles, that oft had caused her heart,
In its small nest, to palpitate; the dance
Had lost its charm with him—its life; the eve
Its fragrance, and the beautiful full moon,
Amid the amplitude of azure sky,
The magic which had melted her to love.

Yet, to illume her darkness, sometimes came
A pleasant letter, and her eye would glance
With sparkling light, as of his feats she read—
His marching toils, of mighty rivers cross'd,
And castles storm'd; nor the less full to her
Of interest, his faithful, fadeless love
For sweet home-scenes, and her, his own, his dear
Jeannette; and though escap'd him half-told fears
Of foreign warfare, yet more often glow'd
With hope his page; and he would write of things
Familiar—of the farm and fields—of flocks
And herds—and household things; until at length
So seem'd to brood his heart on Normandy,
She felt assured he could not but be true!

VIII.

Grim clouds fell on that sunshine, blotting out
The cheerful light, and mantling earth with black.
Yes! years of silence came, voiceless and dim,
A melancholy void, in which she heard
Not of him; and as news of battle stunn'd
The public ear, and lamp-illumined streets,
The peal of cannon, and the toll of bells,
And festal toasts, and long, rejoicing shouts,
Proclaim'd proud victories won, amid her tasks
Pensively would she pause, and heave a sigh
To pleasant memories; and a tear would start
In her blue eye; for Death with Glory dwells;
And martial laurels owe their gloss to blood!

IX.

Far from his native vales, the trade of War
Plied Julien by the banks of winding Rhine:—
Day after day, with threatenings terrible,
In opposition frown'd the mighty hosts,
Austrian and French, like two huge thunder-clouds,
Pregnant with death: morn after morn he heard,
In trumpet clang, dread prelude to the fight
Proclaim'd; and moving columns spake of war!
At length the tempest burst; from morn till eve
It raged; and showers of blood made saturate
The shrinking earth—deep colouring all the streams.
Down sank the sun over the fields of strife,
Foe-clad, and doubtful still. 'Twas horrible
That carnage, with the darkness only stemm'd
For a brief space, to be with morn renew'd.
An obstinate contest, a determin'd fight,
A sanguinary scene was that. The waves
Of conscious Danube redden'd with the blood
Of her own sons, and proudly on her banks,
Their native banks, her gallant Germans fell:—
But vain their valour, vain their patriot blood
Profusely pour'd, their utmost efforts vain;—
But, only for a while, could Archduke Charles,
With all his powers, Napoleon's fiery march
Impede; and Wagram's sun looked mournfully,
Down from a clouded sky, on his defeat.

X

Years—chequer'd years of sunshine and of shade!
Much Julien saw of war and of the world,
Of cities vast, and Alpine solitudes,
Of hamlets beauteous, and of vales laid waste—

Scenes wild and wonderful, but knitting him
(Whether like Simplon grand or Tempe soft)
Only the more to his ancestral home.
But as refulgent eve, with sun that sets
In gold, may follow a tempestuous day,
At length 'twas his—when Austria to the feet
Bow'd of o'ermastering Gaul, and German strength
Submitted to dictation, with a show
Of mock humility that mantled pride—
At length 'twas his—when o'er the autumnal banks
Of Rhine hung ripening harvests, and the grapes
'Neath the blue skies mellow'd on every tree—
To cross the boundary, and to breathe once more
His native air, where looks benignant day
Down on the Norman vales.
Who was the first,
(When the old household-dog had welcome whined,)
To greet thy steps and fall upon thy neck?
Who, but fair-hair'd Jeannette, thy loved, thine own!
Oft in night-visions had she fancied thee
A weary sojourner in hostile lands;
Oft in her day-dreams started, as some step—
Too fondly omen'd thine—approach'd; but now
Imagination had been changed to truth:
She hung upon thine arm; in thy dark eyes
Read love; tales wild and wondrous from thy lips
Listen'd; and felt a life in every vein.
Ah, halcyon days, too blest for earth! ah, lull
Elysian, too profound! ah, golden link,
Celestial, binding past to future cares!
Scarcely for them the doors of paradise
Were open'd, when they shut; and, meteor-like,
Sank, as it shone for them, the star of bliss.
For scarcely had the moon, whose crescent light
Beam'd on their nuptials with a waning horn,
Silver'd September midnight—three short weeks—
When summon'd to the south, a call to arms
Compell'd him from his yearning heart to tear
The clasping loveliness of poor Jeannette,
Too soon a lonely wife.
Home left behind,
Bereaved and miserable Julien,
'Twas thine from Pyrenean Alps to gaze
Down on Castilian meadows, where the hind
Scared by prophetic sounds (the roll of drum,
And the shrill trumpet-call) his rose-clad cot
Left desolate; and to the unscared birds,
The golden fruitage of his orchard trees.
But not, as wont, around the eagle glow'd
The halo of success; not, as of late,
(Brooding above the armies of proud France,)
Sat bright-eyed victory; an aspect malign
Blasted her cause, when Britain, proffering aid
To leaguer'd Spain, laid in the lightest scale
Her great preponderance. Along the meads
Of Tagus flash'd the bold, united arms
Of Wellesley and Cuesta; while increased
In strength by reinforcements from Madrid,
And by Sebastiani's hosts, opposed,
Rush'd Victor to the attack in confidence:
But vain the challenge and the charge; repulsed
At every point, the assailants soon became
The assail'd; and, routed, from the carnaged scene,
Plunged thro' Alberchè's waves, and left the field.

XI.

St George's banner, floating o'er that plain
Victorious—as the smoke-clouds died away,
To show the blue of Heaven,—there was he found,
Julien, low lying wounded on the turf,
Surrounded by the foe; and with the dead,
A ghastly crowd, surrounding him in silence.
But mercy dwells with valour, and the brave
In the defenceless find no enemy;
So was he nobly cherish'd; so his wounds
Were stanch'd; and, as a brother, was he watch'd
With care fraternal. But when lingering health
Again his eye relumined, and, at eve,
From the barr'd lattice it was his to look
Pensively, while the clouds all roseate glow'd,
Words may not tell the sickness of his soul,
A pining captive, or in what drear hues
The misty future of this life was limn'd!
Home, and the sunshine of his boyish days—
Love, and the fondness of his wedded life—
Were with him in his dreams; but, when he woke,
The sound of foreign tongues was in his ear
Still, and Despair's black burden on his heart.
Julien, thine only solace was the sight
Of Nature in her woods, and soft green hills,
And winding rivers, and translucent sky;
These were to thee like balm, and wandering winds
Brought healing with the scent of flowers. At length,
One sunny afternoon, the signal gun
Told of arriving ships, and the sea-breeze
Fill'd bellying sails, which came to bear thee o'er,
And others, to captivity's drear home.

XII.

As darkens round the Polar night, when sets
Summer's last sun behind the wastes of snow,
So was it with poor Julien, as he left
Thy pier, white Cadiz, and the circling hills
Waned far at sea upon th' horizon's verge:—
Seem'd almost that the chain was snapp'd, which bound
His soul to earth; and death had been to him
A blessing, had no other tie but self
Link'd him to life:—but, oh! his dear Jeannette,
The early widow'd, when he thought of her,
Sitting within her solitary home
Forsaken and forlorn, yet, bird-like, still
Caroling the songs he loved so much to hear—
Then felt he thraldom's bitterness—the heart
Of manhood swell'd within his burning breast
Again, with palpitating hope, which through
The darkness of despair a lonely ray
Shed tremulous, yet bade it keenly own,
That honour and that love taught him to cleave
To being, for his own sake, and for hers.

XIII.

Two years pass'd over!—miserable or blest,
Time flies alike irrevocably on,
And, to the prison gates, a guarded swarm
Of motley captives for admission came.
Julien was gazing down, and there he saw
One, who had been his school-mate in old times,

When friendships such are form'd as after years
Know not. Ah, childhood's sunny, sinless days!
Then little either dreamt, (how could they so?)
That, 'mid the destinies of coming life,
One day it would be theirs, with sighs, to meet
In fetters, on the far and foreign shore
Of Scotland, scowling o'er the German sea.
Ah! never, never, when with careless steps
They roam'd, in search of cluster'd nuts, thy groves,
Aveiré; or with dripping locks, the waves
Clove of thy summer pools, with bloom o'erhung.

XIV.

Wildly gazed up the captive, as he heard
The voice that ever "Pierre de Costé" call'd.
At length he saw the beckoning hand, and knew
The face—half hidden by the iron bars—
Of his old friend; and fall of pleasure was,
And full of grief, their meeting, thus, afar,
'Mid strangers, by misfortune's billows brought
Together, where their very speech was strange:
And eager was their talk; for much Pierre
Could tell of home-scenes, and how, feebly old,
Seated beside his door, look'd Julien's sire;
And how his mother, unforgetting, rear'd
On the house-wall a rosier, watering it
With care, and looking on it as an emblem
Of one who was away; and, how his sisters
Grieved for his absence—fondly grieved—and long'd
For that reviving day, when they should hear
Of all the danger he had seen and shared:
But when he came to speak of young Jeannette,
(The loved, the lovely, the admired of all,)
A troubling sympathy withheld his voice,
And, from his looks and faltering, Julien saw—
How could he else?—for love is eagle-eyed—
That fate for him had mix'd some bitter draught.
"Heavens! is she dead? Oh tell me!" he exclaim'd.
"Nay"—answered kind Pierre, "she is not dead,
At least was not when last I heard of her;
But much I dread"—and in his eye a tear
Shone glistening forth—"that, for this weary world,
She is not long; for ever since she lost
Her babe, thy fairy image, hath she droop'd,
A blasted flower; till, like a spectral form,
She walks the earth, and knows that autumn's leaf
Shall drop from off the sere tree on her grave."

XV.

The iron through the captive's spirit pass'd—
From that hour Julien was an alter'd man;
Misery hung o'er him, as December's fogs
The bare hill-top: he kept apart from all,
Spake little, and ate less, and seldom slept;
While o'er his sunk eye press'd the shadowy droop
Of rumination—and unquiet thought—
And desolation—though to none were told
The woes, that like a weight oppress'd his heart.

XVI.

How brook'd he then his vassalage, how brook'd
His tortured spirit the engirding thralls

Of dire captivity? afar from home,
And cut off from his kindred by that sea,
Whereon triumphant waved Britannia's flag:—
Night after weary night, he dreamt of peace;
Morn after morn, awoke to find such dreams
Bright as the rainbow, but as vanishing;—
And if, mayhap, dazzled his eyes had been
In his young years by glory, he had paid
Dearly for the delirium of such thoughts—
Dearly in household ties asunder burst;
Dearly on carnage-cover'd fields of fight;
Dearly in sad privations, wants, and woes
Unspeakable, sore travel, and wild nights
Spent under angry skies, that dash'd around
Their lightnings and their thunders; or with frost
Thick'ning the blood, while, o'er the drifted snows,
Howl'd to the moonless darkness the fierce winds.

XVII.

Pierre de Costé in his misery died;
And, in a neighbouring spot, beneath green trees,
Upon a Sabbath morn, they buried him:—
More wretched now grew Julien, left alone.
Words may not tell his wretchedness,—at morn
When native airs, breathed on the flageolet,
Melted his manly heart to woman's mood,
And tears fell trickling down;—at eventide,
When thoughts of home rush'd on his love-sick mind,
And his dead unseen babe, and dying wife,
Came, on the red beams of the setting sun,
To haunt him in the silence of his cell,
How pass'd his melancholy hours, poor wretch,
Hope dying in his bosom, and despair
Before him flitting, spectre-like and wan!
'Twas autumn now; the face of nature seem'd
In grim decay accordant; yellow leaves
Whirl'd round his desolate dwelling on the blast,
And, sinking in the brawling rivulet, spake
Prophetically of death. The robin came,
Morning and evening, to his window-sill,
Singing its dirge-like song; the clouds wept on,
Shower after shower, day after weary day;
And Desolation, with her magic power
To scorn the strong, and blast the beautiful,
Touch'd the sere fields—which wither'd as she pass'd.

XVIII.

Poor, broken-hearted captive, what were now,
Tell us, the notches on thy calendar?
Sick with the woes of hope-deferr'd, 'twas thine,
After deep rumination in the calm
Of lonely pensiveness, and on the couch
Of unrefreshing slumber, to resolve—
Yea, cast thy life and safety—on the chance
Of darkling flight: bright must have been the gleams
Of hope, and dreary the succeeding doubts,
As scheme on scheme abortive look'd or fair.
Hour after hour, night after tedious night,
Mole-like 'twas thine, in silence and alone,
To ply thy tiny implements, and bore
Through solid walls thy imperceptible,
Yet certain way; until, oh, joy of joy!

Sigh'd thro' the crevice the contending winds,
And with their soothing whispers lull'd thy toil.
For liberty or death the daring die
Was cast; and it was thine, in silent haste—
Though still the footfalls of the sentinel,
Pacing his rounds, appall'd thee at thy task
With their dread echo—to the appended cord
To trust thy weight, and, from the fosse below,
Wait casual opportunity of flight.

XIX.

So!—bravely done!—no mouse is stirring yet!
How must thy heart have throbb'd—how must thy knees
Have tremulously bent, when, with held breath,
O'er the exterior wall's chevaux de frise
Down thou did'st drop with a despairing crash—
And, instantly, upon the startled night,
Peal'd gun of sentinel, and woke the drum
Its call to arms. Kindly for thee, the moon
Was slumbering in the interlunar cave,
And darkness, o'er the starry eyes of night,
Had drawn the curtain of her clouds. Again
Shot follow'd shot, drums roll'd, and jangling bells
Spake to the mountains and the vales—alarm!
Unheeded all, if heard, by thee the stir;
All terrorless—despair no terror knows;—
Forth thou didst rush, blindly and wildly forth,
Through hedge, and mire, and stream, and stubble field,
As from the slough-hound flies the fox, or dove,
On wings of fear, the swift-pursuing hawk;
Through meadow and vale, up mound and craggy steep,
Bramble-o'ergrown, or tangled with wild weeds,
Headlong thy frenzy bore thee—on—and on—
A chance-directed way, till weariness
O'ercame thee, and thy strength, exerted long,
Fail'd with the traces of the purpling dawn.

XX.

Poor Julien, prison-freed, what new array
Of woes awaited thee! Although thy chains
Broken were cast aside, and liberty
Look'd on thee from the sky, and the green groves,
The waters, and the fields, and mounting birds,
That carol to the morning, yet, alas!
Rolls like a serpent, girding in the land,
The guardian ocean;—how canst thou escape?
Far is thy native shore; no fisher's boat
Could reach it; enemies, with Argus' eyes,
People the waters; and each rising gale
Speaks to thee of grim floods impassable!

XXI.

Why lengthen out a melancholy tale?
How long 'twas thine to lurk none know; in vain
Would fancy draw the line on vacancy.
Yet oft, 'twas doubtless thine, from summit blue
Of Moorphoot, or of Pentland, with th' uprise
Of sun to gaze down on the far-off sea—
To gaze with yearning heart abroad—yet know
No hope, and feel no refuge near; while earth
Seem'd but a larger dungeon, barring out
From thy fond grasp the objects of thy love!—

How long 'twas thine to linger, none may tell,
Till famine pinch'd thee, and thy desolate state
Grew, day by day, more desolate; human home—
Even the lone cottage with its roof of thatch,
And solitary tree, amid the moors—
'Twas thine to shun, and human charity
Thou did'st not dare put to the venturous proof.
Weak, miserable wanderer of the night,
Tatter'd, and starved, and pale, and woe-begone,
To whom the sun but as a beacon rose
To guide to thine the footsteps of the foe!
How long with the wild tenants of the heath
Didst thou sojourn: 'mid rocky Lammermoor
Drink from the Whitadder; and, with the bird,
That hails the orient sun from Humbie wood,
Share hips and haws, and berries of the hedge!

XXII.

As autumn into winter grimly stole,
And fell in cranreuch the descending dews
Nocturnal, and the sun-light fainter grew,
The soldier waned into the child—so weak,
So helpless, that his feeble hand scarce served
To scoop the water from the brawling brook,
Wherewith his thirst to quench, and when from sleep,
Under the yellow bramble's twisted boughs,
On the moist sward he woke, strength was not left
Again to raise himself; yet, as he mark'd,
Over the Grampian mountains in the west,
With look forlorn, the red descending sun,
He thought how then the landscape must have smiled
'Mid his own loved and lilied fields, where Seine
Waters the vale, reflecting in its mirror
The gold and green of orchard boughs, the shade
Of vine-clad mounts, luxurious with their ripe
And clustering grapes, and the perpetual flight
Of circling doves, too happy to be still—
And on his vision'd sleep arose the roof
Of his paternal cottage, studded o'er
With blossoms of the everlasting rose;
And its gnarl'd sycamore, alive with bees
For ever humming; and the garden plot,
With its green pot-herbs and its bordering flowers.
Anon before him, almost still a girl,
Stood his own dear Jeannette, her blue bright eyes
Cast downward, listening modestly the praise
Of his warm words; and ah! so beautiful,
That earth with her had nothing to compare!
Till, by degrees, the sunlight of the scene
By gloom is shrouded; and in mourning weeds,
Pale and emaciate, now he sees that form
Scattering white spring flowers o'er an infant's grave——
This might not—could not last; and when at length
Death on his pale horse came to set him free,
And open'd for his entrance that dread gate,
That darkling leads we know not where, but hope
To happiness—it scarcely could be known,
(So soft was his departure,) as the dew
Falling on flowers unheard, or windless snows
Muffling in white the unfrequented moor.

ANTI-CORN-LAW DEPUTATION TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

In our country, the home of free men and of strong institutions, there is a tendency to violent language, which is not understood upon the Continent. Such language would not be natural, if it were not prompted by the unaffected ardour of our political feuds; such language would not be prudent, if it were not neutralized for inflammatory effects by the imperturbable resistance of our deep-laid social institutions. Even real intemperance of thought, and in quarters the most influential, may be tolerated as the pledge of sincerity in partizanship; and absolute excesses in action have been often viewed with pleasure, as expressions of our habitual privilege to be careless and bold speakers where the omnipotence of law is perfect. Accordingly, to talk of "an alarming crisis" in a public journal, to threaten a minister with "impeachment" in Parliament, or a demagogue on the hustings with "the Tower"—produces in this country no commensurate excitement. Even "the brink of ruin," to which consummation a minister or a measure, in so many thousands of cases, has been taunted with leading us, is a phrase heard without emotion by him who most cordially adopts the hostile sentiment which it announces. We are even proud of a *parresia*, or habit of plain speaking, which expresses our earnestness upon great questions of national interests, where it is so salutary that partisanship should be always in earnest; and we are proud of occasional excesses, where, in order to disregard the obvious perils which attend them, it is clear that our confidence must be unlimited in the social system by which such perils can be disarmed. It is a great attainment of political wisdom—to have reached the power of dealing with the most delicate and sensible among national susceptibilities, the liabilities to sudden panics or frenzies, as with the coarse organs of the rudest and most vigorous among public necessities.

Yet in this power there is a weakness; and in this security there lurks a possible danger. The very same habit, which inclines us and makes it safe to exaggerate a visionary peril, disposes most of us to slight a true one. There never has been a nation more constitutionally carried than ourselves towards a reckless defiance of all plots and conspiracies and dangers, such as those which dare not come forward to the light. Nearly all our tragical catastrophes in the East have arisen out of that one source. Refusal to take seasonable warnings, undue confidence in the oaths or promises of enemies, and contempt equally unreasonable for the power of lurking conspirators, have been the snares by which, many times in Hindostan, once in the interior of Ceylon, lately, in too memorable a case, beyond the western frontier of India, and hereafter (as much we fear) in China, our generous and bold style of national character has been, and yet will be, suddenly decoyed and betrayed into ruin. In such dangers the *suddenness* must ever be a chief element. To give them a chance against power so profoundly organized as ours, whether at home or abroad, it is essential that the danger should mask itself, should approach us in disguise, and should act upon us by what, in Scottish or Roman law, is called "concussion"—in a sudden cumulative surprise upon all our means of resistance. A danger of this nature menaces us at this moment; but not from the quarters usually suspected. We are often warned in our newspapers against the Baltic fleet of Russia. Thirty sail of the line, with a suitable land force, might (it is imagined) be equal to a *coup de main*; not as for any durable object—*that* would be extravagant—but it might avail for a momentary triumph on their part, for a long humiliation on ours. We, however, speaking individually for ourselves, lend no faith to the tales of Russian enmity. Neither in the Russian government nor in the Russian nation have we ever been able to trace any vestige of that anti-British feeling which is so clamorously charged upon them. The danger itself, the possible motives on the part of Russia, the overt acts alleged, all alike have hitherto shown themselves to be mere phantoms of crazy fear, fictions of design nursed by our

newspaper press. France, on the other hand, is *really* dangerous. France cherishes the deadliest hatred to our name and grandeur, which nothing will ever propitiate short of our prostration at her feet. And, unhappily, France stands in a position of unparalleled advantage for giving an effect to her enmity beyond the natural reach of her power. It is a further unhappiness for England—that the sudden calamity which has robbed France of a mature successor to the crown, will henceforward greatly promote the one great scourge of that country—a vindictive war-party. Equally for France, for England, for Europe, the death of the Duke of Orleans is the most disastrous of events; and viewing it in its relation to a long and stormy minority, we are unable to mention that single change in political aspects which could in one day have broken upon great Britain with so sad an omen. The funeral bell which proclaims a *requiem* for the departed prince, will be the knell of vanishing rest and withered prosperity through many a day for Christendom.

But neither France nor Russia is for us the true fountain of danger; or, if at all such, only in combination with danger that is intestine. Our own population it is, our working population, which has for some time assumed an attitude most threatening to the public peace. Not that, on any spontaneous impulse, the working people of this land would ever have become the embattled foe of the laws which protect them, or of the property which has reared them—we do not believe it. All labouring populations are indeed tainted with essential jacobinism. All are too ready to suppose the inequalities of wealth, which are the buttresses and conditions of national prosperity, mere results of positive law. All are too credulously predisposed to the notion—that, by a reasonable alteration of law, the existing wealth might be otherwise and more equitably distributed, which, in fact, never could have existed at all except as the creature of law as it is; and we, who often talk with poor men on this subject, have rarely found them other than jacobins at heart, and jacobins, supported in their creed by short-sighted delusions; presupposing as eternal existences, on the one hand, those very institutions of productive industry, which, on the other, they were virtually presuming to be destroyed by an equal partition of property.

But this respects the intellectual errors of the poor. Speaking of them morally, we are convinced that a vast power of self-restraint is eternally working in that class; a power of patience, of long-suffering, and of essential justice, wheresoever they can be made aware of its claims. The working people of this island are not naturally envious—not jealous originally of the advantages held by others. In no quarter of the island do they train their children to insolence against the rich. For privileges of birth and rank they have universally a natural respect. And for all endowments of intellect, as well as attainments of education, except only where they point towards ornamental arts, naturally striking *them* as frivolous pursuits, the poor have almost an excessive veneration.

There are many honourable, many admirable features apparent in the labouring population of this island: and chiefly, we repeat, that they are a race naturally prone to just feelings. The deeper is the judgment awaiting those who have misled them! Naturally we should harbour no distrust of our native population, in any city or province of the island. But how is it to be expected that those should resist for ever, who are besieged on the one hand by poverty, or even at times by heavy suffering, and on the other by tempters in organized successions, many of them gentlemen highly educated, to the apprehension of the poor, who taunt them with patience as with a crime, and irritate them to insurrection as the sole salvation for their order? Amongst these taunting misleaders none have shown so pernicious an activity as the Anti-Corn-Law League; and no section of that body have become more infamously conspicuous, by literally pledging themselves to subornation of rebellion amongst the poor, than the deputation of one hundred and fifty who harangued the Prime Minister on Saturday the 9th July. Greatly it was doubted at the time whether the insolent series of lampoons on the senate and laws of the land, calling itself "*the Charter*," ought to have been received as a

petition by the House of Commons. One thing we are sure of—that the name, equally arrogant and ridiculous, of *the* Charter, ought not to have been recognised. Such a title familiarly conceded in debate, though but for a purpose of identification, recognises that puerile pamphlet as a solemn instrument emanating from some kind of authority, however insufficient, and representing some responsible national interest. Equally it will be doubted whether the Prime Minister ought to have received a deputation from a body unknown to the laws, and known only to the public by efforts the most incendiary upon record, to madden the people by lies into insurrection. And, for our own parts, we have no doubt that Sir Robert Peel would *not* have received them, had he anticipated the language which they held. It is clear that they waited on the minister for no purpose of practical use to any body, but simply that the impression which they could *not* make by legislation, and which we venture to assure them they never will be allowed to make, they might partially effect by public insolence. The times of Mr Pitt in one respect were more dangerous; they were times of war; otherwise they were much less dangerous than our own: and sure we are, that he suspended the *Habeas Corpus* act on a far inferior warning of danger than was thrown out by these men as a gauntlet of defiance. What is it they say? They proclaim that, if the Corn-Laws are not abolished, they will taunt and mock the labouring poor for not rising. It is not the poor only, it is the government whom they assure that, in case of insurrection, they will not "put forth their little finger to resist it." They dare to say this before the leader and representative of the state! But let them be assured that the forbearance of Sir Robert was not meant for *them*. Partly it was in prosecution of that policy which he has adopted specially towards the malecontents of the nation—*Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*—partly it arose from this feeling, a very just one, that, in ordering the police to eject them summarily from his doors, he would too certainly have been thought to avenge the personal insolence directed against himself. One man made it a question whether the minister had a heart to feel for the distresses of his countrymen. Another, unaware how often Sir Robert has himself, in the most manly tone, reverted to the connexion of his family with the manufacturing industry of the land, thought to mortify him by the most irrelevant references to old recollections of Lancashire, revived for no purpose that could be made intelligible.

It is useless to dissect a mass of absurdities that has been separately refuted on so many thousands of occasions, that the public is sick of the subject. To do the party justice, they dealed less than usual in damaged political economy; the most judicious men amongst them made it their duty in this instance to confine themselves to insolence on their right, and menaces on their left. But a few of the duller men tried the old game of argument, in the course of which it was really comic to see the effect produced amongst them, by the sudden delivery of a shot in reply (though only by way of question) from Sir Robert. A Mr Heyworth, from Liverpool, was running on fluently—most musical—most melancholy—on the subject of the town which he represented for the hour. Unfortunately, he so entangled this case with that of Southwark, which he had seen more recently, that the two strands of his speech cannot be effectually referred to their proper subjects, so that it is difficult to say what he meant. Probably it was "the general question" that he wished to argue, leaving it doubtful which thing he had seen in Liverpool—which in Southwark. But the minister, remembering better than himself the particular town for which he acted, suddenly brought him to a "lock" by this *query* between wind and water, "Had the trade of Liverpool fallen off?" The disease of "locked jaw" is most distressing. Mr Heyworth grew sulky. He knew what was coming. With any body else he might have easily settled the business by a "bounce." But the first Lord of the Treasury—that was not the man to answer by Anti-Corn-Law tricks. Doubtless, Sir Robert had the official returns from Liverpool in his side-pocket. After some rumination, Mr Heyworth replied, "that there was a host of unchartered

shipping in the docks!" Safely he might say *that*. When was the time that such a host would *not* have been found? Between her voyages, and during the interval in which she is under repairs, pretty nearly every vessel is unchartered. The minister, without condescending to notice this evasion, then put his question in another shape. "Had the value of the exports from Liverpool fallen off?" Mr Heyworth, growing more intensely sulky, mutters some reply of that kind which used to be dismissed in the old logic-schools by the short rejoinder—"Nihil dicit." In reality, it is merciful to suppress Mr Heyworth's answer, for it is in the teeth of his next answer, insinuating generally a failure in that exportation which immediately after he insinuates to have been the sole practical resource. But the inexorable minister will not leave his struggling fish till he has landed him. It is better than a comedy to see the "wrigglings" of the victim.

Sir Robert Peel.—"Did I understand you to say that the exports had been diminished?"

"Here he is again," thought Mr Heyworth to himself, and doubtless looked behind him to see if the door was open for retreat in case of a fourth shot. The trick which he now tried as a final resource is really clever, though it leaves us aghast at the honesty and sincerity of the delegation, and from the minister took away all further motive for pursuing his man.

Mr Heyworth.—"The exports must be increased, when the consumption at home is diminished."

What did he mean? He meant to equivocate. Sir Robert, he meant, should understand him thus: "Why, if you will press me so keenly, of course I must acknowledge the truth, that the exports from the place in question, the Liverpool exports, have increased." So much he designed that Sir Robert should accept in payment of facts: but, as a bit of theory, he meant to add—"This increase, however, only represents and compensates a loss to the same amount on the home consumption;" meaning, in short, to sport the unintelligible hypothesis, that there might be a spurious exportation, produced as a mere reaction of a domestic failure. The minister, who cared nothing for his theories, satisfied that he had extorted his *fact*, and after so severe a run for it, turned off to other game. But Mr Heyworth's intention is jesuitical. In his report of the mission and his commentary, he will say, that by "must," he meant not the coercion of physical necessity; no, he meant a moral coercion, that the exports ought to have risen, in order to make amends for the failure in home sales. He will affect to have meant only an absurd hypothesis, or a mere prudential reflection, either that failure in one way had caused a sort of suspicious advantage in another, or simply that he had meant to say, "I don't know any thing about exports.—I am sure they *ought* to have increased, in order to make up my losses." But he may thank his own ambiguity that this meaning was not apparent, or Sir Robert would not so easily have parted with him; and, after all, the door would have proved his only retreat.

Upon "Brookes, Esquire," who doubtless surprised Sir Robert by the news that he was commonly reputed and surnamed the *father* of the labouring poor, or a large class of them in Manchester, we have no words to waste. We are grieved only to find Father Brookes spending exactly 42½ lines of small print on his own private case, whilst to his children the unnatural man allows only 13½. But, what is worse, very angry is his language on his own case, which he places foremost; he winds up in a fury—"Every thing he had was at stake, and there was no time to be lost;" whilst the other is milder than milk, and is placed as a little casual appendix or afterthought. "Besides this," that is, besides the agonizing case of Father Brookes, or—(now we look again at the precious document)—"But, in addition to this, the people were starving." How does he know it? Why, says he, "they *looked* as if they were." Besides, they were, "in short," dying of hunger. And another thing, which is this—they kept "coming in crowds to him, "every day." "Coming more and more," which he calls getting "worse and worse." But his pleading on behalf of his children, is but tame after his explosions on account of "self and partners." However, he takes leave

in good style; he makes himself up for mischief, squares at Sir Robert, and protests that he will die "an agitator"—we presume in a wash-hand basin; to him we shall owe a *tempestas in matula*; like the Lord Grizzle, he exclaims—"I'll be a rebel."

These men are really entertaining; one only has left an abiding shock with the public—the Reverend Mr Lowe from Forfar. There was another 'reverend' among the spokesmen, a gentleman from the iron districts. But he said little beyond generalities, and did not outrage men's sense of what is most entitled to protection from mob profanation. To this Mr Lowe it was, we doubt not at all, that a few nights after a member, speaking in the House of Commons, fervently addressed his hope and belief that, in the event of an insurrection, those would be first hanged who had tampered with the Bible and with the authority of their own profession to rouse others into madness. This Mr Lowe, expressly as instruction for the Prime Minister, cited from the Scriptures—"He that withholdeth corn from the poor, the people shall curse him." Yes, and we also can cite from the Scriptures: it is written, for the instruction of the Lowes and popular seducers in this age, "Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way: and all the people shall say—Amen." We have also seen it written elsewhere—"Cursed is he that putteth foolishness into the heart of the poor, and placeth a lie in the lips of the hungry."

With respect to the *reality* of the distress, now and since Christmas alleged as a ground for menacing appeals, either to the government or the legislature, we are to a certain degree sceptical. We deny a *national* distress; we desire to suggest a *caveat* against the random impressions gathered from newspapers. It is no purpose of ours blankly to impeach the occasional statements of suffering amongst the poor, where they stand upon any reasonable basis of circumstantial details; where these details are consistent; where proportions are assigned, numbers computed, funds of relief honestly confessed, and the present condition of the town collated with the past. In half-a-dozen cases we confess the suffering; and, to use an argument of Sir Robert Peel's, we take the sting out of our confession by that very feature of it, which forms its saddest aggravation; viz. that it exists, and is beyond all special redress. We disarm the vile incendiary for all those purposes which are really contemplated in its propagation, by insisting steady on this reply—the reply of Sir Robert Peel—that upon a commerce so prodigious as ours, local cases of depression must arise concurrently with the enormity of its expansions. The picture is painful, so long as it is insulated; but is no more an argument of an absolute growth in any principle of evil amongst us, than the occasional deaths amongst the spectators in a Roman amphitheatre were an argument of any absolute growth in the Roman rate of mortality. Of eighty thousand spectators, more than two thousand would actually die within the year, which gives a large allowance to each particular day. And under a commerce so immeasurably transcending all precedents of past ages, it is hopeless to wish or to fancy that much annual oscillation—much local excess of labour—much sudden failure of resources, should not eternally be undulating the general level of prosperity. This dark arrear of evil, this entail of suffering, follows all modes of industry as a shadow follows a body. And Sir Robert Peel, in pressing that truth lately for seven or eight separate times upon the alarmists of the hour, indicates pretty clearly his private judgment as to the real quality of those local ebbings which here and there mark the brief retrocessions of the general commercial tides. But are we sure, or is Sir Robert sure, that the provincial depressions of trade simply express its periodical fluctuations—the local intermittings of a pulse which still beats with equal strength at the heart? May it not be, that with some such revolving oscillation, (sure to pass off in the general cycle of changes,) some permanent ground of declension is now unhappily becoming steadily confluent? Not impossibly this may be true in special cases: and Paisley is perhaps one of those cases; Burnley a second; and Stockport a third. But in such an event, or whilst the event is doubtful, there is always this dilemma; having its causes at home amongst ourselves

the distress is reparable; we may always look cheerfully to its relief:—having its causes in America, or any where else amongst foreigners whom we cannot control, Sir Robert Peel is entitled to infer that government is not answerable for the calamity. The same logic, which should establish that for Paisley there is little present prospect of restoration, by showing that the blow given to her prosperity has been *ab extra*, would establish beyond all controversy, that the mischief is not imputed to our domestic legislation. For, as to the pretence founded on our Corn-Laws, *that* (if otherwise tenable) is not so here; since the sunny season and the wintery season of Paisley, as much coincided with our refusal of American corn as the withdrawal of that American demand. Wherever the present alleged distress, being found real, is no more than one of those chills or alternating states of depression which belong to commerce by its general nature, we must seek for its solution in the unexampled magnitude of our own. And this caution we must bear along with us—that, although most other phenomena of civil society have been tried on every scale in past times, so that an experimental learning survives for admonition, here we are left entirely to our own guidance; here we are thrown upon our own chances, interpreted by our own sagacity; for the case is new. The ratio to the total resources of a state borne by the separate resource of a foreign commerce, is so much without a precedent for us in the feeble attempts of all former communities—so vastly have we gone a-head of all other cases, that we are now voyaging an untried sea; there are no charts to guide us; we must keep sounding, and vigilantly look out for an experience which is not yet accumulated on the rolls of history. So far from being entitled to understand the morbid actions—the pathology—of such a stupendous system, even the natural and regular course of its physiology is yet but partially known.

On the other hand, wherever the distress (being real) is of a kind which leads us to suspect special or local causes, apart from the general torpors incident to commerce as a whole, we venture to say, that one or other of the two following agencies will be found concerned in it. The first is, that which has been recently dwelt upon by Sir R. Peel; and, in spite of the factious attempt to discredit the argument by altering it, we are satisfied that in theory it is as sound, as in practice it is adequate to the solution of the recent embarrassment in Lancashire. Mr Cobden has laboured unworthily to have it understood and propagated that Sir Robert Peel had charged these embarrassments upon machinery; and with no other apparent motive than by way of placing himself in a flattering position of contrast to the Premier—as the enlightened theorist struggling against the bigoted minister. But in the mean time the minister said not one word of what he has been made to say. He explained, in the clearest way possible, his assent to the doctrine—that ultimately all improvements in machinery tell for good; that ultimately they re-absorb, and more than re-absorb, that population, which, in the first stage of their action, they have thrown off as an excess. It was little likely that Sir Robert Peel should overlook this final tendency of machinery to fill up the vacuum which itself had caused; nor did he; nor could a mule, cob, or donkey, have seriously understood him to do so, seeing that he took special pains to protect himself against that misconception: but what he *did* say was, that, pending the transition, during that interval when the exoneration of superfluous labour is proceeding, and whilst the re-absorption is yet far in arrear, such a change must work a present evil. The labour-market, being overcharged for the time, cannot but cause irregular action in the relations of masters and workmen, until it has worked itself free—until the old proportion is restored between the demand for human labour and its supply. The very use, profit, and value, of the improvement is, that it dispenses with human labour; that 10 per cent, suppose, of the labour formerly required is now no longer required. This sudden excess created in one element of productive power, must naturally cause a collapse for a time. Such a collapse Sir Robert Peel asserted to have been recently caused by assignable agents: and the time during which that col-

lapse would be likely to operate, is precisely the present time. It is in evidence, that, during 1838, commenced the introduction of a new and much superior machinery. As involving a question of present cost, many men continued for a season to use the old. They compromised between the instant loss on commuting the machinery, and the gradual loss on retaining that which obliged them to employ more human labour. But at length, by slow degrees, the new machinery has every where ejected and superannuated the old; and the consequence to the labour market is, that one class of artisans (by circumstantial returns to the minister's questions) suffer to the extent of 7½ per cent on their former wages—these are the card-room hands; another to the extent of 9 or 10 per cent—these are the weavers; and a third, viz. the spinning department, to the extent even of 30 per cent. They have been reduced from 2s. 11d., upon every 1000 hanks, to 2s. 1d. This states the proportion of loss to those who are still employed: but unavoidably it has happened, that one portion of the labourers has been thrown out of work, or else, in numerous cases where it has been amicably agreed that all should be retained, all have been put upon short time. So that, in many instances, the evil has been double—less work, and, upon each given quantity of work, less remuneration.

Such is the Premier's account of the present embarrassment, so far as it is real—so far as it is not due to *general* ebbs and flows of trade—so far as it is not *specially* explained by a special cause. Can any thing be more reasonable, more agreeable to the agencies of change, known to have been in motion since 1836, as their natural result, or more adequate to the solution of the present distress as its natural cause? And, if this be so, the condition is one of hope. It is a clear case of transition, and shown to have been in operation through three and a half years. At the present moment it is believed to have been completed. The re-ascent may now be expected to commence. And it is no fair inference, that, upon each subsequent improvement, there will be a corresponding collapse of local industry. The duration of the present transition argues the large extent of the change in the machinery. It is a new era. And hence are to be explained those tales, current in the House of Commons, about cotton-mills selling for a fourth or fifth of the original cost. Such cases, where *any* have arisen, are not common: the mere advertisements of all newspapers in those districts show satisfactorily that cases of great depreciation are anomalies, and pure accidents under accidental circumstances. Not only the machinery had been superannuated, but it will be found on enquiry that this machinery was old in its class, crazy, good only in a partial sense for its materials. And two cases we have seen, probed by searching statements, where even this relation of the machinery to the new standard had not really produced the main depreciation: the situation it was that had become depreciated. Every body acquainted with the revolutions in a great town, as with Manchester, for example, must remember large cases of building property losing three-fourths of its commercial value by a simple translation of the mercantile centre to the extent of three furlongs. Nay, we ourselves at one time had a pecuniary interest in a building, which ceased to be available *on any terms* in its old function of a merchant's warehouse, simply from the shifting eastwards towards Cannon Street, &c., of the mercantile quarter—although by less than one-fourth part of a mile. In fact, the tales repeated in Parliament of depreciated mills or factories, are the grossest fictions with which partizanship has ever dealt. There are not six cases, as to the numerical amount, that can be made out, except by the scandalous trick of reduplicating the same case under variable names; secondly, these few cases are any thing but representative or exponential appraisements of the general value belonging to cotton properties; and thirdly, the undeniable contracts—made and making—for building *new* mills, together with the absolute returns (in the minister's pocket) of cotton wool sold for home consumption, greater considerably in the last six months than in any former year whatever, put down summarily and peremptorily all the efforts of insurrectionists to make out a momentary

case of declension generally upon the cotton interest. The case is torn out of their hands violently. Sir R. Peel was compelled, by his official station, to treat the deputation with civility. But it will be seen that he declined to enter upon any discussion with them. And the reason was briefly this: most of what the delegates urged was mere matter of opinion or conjecture; but a few points, which they relied on as matters of fact, were privately known by Sir Robert to be false—rigorously false. He had in his pocket, at the moment when they were pleading their fabulous legends, returns—arithmetical returns—from the Customs and the Excise, upon the several heads of tea, coffee, sugar, cotton, and tobacco, which dissipated their arguments by blowing to the winds their pretended "facts."

For the general case, therefore, we doubt that the ministerial explanation is the true one; not machinery *per se*, but machinery in the process of transition. The improvements had been important enough to demand a general change; and this required an extent of funds which could not be furnished in one year: the transition has occupied more than three; and the sure reaction has not yet set in with force. But we promised a second argument in addition to that of the Premier, which we are satisfied has some share in the explanation of our periodical torpors. It is a view of the subject too much overlooked. What would be the result, if, in the merchants', or the royal service, upon the perpetual recurrences of ships paid off and crews dismissed, there were an effort made to rear up a new succession of nautical servants?—this would not be impossible, as it seems, for a season. Rarely, in any ship's crew, is there more than a proportion of able seamen; the majority even in the best manned vessels of the royal navy are landsmen. Here would be an opening for oppression of the seafaring class; but it is one that would rectify itself within three months. Now, on the contrary, in the case of manufacturing artizans, a similar opening arises perpetually; and it is improved to the uttermost against the poor man, but with a steady reaction upon the nation in the end; it is the master manufacturer, and he only, who slips away from the pressure—between the first sufferer and the last. The case is notorious in its facts—it is simply the relation of these facts, amongst each other, which requires exposure. Stockport furnishes an illustration at this moment. A languor, or even a torpor, has settled locally upon that district. Many hands are discharged. What is the course pursued by the commissioners? It is this—it is a course openly avowed; and at Paisley even more so than at Stockport—In distributing the relief furnished by the funds, whether local, or subscribed by persons at a distance, the commissioners do their utmost to expel the applicants from the town. With what view? Simply to lighten the pressure on the town resources. And with what effect? In Scotland, where the regular parish relief is too slender, and resting on too narrow a qualification to offer any definite temptation to a pauper, this is done simply with the effect of scattering the evil; the pauperism is diffused, and, to that extent, the town is relieved. In England, the effect is to throw back all who are aliens, as regards that particular town, upon the parishes where they have settlements. A momentary benefit is thus obtained for the town. But this soon ceases. On the next revival of trade, a new stream of population is tempted, by high wages, from Wales, or other regions, in which, from the poverty of soil, the smallest advance of population is found to be an excess. But soon, and almost periodically, comes another and another case of commercial languor. Again the excess of hands is thrown off. Again a relief fund is administered (under whatever name) by those who have the means of almost bribing the people into exile. And again the same cycle is run through. And in this way has prospered for fifty years an unnatural stimulation to population, which injures every body concerned except the manufacturing capitalist. He partially rids himself of his superfluous hands, and of his contribution to those rates which he chiefly has loaded. He suffers no inconvenience when the oscillations of trade bring round an opening for profit upon fresh labour. He calls for it, and it comes. And he is not appalled by

the certainty that a year or two will throw a large portion of this labour upon charitable funds. For he knows that to some he will be able to say "go, and they go." And for so many as do *not* go, the supporting funds are but in a trifling degree *his*. He has gained upon a thousand. He loses by 20 that may swell *his* share of the rates. In short, this is an evil which, without a *registration* of hands, is not susceptible of redress. And yet it has become one main cancer, preying upon our vitals for half a century.

Such are two among the leading explanations of commercial distress, so far as it rests upon general causes. Is the present distress, supposing it as extensive as is affirmed, general or special? Both, possibly. The special causes will vary, and are best studied by those whom they concern. With the general causes the nation is concerned; and here it is less important to search for fresh light, than to use such as we have. There is a fact—too gloomy to be welcome—upon which we have long obstinately closed our eyes. It is that which Sir Robert Peel has lately summoned the nation to look at steadily, viz. that commerce is, by its nature, subject to fits of torpor; not by any accident, but by mere necessity of human affairs. Through a space of 40 years, we undertake to cite from journals or reports of Parliament an unbroken *relay* of 40 annual reiterations such as this—"In the present distressed state of trade"—or this—"In consequence of the prevailing distress." Always it was said—"*The distress is an accident.*" It was no accident. Always it was said—"*It will depart.*" Yes, but to return after a brief interval. Always it was said—"*The public prosperity will revive.*" Yes, but again and again to be eclipsed. At length it becomes a prudent people to open its eyes upon the broad undeniable truth—that the motion forwards of all extensive commerce is not along a line of levels, but along a line of continual fluctuations, of periodical descents, of inevitable depressions.

Now, returning to the particular views of the distress put forward by the Anti-Corn-Law Deputation, we may observe,—

1. That they promise facts, but give only theories. Henceforwards, they say, it will be impossible for Sir Robert Peel to pretend that he does not know the state of things; at last he knows all. What does he know? As regards *their* contributions, nothing, absolutely nothing. No numbers—no rates—no funds—no ratio of unemployed to employed—of last year to this year; nothing specific but what is extravagant—nothing definite but what is false. Fabulous tales are told about a dead dog at Dundee—a dead cow at Burnley—a dead calf, we believe, at Stockport. These being false, are circumstantial; whatever might be true is wilder than dreams. The people, it is said, are "perishing by wholesale;" and the returns of mortality report no increase on the rate. The people are "without food," and the excise reports an increased consumption of tea and coffee. Trade has "dwindled away," and the custom-house reports an increase of exports. Manufacturing has "dwindled to nothing," and the sale of cotton is unprecedented. The people are emigrating, says Mr Cobden, by "*hundreds of thousands;*" and the Canada returns show an emigration of about 16,000, or the number annually expected at this period of the summer.

2. That the delegates talk great swelling words of having stood between the people and famine; and, secondly, of having stood between the government and insurrection. But, it seems, they will do so no longer. Go, empty, but guilty babblers, and do your worst.

3. In other respects, the delegates hold a language of ruffian menace, which would have consigned poorer men to the tread-mill for six or nine months. And it is to be hoped that, with the intentions which they publish, even they will not long escape punishment; men of moderation and fewer words certainly would not.

But these consequences are personal, and not worthy to detain us for a moment. From the consequences to the nation, we single out those which will attach to the three doctrines following, now propagated with frenzy amongst the poor:—

1st. That the government, or the legislature, is responsible for the sustenance of the people. This needs but to be stated, in order to suggest the terrific effects which are likely to follow.

2d. That commerce is unlimited, and that neither population nor pro-

duction is capable of running a-head. One man puts the contradiction to this doctrine in a lively form. At this moment, he says, our power in machinery is capable of supplying the planet; and with six months' notice we could supply another equal planet. We used to wonder on what basis this doctrine of illimitable trade could be built. We ascertained it, two years ago, in a conversation with a Radical politician of some note. It rests upon ignorance: *ignotum pro magnifico.* In some small degree our friend the Radical relied upon the obscure populations between Hungary and Greece, but much more on the three great chambers of Southern (or Mahometan) Asia. There is an old craze about these regions, as if, in fact, the unlimited *officinæ gentium* for modern times. Meantime the romance has melted away before modern light. The Turkish or western chambers may be viewed as reaching to the Tigris; the middle, or Persian part, from the Tigris to the desert on the west frontier of ffghanistan; the third or Affghan chamber to the Indus. The first two have been decaying for two centuries. All three may average for each 900 miles across, from west to east. All three do not average nine millions a-piece in population; and, for effectual demand, one man from Central Europe may count for thirty of these improgressive Mussulmans.

3d. That free trade in corn will essentially vary the condition of the manufacturers. Our dimensions will show that we are not going to molest the reader with a discussion. But, as this was the very object of the deputation with which we are dealing, one word we must say at parting. Look into the *Chronicon Preciosum*—a book of which these worthles never heard—of Bishop Gibson. You will there observe, with interest, that three centuries back we in England were liable to famines; look back for two and three more, the famines were frightful in extent and in frequency. Pretty much in that state of advance is Poland. Four years in ten appear to be famine years. Now with us the dearest wheat which we remember occurred forty-two years ago; the price in the highest markets [which then varied much amongst each other for want of good roads to equalize the distribution] was exactly double of what it is now. That was the highest ascent for above forty years. But imagination cannot picture the woe which will descend upon England when depending on Poland for one-third or one-fourth of her unparalleled demand in a year of unexpected famine. The price will be up to eight and ten pounds a quarter; warning there will be none; and the misery will be that of Jerusalem under siege. One famine is also usually succeeded by others. But even for the first twenty-four months after the repeal of the corn-laws, it is worth considering what will happen. On the first opening the ports, if the year should be an average year, it is held by the free-traders that wheat will fall to 47s. Lord Brougham, who has often showed how little he is master of Ricardo's Economy, threw out this unquestionable remark a few weeks back, that wheat would very soon rise in price. Why? Naturally from the increased demand on Poland. And this he said to console the English farmer. But any economist knows, that a rise or change of any kind, consequent on disturbing the equilibrium between supply and demand, would fall back again on the restoration of that equilibrium. But another sort of increase there is upon the price which will never fall back. The augmented demand of England will force Poland upon inferior soils; and that will, in one year, cause the new price of 47s. to ascend by 5s. or 7s. The price will then have reached a very English average of 52s. to 54s., at which it actually ranged for four successive years about ten years ago. But every expansion of our population will carry this higher; so that, in five years at furthest, we shall be back at our present English prices; and then, tell us, tutelary angel of England! what will have become of our present English security? War will come at last. But keep *that* out of sight. Famine and famine price will come within five years, and then few will be at leisure to think of the woe to the deceivers; the cry will be, "Alas! for the dupes!"

[To use sarcasms with the vulgar, saith Swift, were to attempt to cut blocks of wood with razors; and in the spirit of that observation, we, Christopher

North, take leave to say, that as far as those mischievous vermin the "*Anti-Corn-Law League*" are concerned, all our admirable correspondent's profundity of reflection—his classic eloquence—his indignant sarcasm—are utterly wasted and thrown away. He alludes to books, to regions, to persons, to topics, to motives, to objects, of which these worthies never did, nor ever will hear, read, know, feel, or see, any thing whatever. It is humiliating to reflect on the sort of notice which these ignorant and vulgar babblers have contrived to attract, by dint of their persevering impudence and intrusion. Only think with what profound contempt and disgust they must have been secretly regarded by the consummate statesman into whose presence they had contrived to wriggle on the occasion which has called forth the foregoing article! One has no patience to think of the precious time of one on whom such tremendous responsibilities and exhausting exertions are imposed by the nation, being wasted for even a second, by such creatures as these; and we do trust that such a serious nuisance will not be repeated. Personally, these parties are obscure and ignorant enough to warrant only a casual expression of contempt for them, their sayings, and doings; but it is painful and shocking to reflect on the systematic and mercenary *wickedness of their intention*. That they have utterly and ridiculously failed, however, though in many respects favoured by circumstances, is a cheering evidence of the power there exists at all times in England of exploding *humbug*, directly its presence is perceived by the good feeling and common sense which distinguish us as a people. Let us therefore hear, and see, and think no more of these gentry; who must, however, be henceforth under the *surveillance* of the police. Let their *creditors* also look sharp after them. As for Sir Robert himself, we have watched his every movement since he was called to the helm of affairs, with the deepest interest and anxiety; and at the close of his first and most memorable session, have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that he has exhibited many of the most transcendent qualities of a statesman. His unbroken suavity of manner—his patience, fortitude, and resolution, amidst scenes of exquisite trial and difficulty; his unflinching and disinterested devotion to business—the amazing accuracy and extent of his practical knowledge, and the masterly readiness and precision with which he applies it, so as to baffle—to prostrate—to palsy the opposition arrayed before him—overpowering them at all times and places equally with eloquence, reasoning, and knowledge; on all these accounts, Sir Robert Peel ought to be regarded by his countrymen at this moment with feelings of the deepest respect and gratitude. There are, undoubtedly, one or two parts of his policy which we have regarded, and do regard, with the utmost anxiety—but we nevertheless look forward to the future with hope and confidence. For what he has already done, and for what we expect from him, we say heartily "*semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.*"—We had scarcely penned the last few lines, when we heard a peal of laughter from an old friend and contributor who chanced to be in an adjoining room: and, rushing into our *sanctum* with a newspaper, he told us that the "Anti-Corn-Law League" had received an exterminating kick from the greatest man of the age—our Great Duke—of whom they had had the prodigious audacity to seek such an audience as they had unfortunately obtained from Sir R. Peel. Here follows the note of the Duke, which we will thus place permanently on

record—thereby also giving a certain sort of permanent notoriety to "P. A. Taylor, Esq., Brown's Hotel."

"London, *July* 16, 1842.

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Taylor.

"He is not in office in the Queen's political service. He is not entrusted with the exercise of political power. He has no control over those who are.

"He begs to be excused for declining to receive the visits of deputations from Associations, or of individual gentlemen, in order to converse with him upon public affairs.

"But if any gentlemen think proper to give him, in writing, information or instruction upon any subject, he will peruse the same with attention.

"P. A. Taylor, Esq., Brown's Hotel."

"The Duke has received three notes from Mr Taylor on this subject."

This is the right way to deal with the "Anti-Corn-Law League."—[C. N.]

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THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. I.

Although translations, or rather paraphrases, of certain minor poems by Schiller have been by no means rare amongst us, we possess as yet no complete version into English of that exquisite collection, upon which rests not the least popular nor the least durable part of the great German's fame. It is now proposed to supply a desideratum long felt in England, not only by the cultivators of German literature, but by those unacquainted with the original, and curious to obtain some glimpses of a genius, whose influence upon the intellect of Europe has been so pervading and profound. We therefore commence, in this number, an entire and complete Translation of all the Poems of Schiller, (the dramas excepted,) with the hope that, when concluded, the merit of the original may obtain for the translation more than a fugitive interest; and that, until at least a poet worthier of Schiller may apply himself to the same task, our version may take its place amongst those volumes which communicate the mind of one country to the study and emulation of another. Our first purpose, in this attempt, is to adhere to the original with as strict fidelity as the necessity of *translating poetry into poetry* will permit. And with but very rare exceptions, we have adopted, for this object, the only general rule which can guarantee the reader from the most common vice of translators; viz. that of weakening by diffusion, or marring by over ornament, the conciseness and simplicity of the author in his own language. The rule we refer to is that of translating line by line, and of assigning to each poem the same number of verses as contents the idea in the native German.

The minor poems of Schiller are as various in metre as in subject; we have sought generally to adhere to the essential form and spirit of his rhythm, though we have exercised a discretionary power in such trifling deviations, as seemed to us warranted not only by differences in the laws of our construction, but by the usages familiarized to the ear and to the taste. The boldest and most frequent variation we have allowed ourselves is, when we have been condemned to grapple with the long rhymeless German verse, in which such poems as "Der Spaziergang," (The Walk)—"Pompeii und Herkulanum," &c., (Pompeii and Herculaneum)—are composed, to the rhythm of which we have no melodious analogy in our own language; and in this portion of our task we have, therefore, considered ourselves free to choose at will among our own metres, according to the spirit and nature of the several poems so constructed in the original; generally, for example, in the lighter pieces we have employed the easy flow of the lengthened ballad-rhyme—in the graver, the more stately pomp of the heroic, with a certain license as to

the stated periods for the recurrence of the rhyme.

It is not our intention to preface our attempt by any detailed criticism of the genius exhibited by Schiller in his minor poems. Their astonishing variety, their profound beauty of thought, leave them without other rival than Goethe in the German; and they are far better adapted than those of Goethe to secure the popular admiration and sympathy of England. For they are very rarely obscure—their philosophy is not subtle and wire-drawn—the art which conceives and moulds them is essentially warm and living. Though veiled in a more ornate and learned dress, the MAN'S HEART beats under them as strongly and as loudly as in the verse of Burns. It is right, however, so far to prepare the reader for the peculiar attributes of this noble writer, as to state, that, in common with all poets of the highest order, his style is completely opposed to the Euphuism which of late years has crept in amongst us, and seems to excite so perverse a spirit of emulation in our younger poets. There are no affected coxcombries of expression; no quaint puerilities of conceit; no lawless disregard to the old-established usages which demand from a poet an harmonious line and a clear thought. In his richness, Schiller is simple; in his simplicity, he is not vulgar; in his sentiment, he is manly; in his philosophy, he is broad and large. But it is principally in his versatile and affluent command over all the resources of his art; his complete mastership of the lyre—from the glowing ode to the homely ballad; from the passionate love-song to the musing elegy; all various, yet all stamped by one original and peculiar individuality of emotion and thought, of inspiration and of manner—that the superiority and extent of his genius is to be traced and recognized. He is, therefore, one of those poets of whom you must read many poems before you can quite appreciate the excellence of one. He is not, like Racine, a poet of smooth lines, that flatter the ear and leave the intellect barren; nor like Shelley, a poet of glittering passages, which startle for a page and fatigue through a volume; but his power is great enough to be at ease; and his muse marches on the broad way to the human heart or the immortal soul, without waiting for the procession of flutes and hautboys, and without tricking her calm and healthful beauty in the foil and tinsel of a Bartholomew rope-dancer. In the ordinary editions of Schiller, his poems (as his other works) are marshalled into three chronological divisions. We have not thought it necessary or advisable to adhere to this formal arrangement. Our object at present is, in these anti-poetic days, to enlist the interest of as wide a circle as may feel inclined to examine, even through an inadequate translation, the grounds upon which, no less solidly than on the basis of his dramas, is built the renown of so incontestable a poet; and, for this purpose, we have judged it best to begin with the more popular pieces to be found in the Third Division. If that interest be once excited, the reader will be more willing, perhaps more able, to examine those differences in style and thought which years and study produced—as the irregular fire of the "Robbers" expanded into the steady splendour of the "Wallenstein." Schiller is more wild, more forced and exaggerated, more what, at the close of the last century, we should have called *German*, in his earlier poems; more simple, natural, condensed, and, what our national vanity longs to say, more *English*, in his latter.

With these few remarks—not intended for the erudite German scholar, but for the plain English reader, with a full conviction of the difficulty of our task, and a hope that we shall find the most indulgence from those most competent to detect our faults—we now commence the undertaking that they preface. Well satisfied, indeed, should we be, if, while opening a new region of generous thoughts and high aspirations to the eyes of youth, those who have been recently preferring the paint and paste of the Pseudo-Muse to the hardy bloom and chastened splendour of the True, may discover how little of conceit and of prettiness, of lack-a-daisacal babyisms meant for simplicity, of wearisome obscurity meant for grandeur, go to the composition of a poet whom—not the cant of cliques and critics—but the Heart of Man and the Voice of Time proclaim to be really GREAT.

SCHILLER'S POEMS.

THE DIVER, A BALLAD.

THE original of the story on which Schiller has founded this ballad, matchless perhaps for the power and grandeur of its descriptions, is to be found in Kircher.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirl'd into the maëlstrom that madden'd the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gather'd around,
Stood silent—and fix'd on the ocean their eyes;
They look'd on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main;
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm!
Through the breakers that whiten'd the waste of the swell,
Dark—dark yawn'd a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
Round and round whirl'd the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker!. Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold! he is whirl'd in the grasp of the main!

And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
  But the deep from below murmur'd hollow and fell;
And the crowd, as it shudder'd, lamented aloud—
  "Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!"
And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
  And cry, "Who may find it shall win it, and wear;"
God's wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
  A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal,
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

O many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
  Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crash'd together the keel and the mast,
  To be seen, toss'd aloft in the glee of the wave.—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
  As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
  And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,*
  What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
  They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
  And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
  "He lives—lo the ocean has render'd its prey!
And out of the grave where the Hell began,
His valour has rescued the living man!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee,
  And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—
  And the king from her maidens has beckon'd his daughter—
And he bade her the wine to his cupbearer bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
  The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
  Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Never more—never more may he lift from the mirror,
The Veil which is woven with Night and with Terror!

---

* The same rhyme as the preceding line in the original.

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play,
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirl'd me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

"And I call'd on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And show'd me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A Silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appall'd might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coil'd about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark-crawl'd—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Like masses unshapen, made life hideously—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the Hammer-fish darken'd the dark of the sea—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gather'd icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limb'd creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvel'd—quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main?"

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side.
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listen'd, there leapt the wild joy—
  And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
  The maiden—she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
  Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
  They come, the wild waters in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

NOTE.—The art of Schiller in the composition of ballads is very peculiar. He usually goes at once into the interest of his story, and adopts the simple and level style; sometimes, as in "Fridolin, or, the Message to the Forge," familiar almost to homeliness, though never debased to puerility. But in nearly all his ballads he selects a subject that admits some striking and single picture, which only a great poet could conceive and execute, and which, more by ideas than words, elevates the ballad to a height not attained by the early masters of that most difficult class of narrative. For instance, the description of the storm in "Hero and Leander"—the Catholic ritual in "Fridolin"—the exquisite portrait of the Hermit gazing on the convent-lattice, in the "Knight of Toggenburg"—the representation of the Furies in "The Cranes of Ibycus," &c. But in *this* surpassing ballad he is not contented with the single "purple patch" in the woven tissue; he bestows equal labour upon the two descriptions—that of the external fury of the charybdis, and that of the horrors of the unseen abyss. Yet neither of them are episodical, but strictly grow out of the subject. Elaborate as they are, they cannot be considered accessories, but essentials.

THE GLOVE, A TALE

Before his lion-court,
To see the grisly sport,
  Sate the king!
Beside him group'd his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
  Wreath'd round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger—yawn'd the gate;
And, slow from his repose,
A LION goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And with a lazy gape,
He stretch'd his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again!

  A finger raised the king—
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarr'd;
  Forth, with a rushing spring,
    A TIGER sprung!
Wildly the wild one yell'd
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
    And roll'd his rabid tongue;

In many a wary ring,
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound,
And, laid him on the ground,
Grommelling!
The king raised his finger; then
Leap'd two LEOPARDS from the den
With a bound;
And boldly bounded they,
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and roll'd;
Rose the lion with a roar!
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still!

Now from the balcony above,
A snowy hand let fall a glove
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger; there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight DELORGES—"If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The knight left the place where the lady sate;
The knight he has pass'd thro' the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stoop'd above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!

All shuddering and stunn'd, they beheld him there—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace.
He toss'd the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left for ever that fair ladye!

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

"Sir Knight! the love that sisters feel,
Could that content, is thine;
The love thy heart would fain reveal,
Has only pain for mine!
I calmly still would see thee go,
And calmly welcome thee!
The silent tears thine eyelids know,
Are language strange to me."

He heard her speak; his lips suppress
The bitter thoughts that bleed;

He rose—he clasp'd her to his breast,
And sprang upon his steed.
"Up, liegemen, up!—thro' Swisserland!"
The word awakes the brave!
The cross abreast—the holy band
Shall seek the Saviour's grave.

High deeds for many a Christian knight
Achieved a hero's fame;
As glittering thro' the foremost fight,
Their dancing plumage came.
Yet, most of all, *one* name of fear
Appall'd the Moslem foe,
Alas, in fame the heart can ne'er
Its heaviness forego!

One weary Tear he sought to bear,
What then he might no more,
Away from her—what rest was there?
He left the holy shore.
He hail'd a ship on Joppa's strand,
Sails hoist and breezes fair;
Away once more to that dear land
In which she breathes the air.

And now the pilgrim paused in fear
Before the castle gate,
Dark roll'd upon the pilgrim's ear
The thunder-words of fate.
"To her thou seek'st but yester-eve
The solemn veil was given,
Content the world for God to leave,
She lives—the bride of heaven!"

So left he then for evermore
His father's proud abode,
And ne'er the knightly harness wore,
Nor knightly steed bestrode.
Below his castle-crownèd height,
Unknown, he sate him down,
And, for the warrior's armour, dight
The hermit's hairy gown.

A lonely hut he built him there,
Her dwelling-place in view,
Where still the cloister glisten'd fair
The dusky lindens through.
From morn, in that unwitness'd place,
Till starry evening shone,
Mute, yet with hope upon his face,
The hermit sate alone.

And hour by hour, as magic-bound,
Her casement watch'd afar,
Until he heard, with feeble sound,
Her lattice-bolt unbar.
There upwards still his look was cast,
Until her image, pale
And angel-mild, the while it past,
Bow'd meekly towards the vale.

Then laid he down, the vigil o'er,
Consoled, perchance, awhile,

To greet, in quiet joy, once more
  The morning's early smile.
He sate—the days, the seasons fly—
  He sate, and gazed afar,
And watch'd—if sad, without a sigh—
  To hear that lattice-bar.

There upward still the look was cast,
  Until her image, pale
And angel-mild, the while it past,
  Bow'd meekly towards the vale.
So sate he on that lonely spot
  The morn that was his last,
And still the look, where life was not,
  Was towards the casement cast.

The Secret.

And not a word by her was spoken;
  For many a listener's ear was by,
But sweetly was the silence broken,
  For eye could well interpret eye.
Soft to thy hush'd pavilion stealing,
  Thou fair, far-spreading Beech, I glide,
Thy favouring veil my form concealing,
  And all the garish world denied.

From far, with dull, unquiet clamour,
  Labours the vex'd and busy day,
And, through the hum, the sullen hammer
  Comes heaving down its heavy way.
Thus man pursues his weary calling,
  And wrings the hard life from the sky,
While happiness unseen is falling
  Down from God's bosom silently.

How men can miss the enchanted treasures
  By faithful love in calm possest!
They but profane the holy pleasures
  Whose souls the pleasures have not blest.
Ah, Bliss the earth cannot *inherit!*
  No!—Thou must *chase* her as a prey,
And, ere the life can pall the spirit,
  Surprise, or seize her on the way.

Soft, upon tiptoe, comes she greeting,
  Thro' silent night she loves to stray,
A nymph, that fades to air, if meeting
  One gaze her mysteries to betray.
Roll round us, roll, thou softest river,
  Thy broad'ning stream, a barrier given,
And guard with threat'ning waves for ever
  This one last Heritage of Heaven!

The Expectation.

Note.—In Schiller, the eight long lines that conclude each stanza of this charming love-poem, instead of rhyming alternately as in the translation, chime to the tune of Byron's *Don Juan*—six lines rhyming with each other, and the two last forming a separate couplet. In other respects the translation, it is hoped, is sufficiently close and literal.

Hear I the creaking gate unclose?
  The gleaming latch uplifted?
'Twas but the wind that, whirring, rose
  Amidst the poplars drifted.

Adorn thyself, thou green leaf-bowering roof,
  Destined the bright one's presence to receive,
For her, a shadowy palace-hall aloof
  With holy Night, thy boughs familiar weave.
And ye sweet flatteries of the delicate air,
  Will ye not sport her rosy cheek around,
When their light weight the tender feet shall bear,
  When Beauty comes to Passion's trysting-ground?

What through the copse so swiftly crept—
  The copse that rustles near?
The bird that through the branches swept
  Upon the wings of fear!

Day, quench thy torch! come, ghost-like from on high,
  With thy loved Silence, come, thou haunting Eve,
Broaden below thy web of purple dye,
  Which lullèd boughs mysterious round us weave.
For love's delight vouchsafing listeners none,
  The froward witness of the light will flee;
Hesper alone, the rosy Silent One,
  Down-glancing, may our sweet Familiar be!

What murmur in the distance spoke,
  And like a whisper died?
'Twas but the swan that gently broke
  In rings the silver tide!

Soft to my ear there comes a music-flow;
  In gleesome murmur glides the waterfall;
To Zephyr's kiss the flowers are bending low;
  Through life goes joy, exchanging joy with all.*
Tempt to the touch the grapes—the blushing fruit,*
  Voluptuous swelling from the leaves that hide;
And drinking fever from my cheek, the mute
  Air sleeps all liquid in the Odour-Tide!

Hark! through the alley hear I now
  A footfall? Comes the maiden?
'Twas but the fruit slid from the bough,
  With its own richness laden.

The lustrous eyes of Day declining, close
  In sweetest death. His torch extinct; and lo,
The sainted Twilight, from her still repose,
  Extends the chalice mortal to his glow.

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* The Peach.

The bright face of the moon is still and lone,
  Melts in vast masses the world silently;
Slides from each charm the slowly-loosening zone;
  And round all beauty, veilless, roves the eye.

What yonder seems to glimmer?
  Her white robe's glancing hues?—
The column's silent shimmer
  Athwart the darksome yews!

O, longing heart, no more delight upbuoy'd
  Let the sweet airy image thee befool!
The arms that would embrace her clasp the void:
  This feverish breast no happy shade can cool.
O, waft her here, mine own beloved one!
  Let but my hand *her* hand, the tender, feel—
The very shadow of her robe alone!
  So into life the idle dream shall steal!

As glide from heaven, when least we ween,
  The rosy hours of bliss,
All gently came the maid, unseen:—
  He waked beneath her kiss!

The Poet to his Friends.

Friends, fairer times have been
(Who can deny?) than we ourselves have seen;
And an old race of more majestic worth.
Were history silent on the past, in sooth,
A thousand stones would witness of the truth
  Which men disbury from the womb of earth.
Yet they are gone and vanish'd. Time devours
  The giant relics of that race of might;
We live, we live: To us the breathing hours.
  Who lives—is in the right!

Suns are of happier ray
Than where, not ill, we while our life away,
If the far-wandering traveller speaks aright;
  But much which Nature hath to us denied
  Hath not kind Art, the genial friend, supplied,
And our hearts warm'd beneath her mother-light!
Tho' native not beneath our winters keen,
  Or bays or myrtle—for our mountain-shrines
And hardy brows, their lusty garlands green
  Weave the thick-clustering vines.

Well may proud hearts take pleasure
Where change four worlds their intermingled treasure,
And Trade's great pomp the wanderer may behold,
  Where the rich Thames a thousand sails unfurl'd
  Or seek or leave—the market of the world—
And throned in splendour sits the Earth-god, Gold.
But never, in the mire of troubled streams,
  Swell'd by wild torrents from the mountain's breast,
But in the still wave's mirror, the soft beams
  Of happy sunshine rest.

Prouder and more elate
Then we o' the North, beside the angel's gate
The beggar basking views eternal Rome!
  Round to his gaze bright-swarming beauties given,
  And, holy in the heaven, a second heaven,
The world's large wonder, hangs St Peter's Dome.
But Rome in all her glory is a grave,
  The Past, that ghost of power, alone is hers,
Strew'd by the green Hours, where the young leaves wave
  Breathes all the life that stirs!

Elsewhere are nobler things
Than to our souls our scant existence brings:
The *New* beneath the sun hath never been.
  And see we still the great of every age
  Pass in their solemn silence from the stage,
As Time's vast drama shifts the phantom scene.
Life but repeats itself—all stale and worn;
  Sweet Phantasy alone is young for ever;
What ne'er and nowhere on this earth is born
  Alone grows aged never.

Evening. (From a Picture.)

Sink, shining god—tired Nature halts; and parch'd
Earth needs the dews; adown the welkin arch'd
        Falter thy languid steeds—
        Sink in thy ocean halls!
Who beckons from the crystal waves unto thee?
Knows not thy heart the smiles of love that woo thee?—
        Quicken the homeward steeds!
      The silver Thetis calls!

Swift to her arms he springs! and with the bridle
Young Eros toys—the gladdening steeds (as idle
        The guideless chariot rests)
        The cool wave bend above.
And Night, with gentle step and melancholy,
Breathes low through heaven; with her comes Love the holy—
        Phœbus the lover rests.—
        Be all life rest and love.

The Longing.

From out this dim and gloomy hollow,
  Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
Could I but gain the clue to follow,
  How blessed would the journey be!
Aloft I see a fair dominion,
  Through time and change all vernal still;
But where the power, and what the pinion,
  To gain the ever-blooming hill?

Afar I hear their music ringing—
  The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
And the light gales are downward bringing
  The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
I see the fruits, all golden-glowing,
  Beckon the glossy leaves between,

And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
  Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine for ever, yonder,
  O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee!
The very winds that there may wander,
  How healing must their breathing be!
But lo, between us rolls a river—
  A death in every billow raves;
I feel the soul within me shiver
  To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
  But, woe is me, the pilot fails!—
In, boldly in—undaunted over!
  And trust the life that swells the sails!
Thou must *believe*, and thou must *venture*,
  In fearless faith thy safety dwells;
By miracles alone men enter
  The glorious Land of Miracles!

THE DANCE.

See how like lightest waves at play, the airy dancers fleet;
And scarcely feels the floor the wings of those harmonious feet.
Oh, are they flying shadows from their native forms set free?
Or phantoms in the fairy ring that summer moonbeams see?
As, by the gentle zephyr blown, some light mist flees in air,
As skiffs that skim adown the tide, when silver waves are fair,
So sports the docile footstep to the heave of that sweet measure,
As music wafts the form aloft at its melodious pleasure.
Now breaking through the woven chain of the entangled dance,
From where the ranks the thickest press, a bolder pair advance,
The path they leave behind them lost—wide opes the path beyond,
The way unfolds or closes up as by a magic wand.
See now, they vanish from the gaze in wild confusion blended;
Ah, in sweet chaos whirl'd again, that gentle world is ended!
No!—disentangled glides the knot, the gay disorder ranges—
The only system ruling here, a grace that ever changes.
For aye destroy'd—for aye renew'd, whirls on that fair creation;
And yet one peaceful law can still pervade in each mutation.
And what can to the reeling maze breathe harmony and vigour,
And give an order and repose to every gliding figure?
That each a ruler to himself doth but himself obey,
Yet through the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way.
What, would'st thou know? It is in truth the Mighty MELODY,
A Power that reigns in every step, how wild so e'er it be.
That with the measure and the tune, as with a golden rein,
Can tame the bounding strength to grace, the swift desire restrain.
And comes THE WORLD'S wide harmony in vain upon thine ears?
The stream of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres?
And feel'st thou not the measure which Eternal Nature keeps?
The whirling Dance for ever held in yonder azure deeps?
The suns that wheel in varying maze?—*That* music thou discernest?
No! Thou canst honour that in sport which thou forgett'st in earnest?

NOTE.—This poem is very characteristic of the noble ease with which Schiller often loves to surprise the reader, by the sudden introduction of matter for the loftiest reflection, in the midst of the most familiar subjects. What can be more accurate and happy than the poet's description of the national dance.

as if such description were his only object—the outpouring, as it were, of a young gallant, intoxicated by the music, and dizzy with the waltz? Suddenly and imperceptibly, the reader finds himself elevated from a trivial scene. He is borne upward to the harmony of the spheres. He bows before the great law of the universe—the young gallant is transformed into the mighty teacher; and this without one hard conceit—without one touch of pedantry. It is but a flash of light; and where glowed the playful picture, shines the solemn moral.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

"Take the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"for its masters I mean you,
"Earth's fief to your use shall for ever be given,
So share it like brothers between you."

Ho! man, how thy portion thou carvest!
Old and young have alike their desire;
The Husbandman seizes the harvest—
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the Squire.

The Merchant his warehouse is locking—
The Abbot is choosing his wine—
Cries the Monarch, the thoroughfares blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine?"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the Poet—He came from afar—
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God—"Canst thou murmur at ME.
Where wert *thou*, when the Earth was dividing?
"I WAS," said the Poet, "BY THEE!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured—
Mine ear by thy music of bliss,
Pardon him whom *thy* world had enraptured—
He has lost all possession in this!"

"What to do?" said the God—"Earth is given!
Field, forest, and market and all!—
What say you to quarters in Heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY READING.

A Psychological Curiosity communicated by a County Magistrate.

The event recorded in the following pages is inexplicable on any of the theories usually resorted to in cases of a similar nature. I am not in the slightest degree of an imaginative turn of mind; I farm my own land; I am churchwarden of our parish; fifty years of age, and weigh fourteen stone. My memory is far from good. There has been no instance of somnambulism in my family, except during the last Oxford vacation, when my eldest boy was observed by his mother walking sound asleep, but with his eyes open, towards the maid-servant's room. He had apparently not gone to bed, but must have fallen asleep with his clothes on. On my wife's getting a new maid, there was no recurrence of Frederick's complaint; so it would not be fair to consider that solitary instance as a proof that such a tendency is in the family. I generally sleep as if for a wager, and, in short, I find it utterly impossible to account for the astonishing incident I am now about to narrate. I will begin with the beginning, and relate every thing exactly as it occurred; and then the reader will be able to form his own judgment.

On Monday, the 8th of August, 1842, I dined at six o'clock. I ate two slices of salmon, three platefuls of boiled mutton, some veal curry, a leg and wing of a fowl, (rather tough,) a little maccaroni, and some apple dumpling. About a pint of sherry was all I drank; besides a tumbler or two of Guinness's porter with my cheese. There were, at least, two glasses of port left in the decanter about eight o'clock when I joined the ladies in the drawing-room. I sat down in the large chair near the south window, and in a few minutes felt my eyes gradually closing in spite of my utmost efforts to keep them open. It was like taking a peep into a kaleidoscope; for in that brief glance (while my eyes were shut) I saw a confused mass of bright and beautiful things—but of which I could see nothing very connectedly—the fragments of dreams that had been broken off, and now formed themselves into very curious combinations. A slap on the shoulder recalled me to myself, and my restoration was perfected by the voice of my wife reminding me, rather sharply, that I had taken no notice of the family of my good friend our rector, who had walked across from the parsonage and had been in the room some minutes. More pleasant people it is impossible to imagine; but as I have known them all from childhood my apologies were easily made, and in a short time we were all seated round the tea-table, laughing and talking as usual. The rector himself had joined us; and, while the young ones were dilating on subjects that have very little interest for sedate old boys with sons and daughters of twenty-one, I entered into a discussion, in an under tone, on the present state of our parochial prospects. We discoursed of highways, poor-rates, church-rates, Puseyism, dissent, the state of crime, the distress of the country, and the registration court. I am particular in mentioning the subjects of our conversation, in order to show that what followed on that memorable evening had no connexion with the train of thought to which I had continued steady all night. The young ladies sang—but the sweet tones of Emma M—— had no effect in turning us from the very prosaic contemplation in which we were engaged. It soothed and softened us, perhaps, without our knowing it—for I even doubt whether we were conscious that she was at the piano; but of this, at all events, I am sure, that neither of us attended in the slightest degree to her performance, and had no idea whether she was "wishing she was a fairy," or begging some person unknown to "teach her to forget." Emma's songs could therefore have no effect, direct or indirect, on the incidents of that night. I was told afterwards by one of the party, that they had been engaged in an argument about the formation of a book society, and that considerable indignation was expressed against a worthy neighbour of ours

for having protested against the admission of any of the recent novels. He had stuck out boldly for the fine old romances of the ghost-and-dagger school—being of opinion that a ruined town inhabited by owls and vampyres was a less dangerous place for young ladies of a susceptible turn of mind, than the boudoirs in Grosvenor Square and the masquerades of Almacks, to which they were admitted in the fashionable stories of the present day. But all this, I solemnly declare, must have passed while M—— and I were going over the affairs of the parish, as I have already stated; for I am not conscious of having heard a syllable of the young people's conversation. About ten o'clock there was a universal calling for cloaks and bonnets; I walked with the party to the foot of the garden and let them out by the private door; I then took a turn or two in the broad gravel walk, enjoying the effects of the moonlight on the stems of the dark cedars near the hedge of the orchard; and after about half an-hour of the advertisements in the *Times*, I took my bed candle and walked quietly and sleepily to my room—and now commences the extraordinary part of my narrative.

In my dressing-room is a large tall-backed oak arm-chair, which is thought a good specimen of the Gothic carving of Grindling Gibbons. Though furnished with cushions, and nicely stuffed at the sides and back, it is more looked upon as an ornamental part of the room than as a portion of the furniture. I am not aware of having sat in it before; but on this occasion, whether it had been moved from its usual position at the wall, or from some impulse for which I cannot account, I sat down on it, and, before proceeding to undress, admired the beautiful helmets and shields with which the arms of it are ornamented. The room is of panneled oak, and is therefore very insufficiently lighted with a single candle; and, moreover, the candle was at that moment on the dressing table near the window, at some distance from where I sat; and it is probable that fatigue and the sombreness of the chamber combined to throw me into a sleep; for I can recollect nothing more. My wife, however, was alarmed by a very loud snoring, and, on opening the door, saw me in a profound state of repose, from which all her efforts were insufficient to awake me. She sent for my two eldest girls; and, as if I had only waited for a fit audience, it appears that I began to speak in a clear and sonorous voice, and without the slightest hesitation. My daughters, for a moment, were rendered incapable of any exertion by their surprise at my very unexpected proceedings; but in a few moments they recovered their self-possession, and flying towards a writing-desk, which was open on one of the tables, they took down, word for word, the whole of my oration. On seeing it the following morning, I could not be persuaded of the reality of what they told me; but I have now no reason to doubt the facts, as they are stated by all the members of my family. The language has no resemblance to my usual style of composition, which, hitherto, has been strictly limited to letters of business, and as little of *them* as possible; nor have the thoughts the slightest connexion with my common subjects of contemplation or course of reading, which is principally devoted to the *Quarterly Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*. I read no novels, and can't understand poetry; but I have gained two prizes for turnips, and was only beat by Lord Spencer in the feeding of sheep. With these few preliminary remarks, I proceed to lay before the reader the manuscript of my daughters, only assuring him that they adhered most strictly to the very words I used. They have added nothing; and, as far as possible, omitted nothing. It appears I kept my eyes shut the whole time. I held forth my right arm at full length, and began as follows—

The slanting rays of the fast-declining sun illuminated with sombre light the shadows cast by the projecting masses of the Appenines across a deep mountain gorge, whose recesses were more intensely darkened by the groves of dark pine-trees, interspersed with the wild oaks, which give such an enchanting richness to the landscapes of Italy. An eagle, poised high in air, bore far up on its bright and dazzling wings the full glow of sunshine, and seemed like a sapphire

fixed in the deep blue firmament above, through which came faintly, one by one, the pale stars of evening, and mingled their feeble light with the expiring glories of the great orb of day. There was no moving object to diversify the scene. Earth lay calm in the now deepening shadows, and heaven looked meekly down; a faintly whispering breeze played mournfully among the cedar tops. It was an evening fitted to call forth the fondest aspirations of the human heart. Suddenly the deep silence was broken by the rushing of wheels over the flinty road; and, emerging from the gloomy depths of the mountain gorge, a carriage was whirled with resistless impetuosity. The horses, with wildly-gazing eyes, and manes floating on the air, rushed forward uncontrolled; for the seat of the driver was empty, and the reins hung in tangled masses about their feet. Piercing the heavy sounds of the chariot wheels, and audible above the thundering of the horses' hoofs, re-echoed from the granite sides of the pass through which they were hurrying, rose a faint scream—a white handkerchief was visibly waved to and fro from the window, as if intended for a signal of distress—but the screams grew gradually fainter and fainter, and in a short time the handkerchief was withdrawn. Meantime the four terrified horses continued their career, till at a winding of the valley they dashed against a chestnut tree, which fortunately detached it from the traces, and left the infuriated animals to plunge their desperate way adown the steep sides of the precipice that formed one boundary of the narrow road. Crashing through bushes in their fall, and rebounding from rock to rock, the noble steeds struggled madly to dash their feet into the soil and stop their downward course—but all in vain. With nostrils wide distended, and blood pouring from every limb, they toiled and wrestled with their fate. The deep abyss swallowed them up; and the wild vulture, scenting his carrion from afar, floated madly downward from the topmost peak of the mountain, from which he had been a spectator of their fate. His talons were fixed in the still quivering flank of one of the horses, which turned its dying eyes in terror on its ruthless destroyer; but, with a hoarse croak, the vulture darted his beak into the maddened charger's side, and a moment of fearful agony put an end to its woes for ever.

The carriage, which had been arrested by the projecting trunk of the chestnut, was broken into several pieces by the shock. Low sounds, as if of a person in a troubled dream, were now heard to issue from the portion of it which still held together; and gradually the inarticulate sounds shaped themselves into words, and a soft sweet voice repeated several times, "Giannetta! Giannetta! where art thou?" The fair sufferer seemed scarcely eighteen years of age. Her long raven black hair lay in wild clusters over her pallid cheeks, like night upon a lily; and the silken lashes that veiled her still closed eyes were black and glossy as the raven's wing. Her slim and graceful figure was enveloped in a mantle of black Genoa velvet of the richest texture; and her elegantly-formed foot was protected by richly-coloured silk stockings and white satin shoes. "Giannetta!" she said, "art thou killed?" but no answer was returned. She opened her eyes timidly, as if afraid to discover the full misery of her situation; and closed them again, convulsively exclaiming—"Holy Virgin! I am alone." After a few minutes' relapse into her former state, she rapidly sprang up, leapt down from the seat, and gazed round her. Night had begun suddenly to close in; and in the distance the low growl of an advancing thunder-storm was heard. The landscape had become more shadowy beneath the approaching tempest, and the depths of the ravine, over which she was standing, were from time to time illuminated by fitful flashes of the electric fluid. "Holy mother! what a fearful night!" exclaimed Fedorina, clasping her hands: "but Giannetta and Pardomo are sure to pursue the carriage: they will follow the course the wild horses ran along, and will overtake me ere it be quite dark. I will go and meet them."

Giannetta was the waiting-woman of Fedorina, and Pardomo was her male attendant. At the village in which they had stopped to change horses, while the domestics were busy in hurrying the people of the inn, the chargers, who had not yet been loosed

from their harness, had been alarmed by some cause or other, and had galloped forward till arrested in the dreadful manner we have described.

Fedorina, wrapping her mantle closely round her, and taking in her hand a small bundle of wearing apparel, started forward; but in the darkness of the night, and the agitation of her spirits, she proceeded in the opposite direction from that which she intended, and strained her eyes amid the increasing darkness in looking for her attendants. She paused every now and then to listen, but nothing met her ear but the distant booming of the thunder among the hills, and the wild rush of the wind, which, in fits and starts, made itself heard among the pines. Fatigue at last combined with terror and anxiety to exhaust her strength. She was just on the point of resigning herself to her fate in despair, when, through a deep vista of the mountain-path, she saw a light. Hope renewed her strength, and she hurried forward, muttering a prayer of thanksgiving to her patron saint, and sank exhausted on the threshold of a hermitage. It was a narrow cell, carved out of the solid rock, and its rude recesses were illumined by the trembling light of one solitary taper. A crucifix stood against the wall, and Fedorina was creeping towards it to tell her beads, when, on a small table near the candle, she discovered a rosary and an illuminated black-letter missal. Joyfully she gazed on the hallowed objects, when she was startled by hearing a voice which proceeded from the inner part of the cell, to which the light could not penetrate. She half raised herself to listen, and caught indistinctly the following words:—"Stranger, whoever thou art, approach, and hear the last words of Father Geronymo." There was something in the tones of the voice that did not seem altogether unknown to her. She slipt noiselessly to the spot from which the voice proceeded, and on a low pallet on the ground she recognized a human figure in the extremity of weakness.

"Father," she said, "can a helpless female be of any use to you in your sad condition?"

"Ha! that voice!" exclaimed the hermit: "say—say, who art thou? speak! I have but a few minutes to live."

"I am Fedorina, the daughter of the Count Viterbo."

"Mysterious Heaven!" replied the dying man: "and doest thou not recognize me, lady? Theobaldo, the monk — the confessor of thy lady mother? Oh!"—Here some pang seemed to overcome him, but whether from mental or bodily suffering it was impossible to say.

"Rememberest thou not the Baron di Birndello?" continued the hermit, too ill to observe the start with which the name was received by the listening auditor. "When death had dissolved your mother's marriage with the Count Viterbo, the noblest of the land contended for her favour. She refused the most tempting offers, and poured her whole affection on the young Baron di Birndello."

"My mother!" exclaimed Fedorina: "impossible!"

"He resisted her offers; he despised the rank and wealth she was able and willing to bestow on him, for his affections were otherwise engaged, though I know not the object of his love."

Fedorina breathed more freely, and raised her eyes in thankfulness.

"But his coldness only added fresh impetuosity to the passion of the Countess Viterbo. She gave way to the ungovernable fury of her love, and"—— Here the voice of the hermit died away.

"And what? Oh, keep me not in suspense!" exclaimed Fedorina: "what did she do?"

"I know not," continued the hermit after a pause; "I knew that her temper was inexorable, and I pressed her to be more open in her revelations, but she guarded her secret even at the confessional. At last, a year ago, the young Baron di Birndello suddenly disappeared. A woman whose love has been spurned is capable of any extent of cruelty in her revenge."

"Blessed St Antonio!" cried Fedorina, "what dost thou think was his fate?"

"She had a castle in a remote part of the country; strange rumours got abroad of troops of horsemen, in the countess's livery, being seen on the borders of her Appenine estates. I left Viterbo in hopes of discovering his prison, if he is indeed imprisoned; but all my enquiries are vain. From

every thing I can hear, I fear the worst, and that she has"—

"Oh, say on—tell me all!" exclaimed Fedorina, clasping her hands: "let me know the worst. You think she—oh, I tremble to say the word—she murd——but no! no! she cannot have been so base." She kneeled beside the pallet of the hermit, and urged him to finish his eventful story, but her attempts were useless. The exertion had been too much for his strength, and after a few feeble efforts to clear his throat, he laid his head back on his pillow, and after three loud groans expired. Exhausted by all she had undergone, Fedorina fell senseless on the body of the deceased. Loud thunder roared around; lurid flashes of lightning glanced fitfully across the mouth of the cavern, and the rain fell in torrents on the roof. The taper was burned out, and when consciousness returned to the hapless maiden, she was in impenetrable darkness, while the elemental war seemed to shake the old hermitage to its foundation.

The grey faint streaks of dawn broke on the disturbed slumbers of the terrified Fedorina. The light, feebly struggling through the still stormy clouds, cast a dismal hue on the interior of the cave. She wakened, and for a time was unconscious of her position; but the jagged walls, the oaken crucifix, the table and the rosary, recalled her to a knowledge of the events of the preceding day. She gazed on the features of the hermit as he lay in a state of calm which she found it difficult to believe to be indeed death, and not a profound sleep, and her heart sank within her as she thought on the utter loneliness of her situation. Nor was the information the dying father Geronymo had contributed, fitted to soothe her agitated mind—a murder, and of such a dreadful nature—to be perpetrated by a female hand, and that hand her mother's! 'Twas almost too much for her reason to support; but in reliance on the assistance of St Antonio, and the purity of her own heart, she determined to continue the pursuit which the hermit had begun, and penetrate the mystery that shrouded the young baron's fate. Brought up together from infancy—for Birndello was the ward of her father—it is not surprising that their hearts were united in a mutual flame. Formed with every grace of body, and endowed with every ornament of mind, the youthful lovers adored each other, and were the admiration of every one who beheld them. The death of the Count Viterbo interrupted their dreams of happiness. The Countess interposed her power; and in the agony of a wounded spirit, Fedorina, who was endowed with the immense possessions of her aunt, left the paternal home which had been the witness of her happiest years—of her opening affections—and of their untimely blight; and, accompanied solely by the domestics we have mentioned at the commencement of our tale, had begun her journey to one of her largest properties in the vicinity of Lombardy. The meeting with the hermit, whom she recognised as having for many years been the confessor at her father's castle, turned the tide of her thoughts into other channels. She had loved her father—she had feared her mother—and now rose in her heart the determination to revenge the murder of her lover; if, as her fears too vividly suggested to her, the dagger of her imperious mother was actually steeped in Birndello's blood. As she revolved her future plans, her self-reliance gradually returned, and ere the sun had reached his mid-day throne, and poured a flood of splendour over the landscape, freshened by the storms of the night, she had taken her resolution. She doffed her feminine apparel, and encased her delicate form in the rough serge dress and coarse garments of father Geronymo. With careful hands she dug a grave for his inanimate remains at the side of the hermitage, and with some difficulty conveyed his attenuated corse to its last resting-place. With tears and prayers for the repose of his spirit, she spread the earth upon his tomb, and then returned to the cave to meditate on what he had told her ere he died. A spring which murmured at one side of her dwelling-place, supplied her with its liquid beverage, and in a small cupboard she discovered a copious supply of bread and vegetables, along with a considerable quantity of the common cheese of that neighbourhood. These provisions had probably been laid in by the provident cares of the hermit before his illness, or had been sup-

plied by the piety and charity of the surrounding peasants. However it was, she thanked St Antonio for the gift, and ate of the bounties of providence with a grateful mind. Refreshed by her meal, she lifted the guitar with which the hermit appeared to have soothed his solitude, and touching its strings in the most melancholy manner, she sang in a voice of exquisite sweetness the following hymn:—

"When through the purple depths of air,
The ocean's rolling wave,
Tempestuous sorrows doom'd to care,
To rise in hope, in grief to dare—
Antonio save! Antonio save!

"When terror in its mirky gloom,
Unused the soul to cheer,
Parts from the wonder of its doom—
Shines like a sunbeam on its tomb—
Antonio hear! Antonio hear!

"Oh! when the spirit wildly free,
Where hatred's lute is dumb,
Shrinks from the misery to be,
And like a dove returns to thee—
Antonio come! Antonio come!"

The last notes had scarcely died away, when her quick ear caught the sound of steps at the entrance of the cave. The guitar was immediately laid aside—the hood of the mantle drawn close forward over her face; and she had only time to seat herself in a dark part of the grotto, when the intruder entered. He was a tall, dark-eyed man, dressed as a huntsman; his short sword at his side, and carbine swung over his shoulder, showed that he was armed in defence of his master's game.

"Give you good-day," he said to the fictitious hermit, lifting his large broad-brimmed hat for a moment—"I expected to see thee as usual at the mouth of the cave."

Fedorina made some indistinct answer in a feigned voice, in which "age" and "sickness" were the only words that seemed to have been perceived.

"Illness!" said the man; "by our Lady of Grief, 'tis a pity thou'rt ill at the present time, just when thy ghostly help is most needed."

"In what way can I be useful?" enquired Fedorina.

"Come to the castle as the bell strikes seven to-night—but stay, thou hast never visited the castle—hast ?"

orina answered in the negative.

"Then 'tis easy to give thee directions how to find it. At two hundred yards' distance in the wood, thou wilt discover a waterfall — ascend the stream for half-a-mile, and in a mountain gorge on the left, the castle gates will be before thee."

"But wherefore am I required?—I seldom leave my home—I am unused to such exertion."

"'Twill do thee good, holy father; and if thou wilt enquire at the buttery hatch for Pietro Manzoni, thou wilt not be displeased with thine entertainment—fail not at the hour I have mentioned, for great events depend on thy punctuality. As for me, I hate blood flowing without the blessing of the priest."

"Blood! Gracious Madonna of Miserecordia!" exclaimed Fedorina—but checking herself, she added in her assumed voice, "Be it so, my son—I will not fail thee—farewell, and benedicite!"

"Fare thee well, my good Geronymo," replied the huntsman, not heeding her agitation, and retired from the cave.

"Blood! blood!" she repeated to herself when again left alone—"holy Antonio, for what trials am I reserved? My visiter looks fierce and bold but not cruel—Oh! what is the business for which I am required? And how am I to comfort myself?" These meditations occupied her till it was time to proceed on her journey; and, breathing a prayer for the assistance of St Antonio and all saints, she seized the walking-staff of the deceased father Geronymo, and walked tremblingly from her cell. She directed her course as she had been instructed by the huntsman, and following the small brook upwards, she arrived in a short time at the castle gates. It seemed an old building, which had been suffered in many places to go to decay. The turrets were grey with age, the moat of the drawbridge was dry, and through the iron railings she saw that the outward courtyard was covered with grass. Every thing around her gave it the appearance of desertion and desolation; and it was only when she saw an aged porter advance towards the gate with a bunch of massive keys at his girdle, in answer to her summons, that she could persuade herself the mansion was inhabited.

"Holy father!" said the porter,

throwing open the wicket, "it rejoices me to see you in this castle, which for so many years has been unblest with a reverend visiter."

"Is there then no holy man in this house?" enquired Fedorina.

"None—for I can't believe"—here the porter paused, and looked anxiously round to see that no one could overhear him—"I cannot believe that Father Anselmo is a son of Mother Church."

"No! he lives here?—why then am I sent for?"

"That you will learn erelong—but for this Father Anselmo I have my suspicions," added the porter, leading the way under a low archway. "His hand, I take it, is readier for his sword-handle than his breviary; his only crucifix is the hilt of his dagger—a fearful man, a fearful man!" The porter would apparently have gone on in his communications, if he had not been interrupted by a voice in the dark passage into which they had entered.

"Babbling fool!" it said, "conduct the priest where thou art ordered, and be silent."

"Ha! pardon, holy father, good Father Anselmo—I was but telling this holy man that—that—the night was cold."

Another indignant exclamation of "fool" was the only reply to the terrified old man's prevarication, and the cowled figure of a tall dark man stalked hurriedly past the pair.

"I am a dead man," said the old porter—"that was Father Anselmo—he heard what I said. Oh! I am a dead man!"

"Fear not," said Fedorina, wishing to comfort her companion, although greatly alarmed herself—"No evil will befall you from the enmity of a holy priest."

"Of an incarnate fiend," replied the porter in a low tone—and continued his way without uttering another word.

"Whither do you guide me?" enquired Fedorina, who perceived that they had now left the main body of the castle, and were walking towards a dark tower, of which the upper portion was in ruins, and all overgrown with ivy.

"To the donjon cells," replied the porter. "I will wait for thee at the door, and conduct thee out again to her when thy task is done."

"What task is mine?" asked Fedorina anxiously.

"That in truth I know not," said the porter, "but 'twill be a short shrift, I guess; for the voice of Father Anselmo portended mischief near. But here is the gate," he added, taking one of the keys and applying it to an immense iron-bound door in the centre of the tower. "Descend forty steps, and you will find yourself in a gallery—go boldly forward with this lantern in your hand, and return to me here."

Fedorina took the lantern, and breathing an orison to her guardian protectors, she began to descend the steps. The walls were damp with dew, and, as she descended deeper, the horrors of the scene increased. Toads, newts, and venomous reptiles, awakened at the light, to which they were unaccustomed; and bats flew round and round in incredible numbers, gibbering and screaming as they rushed out from the dark recesses of the subterranean caverns. Fedorina, nevertheless, boldly pursued her way, and was startled when she heard a feeble voice issuing from the corner of the dungeon, and saying,

"Tempt me no more, base woman—your threats and promises are equally in vain! But ha! what is this—you have sent me a priest; then I know that you have relented at last, and art going to let death put an end to my sufferings. Welcome, holy man! I hail your coming as a harbinger of a release from pain!"

"And art thou prepared to die?" said Fedorina, lifting her lantern so as to throw the light on the countenance of the prisoner. A face met her view, squalid and pale—the eyes were glaring, and the cheeks attenuated to the utmost degree of thinness; long masses of hair fell over the countenance, and mingled with the clotted beard that rolled over the breast. It was a dreadful sight, and Fedorina shuddered as she looked.

"Prepared to die?" replied the prisoner; "seest thou my face? this dungeon? this wasted body? these miserable eyes? and ask me if I am prepared to *live*. Oh, had it not been for one prevailing wish, one absorbing, burning, overmastering desire, these hollows should long ago have re-echoed my last sighs! It is revenge! the one glittering hope that has cheered me

through all the countless ages during which I have been immured. Revenge! the feast of gods!—ha, ha, ha!"—and, in a paroxysm of excitement, the prisoner threw himself back on the ground, from which he had half arisen. Fedorina was shocked and terrified.

"Calm yourself, my son," she said soothingly; for she feared that insanity was mixed with the vehemence of the prisoner's words. "You should banish such sinful thoughts. You know not at what hour you may be called upon to die."

"Hear me, holy father! ere you ask me to be calm. I loved and was beloved by the fairest, the noblest, the purest; but hush! of that dread secret let me say no more. Sufficient that I was deceived—that in absence she forgot me—that she yielded to the entreaties of another—that at the altar, in vowing herself to another, she trampled on her truth and on my soul! Yes! my soul withered from the hour I heard of her apostasy; and even from this wretched prison—with these emaciated hands held up—with this trembling voice, I curse her!—Ah! no, no! I curse her not. Holy father! hast thou no balm for a tortured heart like mine? She was deceived!—she was not false; and her foes and mine shall not tear from me the last consolation that remains—the belief that she loves me still."

Fedorina was afflicted with the agony of the prisoner's grief, and remained silent when he had ceased to speak.

"Sir priest," said a harsh voice in a whisper at her ear, "methinks thou art slow in executing thy task. Take his confession—shrive him, and begone."

Fedorina looked at the person who addressed her. It was a tall figure, enveloped in sable garments, and deeply veiled.

"Who art thou?" enquired Fedorina, "and how did'st thou gain admission to this cell?"

"Answer me not, caitiff, but finish thy office. Hath he confessed?"

"What whispers are those in the dark," exclaimed the prisoner, raising himself on his elbow. "I thought I heard the mutterings of the tigress before her spring. Is it thou, wretchedest of women? Leave me, I tell thee. Thy presence is more pestilential than the slimy and creeping things that crawl over my couch. Away! I defy thee!"

"Thou knowest not the fate that awaits thee, if my last efforts to save thee are refused. How sayest thou—wealth, boundless as wish can claim—rank that may satisfy the most ambitious—and love that shall never know diminution?—or, a lingering death in this lone dungeon, unless, indeed, it be exchanged for the torturing rack? Choose!"

"Caresses from hands dripping with blood?—kisses from lips polluted with sin? Away! give me the rack, and leave me to my own thoughts!"—screamed the prisoner, clenching his withered hand.

"Then—to thine office, priest!" said the veiled stranger, "and visit me in the dark chamber when thy work is done." And casting a scow on the unhappy victim of her cruelty, she rapidly retired.

Fedorina applied herself as well as she was able in her assumed character to comfort the afflicted man; but his efforts had been too much for his strength, and he rested apparently unconscious of her presence. She was about to retire, when suddenly, by a great effort, raising himself, he said—

"Father, take this paper. In it is written my story. If thou succeedest in escaping from this dreadful place, make my misfortune known. Leave me—leave me now; and, if I live, return!"

Fedorina took the packet, and placed it in a fold of her dress. The voice of the old porter was now heard, impatiently calling her from the top of the winding stair, and, with a prayer for the prisoner's repose, she left him. When she emerged into the open air, the night had already closed in—the porter, muttering some words about having been left waiting too long in the cold, led the way to another quadrangle of the castle, and pointing to a distant wing of the building, bade her god-speed, and left her. As she advanced to the entrance, she was astonished by the sudden appearance of the same mysteriously-dressed figure she had seen in the archway as she first came, and whom the porter had described to her as Father Anselmo.

"Take heed of what you hear in the dark chamber," he said, as he

flitted by; "but, as you value your life, take no notice."

Before Fedorina had time to observe him, he was gone. She went forward, and, on pushing open a low door, she found herself in a large oaken hall, which was as dark as the dungeon she had just left.

"Come hither, sir priest," said the same imperious voice that had held such strange colloquy with the prisoner. "Has your penitent made up his mind to die?"

"Madam," said Fedorina in a trembling voice, and even in the darkness pulling forward the hood of her mantle, so as to hide her countenance entirely, "he is a bold-spirited, and a desperate man."

"Has he told thee no secret?—how he was cheated in his love, and how he rejects the advances of a noble lady who is dying to be his bride?"

"Nought did he say on such a subject beyond what you heard with your own ears; he seems influenced with anger against some one whom he did not name."

"'Twas me! I know he hates me; and it rejoices my heart to know that I have him in my power! Yes, Birndello! Ha! foolish priest, the lantern has fallen from thy hand. Art thou unwell? What ails thee?—Speak!"

Fedorina with difficulty commanded herself sufficiently to resist an inclination to faint.

"Yes!" continued the haughty dame; "he shall dearly rue having preferred the unripe charms of a paltry girl to the hand of the Countess Viterbo!"

It was in the presence of her mother that Fedorina stood! She trembled in every limb; yet, at the bottom of all her grief and all her terror, lurked a ray of hope, a spark of rejoicing! She knew that Birndello lived, and that he loved her!

"Thou speakest not, sir priest! Answer me! Did Birndello give no sign of changing his resolution?"

"None, my lady, none," answered Fedorina; "he said he preferred death to the hated offers that were made him."

"Then he shall have it, priest. What ho! Anselmo!" But the only answer to her call was the echo, as the words sounded through the rafters of the gigantic hall. At length, a low sad voice was heard, proceeding evidently from beneath the floor.

"Three days, and yet without food! oh, cruel, cruel fate!"

The enraged countess stamped with her feet upon the floor. "Silence, dotard! I spoke not to thee! What ho! Anselmo!"

"Water, water!" said the voice—"I adjure thee, whoever thou art, to send me but a morsel to eat, a drop to drink—pity, pity!"

"Has all the world turned against me?" shouted the countess, "has hell leagued with my enemies to drive me mad? Peace, old dastard—and die—for I am tired of your existence. Anselmo, ho!"

"Madam, may it please you to let me retire to my humble cell?" said Fedorina, anxious to escape from the castle, and to peruse the paper which Birndello had put into her hand.

"No, base priest! it pleases me not. In this castle you shall stay to see how I am revenged. His blood shall flow upon the scaffold—and ere to-morrow's sun has reached its meridian height, these boards shall be moistened with the purple stream. Anselmo!"

In answer to her call, Anselmo came at last. "Conduct this priest," she said, "to the marble gallery—there let him tell his beads till midnight; at that hour bring him hither, and conduct the prisoner also to this chamber, and let them pass the night in preparation for the fate that has been spared Birndello too long. When the bell strikes four to-morrow, he dies. Begone!"

Anselmo bowed reverently to the Countess, and beckoning to Fedorina to follow, descended into the quadrangle. Fedorina was so deeply struck with horror and amazement, that she was scarcely conscious of what she did. She was roused by the voice of her companion.

"How found you the prisoner in the cell?" he asked—"does he bear boldly up."

"He does," replied Fedorina—"but it amazes me that a stranger should be summoned to his aid, when within the walls of this castle there is a spiritual guide so near at hand."

"Ah! holy father, 'tis not always the hood that makes the friar; thou hast had experience of that, I warrant," said Father Anselmo, in a tone

that for a moment made Fedorina afraid that he had discovered her imposture. "I was not always a monk, nor, except in this apparel, and having professed me in the holy order of St Benedict, am I one now. Bred a soldier, and with fame and honour wooing me in my military career, I was madly in love with a lady high above me in rank—why should I conceal it? the same we have this moment left—the Countess Viterbo. At that time, she was young, beautiful, and unmarried. I was rejected for a richer wooer—and in despair became a monk. I have long repented me of the rash step, and have been cured of my misplaced affection. I have managed to get installed in this castle near her person. I have watched her for some years, and seen her wickedness growing with every day. The cup of her sorceries is nearly full, and the uplifted sword is ready to fall upon her head. But here is the marble gallery. We meet again at midnight; till then, farewell." As he was turning to go away, the old porter hurried up to them in the doorway of the gallery.

"Oh, such a strange thing has happened! Holy mother! adventures are growing plentiful in this dismal place. A dead body has been found at your hermitage, holy father, and a man and woman have been arrested on suspicion, and lodged in the marble gallery. At first, it was thought to be Father Geronymo himself that they had slain, and tried to hide by throwing a little earth over the body; but I knew very well it couldn't be he, for you know, holy father, that Geronymo is alive before us; and so, perhaps, it is a little improbable—at least, so I think—that he is the murdered man. So I believe, as it is not the same, it must most likely be somebody else—but upon this I should like to hear your opinion."

"A man and woman, is it?" enquired Father Anselmo; "let me see them—and hold your silly tongue, fool—go to your gate and sleep."

"They are in the marble gallery," answered the porter, bowing low. "My lady will examine into the affair to-morrow, and has ordered the rack to be erected in the great quadrangle to enquire into the circumstance at her leisure."

"Retire, fool, and give free egress to any one who shows you this ring. And now, Father Geronymo, let us go into the gallery, and I will see these strangers."

The gallery was nearly dark—but in the uncertain light Fedorina at once discovered her attendants, Pardomo and Giannetta, in the suspected murderers.

"'Pon my honour, as a gentleman," exclaimed Pardomo, when Fedorina and Anselmo entered the apartment, "as I am a gentleman and a courier, a sinner and a Christian, I never murdered any old man, whether a hermit or otherwise, in my life."

"Nor I—I do declare," chimed in Giannetta; "and if my young lady were here, she would give me a character, I am sure."

"You do not speak like murderers," answered Anselmo.

"Nor *look* like them either; if this light were a little more favourable to the features and figure, you would see at once that I have no resemblance to a bloodthirsty villain, amusing himself by cutting old hermit's throats. I have not the least resemblance to any rascal of the kind."

"Nor I," again chimed in Giannetta, "and if my young lady"——

"Whence come ye then?" interposed Anselmo.

"In search of our young lady. She was run away with yesterday in her carriage; we found the carriage all smashed to atoms on the road, but as for my dear young mistress"——

"Oh dear! oh dear!" chimed in Giannetta, "I fear the robbers have found her."

"And thou," continued Anselmo, addressing Pardomo, "thou art anxious to discover thy young mistress. Come with me, and we shall perhaps be able to trace her."

"Willingly, holy father—but Giannetta, this young woman, what's to become of her?"

"Trust her to Father Geronymo—he will watch over her."

"It isn't every confessor I could leave her with," replied Pardomo, but this holy friar seems old and feeble. "Good-by, Giannetta; keep up your spirits. Nobody could believe we were murderers if it was only daylight, and they could see us clearly. I'm coming, sir." And so saying, he followed Anselmo, and left Fedorina alone with Giannetta. It may easily

be supposed that the recognition was soon made. Giannetta's raptures we do not venture to describe, or the terror that fell on her when the whole danger of their situation was revealed to her.

"Oh gracious! good my lady, what shall we do? If my old lady recognizes us, I don't know what she'll say to us; and such a dress for you to be seen in—so very unbecoming, gracious me! Ha! holy angels, what was that?"

It was only a gust of wind that howled mournfully among the rafters of the ancient gallery.

"I thought I heard a scream," continued Giannetta; "did you hear nothing, signora?"

But Fedorina's thoughts were too much occupied to attend to the tittle-tattle of her maid. Time wore on, and she in vain seated herself at the window to watch the rising moon, in hopes that its light would enable her to decipher the writing placed in her hand by the Baron di Birndello. A cloud occasionally sailed over the pale face of the nocturnal luminary, and the rising wind swayed to and fro, in front of the window, the thick branches of an aged sycamore, so as to envelope the manuscript in too deep a shade to allow of its contents being read. At intervals, and by great labour and perseverance, she made out the following lines:—"Oh thou, into whose possession this manuscript may fall, I commit myself to your Christian good offices; or, if my fate shall have been accomplished, and the hand that now writes these trembling syllables is cold in death, I lay upon your conscience the duty of revenge. By the Countess Viterbo I am murdered. After the supposed death of her husband, she persecuted me with her love. I remained deaf to her entreaties, for my soul burned for the beautiful Fedorina. Yes—false, faithless, fickle, Fedorina!—it was to you only that my heart was subject. How often have I pressed thee in these arms, and told thee that no danger—no extent of time—no quantity of temptation, should ever—ever"—— Fedorina's eyes filled with tears, and the envious cloud for a long period enveloped the moon. When she recovered power to proceed, her eyes rested on another part of the page. "Since my imprisonment in this gloomy cell, they have told me she has given her hand to the Marquis di Vicenzona—witnesses who were present at the ceremony have been admitted to my dungeon to give me the sickening details—they described her smiles—the looks of languishment she cast on the bridegroom—the kisses he impressed upon her lips. Oh, Fedorina—is this the reward of all my love?"——

"'Tis false as hell!" exclaimed the unhappy girl. "I hate the Marquis di Vicenzona."

"Holy Madonna!" cried Giannetta, startled at the vehemence of her mistress. "What has disturbed you, signora?"

"'Tis false, I say 'tis false," continued Fedorina, in the excitement of her feelings forgetting the presence of her attendant. "They have deluded you with false reports, dear Birndello! How couldst thou believe thy Fedorina so unworthy of your regard? And yet he could not believe it—no—no;—at first he might perhaps be persuaded—but when he reflected—when he remembered—ah!—did he not tell me in the cell that he believed me true?—He did!—he did!" and, rolling the paper proudly in her hand, she determined to prepare for the dreadful meeting that awaited her. The old castle clock now sounded the quarter to twelve. The moon had sunk to rest—there was pitch-darkness in the gallery.

"Would you like me, signora, to give your hair a little plait? It must be very much tangled by that nasty hood," said Giannetta. "I've got a comb here, and a brush;" but Fedorina dashed aside her hand. The door opened, and a tall figure with a dark lantern appeared at the gateway. "Are you prepared?" said Father Anselmo.

"We are ready," replied Fedorina. "This trembling maiden," pointing to Giannetta, "will accompany us. Is it allowed her to do so?"

"Without doubt," replied Anselmo. "Be prepared, holy father, for dreadful scenes."

"Is there no way of preventing the effusion of blood?" enquired Fedorina. "Must death conclude this wonderous night's proceedings?"

"It must," said Father Anselmo, and half drew from the scabbard a dagger he wore beneath his mantle.

A shudder passed over the frame of

Fedorina. "Can it be," she mentally exclaimed, "that this pretended friend is deceiving me, and that he is to be the minister of my mother's cruelty? But, no; his language was too sincere to admit of a doubt." And, leaning on the arm of Gianetta, she followed her mysterious conductor in silence.

"Rest here, father," said Anselmo, when he had ushered them into the dark chamber. "I go to bring the prisoner." When they were left alone, they found themselves in pitchy darkness; and Fedorina, working herself up to the bold resolution of confronting her pitiless relative, and sharing the fate of her lover, retired to a corner of the apartment, and, with Giannetta's assistance, took out, from a parcel she had brought with her, her feminine apparel, and dressed herself in a manner worthy of her rank and sex. She put on a white satin gown, with a low ornamented boddice trimmed with flowers. Over her neck she threw a costly string of pearls, and over her beautiful limbs she drew another pair of flesh-coloured stockings, and incased her feet in white silken shoes. When the transformation was complete, she again assumed the ample garment of the hermit, and, drawing the hood over her face, awaited impatiently the appearance of her lover.

Birndello was shortly after brought in, supported on the arm of Father Anselmo. He was dressed in a tunic of purple velvet, and satin pantaloons—his beard had been shaved—and his hair reduced to a state of order—a sword-sheath glittered at his side, but Fedorina immediately observed that the sword had been withdrawn! "Proceed with your holy functions, holy Father Geronymo," said Anselmo, "while I take repose on the stone bench at the other end of the apartment." He left his lantern on the table, which threw a gloomy light on the dim objects in the immense chamber, and Fedorina went gently up to where the exhausted young man had thrown himself upon a chair, and gazed on his insensate features, while her breast heaved with tumultuary emotions. Alas! what consolation was she capable of administering!—or how prepare him for the dreaded hour of sunrise? She waited till repose should have restored his strength, and, taking the lantern in her hand, proceeded to examine the apartment. Anselmo was silently asleep on a stone bench, and Giannetta also had yielded to the influence of the drowsy god. She was then alone—the only waking inhabitant of that prodigious room. She walked towards a deep embrazure in the eastern angle, and saw a large velvet curtain suspended from the roof, and blocking up the entrance to the recess. She pulled aside one corner of it, and, holding forth the lantern, beheld a raised platform, covered also with black velvet, and on the platform a block, against which rested a glittering axe, while the saw-dust sprinkled on the floor showed the dreadful purpose for which these preparations had been made. In front of the whole was an altar, dimly lighted with two long wax candles, and furnished with every thing necessary for the last consolations needed by a dying man. Terrified and appalled by what she saw, she dropped the end of the curtain, and returned to the chair in which Birndello was still lying, unconscious of all that was passing round him. She laid her light hand upon his shoulder, and speaking in her natural voice, she said,

"Eduardo di Birndello, hast thou forgotten thy Fedorina?"

The eyes of the exhausted man opened—he gazed round for a moment, and saying, "Alas, 'twas but a dream!" he laid his head down again.

"'Twas not a dream, my Eduardo. Awake! Thy Fedorina stands before thee."

"Thou! thou!" He gazed upon her face. "Holy angels!" he said, "can it be true? or have I already passed from earth's painful world, and rejoined my sainted Fedorina in the realms of bliss?"

"She is here before thee—a weak—hopeless—powerless maiden, with but the happiness remaining that her last hours on earth are about to be spent with thee."

"And has her cruelty," said Di Birndello, "extended so far? and has she doomed thee also to die?"

"Did my Eduardo think that Fedorina could survive him, when she had it in her power to shut her eyes for ever at the same moment with him, and take her flight for other regions, where they should part and grieve no more?"

Saying these words, she laid her head upon his breast, and, lifting up

his eyes in a rapture of satisfaction, he said,

"This, then, is a foretaste of heaven!—To what good angel am I indebted for so much happiness?"

A few words informed him of every thing that had occurred, and of the resolution of Fedorina to die with him on the scaffold already prepared for his execution. How shall we paint the joy that filled the bosoms of these two faithful lovers, in spite of the doom that they felt it to be impossible to avoid! The happiness of being together outweighed the anticipation of their fate, and hours elapsed in their mutual declarations of unalterable fidelity. When the first faint streak of daylight appeared, their conversation was interrupted by Anselmo, whose astonishment was unbounded at beholding the manifestations of their love. Fedorina explained to him rapidly the state of affairs, and Anselmo, as if a thought had suddenly struck him, hurried them towards the eastern recess—he drew up the velvet curtain—and, telling them that in ten minutes their fate would be decided, asked them if they were willing to exchange their vows at the altar.

Birndello grasped his hand, and thanked him, while Fedorina, meekly bowing her head, knelt down as she was requested, and Father Anselmo, taking forth a breviary from his bosom, began to read the marriage service in a low, impressive tone. When he had concluded—had joined their hands, and received their irrevocable vows—the sun burst in full splendour through the oriel window, and from a small door in an upper gallery, that ran round the immense apartment, the Countess Viterbo stept forth to glut her cruel eyes with the spectacle of Birndello's death. Anselmo looked uneasy at sight of the infuriated woman, and gave anxious glances to the door, as if he expected some person immediately to appear.

"Sir priest!" exclaimed the countess to Fedorina, who was again inveloped in the priestly garments of the hermit, "hast thou shrived thy penitent? He has confessed his sins, I hope," she added, with a sneer, "and ingratitude as one of them?"

Anselmo, seeing Fedorina incapable of giving an answer, said—"All, I believe, is ready; five minutes of prayer is all the culprit asks."

Birndello looked upward to where his foe was standing, mocking his sufferings. "Base woman!" he said, "let it moderate thy joy to know, that this is the happiest moment of my existence, and that I would not change my position now for the proudest on earth's surface."

While the countess was gathering breath to give utterance to her rage, the door of the chamber was suddenly opened, and Pardomo rushed in.

"As I hope to be major-domo—as I am a sinner and a true believer, I believe, Signor Anselmo, your commission is executed to a turn."

"Saw'st thou my lord the viceroy of Milan?" enquired Anselmo, in a low voice.

"I did—a regiment of his guard has surrounded the castle, and the soldiers are already in possession of every apartment."

"Then seize that woman!" exclaimed Anselmo, dropping his hood, and drawing, at the same time, his sword. "Countess Viterbo, I arrest thee for high crimes and misdemeanours."

"How now, slave?" cried the countess, horror-struck at his audacity, yet preserving her haughtiness in the midst of her alarm—"What babbling words are these? Herberto!—Ralpho! hither, I say!" she continued, summoning her domestics—"to the rack with this false priest—and while his limbs are writhing, hang him on the highest boughs of the courtyard oak. Off with him!" She rushed from the balcony as she spoke, but was immediately seized by the soldiers stationed at the door.

"How's this?" she screamed; "treachery here! Of what do you accuse me?"

"Of murder," said Anselmo, in a solemn voice, which wrought instantaneous silence among the crowd.

"Your proofs!" exclaimed the countess. "I dare you to the proof!"

"Behold!" said Anselmo, and pointed to the scaffold prepared for the execution of Birndello.

From the midst of it arose a figure with long white hair, dressed in white flowing garments, so wasted, wan, and miserable, that it was impossible to look on it without dread. It raised its bony arm, and pointed its trembling finger to the countess, and in a deep, sepulchral voice, said—"Murderess—I accuse thee!"

"It is my father's voice!" cried Fedorina, gazing with terrified glances on the apparition.

"Three years you have kept me chained in your loathsome dungeon beneath this floor, and I have been only saved from the bitterest of deaths, starvation, by the repentance of one of your attendants."

The countess cast a glance of unutterable hatred on Anselmo.

"I also accuse thee," said Birndello. "In another hour my blood would have been shed but for the repentance of Anselmo."

"And I also accuse thee," said Fedorina, casting off her hood and mantle, and standing before the assembly in the dress and loveliness of her sex.

"Ha!—it needed but this," cried the maddened woman, discomfited.

"Seize her, and bring her hither," said Anselmo, clutching his dagger, "that my lord the count may pass sentence on her crimes. I long to be her executioner."

"Unhand me, grooms!" exclaimed the countess; "your touch is pollution. Thought'st thou then, base priest, and thou, old doating greybeard, that you had caught the tiger in your toils, and that you might torture her like the harmless deer? See!"—She plucked a glittering dagger from her bosom, and, quicker than the eye could watch its course, she plunged it to the hilt in her breast. "'Tis thus I laugh at your attempts at vengeance!"

All were horror-struck at the unrepenting wickedness with which the wretched woman ended her career of crimes. She fell dead upon the floor. Anselmo conducted Birndello and Fedorina to the feet of the restored Count Viterbo, who had only power to lay his hands apon their heads, as they kneeled before him and besought his benediction on their nuptials; and with hearts oppressed by the strangeness of the scenes they had witnessed, they left the chamber—the theatre of so fearful a catastrophe—and after a short repose, to recruit their exhausted strength, they returned to the Calabrian estates of Count Viterbo. Father Anselmo was an honoured inmate of the castle, and Pardomo and Giannetta were married, and advanced to the dignity of major-domo and housekeeper. And it only remains to add, that in all the extent of lovely Italy there is not a happier household than that of the young Baron di Birndello and the beautiful Fedorina.

THE ELOPEMENT.

An Adventure in Old Castile.

The town of Miranda del Ebro is, in time of peace, only remarkable as one of the principal points of transit for goods between the Basque provinces and Old Castile. During the war, its importance was greatly increased by the constant passage of troops, and by a strong permanent garrison. The feeling of security inspired by the presence of the latter, and by the proximity of several fortified and well-garrisoned places, caused Miranda to become the residence of many families who would not have considered themselves in safety in the less protected towns or villages where they habitually dwelt; and it was also for some time used as a sort of depot for officers whom wounds, ill health, or other causes, had placed in temporary non-activity, or who were waiting opportunities or escort to join their regiments in distant parts of the country. It will not be deemed surprising that *ennui* was a frequent guest of the ladies thus driven from their homes, and of the officers, who, for a season, found their active life interrupted; and many were the flirtations and intrigues which had their source in a desire to dispel the weariness of unoccupied life in a dull provincial town. Of all the more or less piquant stories related by the scandal-mongers of the day, none excited more interest at the time than the incident which forms the subject of the following narrative.

It was on a sultry June forenoon of the year 1838, that the *jalousias* of a saloon in one of those large and handsome houses forming the square of the Ayuntamiento at Miranda were closely shut, so as to exclude as far as possible the heat of the sun. The apartment was furnished in the only way really suitable to a warm climate, but which

would perhaps have appeared paltry to one accustomed to English or French drawing-rooms, with their profusion of down-stuffed cushions, and silk or velvet covered ottomans. Some cane chairs, the framework of which, however, was composed of the most costly foreign woods; settees of similar materials; two marble tables, one of which supported a massive silver vase, of antique form and beautiful workmanship, containing a bouquet of choice flowers; finally, a large gilt cage imprisoning a splendidly plumed West Indian bird, composed the whole furniture of the room, of which the oaken floor was rubbed and polished so as to offer a somewhat slippery footing. Three or four fine paintings, by Velasquez and Murillo, which had escaped the calculating rapacity of French generals, and the less formidable ravages of civil war, hung upon the walls. Seated beside one of the tables, her features partially concealed by the small white hand on which her head was leaning, and her raven hair assuming a still darker tinge when contrasted with the brilliant scarlet of some pomegranate blossoms which drooped from their vase and mingled with its glossy curls, was a young girl of great beauty, but whose countenance was overshadowed by an expression of deep melancholy. Her eyes were cast down; but, in spite of her efforts at self-control, a tear would from time to time force its way from under the long lashes.

Standing with folded arms beside the lady, was a person whose agitated countenance and contracted brow showed that he largely participated in her sorrows. He was a young man of five-and-twenty, who did not require the evidence of the undress uniform in which he was attired to show his profession—his sunburnt complexion and military air and carriage sufficiently proving him to be a soldier. Neither the man nor the uniform, however, were of Spanish fashion. The fair hair and mustache, high forehead and clear grey eye, the whole *tournure*, in short, indicated a northern, probably a German origin; whilst his dark blue vest, with crimson facings and a small red forage cap, lying on a chair hard by, formed the costume of that gallant body of men which, after contributing in no small degree to the earlier successes of the French in Africa, were lent for a time to Spain, from which country a maimed and crippled handful was all that ever returned.

"Thus, then, dearest Celia," said the young officer, taking one of her unresisting hands in both of his, "thus, then, are all our hopes crushed by this cruel decision of your father. Fool that I was to imagine for an instant that my suit had a chance of success, that even in once chivalrous Spain nobility of birth could compensate for ruined fortunes, or the exiled Lithuanian, with his lieutenant's epaulette, be deemed a fitting son-in-law for the wealthy Don Miguel Requena! Yet, methinks, your father might have expressed his refusal in a less galling and contemptuous manner. But that he *is* your father, our interview could hardly have ended so quietly as it did on my part."

"Alas! Arnold, my poor father's temper is so violent when thwarted, that I tremble to think what might have chanced had you replied in a manner to chafe him. He spared me even less than yourself, and, as soon as a sufficient escort can be procured, I am to be sent to the house of some friend, whom and where I know not, there to expiate my offence. But what are your plans, dear Arnold? Tell me them, and quickly, for I dread my father's returning and finding you here."

"The remnant of my corps being, as you are aware, disbanded," replied Arnold, "I am no longer in the service; and, in consequence of your father having exerted his influence with the military governor, I have orders to quit the town. The act is arbitrary and unjust, but to whom can I appeal? This night, then, I leave Miranda, and so soon as an affair which will detain me a short time on the frontier is terminated, my route will be to Paris. There I have a distant relative high in rank in the French service, and should he be willing, he has sufficient interest to assist me greatly. But I scarcely venture to hope that I shall ever attain a condition to be looked favourably upon by Don Miguel."

The remainder of the conversation it is unnecessary to recapitulate. In the then state of the country an elopement was impracticable, and as there was no hope of obtaining the father's consent, the lovers were compelled to separate, after the usual protestations of eternal constancy. Whether these vows were likely to be best kept by the young officer, in whose roving and

uncertain profession it is not unusual to find gallants who change their love with their garrison, and, according to an old French ditty, are used to

——— "régler le sentiment
Sur la marche du régiment,"

or by his mistress—Spanish ladies being often more remarkable for the ardour than the duration of their attachments—it would be a difficult matter to decide. On a picturesque part of the sea-coast, not many miles west of the port and town of Santander, stands a well-built mansion which belongs, or at least did, three years ago, to a wealthy merchant of the above-named town, whose habit it was to spend there two or three of the hotter summer months. The house, admirably placed on the top of a slope some half-mile long, at the foot of which is a sandy beach, commands a full view of the ocean from its long French windows, and is backed by thick plantations, whose luxuriance appears little, if at all, affected by the vicinity of salt water.

About half an hour before sunset, on a glorious August evening, Don Gil Mendez, the worthy owner of the pleasant villa above described, was seated in his balcony overshadowed by a large striped awning, and indulging in his favourite amusement of observing the vessels in the offing through an excellent English telescope. On the evening in question, however, there was little to gaze at except one or two small boats belonging to fishermen living in some adjacent cottages, and which were creeping lazily towards the shore. In default, then, of some well-laden merchant vessel, smoking steamer, or man-of-war bristling with cannon, Don Gil was fain to direct his attention to a large half-decked boat, lugger-rigged, which, at the distance of about three leagues from the shore, was endeavouring, by a most persevering system of tacking, to make its way in the teeth of a westerly breeze, that during the day had been scarcely sufficient to ripple the surface of the water, but was beginning to freshen on the approach of night. Like many persons who have difficulty in getting rid of their time and finding occupation for their thoughts, Don Gil found at least half-an-hour's employment in wondering at a thing which was in no way wonderful. What could this vessel be? Whence coming? Whither going? Perhaps conveying arms for Don Carlos. To what port could she be taking them? At length, after exhausting all the improbable conjectures with which his imagination could supply him, he arrived at the very natural conclusion that it was one of the small coasters, of which several passed his house every day, carrying merchandize from Santander and Bilbao to the different towns and villages along the shore. Whilst he was making up his mind on this important subject, night came on; and, putting by his telescope, Don Gil entered the house.

Had he remained five minutes longer at his post of observation, he would probably have found fresh cause for astonishment in the movements of the mysterious lugger; for scarcely had he closed the window, in order to exclude a tribe of mosquitos that had been for some time chanting a threatening note around his bald head, when, as though the pilot of the lugger had been only waiting his disappearance, the course of the little vessel was altered, her head turned to the land, and on a side-wind she came bounding over the water at almost race-horse speed. In less than an hour she was at anchor within pistol-shot of the shore, and a few hundred yards east of Don Gil's country house.

A small boat was lowered silently into the water, and three men stepping in, with a few vigorous strokes ran her keel deep into the fine sand of the beach. One of them left the boat, and with a rapid step hastened inland, taking the direction of Don Gil's dwelling. After being absent some time, he reappeared, and replying in a low cautious tone to the challenge of the boatmen, was conveyed on board the lugger. Three men were standing on the deck which covered the after part of the vessel. "What news?" enquired one of them as he who had been ashore joined their group.

"Good!" was the reply. "All appears to be as well as we were led to expect. The house is perfectly unprotected, nor does there appear to be any other habitation near, except those fishermen's huts we noticed this evening. In the window of one of them a light is burning; but it is yet early, and, by delaying our landing a

little, we need fear no interruption from that quarter."

"It will be better to risk it than to delay over much," said another of the party. "Remember that the *San José* is lying in Santander harbour, that she passes for the fastest schooner remaining in the Spanish navy; and notwithstanding the assurances of yonder Frenchmen as to the sailing qualities of their craft, I would rather the day found us off some other port than that of Santander."

The four men who were thus conversing together, were heavily armed with sabres and pistols, and their dress was that usually adopted by Carlist officers, dark frock-coats buttoned up to the throat, blue or red *boinas*, which, when worn by military men, were considered the peculiar badge of Carlism, and leathern belts supporting their arms. They had all large mustaches, but nothing in the shape of beard or chin tuft, hair upon the chin being specially eschewed by the partizans of Don Carlos as a republican or liberal fashion. Yet the language in which they conversed was neither Spanish nor Basque, nor even French, although the crew of the lugger, consisting of half a dozen stout fellows in red woollen shirts and rough blue trousers, communed with each other in the latter tongue.

"I scarcely like the business we are come on," said one of the four, who had not yet spoken. "It cannot be just to make an individual pay the debts of his government. Our project, however well it might look when some six months ago we viewed it in prospective, and pledged ourselves to accomplish it, at the moment of its execution appears to me more worthy of pirates or brigands than soldiers or men of honour."

"Your scruples come rather late," answered another; "you are hardly going to propose that we should return whence we came, and abandon our undertaking when nearly half terminated?"

"Not so," was the reply; "but at least let no more than the precise sum be exacted."

"Adding the cost of boat and men. The amount we are entitled to would be strangely reduced, methinks, had we to satisfy out of it the claims of these greedy Gascons. But it is time to be doing. Remember, we have barely six hours of darkness before us; by sunrise we should be far away from here."

The whole party now went on shore, accompanied by two of the crew, one of whom they stationed on the top of the beach, and the other on a small rising ground further inland. Both had orders to keep a good look-out, and, in case of any alarm, to fire the pistols with which they were provided, and retreat to their boat. The night was pitch dark, and favourable to the secret enterprize, whatever its object might be, on which the party were evidently bound.

Within ten minutes after they had left the lugger, the four persons whose steps we are following, halted outside the domain of the wealthy Santander merchant. After a short consultation one of them left his companions, in order to reconnoitre in the direction of the fishermen's cottages. The three others sprang over the low stone wall which enclosed the grounds belonging to the villa, and were soon lost to view amongst the thick shrubberies.

The supper hour had arrived, and the family of Don Gil Mendez were assembled in a room on the ground floor, rendered pleasantly cool by its flooring, composed of squares of variegated marble, and by open windows, across which thin muslin curtains were drawn, to prevent the entrance of the innumerable insects that were humming and buzzing in the soft warm atmosphere without. The breeze that had sprung up at sundown had either died away, or not extended beyond the shore. Scarcely a leaf was stirring, and the rich fragrance of the flowers with which the garden parterres were thickly planted, penetrated into the house, and filled it with a delicious perfume.

The repast itself was such as would have astonished one of those persons, (by no means a limited class,) who, at the mere mention of a meal on Spanish territory, conjure up strange visions, in which rank-smelling *ollas*, bunches of garlic, (each of them sufficient, if properly distributed, to infect a whole city,) rancid oil, and wine out of tarred and unclean pig-skins, play a prominent part; the solids being torn to pieces with poniards and fingers instead of knives and forks, and the whole devoured by a people, who, certainly, if such were a veritable specimen of their feeding, would be something between Cossacks and

Chippewa Indians. On the well-provided table of Don Gil however, no such abominations were visible; but, on the contrary, a light repast, suited to the climate and the hour, and in which a judicious mixture of Spanish and French cookery was visible. On a side-table were various kinds of fruit and sweetmeats, intended for the dessert. The purple fig, bursting with juicy ripeness, and disclosing its bright pink contents, the refreshing grape, the portly melon, the cold-blooded *pasteque*, with its seeds like flattened beads of jet, were there; whilst in large coolers of that porous earth which gives so icy a chill to the wine, were placed the produce of some of the choicest vineyards of southern Spain.

The persons assembled round the supper-table were five in number—Don Gil and his lady, a motherly kind of person, possessed of a respectable degree of obesity, and their two daughters, lively girls, who, without being exactly handsome, had in their favour those two good points which in Spanish women often atone for want of regularity of feature, namely, fine eyes and hair. They might even have passed for pretty, had they not been utterly thrown into the shade by the presence of a friend who had been for some time on a visit at the house. Although the extreme loveliness of this lady lost some of its piquant brilliancy by a tinge of melancholy that was not natural to her, yet even under its least favourable aspect it was sufficient to deprive of all notice beauties of much greater pretensions than either Carlota or Francisca Mendez.

"*Vamos*, Doña Cecilia!" exclaimed the good-natured master of the house; "*Vamos, senorita, mia!* you do but small honour to the humble fare of us Montaneses.* Let me urge you to taste this old pajarete. 'Tis a wine suited to a lady's palate, although its mellow sweetness is almost too luscious for the taste of men. But how is this, girls," added he, turning to his daughters, "can you find no means of driving away the clouds from your friend's brow? When last she was here, no bird could be gayer. I shall fear to let her return to her father with this pale sad countenance. My old friend Requena will think we have cast a spell over her."

"We will do our best, dear papa," replied Carlota. "But you need not begin to anticipate Don Miguel's reproaches, for which you will have ample leisure to prepare, as we mean to keep Cecilia a long, long time before we will so much as hear her talk of going."

"I am sure I hope so," said Don Gil, "and for the present, at least, you have excellent auxiliaries in your design of retaining our fair and welcome guest a captive, for the high-road between this and Miranda is infested with Carlist guerilla parties. Only three days back they stopped a party of travellers, and, after putting to flight their small escort, stripped them of every thing, and even carried off several, whom they still retain till ransomed."

The conversation now began to run upon the horrors of the civil war, the dangerous state of the roads, and the depredations committed by the Carlists. Don Gil had been to Santander that morning, and had numerous incidents to relate, and atrocities to descant upon, which he had gleaned from the Madrid papers and the flying reports of the day. To all these the ladies listened with attentive ears and quaking hearts, until their imaginations became so excited that they almost fancied themselves in the midst of the dangers they had heard recounted. At length, after a long and slightly exaggerated account of some excesses committed in Lower Arragon by Cabrera and his followers, who were represented to have killed, if not eaten, an incredible number of Christinos, the narrator paused, apparently thinking that his listeners must have supped full of horrors; and, producing a fragment of maize leaf and a little finely cut tobacco, proceeded to manufacture the cigaretto, in which it was his wont to indulge before retiring to rest.

"*Gracios à Dios!*" said Senora Mendez, after a pause of some duration, during which the excellent woman, who was somewhat of the slowest of thinkers, had been pondering on all she had heard; "*Gracios à Dios!* in our quiet corner of Castile we have not had much to suffer from this terrible war, and we can eat and drink, lie down and rise up, without the dread of finding ourselves, at any

* The part of Old Castile in which Santander stands is called *La Montana*, or the mountain, and its inhabitants *Montaneses*, or mountaineers.

moment, in the power of a band of remorseless savages."

Scarcely had the last word been uttered, when Don Gil, who was sitting opposite his wife, beheld a sudden and most extraordinary change take place in her appearance. Every particle of blood seemed to leave her face, her eyes became fixed and staring, her lower jaw dropped, and she sank back in her chair as though seized with some sudden illness. Nor would it be safe to affirm that the countenance of the jovial merchant himself preserved its usual ruddy tinge, when, following the direction of his wife's gaze, he saw standing in the doorway, and only a few feet from the back of his chair, a fully armed and most truculent-looking Carlist. At the same instant a piercing shriek was uttered by the young ladies, as the curtain of one of the open windows was put aside, and a second intruder of similar appearance to the other stepped into the room. To complete the *tableau*, a prodigious scuffling of feet was heard in the corridor, which, drawing nearer and nearer, was explained by the pell-mell entrance of the old serving-man and three women, composing Don Gil's country establishment, closely pursued by a third Carlist, pistol in hand, which, however, he replaced in his belt so soon as he crossed the threshold of the supper-room. The man who had hitherto guarded the doorway now stepped forward.

"There is no cause for alarm, Senoras," said he in a most courteous tone. "Our business is with this gentleman, who I presume is the master of the house."

And he turned to Don Gil, who bowed assent, and, emboldened by the mild address of the Carlist, ventured to enquire, though in rather a tremulous voice, what he could do to serve his new acquaintance.

"A very small matter, Senor," replied the other, "and by doing it quickly, and with a good grace, you will oblige us, and avoid the occurrence of any thing unpleasant to yourself or these ladies." And taking a paper from his pocket, he presented it to Don Gil.

"Soon as you have counted out the sum there set down," continued he, "we will wish you good-night, and withdraw both ourselves and the troops that at present surround the house."

Don Gil appeared somewhat taken aback when he cast his eyes on the paper.

"The sum is large," said he, "nor have I the fifth part of it by me. Surely less will do."

"Not a maravedi," was the answer. "Trifle not with us, Senor. You are a merchant, I believe, and have doubtless correspondents in France. For the amount that you are unable to pay in gold or silver, you can give an order on Bayonne or Bordeaux. But beware of practising any deception. If your order is paid you shall not be molested again, but if the contrary, this will not be our last visit."

Making a virtue of necessity, the unlucky Don Gil took up a *bougie*, and, accompanied by the Carlist, left the room, in order to seek what was necessary to satisfy the unexpected demand made upon him. The two other intruders seated themselves at the end of the table nearest the door, and began to address some commonplace remarks and compliments to the ladies, first expressing their regret for the alarm they had caused them. But the latter were still too terrified to reply otherwise than by monosyllables, and under such circumstances the conversation seemed likely to die a natural death, when a new personage appeared upon the scene. This was the Carlist who had been detached to reconnoitre the neighbourhood, and now rejoined his comrades.

"All is quiet without," cried he, as he entered the room, "and if you are ready, we have nothing to do but depart as peaceably as we came."

Then, becoming aware of the presence of ladies, he raised his *boina* with much courtesy of manner, and, in so doing, the light of a large lamp suspended from the ceiling fell full upon his face.

At the first sound of that voice, Doña Cecilia had given a violent start; but when, by the action of lifting his cap, the features of the young officer became distinctly visible, she sprang from her chair, uttering the name of Arnold.

"Cecilia!" exclaimed the Carlist, and, rushing forwards, he clasped her in his arms.

Greatly astounded and scandalized were the Senora Mendez and her daughters—and greatly astonished and amused the companions of the fortunate Arnold. The latter led Cecilia

into the recess of a window, and for three or four minutes a conversation which, although a whispered one, did not appear to be the less animated, was carried on between them. This parley terminated, Arnold spoke a word to his comrades in a low tone, and the lady left the room.

Don Gil and the Carlist who had accompanied him now reappeared. "I am sorry to put you or your family under any restraint," said the latter, "but we are about to depart, and must naturally take measures to ensure an unmolested retreat. You will therefore not be offended, I trust, if we secure the door of this apartment on the outside. Within a moderate distance of the windows, a few of our men will remain, and if, during the space of one hour, any person were to attempt to leave the room or give the slightest alarm, the consequences would be such as I should deeply regret. That time expired, you will be perfectly at liberty to act in whatever manner you think proper."

As may be supposed, this caution took away any inclination to disobey the parting injunction of the unwelcome visiters, and a very long hour was suffered to elapse before sending round a servant to unfasten the room door. The first thing done was to institute a search for Cecilia, but she was no where to be found, and it was evident from the disappearance of part of her wardrobe, that she did not intend to return speedily, if at all. Innumerable conjectures were hazarded as to the motives of her extraordinary conduct; but the ladies were wearied with the events of the night, and at length retired to their bedrooms. Don Gil caused his horse to be saddled, and before morning reached Santander, whence strong detachments were immediately sent out in pursuit of the Carlist force, by which he stated his house to have been attacked. But all researches were fruitless, and, strange to say, in none of the neighbouring villages or hamlets could tidings be obtained of the maranders, nor had any Carlist troops been seen or heard of for some days past. This, added to the circumstance that no footmarks or other traces of the presence of a large body of men were visible in the neighbourhood of Don Gil's habitation, made many persons say that terror and surprise had caused the plundered greatly to multiply the number of the plunderers. After a time, one of those strange rumours which might be propagated by voices in the air, so impossible does it seem to be ever to discover their authors, or trace them to any source, obtained much credit at Santander. It was to the effect, that no Carlists had ever approached Mendez' house, but that the persons who had deprived him of what was a very trifling sum to a man of his wealth, were four young Polish and German officers, who, having served in the French *legion étranger*, and despairing of ever obtaining their arrears of pay from the impoverished Spanish government, had taken this novel and somewhat unprincipled means of repaying themselves the price of their blood and their services —an act certainly only to be palliated by their position as exiles, rendering the money that was due to them actually necessary to their very existence.

Don Gil's first care, after seeing the troops depart, as he thought, on the track of his spoilers, was to write to Miranda to Cecilia's father, informing him of his daughter's extraordinary elopement, and, being aware of his friend's hasty temper, he awaited the reply in some trepidation. Owing to the unsafe state of the road, an unusually long time elapsed before he received it, and he was then agreeably surprised to learn that Don Miguel had heard from his daughter, who, he said, had been ransomed from her captors, and was then in France, where she was to remain a short time in the house of a friend. There was a tone of vexation, however, running through the letter, and an evident disinclination to enter into details, that puzzled Senora Mendez, who shook her head, and appeared to think it strange that Don Miguel made no allusion to Cecilia's recognition of the Carlist, and to her having voluntarily accompanied him, circumstances which had been duly communicated to her father. A few weeks later came another letter from old Requena, announcing his daughter's marriage with a foreign officer of high birth and great merit, and about the same time Don Gil received from an unknown hand the exact sum of which he had been robbed on the memorable night of Cecilia's elopement.

EXHIBITIONS.

In our last, we complained of the attractive glare of modern exhibitions, and compared their force upon the sight to the magnetic mountain that drew the nails out of Sinbad's ship. That in this lies a fault of our English painters, we entertain not the slightest doubt. They begin upon too high a scale, and there is not the due proportion of half-tones in their works. They aim at force, we think, by wrong means—the greatest contrast of crude colours, and of extreme dark opposed to extreme light. It is similar to the practice in much of our modern music, —it wants the half-tone: there is too much of the bang-bang, and the higher, brilliant, and sometimes scarce audible notes. The very term "brilliant," in music, has been borrowed from the sister art; but in neither art is the true brilliancy thus obtained: true brilliancy is not mere light—*that* may be opaque; it is from within, and deep, and pervading to the upper surface; it is the whole luminous contexture, as of precious stones. It throws out light from itself, and is the more beautiful as all other light about it is subdued. Such was and such is the luminous quality of the pictures by Titian, and by Correggio; and in landscape of Claude and of Poussin, and indeed more or less of every master of the old schools of great name and fame. And unquestionably Sir Joshua Reynolds and the founders of the English school did aim at giving to their pictures this quality. We have, since their day, been continually deserting their practice. They, that is, the old Venetian, the Italian, and the earlier English, did not think that good colouring consisted in laying on the canvass as much crude blue, red, and yellow, as possible, and in forcible contrast, but in the blending and judicious use of the *mixed* colours—tints that it is sometimes difficult to define, and give a name to, that yet have an inconceivable and matchless grace and beauty. Power we conceive to consist in this, in the being able to multiply, by combination, colours which, as they are in a great measure the creation of the worker, and through him only made perceptible, are without names. Here is the power of the palette—the genius of the painter will give them their proper effect. Those who think that bright blues, bright reds, and bright yellows, as little mixed as may be, will give them power, greatly err; for as they have a limited, so have they a poor palette. And they who think they can make up for the force which a nice distinction of half-tone, and the opposition of cool and warm, in indefinite degrees, and relatively in all colours, would give them, by splashes of asphaltum and black in juxtaposition to crude white or yellow, are like the ranters on the stage, who overact their parts throughout, for lack of the nice discrimination of the delicate lights and shades of character, which mostly, after all, blend themselves with human sympathies. The eye of the painter and of the public becomes vitiated by false colouring—it loses its power of nice distinction. We have heard pictures called monotonous and colourless which have in them ten times more varieties and gradations than those which have been praised for colour. It is easy at one glance to see the crude and positive; but the undefined, the nameless, yet thoroughly effective, mostly lying in the more hidden magic of half-tone, court not the attention of eyes that do not habitually take much of their sense from judgment and feeling. We discard too much the power of quietness, which is great, and often greatest, as a means of rendering violence more violent. There can be nothing grand that shall not have in it something of repose; and there is something in repose which is always great. When Virgil makes his Laocoon bellow like a bull, we have little more sympathy for the Priest of Neptune than for the brute. The silence, the *repose* of suffering would have better dignified the priest; when he roars, he is even below ourselves, for we fancy we could bear

"Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit;
Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim."

We think, then, that a great part of the fatigue of which the visiters to our exhibitions complain, is to be attributed to that false principle of colour-

ing adopted by our painters, which discards repose, and which aims at a glare and vividness and too high lights. Let any one walk across from the Academical Exhibition to the National Gallery to be convinced that this fault does exist, and is not the necessary effect of an exhibition. It is true the National Gallery has not so many pictures; but still it is not a matter of more or less fatigue, but there is a positive refreshment to the eye and mind in quitting the one set of rooms for the other. We mean not to assert that all the pictures in the one gallery are good, any more than we do that all in the other are bad—but that in general the opposing principles upon which both those of one and the other were painted are manifest. Now, while in the National Gallery, let us seek the cause of this general effect by adverting to one or two pictures. We will take the most gorgeous—for gorgeous painting is what we aim at; let us look at the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian; and for landscape, the embarkation of St Ursula. These are works of the greatest richness of colouring. If you have not practised your eye, you will scarcely believe how much of these pictures is half tone, how little of positive unmixed colour is in them, and that in neither of them is an atom of *our* high lights. Try by this test—to the brightest and lightest parts hold a piece of white paper, imagine you see only that colour against which you place it, as if it were on your palette; you would perhaps call it dirty; you would say it could not be bright; remove your paper, go to the proper distance, and what do you see? that it is bright, luminous, and clear: try in like manner all the tones, and then examine the manner of the glazing, and you will find how the whole power is effected. We give these two subjects, because they possess, what it is supposed we mostly strive to acquire, gorgeous brilliancy and air. The atmosphere in the Titian is quite of the "golden age," when gods might walk the earth—the earth enriched and under a glory fit to receive such visitants, and why not call it the poetical glory? All the landscape, sky, and background, are in repose, repose yet luminous, throwing out, even from the depths, their own lights. The action of the godhead, in his violence, has yet its repose of confidence; bright though he be, and his crisped mantle floats and flickers in the air, it is not with too sudden and vivid a flash of light or of colour—the loveliness of the repose of that golden age may not be so violently broken in upon. You perceive that the will and vigorous action of the God Bacchus are fully characterised without such disturbance. There is the all-joyous bachanalian company, and the young triumphant fawn-god trailing the mountain victim's head—all in low tones, and yet would you say that all is not joyous? There is no effort to bring out any thing by forced contrast. The young fawn-god, so glorious, is not made conspicuous; his character is in his air and attitude, his position, and his doing, not forced into observation by blues, and reds, and high lights—it is in fact all in shade. And what an indescribable colour is the sky and distance!—the sky is not blue, as we call blue, yet what azure was more beauteous, and the light clouds, how deep they are! The whole picture is perfectly fabulous, poetically fabulous, and so made by the pervading subdued tones. We are in the habit of hearing Titian spoken of as a great colourist. He was so, it is true; but he was much more—he was great as a composer. Nothing can be more effective than his manner of telling a story. His grouping is perfect; and so the action of his individual figures. Now, let us look at the Claude. "The embarkation of St Ursula." And let all flimsy flashy landscape painters, that would paint the warm sun by raw flake white, or chrome yellow, blush for their ignorance, not knowing how all this luminous effect is made by subdued tones. Put your white paper against the sun, or any other part of the sky. How deep it is!—this is no mere surface painting, there is nothing crude; and could you cut out an inch of this luminous sky, and show it as a sample, it would do about as well as the brick did for the house. Show it where you will, few would believe that was part of a clear luminous sky. But look at the picture as a whole, and mark how wonderfully bright—brilliant, if you like the word better—it is. Then you will observe there is no flashy colouring, no affected force to make the figures tell—they are all in half tone. If painters, who follow another method, throw nature in your

teeth, ask them if nature was ever more happily imitated, as a whole, and in parts, than in this picture. It would be easy enough to go through all the *genuine* pictures in this national collection; they would not tell a different tale. Let these two suffice. Nor will we, as many do, rob those great masters of their real merit, by the assertion, that time has done for them what was the work of their own minds and hands. It is an invidious thing to take away from intention what is good, and to give it to accident, to time. Let not those whose performances are now crude, flatter themselves that time is gifted with Titian's pencils, and will turn clay into a jewel.

It is melancholy to walk through the National Gallery, and to see it in pretty much the same state, year after year. Are there none to cater for the public? Are pictures not to be had, that no additions are made? An amateur asked us to point out the texture in Ruysdael; we took him to the National Gallery—in vain. We are not aware that there is one picture of the master; and there is Berghem—why not have a few works of these painters? We remember to have seen, within these few years, several pictures of these masters, very good, that were in the market. Again, we ask, is there no one to cater for the public? Not that we mean to confine our, or rather the public, desires to any one or more masters. Many indeed are wanted—we would rather say purchase *good* pictures, little caring for *schools*, whenever or wherever they are to be met with. Do not let the nation be more parsimonious than private collectors. But it is absurd to draw comparisons. The nation are not competitors in any purchase. When they bought the Francias they bought what no one else would buy. Who attends sales for the public gallery? Our business is, however, now with exhibitions as they are. And as the National does not progress, it does not now come under our further notice.

It is a great convenience the having our exhibitions contiguous to each other. It is but a few steps from the Academy to the Suffolk Street gallery, the Society of British Artists. This society, too, is ambitious of a motto—"Ac mea quidem sententia, nemo poterit esse omni laude cumulatus orator, nisi erit omnium rerum magnarum atque artium scientiam consecutus," M. T. Cicero, *De Oratore*, lib. 1. A more stupid motto they could not well have chosen, nor one that has less to do with the arts, words that come in with an omnium gatherum knowledge to make up—what? not a painter, not a connoisseur, but a special pleader! It is a good motto enough for tickets should the Polytechnic Company think fit to invite the learned profession to a dinner.

The public, too, we are sorry to observe, do not expect to be made perfect orators by frequenting this exhibition, or they care little for the acquirement; for when we visited it, there were not more than three persons present, nor did they at any time that we were in the rooms, some hours, amount to above six. Who can say we want painters? In this appendix to the Academy we have no less than 783 pictures, and 21 pieces of sculpture. Here too, as in the Academy, the pyramid system is pursued—works piled upon works; and, absurdly enough, the minute are out of sight. We have marked in the catalogue but few pictures, because they are for the most part a shade inferior to those of their class in the other exhibition; and there is the absence of any very imposing work to engage attention. There is, however, a great deal of what is good in painting, in execution particularly; but there seems to be no attempt to surpass their neighbours in the poetry of art. And yet the very first picture, No. 4, is poetical—"Duncan's Horses." J. F. Herring, sen.

"Here Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of the race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind."—*Macbeth.*

No. 16. "Duncan's horses." J. F. Herring, senior. "'Tis said they eat each other."—*Macbeth.* In the first, the noble steeds are breaking forth from a gothic archway, and are in truth turned wild in nature; and the scenery is wild enough for them. We could have wished the architecture less conspicuous. We would follow them in their furious speed—can we do so only in imagination?—the second picture shows them in their extreme con-

flict. This is the best of the two; the landscape is finely suited to their deed of madness. It is deep, dark, and gloomy, the gleaming lights are indicative of danger—the poetical action of the animals is excellent—and we do not doubt Mr Herring's accuracy as an animal painter. Mr Herring has nine pictures, all more or less exhibiting his talent. The most important, perhaps, is No. 240, "Going to Fair." Here three fine horses are being led to the fair; one is "throwing out," and all are rather gay, and not ashamed to look any purchaser in the face—to the right a lane leads to a quiet village, in which are a few figures preparing for the fair—a stage-coach well loaded, is on the road meeting the horses going to fair; to the left are sheep in a field—the road goes directly off into a flat distance. There is a mass of tall, well-painted trees above the horses, and which make the landscape. The distance, and the sky towards the horizon, are not quite true to nature, especially the sky, which is too flat. The whole scene is very natural—we would not say that it is most agreeable nature; but, for its aim, the picture is very good. Mr Herring's "Mazeppa," No. 521, is at least of more poetical pretension. It is very good—well composed—the group of wild horses in wonderment at Mazeppa bound to the falling horse, is fine. The landscape is, in fact, well designed, but too coldly coloured; and the extreme distance wants connexion with the sweeping line of the hills on the right—and as in the other picture, does not recede, and the sky there is flat. If every part of his No. 401, "The Countess of Derby's departure from Martindale Castle," were equal to the centre group, which is beautifully designed and coloured, we should prefer that picture to his others.

No. 61. "Leith Hill, Surrey." J. Wallen—is good.

No. 69. "Hebe." J. P. Davis. Though the Hebe has too much of the modern mode for the fabulous Hebe, she has a pretty and expressive face, which would be better set off, if the blue or grey of the sky were brought down a little lower. It is a mistake to carry the flesh colour into the sky, unless it differ greatly in tone.

No. 80. "Sea View—Fresh breeze." Colman. This is very true to nature, the water is excellent—it is perhaps a little too blue.

No. 90. "The Madonna, Infant Christ, and St John, painted in encaustic, resembling fresco, discovered by the artist." E. Latilla.—Before reading this description in the catalogue, we had remarked that it was painted in a bad material; and if Mr Latilla's "real fresco, No. 678," be the best we can reach, we do not desire to see our houses of Parliament decorated in this manner. Mr Harlestone appears this year generally to have failed in colour, particularly in the flesh. He seems to have been aiming at the disagreeable fuzzy uncertain manner of Murillo.

No. 116. "The Evening Walk." W. W. Scott.—We were so struck by the simple, unaffected, yet natural look of this picture, that we were curious to learn something of the artist, and understand he is very young, and has not painted many pictures. He is then of great promise—for the whole management is very good — very powerful, yet with much delicacy—the colouring is effective and harmonious. It would be improved by the light in the sky towards the horizon being scumbled over and kept down. The error of young painters, and too often of old, is affectation, more especially in portraits—there is none of it here. Mr Scott will assuredly become one of our best portrait-painters.

No. 259, and No. 271. E. Prentis—each a Passage in the Life of Man—"He goeth forth," "He returneth," are well-conceived, amusing pictures of their kind. The going forth steady, with advice duly given, to a dinner, and the returning unsteady, are well contrasted, so that they should be companions. The likeness of the altered man is very well preserved.

No. 264, "Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine," C. F. Tomkins, as a view, is very good, and is free from the common fault of our view-painters' views—places have their disgusting aspects, which, for the sake of doing something they have determined to be artistical or picturesque, our place-painters perpetuate.

No. 279. "A Fruit Girl of North Holland at her devotions," J. Zeitter, is very pretty, very pleasing, both in its character, and in the manner of the painting.

No. 295. "Shoreham, Sussex Coast." J. B. Pyne.—Mr Pyne is a

very clever artist, his pencilling is clean, and with precision; but we fear this very excellence leads him into a fault. His pictures are apt to be too unsubstantial, too weak both in body and in colour. This is certainly a well-painted picture, but it is cold, uncomfortably so, in colour; it is not the most agreeable atmosphere under which we would see a place which we should wish to remember. Most of Mr Pyne's pictures have the faults we have mentioned. They are conspicuous in his No. 437, "Pheasants' Nests at Cheddar." It is a fine scene of stupendous rocks, which should have been, by the by, his subject; he has too much divided it by being too near the nests, and is therefore compelled to paint too nicely the unpicturesque cottages, the "nests." The composition is fine; the whole has little colour, and is too weak. How solemnly such a scene should be treated to convey the character, which overpowers minor detail and trifling incident —yet has Mr Pyne injured the character, by the introduction of groups of figures, vile in themselves, and which, by their colour, render the whole picture weaker. There are figures, children in a boat, and one, as it appears, crying, and trying to wade to its companions—now how unworthy is this of so grand scenery! There is an unaccountable suddenness in the colour of reddish brown rock immediately upon the grey. There are two words we wish Mr Pyne would remember whenever he has his palette in hand—"depth," "colour"—not as one, but distinct. We know he is capable of doing higher and better things.

No. 241. "Study of a Head." C. Baxter.—This is very good, but we think a little fails in the flesh colour.

No. 315. "The Friar and Juliet," J. S. Spencer, is certainly very like nature, and it is well managed, artistically speaking, but how unpoetically dismal, and that is ever *out* of the pathetic.

No. 329. "Farm Horses." C. Jose.—This is a group of horses well set off; the sky is admirably formed to make up the composition. The ground is not good in colour. This would, as a composition, engrave—as a picture, it is not quite pleasing from its texture—it is too uniformly smooth, wants variety, and is perhaps a little too vivid; it should be subdued, and the several objects should have their own texture.

No. 393. "The Chapel of the Virgin in the Jesuits' Church, Antwerp." E. Hassell.—Mr Hassell is original—he seizes the character of his interiors with great truth and power; he seems to forget art, while he is unconsciously practising it most skilfully. He aims at no forced effects—consequently his scenes have just that quiet repose, even in their light, that ever fascinates the spectator. They are lighted by their own sanctity. We feel sure that the scene we behold was painted on the spot. This is a very beautiful picture. Nor is his "Vandyke visiting the Tomb of Rubens, in the Church of St Jacques," less so. The introduction of Vandyke is very judicious—the figure is good. It assists contemplation, which makes the character of the scene. There are no pictures in this exhibition that, for our own taste, we so much covet as Mr Hassell's interiors. We shall look for him again. His manner of representing the white stone under subdued light is perfect. He reconciles the eye even to some matters of not the best taste in architecture.

There are some good drawings. We we were pleased with No. 656, "Near Beddgelleret, North Wales," J. Rideo; and 659, "London from Waterloo Bridge," W. C. Smith, which would bear a little more depth.

Looking over the catalogue, we find we have omitted the notice of No. 117, "At Entretat on the Coast of Normandy, with a brig coming ashore —stormy—sunset." H. Lanaster.—This is a bold scene, and the event described is of great interest. It is very powerful in effect—the light upon the rocks very true and forcible. The red is perhaps a little overdone—the foreground is the least good, is too much cut up, and there are either too many figures, or they are too near, near enough to divide the interest with the principal incident. We are reminded of Loutherbourg, but there is not Loutherbourg's power. We must quit the Suffolk Street gallery, aware of the impossibility of offering a satisfactory critique; as many good pictures, where there are so many, must necessarily be without the notice they merit.

There are two societies of painters in water colours. The last embodied entitles itself "The New." This contains 341 drawings—the first established, 338. In quantity, they are nearly

equal; in quality, the "New" is decidedly superior to the "Old." It is a curious fact, that while for some years it has been the aim of water-colour painters to attain to the depth of oil, our painters in oil have been endeavouring to make their pictures like drawings, and those drawings which show most white paper. In the Old Water-Colour Society some of the most able have taken to imitate the attempts of the oil painters to imitate them; so that, forsaking depth of colour, they paint upon the white-paper plan. This is very conspicuous in Copley Fielding's drawings this year. We do not think the change an improvement. Let us walk through the rooms of the elder society.

No. 10. "Falls of the West Lynn at Lynmouth, North Devon." P. De Wint. It is a finely coloured and pretty exact representation of a most beautiful scene. Mr De Wint has omitted much that is very striking in the real view; perhaps he has made a judicious sacrifice; and it may be impossible to give upon canvass the whole scene with effect. Above the height of his subject is a very grand rock; standing below, you look under its projecting ledges. We are often deceived in a scene of this kind—a moment's change of position, an instantaneous looking up or down, conveys an impression which we are apt to think is that of *one* picture. It is, however, not so—it is the mind's putting together of several. To embody this impression, belongs to the art of composition. When fairly given, the scene may be considered more true to nature, than that which the eye takes in from one position and at one look. We have often tried to make pictures of this magnificent scene, and have not succeeded at all without much composition, and not even then to our satisfaction. Mr De Wint has painted a very beautiful picture—the air is cooled by the living water, and the scene is for meditation. We very much like his view on the River Leather, No. 49. It is slight, but very effective. The execution has the characteristic audacity due to the prevailing river.

No. 16. "Rivaulx Abbey near Helmsey, Yorkshire." Copley Fielding. This is quite unworthy Mr Fielding. It is flimsy and unnatural. Nor do we more admire his No. 21, "View of Ben Vorlich, &c." It is childish in composition and horrid in colour, as a whole, with pretty and laboured bits. Nor can any thing well be more flimsy than his No. 101, "View on the South Downs, &c." His "Fingal's Cave, Isle of Staffa," is very fine—all the parts agree—there is sentiment in the picture. Again we must find fault. His 125, "Distant view of Bolton Abbey, looking up the River Wharfe, Yorkshire," is, to our eyes, very odious—as bad in colour, composition, and effect, as well can be. We do not recognize in nature, in her pleasing mood at least, trees varying from mustard to treacle. His "Vessels in a breeze," No. 179, is a very fine drawing, good in effect and colour, and his scene on the coast near Filey Bay, Yorkshire, is not less good. We much like his "View of Ben Cruachan, &c.," No. 276. It is very tender and tranquil, and would be improved if the boat were removed. Mr Copley Fielding seems in his practice to be in a transition state, quitting his former method, for the lighter and brighter, the white-paper method: this has not reached as yet his water pieces, and they are therefore the best. We do not approve of throwing off the blues and greys of distances, by spots of treacle cows, and mustard trees.

No. 42. "Forelake, Killarney." W. Evans. This is an escape from being very good; it is spoiled by violence of colour in figures.

No. 88. "Forezall, Killarney, &c.," W. A. Nesfield, is very clever, and would be better without the figures.

No. 127. "A Monk," W. Hunt, is admirably finished. His No. 140 is capital. It is from the scene of the Carriers in Henry IV., Shakspeare. A little more shadow would perhaps improve it—not, however, very dark, but such shadows as Rembrandt delighted in, that were scarcely darkness, and when they were, were "darkness visible." His "Saying Grace," No. 167, is painted with the happiest effect. We have hitherto considered Mr Hunt as an artist expressing great truth of character by a few free touches. In No. 299, "Interior of West Hill House, the residence of J. H. Mawe, Esq.," he shows his power of elaborate finish, and that he has an eye for truth of colour very accurate. We see not only the ornament, but the domesticity of the room, its repose and habitableness are de-

lightful; this character gives a poetry to the interior.

No. 130. "The Castle Chapel," G. Cattermole, is very well done, but wants interest; it does not convey what the subject might convey. There is the same defect in his "Hospitality to the Poor," No. 175. It is very simple, clever, and well coloured, but somehow or other it is of little interest.

No. 144. "Endsleigh, a seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford." J. D. Harding. This we do not admire —it is too much of the ague style; it has throughout its hot and cold fits.

No. 153. "Narcissus and Echo." J. Christall. A very fine drawing. It is classical, and to a considerable degree, as it should be, conventional, both in design and colour. There is no violence to make conspicuous what is not quite true; we yield ourselves, therefore, to the fabulous poetry. The figures are extremely graceful, the composition tasteful and elegant; of an elevated cast, but within the domain of beauty, though bordering upon grandeur. It is a rocky scene.

No. 187. "The South Stack Lighthouse, near Holyhead," H. Gasteneau, is, as a scene in nature, frightfully grand; but whether it be that it has too much detail for grandeur, or that the style of colouring is not in accordance with that sentiment, it fails of the due effect. There is nothing grand where there is too much detail, and too many parts. His "Lake of Guarda," No. 256, is very good. No. 154,

"Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest."
MILTON.

No. 328. "Mountain Scenery." J. Varley. Mr Varley comes out in a somewhat new style. His mountains are mountains, and companies, for they associate, and hold holidays with the clouds together. They give you an idea, or rather a feeling of mountain air, freshly blowing. The effects are, perhaps, a little too scattered. We have seen one or two very fine classic landscapes by his hand; in general, he is too artificial in his building up. We well remember some of his early drawings of Welsh scenery, than which nothing is more beautiful of the kind that we have since seen by any hand. We should desire to see Mr Varley resume this early manner.

No. 216. "The Wedding." Mrs Seijffarth.

"Oh what's to me a silken gown
Wi' a poor broken heart?
And what's to me a siller crown
Gin frae my love I part?"—*Ballad.*

A melancholy tale, a sacrifice, the abominable bridegroom, the compelling parents and reluctant bride, all tell their feelings well, but the lover is not melancholy enough. He is too reconciled to desertion. It is with this lady's usual power; but we would earnestly recommend to her pencil more happy subjects. Domestic love is the least fit for poetry or painting, unless it be of a moral power, conveying a lesson, and even then is ill suited to the drawing-room or boudoir.

No. 246. "Scene from the Black Dwarf." Frederick Taylor. How sweet is the heroine of the tale; and how well is the incident told! It is a very sweet little picture, and admirably composed.—No. 285. "Interior of the Keeper's Cottage." Mr Taylor paints animals to the life—we therefore suppose *from* life.

No. 308. "Touchstone." H. Richter.

"And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet," &c.

Shakspeare is never vulgar—outraging truth, without quite reaching caricature, is always vulgar. Hideous grimaces and forced attitudes are but a bad substitute for humour. Mr Richter is generally too coarse.

Our next visit is to the New Water-Colour Exhibition, 53, Pall-Mall. The aim of the exhibitors here seems to have been, as if by one consent, depth and force of colour; and they have certainly succeeded in a very surprising degree, preserving at the same time very great clearness.

No. 9. "Transport coming out of Portsmouth," T. S. Robins, is very true to nature; the motion of the water, and its receding, is ably managed.

No. 17. "The Cooling Room (*Meslukh*) of an Egyptian Bath," H. Warren, is a picture of very great power, describing an Egyptian bride at the bath. In the centre are dancing girls, very graceful; the bride is in retiring shade —slaves of all colours are in attendance. There is good grouping and good colouring; the picture is rich, without flaring colours; the subdued light of an interior is preserved.

We could almost wish painters wer

prohibited from attempting any scene in Romeo and Juliet. Never has there been one successful picture of the subject; and the many bad deter the best artists by odiously vulgarising the scenes. We cannot congratulate Mr Hicks' No. 43, "Juliet the morning after having *taking* [taken] the sleeping draught." What a Juliet! Affectation pervades the picture, and yet is there considerable skill and management in the drawing and colouring.

No. 58. "Life fought with Love," &c. Miss S. Setchel. We cannot speak too highly of this most beautiful drawing. It is one of deep feeling in design and character of the figures; the colouring is perfect to the sentiment—it is sombre, solemn, and yet, where it should be so, extremely tender. The scene is from Crabbe, that domestic poet, that wrings the heart by his tales of life's deepest woes. These are, as we have remarked, painful subjects; but in this picture the principal character is so sweetly great, that the mind is not all under the tragic impression. There is moral blended with personal beauty—that dignity that can sacrifice all. It is a visit to the lover in prison.

"Life fought with love, both powerful and both sweet,
. . . . . .
I ask'd thy brother James, wouldst thou command,
Without the loving heart, th' obedient hand?
I ask thee, Robert, lover, canst thou part
With this poor hand when master of the heart:
He answered yes! I tarry thy reply,
Resign'd with him to live, content with thee to die.

"Assured of this, with spirits low and tame,
Here life is purchased—there a death of shame:
Death once his merriment, but now his dread."

The prisoner, the culprit, the lover, holds down his head. We would not know his reply, but we fear it, and that there is to be an heroic victim in that slender, gentlest of creatures. He is in deep shade, and dark himself, and in the solemn hue befitting crime and punishment; she, the loveliest and the most loving, gives him her hand, "canst thou part with this poor hand?" and what intense feeling is there in her face! the very lip quivers, and but that the whole gentle mind had been forearmed with resolution, perhaps strength prayed for, the words would not have found utterance. Hers is a face to haunt one—we are quite sure that we shall never forget it whilst we live, and have our knowledge and feeling. It is most feminine, most loving, and most heroic. This one drawing, by Miss Setchel, a young lady, previously scarcely known, is far above any work this year exhibited by any artist whatever, and in whatever exhibition, in beauty and pathos. There are many apparently more important, many much more laborious works, but there is not one that, only once seen, will be so long remembered. There are two very great old masters that, could they come to life and see this drawing, would, we are assured, be delighted with it—two of very opposite powers, Raffaele and Rembrandt. Miss Setchel must feel the purity, the delicacy, and the greatness of sentiment in Raffaele, and the mysterious power of colouring, and light and shade, of Rembrandt. Yet this drawing, we are given to understand, sold for no more than L.25. We feel it ungracious to find any fault; but, as critics, we must say "this poor hand" is what we could best part with: it is not quite equal to the drawing in general.

No 77. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." This is a wonderfully powerful drawing. A bold attempt upon a subject so often treated, and so strictly belonging to the old school. It is this very thing which, as it has familiarised us with the conventional, makes what is novel, or too strictly modern, out of place, and be received with a shock. The woman, though really a beautiful expressive figure, is not such as we should expect to see in a picture representing this scene; she is a little too much like one taken from the "Book of Beauty." The Saviour has neither sufficient dignity nor strength of expression, and is too feminine; the mouth should not be closed. With these exceptions, and perhaps one

ought not to be an exception, the subject is very well treated, with great knowledge of composition and colouring; not that we quite like the colour of the drapery, nor indeed of the complexion of the principal figures, perhaps too light for the solemn feeling the sacred warning should convey. The lightness of this part of the picture is not quite in keeping with the great depth in the figures to the left. There the clear yet dark colouring, in great variety of tones, yet all kept together, is the most striking specimen of the power of water-colour we have ever seen. The hand of our Saviour is too small and delicate. The lighter parts of the picture want solidity.

No 99. "Sale of a Nubian Girl." Henry Warren. Mr Warren has great power; his colouring is clear and deep; and, what colour often is not, expressive, accordant with the subject. This Sale of the Nubian Girl is very good, very simple. We suppose Mr Warren has studied Nubian beauty from nature. It is rather repugnant to European taste. His "Hagar, the Egyptian, and Ishmael, her Son, cast out into the Wilderness," No 258, fully justify the foregoing remarks upon his powers. There is a daring novelty in his mode of treatment of this well-known subject from the Bible, according to the physical character of the personages and the country. Without being perfectly reconciled to it, we are very far from condemning it. It may be a question of taste, why the Italian painters adopted European physiognomy and scenery. Did they think entire sympathy with the actions and feelings to be represented, required this sacrifice and this identity of race? There is in this picture very great simplicity. The design is good. The slight hesitation of Ishmael, which is the bond of union expressed, is very happy. The greenish-brown tones are beautifully clear, and tell well. We do not like the sheep in the back ground, they are too large, and lack an ancient character; perhaps the sky would be improved if it were a little deeper.

No 110. "Scene from Romeo and Juliet." Miss F. Corbaux. This has some very fine tones of colour. We think it fails in expression. The light upon the white figure cannot be true; it could not be so spread. The cold, grey, and warm depths of the picture assist each other, nor is harmony disturbed.

No 137.

"Sweet Kitty, she was a charming maid,
That carried the milking pail."
—*English Ballad.*

Edward Corbould. A very sweet and delicate picture, partaking of the pretty quaintness of the lines. His "Good Samaritan," No 269, is a very charming picture; simple in manner, very tender, and expressive. There is something wrong in the drawing or shading of the back of the maiden in the foreground. His 324, "Shrimping," is very good; it is fresh and free, as if sketched in from nature. Mr Edward Corbould should do great things; he has the requisites in abundance to make a painter; and either his industry or his facility must be very great.

No 157. "Warder Castle surrendered to the Roundheads, May 1643." W. H. Kearney. A scene of detestable treachery and brutality, not fit for a picture; at least, unless very differently treated. The heroism of the sufferers could alone make the subject bearable, and that, in character and expression, is omitted. The picture is not without much power, but it is essentially vulgar.

No. 173. "The Dairyman's Daughter." A. Penley.—This is another subject not fit for the pencil—it is entirely melancholy, but in this instance it is so affectedly *goody*, with its weak washy sentimentality, and expression of conceit, where there should be nothing but piety, all simpering inwardly "how good we are!" and how particularly good the Dairyman's daughter, that our melancholy is changed to disgust, even for art, for the sin of this perpetration. Mawkish, maudlin sensibility should be condemned by every hanging committee. We never see it in the frontispieces to our "Children's" *good* books, but we desire to tear out the page, for the benefit of all children readers.

No. 187. "Reflection," J. J. Jenkins—is very pleasing.

No. 206. "There lived in Oxford one Richard Simon, a priest," &c. H. P. Riviere.—This is the story of Lambert Simnel, and one not worth painting. There has been, however, a great taste of late years for old armour, knights, and monks; so that among the herd of imitators of Catter-

mole and others, it is a fine thing to get a subject that will admit of all. With such view, Mr Riviere is happy in his choice, but in nothing else; it is a villanous performance, and but for its affectation, which forces attention by annoyance, we should not have noticed it.

No. 214. "Boulogne Shrimper." J. J. Jenkins.—This is excellent in colour—a well-drawn figure—quite nature.

No. 224. "Richard Cœur de Lion, arrested at Berlin, A. D. 1192." W. H. Kearney.—This is another instance of unfortunately vulgar treatment of an historical subject. Poor Richard! that we should see the "Lion Heart" represented thus! Some red-haired waiter at a provincial inn, in a moment of perspiring leisure, must have sat for Richard. We see him fumbling for the napkin. "No Knight-Templar, but a waiter!!"

No. 237. "Lord Nigel's Introduction to the Sanctuary of Alsatia." E. H. Wehnert.—There is much of artist ability in this picture; there is good grouping, and it is not without character; but it is of the class of subjects most unfit for painting. It may contain many pictures, but here the artist takes in too much. The scene would be disgusting, even in narration, if we were suffered to dwell upon it in its collective depravity, but words do not fix images so distinctly; we pass on rapidly, and character succeeds character, that we dwell not too long upon any one disgust, where nearly all is disgusting; and the expectation of the story, of what is to come, of danger to be escaped, avert the mind's eye from too intently resting upon individual or wholesale deformities; and in narration the whole scene is but a part, and serves its purpose, as contrast to other parts of the tale, where higher beauties are set off by it. Nothing of this kind can be done upon canvass, and there, as a choice, to portray accumulations of deformity, with no purpose but the mere odious display, is, we think, in very bad taste. Before painters learn how to paint, we would have them cultivate their minds, and educate their eyes to a sense of beauty, to know *what* to paint. There are subjects we should ever wish to see ill done; for the greater the skill the more degradation is suffered by art, and insult upon the profession. Beauty, gentleness, goodness, heroic feeling, even sufferings that bring out the manly virtues, are the themes for art. Deformities of every kind are the bane of art, the poison of the mind. Bad as they are in writing, they are worse in painting; for they become fixed, and it is worse than a tasteless, it is a vitiated eye that can take pleasure in them.

We will take relief, and look at "Cinderella," J. J. Jenkins.—Here the gentle, the innocent, the patient Cinderella is leaning against the fireplace, meditating, we may be sure, no ill—and we know how she will be rewarded; the cat purring to her, loving her, perhaps herself a fairy cat, is most happy. Now, this is a subject of beauty and of interest. Innocence is more fit for the pencil than vice.

No. 310. "Percy Bay, one of the Bathing Places at Tynemouth, Northumberland—Sunrise—Study from Nature." T. M. Richardson, Sen.—It is a very true transcript of nature's sunrise, beautifully coloured; there is the warmth of sun, yet freshness of morning; the distances, for they are indeed many, many a league over the water, are given with most true gradation. This is a fine drawing, and shows very great power in the artist.

No. 323. "Mountain torrent, near Llyn Tdwal, Caernarvonshire," Thos. Lindsay—is a good drawing, true in colour, and readily places the spectator in the mountain scenery. We were much struck with the power of No. 337, "Sunset," L. Hicks. The red is well set off by deep purples, and the light is effective. As in other exhibitions, we can here only imperfectly have performed our task. We will not, however, make further apology for omissions. This is an excellent exhibition; the New may more than rival the Old—the "*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*" In closing our remarks upon these exhibitions of modern art, while we admire the mechanical skill, and mastery over materials, we cannot but lament, that in general the aim of the artist seems to have been confined too much to subjects in which that skill may be displayed. Is it not preferring the means to the end? Poetry, poetry, poetry, we repeat, and original poetry too, the poetry of thought, is the province of painting: and above all, let painters at least shun vulgarity; whatever is low is in

bad taste, is injurious to the painter's own mind, vitiating the public eye and feeling, and does a manifest injury to the whole fraternity. It would be better for English art if this were generally felt.

British Institution.

This exhibition contains 130 pictures of the late Sir David Wilkie, and sixty-three of old masters—the latter occupy one room, Wilkie two. Although we should prefer a larger contribution from many masters, and the old schools, to such an accumulation of works by one hand, we duly appreciate the spirit which has adopted the present plan. It is a just compliment to modern art, and acknowledgment of the high reputation of the deceased artist—we presume, however, it is one which will not be repeated under circumstances and claims less urgent. The fame of Sir David Wilkie is worthy the homage, and it is paid. We rejoice, too, that the public have here the means of reviewing their own judgment, of marking the progress of the painter whom they delighted to honour, from the day of their early approbation to the last effort of his pencil. For ourselves, we see no reason to alter the opinion we gave in the commencement of our review of the Royal Academy; and we think our remarks upon Sir David Wilkie as a painter fully borne out by the present exhibition of his works. They show a mind, rather by accident and circumstance, than powerfully by genius impelled to a particular line, led to adopt, in the commencement, a certain class of subjects, and style of painting; and this bias, when he would have changed his manner, influenced and shackled him. Had he been at once thrown in the way of seeing pictures of the highest class, of the Italian school, and those more particularly of effect and colour than of sentiment, he would rather have leaned to their manner than to the one which, in after life, he was ever endeavouring, but in vain, to discard. He does not appear to have been so much possessed of an originality, as of a perception of what is good in others, and a desire to adopt that good, and to improve upon it. And this was not always done as a whole; so that in one picture we may often see the characters of many masters, sometimes incongruously assembled, but always with ingenuity, with pictorial management and ability. He was too soon the painter: forced upon the world and the world's applause and substantial favour, he was not allowed time to hesitate, to question, to lay up judgments from which a higher genius might have arisen. He was to continue as he had begun; and it is not very strange, if universal approbation and patronage kept him from seeking any thing better. But there is weariness even in fame and flattery—that weariness came upon his mind, and it was never thoroughly satisfied with his early choice. That it was an unfortunate, in some respects an uncongenial choice, we collect from his unceasing efforts, after some years, to divest himself of it, and his ever attempting to imitate some master or other as opposite and irreconcileable to that early choice as possible. His great defect appears to have been an absence of perception of the "beautiful." With a disposition to work out minutely, and to an excess, what was before him to do, from nature, he too often elaborated deformity. Beauty had not enough of *character* for his bent; it was too simple—an exquisitiveness not to be portrayed by many strokes; character indeed it has, but not peculiarities to be mastered and finished at the pencil's point. We have not seen a single picture by his hand in which there is real feminine beauty. We doubt if he could have thoroughly received, for he never attempted to make them his own, as he did the excellences of almost every other master, the purity of Raffaele's, or the more human loveliness of Corregio's Madonnas. He was too early forced upon *character*, in the generally received sense of the word, character of delineation, and missed for ever that of higher mind and feeling.

No. 1. "King George the Fourth's Entrance to his Palace of Holyrood House, the 15th August 1822."—This picture justifies some of the above remarks. It is a mixture of styles. The trumpeters on the right are like Velasquez—the background, after Rembrandt; other parts in the manner of inferior masters—there is great ingenuity in endeavouring to make these

imitations unite—the consequence is that they do so to a certain extent, so that, without considering what the subject should really represent, we are pleased with the general pictorial effect. In this view it is perhaps his best picture. But examining it for its purpose, we find it lamentably deficient. A king comes to his own palace, a visiter too, amongst his people seldom seen. There should be joy and welcome, a princely dignity and love; there lies the poetry. What have we? the king was in his own person the gentleman, the dignified prince. Sir David has made him look like a hair-dresser. His attitude is of ungentlemanly pride, assumed; there is none of the condescension of dignity. Then, though he is supposed to be supported and attended by a retinue of his nobles, he seems to stand alone, he is unconnected. So it is with those who receive him; a very few seem employed in that cold duty, there is not a crowd of worthies, the choice of the land, but room for mere vulgar curiosity with appropriate figures. The whole colouring is sombre to a degree, of ill omen to a prince coming to Holyrood. The brown background, the tone of the architecture, is dismal, unjoyous, and not imposing in design. There is a vying of the low with what should be the great, and it is uncertain which predominates. There must be false perspective in some of the heads. Some boys above and below Sir Walter Scott, have immense heads, larger than of the men around them; and Sir Walter's greatly exceeds those of his companions. The Earl of Arran presents the keys as if in fear lest they should go off, and detonate devastation—he holds them so ungracefully at his arms' length; and a girl is seen shrinking back, as if from dread of an explosion. The subject should be *great* and *joyous*. The picture is any thing but joyous, and greatness it has none. No. 2. "The Siege of Saragossa." We have ever been annoyed at this picture in print. It is most unpoetically treated, of vulgar stride and violence, ostentatiously dragging forth a piece of ordnance. It might have been matter of fact, but it uncharms the incident of its high virtue. The maid is not only ugly, but a brutal virago of the lowest class. It is affectedly energetic, and is therefore really tame. No. 3. "The Guerilla taking leave of his Confessor." The confessor is a good figure—in the boy we recognize imitation of Murillo. No. 4. "Her Majesty Queen Victoria." This is like a German toy standing on its own wooden petticoat. It is alike unfortunate in colour and design. No. 5. "The Guerilla's Return to his Family." Here the woman, who should be most interesting, is very ugly. No. 6. "Guerilla Council of War in a Spanish Posada." This is well-grouped, and two figures are—Good-news and Attention. The woman in the background has hard spots for eyes; this was not uncommon in some of the later pictures. The finished sketch of "Blind Man's Buff," No. 8, is not better than the picture. No. 9. "Her Majesty Queen Victoria at her First Council." This is not treated so as to give the elevation the subject demands. The hard lines of eyes and mouth of the Queen makes her look like a painted sixpenny doll; her left hand seems crippled, emblematical of half the fact, as she is surrounded by ministers who crippled both. No. 10. "John Knox Preaching," is well known by the print. The figures always appeared to us too large for the scene they act in; and there are by far too many *principal* figures. The importance is divided. The coarse violence of Knox, perhaps true enough to fact, does not accord with a poetical, or historical, if the word be more artistical, treatment; with the two placid women before him, the Reformer is like a vulture going to pounce upon two doves. The picture exhibits a powerful management of light and shade, and some very good colouring. There is a female head in the corner, like one of Bassan's, but strangely large and out of drawing. No. 11. "The Penny Wedding." One could not expect much beauty for a penny, though at a wedding—and there is none; the men playing are good. No. 12, "The Fortune-teller," is well composed, would have been better with a little more depth of colour. No. 13. "Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington." Undignified—and therefore untrue. No. 14. "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo." This is, perhaps, Wilkie's very best picture; it is well coloured, well composed, and well grouped; the figures have their proper room, and there is plenty of character. No. 15. "Blind Man's Buff." This reminds one of Ostade, and, as in Ostade, the

background is best. Here was an opportunity of introducing female beauty, yet there is none. There is something disagreeable in the repetition of hips and elbows; they border on deformity. No. 16. "The Sick Chamber," is quite unworthy Sir David's pencil. No. 17. "Napoleon and Pius VII. at Fontainbleau." The figure of the Pope is good and expressive, it is finely painted; not so satisfactory is the figure of Napoleon. No. 18. "Columbus." The best of this is the figure of the boy in blue. No. 19. "The Rabbit on the Wall." This is a very good and pleasing picture, extremely natural, well-coloured, and of good effect; it is a pretty subject, and fully expressed—the wonderment and whole character of the child is admirable. No. 20. "The Wardrobe Ransacked" is not harmoniously and agreeably coloured—the red predominates. No. 21. "Sketch of Reading the Will." Slight—of composition only. No. 22, "The Death of Sir Philip Sydney," is not made interesting. No. 23. "Study of the Gentle Shepherd," is very poor. The face is dingy, and of the same texture and colour as the sky. No. 24. "Finished Sketch for the Picture of the Village Festival." This is not agreeable in colouring, particularly unpleasant are the red spots. No. 25. "The Errand Boy." Another opportunity for beauty lost. No. 26. "Death of the Red Deer." There is individual character, but there is little that is agreeable. No. 27. "The Newsmongers." How could Sir David bring his hand to such vulgarity? What an ugly creature is the female figure! Nos. 28, 29, and 30. "Portraits." The last only is good. No. 31, "The Jews' Harp," is very dingy. No. 32, "The Bagpiper" is in the exaggerated spotty red style of colouring. No. 33. "Scene from Gentle Shepherd," has little to recommend it. No. 34. "The Cut Finger." The old woman is very good, she has been used to bind up cut fingers—all else is deformity. No. 36. "The Nursery" is clever—in vain we look for beauty. No. 37. "Head of John Norman, blacksmith of the village of Cults." We presume Sir David owed him a grudge. No. 38, "Scene from the Abbot of Sir Walter Scott," is clever. No. 39. "Sketch for Picture of John Knox Preaching." Our remarks upon the picture suffice. No. 40. "Benvenuto Cellini and the Pope." This is a fine picture, powerful and well coloured—the Pope in particular. There is vigour and freshness in it, perhaps it is the most successful of this class. No. 42. "The Parish Beadle" is a little forced, but very good of the kind. All is true in character; the hard beadle—the apathy of the monkey—the instinct of the dog—that, in sympathy with his master, knows the beadle. No. 43. "The Breakfast." A subject not worth painting—the old woman is good; why should not the girl have been pretty? No. 44. "Distraining for Rent." What could induce a painter, of any mind, to perpetuate so dismal—so disagreeable an occurrence? It is unmitigated distress, without one object of compensation, nothing the mind can take refuge in. It is not satire to gratify our indignation—nor is there display of virtue to reconcile the spectator to the scene. There might have been suffering beauty. No. 45. "George the Fourth in Highland Costume." Unfortunate in attitude, and colour, and every thing. No. 46. "H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in Highland Costume." The dog and background, like Titian, and excellent. The figure of his royal highness is affected, theatrical. No. 47. "Duncan Grey" is dirtily painted. Here, too, should have been beauty, but there is none. No. 48, "The Card Players," is very well painted and coloured, but what a deformity is the woman!—the best figure is the man scratching his head. No. 49, "Guess my name" is not bad, the figure in the background very good—a shrewd old man he well delineates. No. 50, "The Pedlar," is very disagreeable in colour—the girl is hideous. No. 51. "Queen Mary escaping from Lochleven Castle." We are here little interested for the beautiful Mary, who is an unbeauteous lady's maid; this is undignifying history—the colour is dismal, and the manner of painting gives it the appearance of dropping with damp; this peculiarity we have often noticed, not only in Sir David, but more than one of his imitators. No. 52, "Study for Village Politicians," has nothing to recommend it. No has No. 53, "A Landscape," which,

as lovers of landscape, we abominate. Nor can we say any thing in favour of No. 54. "Sketch for Village School." We should not, however, criticize mere sketches, which are not supposed to express all the painter means. No. 55, "The Rent Day," is a celebrated picture, but, to our minds, very disagreeable. It has not one incident of interest, and has the sin of unnecessary deformity. No. 56, "Scotch Baptism," is a very dingy performance. No. 57, "The Confessional," very clever and pleasing. No. 58, "Portrait of the late Lady Lyndhurst," is very good, but has the peculiarity of Sir David's pencil in eyes and mouth. No. 59, "Portrait of Thos. Wilkie, Esq.," is good and unaffected. No. 60, "Portrait of Sir James M'Gregor, Bart., M.D.," is very bad, the hair vile. No. 61, "The Highland Family," is very good, and true to nature, in his best style of composition and colour. No. 62, "The China-menders," is well painted, in part an imitation of Teniers and Ostade—has in parts the thinness of the one, and the substance of the other master. No. 63, "Sketch of two of the Daughters of the late Rev Dr Thomson," is rather weak. From Nos. 64 to 107 inclusive are studies and sketches, with the exception of No. 84, which is a finished picture. As studies, they are interesting; and where not very good, we should bear in mind that they were for the painter's use, not exhibition. No. 64. "Sketch for a Picture of Burying the Regalia of Scotland" is not a very successful imitation of Rembrandt's manner—it wants Rembrandt's mystery. The "Two Figures in Picture of the Bride" are very good. So is No. 66, "Portrait of Miss Wilkie." The child in No. 67, "A Mother teaching her Child to Pray," is in his best manner. No. 68, "The Sick Chamber," is of no promise. No. 67, is a very good portrait of a gentleman in a Dutch dress. It is strange that so many painters should fail in their portraits of the "Great Duke." No. 70, is not an exception—it has nothing great. No. 71, "William the Fourth," has a painful expression. It is a pity that the sketch of Prince Talleyrand is so slight; it wants the stronger markings of character. No. 73, "The Cut Finger," is more than a cut finger, it is an eye-sore. "Portraits of children of Major and Mrs Winfield," No. 74, is very clever. "Queen Adelaide on Horseback," No. 75, is very commonplace, the best part of which is the horse. No. 76 is a capital sketch, and full of character. "A Spanish Señorita with her nurse, a native of the Asturias, walking in the Prado of Madrid." No. 77. "Samuel and Eli" is not very indicative of character, nor are No. 78, "Two Figures in Spanish dresses," very well defined—is the one child or man? "A Female adjusting her hair," No. 79, is certainly very bad; and No. 80, "The Breakfast," a sketch, is only remarkable for poverty of colour. No. 81, "The Encampment of the Sheik and Arabs who accompanied Sir David Wilkie to the Dead Sea and Jericho," is an interesting sketch. No. 82. "Our Saviour at Emaus," fails in expression, and does not indicate what, perhaps, the painter meant his picture to be. "Christ before Pilate, painted in Jerusalem," is curious as showing Sir David's manner of working. It has not the promise of a picture. The locality is unfavourable, and seems to have impressed the mind more strongly than the event. No. 84. "The Whiteboy's Cabin," is a finished picture, in which the woman is Sir David's nearest approach to female beauty. The child is excellent, and true to nature. There is too much of the peculiar wet manner; it is, however, very good. No. 85, is a very unmeaning poor bit of landscape. Nor is 86, "A Kitchen," better. No. 87. "Portrait of the late Sir David Wilkie." We can easily imagine that we see in this portrait the mind of the painter; it has a look of searching for something to do, rather than of decision. No. 88, "Portrait of Thomas Wilkie, Esq.," seems changed in colour. No. 89 is a *very* good "Portrait of Mrs Riddell, niece of Sir David Wilkie." Nos. 90, 91, and 92, are mere ideas of the pictures—"The Blind Fiddler," "Reading the Will," and "The Wardrobe Ransacked." Sir David must have remembered his home with pleasure and exactness, (as amiable men generally do.) No. 93 verifies the old saying, "that home is home, be it never so homely." No. 94, "The Nativity," the figures in the dresses of the country, is a sketch of much promise—Rembrandt was in the painter's mind. No. 95. "William the Fourth," better, per-

haps because less true than the former. Few can now-a-days endure allegory, that riddle in paint seldom worth discovering; nor does Sir David's undertaking, No. 96, "Sketch for an Allegorical Picture," tend to reconcile us to it. Nor can we have any thing to say in favour of Nos. 95, 96, and 97—"William the Fourth," "Sketch for an Allegorical Picture," and "Queen Adelaide." No. 97. "A Duplicate." No. 97. "Portrait of the Persian Prince Halakoo Mirza," has the true look of a study from nature. No. 98, "The Turkish Letter-writer," painted at Constantinople, will ever bear the stamp of the master. It is no wonder that Sir David was no great landscape painter, brought up amid such unpaintable scenery as that of No. 99, "View looking to the West of the Church and Manse of Cults, as they now appear." No. 100 is a very capital sketch of a Jewish woman and her child, drawn in Jerusalem. No. 101 is a very good sketch of "Two Figures for the Picture of Josephine and the Fortune-Teller." There is not much in the "Interior of Pitlessie Mill, in the parish of Cults," No. 102. No. 103 is an unimportant sketch, "The Letter of Introduction." No. 104, "The Female Figure in the Picture of Queen Mary," is a good study; nor need less be said of No. 105, a "Jewish Family." We do not recognise Samuel or Eli in any of the "Five Heads," the commencement of a picture of Samuel and Eli, No. 106. No. 107, "H. R. H. The Duke of Sussex," is a good sketch.

We now leave the sketches. There is disagreeable colouring in No. 108, "The Pifferari," with Pilgrims playing hymns to the Madonna, nor has it much charm in composition or subject. We cannot admire No. 109, "Portrait of Mrs Maberly;" it has his peculiar method of *lines* and dots for eyes and mouth, giving an appearance that nature never gives; the most disagreeable eyes and mouths do not tell harshly upon the sight. No. 110 is a rather dingy "Portrait of William Stodart, Esq." No. 111 is the most singular "Portrait of Master Robert James Donne," which, when exhibited at the Academy, made people stare with astonishment. It shows conspicuously two of Sir David's pictorial vagaries, dots and lines for eyes and mouth, and such hair as never human, or any other being, ever possessed. No. 112, "Portrait of Mrs Winfield, a niece of Sir D. Wilkie," is not over feminine. No. 113, "The Princess Doria washing the Pilgrim's feet," has some good colouring and effect, but there is something vulgar in it. The interest is not manifest. "The Vision," subject from Burn's Poem, No. 114, is any thing but a poet's vision. It is to be presumed, that 115, "Digging for Rats," is changed—it looks dirty. We have not seen any thing worse by Sir David than 116, a "Lady taking Tea." No. 117, "The Blind Fiddler, a sketch," deserves little notice.—Nor can much commendation be given to the ill-coloured "Sunday Morning," No. 118. Nor to the duplicate 118, "Village Politicians," which is weak and dirty. The "Hookabardar," No. 119, is very good. The "Card Players, a Sketch," No. 120, is very vile.—No. 121. "The Cottar's Saturday Night, a Sketch." Somewhat in imitation of Rembrandt in chiaroscuro; but it wants colour and greys to relieve the brown. Here again is an opportunity of introducing graceful figures lost. The "Portrait of Daniel O'Connell, Esq." has much of reality.—No. 123. "The Duke of Wellington and his Charger." The back ground and the horse are very good, but the Duke is a decided failure; he looks mean and frightened, which the great Duke could not be, not even in compliment to the "Company of Merchant Tailors," possessors of the picture. No. 124. "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage, with Portrait of Sir David Wilkie in the background." This will be more valuable as containing the portrait of Sir David than the character of Alfred. The child at the fire is hideous, out of drawing, and deformed; and where was the necessity of the ugliness?—No. 125. Is a colourless "Landscape with Sheep-washing," and a lack of all freshness that makes landscape agreeable. It has neither blue sky, no nor grey, nor green grass—the whole land with its trees is as monotonous as the sheep. This picture is well known by its engraving, and has been much admired. Yet what pastoral eclogue, but a burlesque, and it is too tame for that, could be written from it? It serves to show what a landscape should not be.—No. 126. "Portrait of Mathias Prime Lucas.

Esq., President of St Bartholomew's Hospital," is probably very like, but it does not elevate the subject.—No. 127, "Landscape, Sheep-washing, study for the Picture," is worse than the picture.—"The Recruiting Party," No. 128, has a dirty disagreeable look. The two last are portraits; the one should not have been exhibited, as only of private value.—No. 129. "Portraits of the late Rev. David Wilkie, Minister of Cults, and of Mrs Wilkie, the parents of Sir David Wilkie." We are too near Sir David's time, to render this family group important. In this prying age, nothing is left *ignotum*, and every thing taken *pro mirifico*.—The last, "Portrait of Lady Mary Fitzgerald," is very good. We have, contrary to our usual practice, noticed every picture and sketch here exhibited. We will now enter the "South Room."

Pictures of Old Masters.

These are sixty-three in number—no very large collection.—No. 131, "Italian Buildings, with an Itinerant Musician and other Figures," Lingelbach, is good for the master—the subject is of little worth. The peculiar manner of this master is the setting off the colour of his figures by greys of various tones in the back ground. He did not paint hands well.

No. 132. "The Bird's Nest," Vander Werf, is a very sweet little picture. The work is exquisite, and is of the enamel effect of Wouverman. The children are very pretty: it is good in colour.

No. 133. "A Woody Landscape." Gaspar Poussin.—This is a very beautiful simple scene; some rather precipitous rocky ground with bushes, before which are large trees. The cool and warm colours are so blended as to render the scene refreshing, and a shelter: it has a delightful repose. How very rich is the paint, particularly in the dark trees, a luminous substance though in shade! How much more like nature is this than the crude, many-coloured things we call views!

No. 134, "Portrait of Hubertus de Het," has probably suffered, not having the freshness of Vandyke.

No. 135, "Head of a Bull," Paul Potter, is as like as may be; it is the head of a great beast, and only fit for a sign, however well painted.

No. 136, "The Madonna," Elizabetha Sirani, is rather weak, somewhat in the manner of, but inferior to, Murillo; and he is the more vulgar.

No. 137. "A Sandy Road, with a Grey Horse and Traveller Resting." Paul Potter.—The horse is very good, the rest is not quite clean in colour.

No. 138, "The Virgin and Child," Murillo, is most unpleasant. The Virgin is worse than vulgar; the Child like an old man.

No. 139. "A Man Selling Lemons." Teniers.—Undoubtedly genuine—happily executed. The excellence of Teniers lay in his execution, and often in his colour; all is clean, and hit off at one sitting: how preferable to laborious finish!

No. 140, "Portrait of an Abbè" is evidently from nature.

No. 141. "Environs de Gueldres." Ruysdael and A. Vandervelde.—This is very beautifully executed; the colouring is somewhat dingy, and has perhaps suffered.

"The Environs of Dresden," No. 142, Canaletto, is coarse and bad; has neither scene nor effect to recommend it.

No. 143, "The Woman taken in Adultery," J. C. Procaccini, is a strong, powerful painting, without much beauty.

No. 144, "Fête Champêtre," Watteau, is not very pleasing even in colour, in which he excelled. Poor Watteau, though a painter of joyous scenes, was a melancholy man; his skies and back grounds do sometimes partake of his own mood, and contradict the expression of his figures.

"The Itinerant Musicians," No. 145, Jan Steen, is not a favourable specimen of this master, who, though too vulgar, is often full of character, colours admirably, and executes expressively. This is rather hard, and vulgar enough.

No. 146. "A Young Woman returned from Market." W. Mieris. May go to market often and yet hang on hand, for she is ugliness itself.

No. 147. "Landscape with Pigs." Karl du Jardin.—We never thought we should be reconciled to pigs in a

landscape, nor do we ever remember to have met with them in pastoral poetry —yet here we would not have them out. It is a beautiful little picture, extremely simple: how well the trees and ground are set off by the blue sky.

We do not very much admire the landscapes of Sebastian Bourdon, they are heavy, and their parts in composition not made subservient to a whole. No. 148 is not very pleasing.

No. 149, "The Virgin Weeping over the Dead Body of our Saviour," Guercino—is very strange, in the meanness of the expression of the Saviour; the Virgin, and much of the colour, is very good.

No. 150. "The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist." Carlo Dolce. — This is strong, and sudden in lights and shadows, so frequently opposed that it is not without a flutter, ill suiting the subject.

No. 151, "A Slight Gale," Vandervelde—is very good; the water is, perhaps, a little rubbed.

No. 152, "A Family at a Repast," W. Mieris—is very disagreeable over-finish.

No. 153. "The Family of Oliver St John, Earl of Bolingbroke." This is a very fine picture; at first view it appears slight and sketchy, but the finish comes out as we look. The execution is admirable, and colouring charming. It is a most harmonious whole. Each figure has its individual character, yet are they one family. The composition is perfect.

No. 154. "Landscape, with Historical Figures." Gaspar Poussin.—If this be original, it must have suffered. There is one of the same subject in the collection of P. J. Miles, Esq., Leigh Court. It is a grand composition. No landscape painter ever so thoroughly understood composition as did Gaspar Poussin. He worked upon a simple principle, but a most true one. His arrangements are always with an art.

No. 155. "Adonis going to the Chase." Titian.—This subject is in the National Gallery; much of the freshness is gone from both. Is this a Titian or a *Repetition?*

No. 156, "Landscape, with Figures and Cattle," Berghem—is a little out of harmony.

No. 157, "The Flemish Bull," A. Ostade—is beautiful in colour, and frightful in subject.

No. 158, "St Peter Repentant" —is not very much in the manner of Vandyke, whose name it bears.

No. 159, "An Interior with an old Woman Sleeping," Teniers—is very true; quite like the master.

No. 160 is "A Breeze," by N. Vandervelde; so fresh a one, that it has blown away much of the subject; it is, consequently, rather faint.

No. 161, "The Virgin and Child with St John, encircled by fruit and flowers," G. Seghers and C. Schut —is well painted; figures in imitation of Rubens; they are on too dingy a ground.

No. 162. "Full length of a Child with a toy in a Garden Scene." Rubens.—Not very agreeable, but well painted, only in parts, in the usual manner of Rubens.

No. 163. "Dutch Boors"—great bores, even though by the hand of Teniers, to whom this is ascribed.

No. 164, "Landscape," Francesco Mile—is a very pretty picture; his colouring is, in general, too warm; he wants fresh cool greens; he aims at too great richness, and *forces* his composition as he does his colouring: it is a little overdone. We recognize the art.

No. 165. "Scene on the Coast of Holland, with Boats and Figures." Vander Capella.—He is in general a very sweet painter with a clean pencil. He delights in cool greys in his skies and water. The water in this picture is not very clear; it has probably met with some injury.

No. 165. "Cicero at his Villa." Wilson.—This always struck us as very poor—very affected; it is bad in composition and effect, and was, doubtless, very unlike Cicero's delightful retreat.

No. 167, "Portrait of Mrs Robinson," Sir Joshua Reynolds — is good, but not one of Sir Joshua's best. Is the drawing of the neck correct?—the jelly-bag curtain is not agreeable.

No. 168. "The Adoration of the Magi." Palma Vecchio. — This is rather a large picture, well grouped and composed—deficient in chiaroscuro—and more strange than perfect in colour; the blue drapery of the Virgin is light and peculiar. Old Palma was an admirable colourist, in general of a deep cast, and not much after the manner of this picture. He painted with Titian, and copied hi

deep tones and vivid flesh tints. He put his name to the pictures on which he rested his reputation. It was old Palma who finished the picture left unfinished by Titian, and he put his name to it recording the fact.

No. 129. "Heads." Titian.—A very fine study, especially the profile.

No. 170. "The Virgin and Child with Joseph, in a landscape." Carlo Maratti—"O si sic omnia." It is a very sweet picture, good in colour and composition; the attitudes are easy and unaffected; it is full of grace. The child is lovely. The landscape, which is very good, is, perhaps, a little too weak for the sky.

No. 171. "A Cottage Girl going with her Pitcher to the Brook." Gainsborough.—The cottage girl has a dog under her arm, most admirably painted; it is quite life: so is the girl—that is, the face. How very superior is Gainsborough here to Murillo; but the background is vile, weak, and washy, and disagreeable in colour, and slovenly in execution. Gainsborough was not a landscape painter; see his book of studies; was there ever any thing so poor?—utterly unimaginative, and the vilest selections from common nature. He was a portrait painter. And yet what a sum of money was given for that abominable thing the "Market Cart," that disgraces the walls of our National Gallery!! Who will venture to agree with us in our heterodox opinion?

No. 172. "Head of a Female." Giorgeone.—Richly brown—a good head.

No. 173. "The Madonna." Sasso Ferrato.—Beautifully painted—very poor in expression; it is in imitation of Correggio in style and colouring.

No. 174. "Landscape and Figures, with a Fall of Water." Ruysdael.—How admirably Ruysdael manages his bursts of light in his skies; they are always in the right place!—this is very fine, the sky on the horizon is not quite clear.

No. 175. "Sea-shore, with Figures." Gainsborough—is not very pleasing; it is violent in weak lights and splashy browns—is very sketchy, perhaps unfinished.

No. 176. "Portraits of John Bellenden Ker and his brother Henry Gawler"—certainly not in Sir Joshua's good manner.

No. 177. "Live Fowls." Hondekooter.—The fowls are finely painted. Hondekooter is not happy in his back grounds—they are in general too dingy.

No. 178. "Animals in a Landscape." J. H. Roos.—Peculiar, but not pleasing.

No. 179. "Landscape, with a Fall of Water." Ruysdael.—This is more like Everdingen; it wants the charm of colouring, and fresh clearness of Ruysdael.

No. 180. "The Last Supper." Sasso Ferrato.—This is beyond the usual size of this painter's pictures. It is very good—very superior to his higher-finished Madonnas; it is good in colour. The principal figure is rather poor—here we should expect to see a failure. It is an imitation—possibly a copy throughout, and apparently from a fresco.

No. 181, "Interior of a Dutch Church"—Cuyp—is very fine, the green curtain is rich, and wonderfully illuminated.

No. 182. "Landscape, with the Fisherman presenting to Polycrates, the Tyrant of Samos, a Fish, inside of which was afterwards found the Ring he had cast into the Sea." Salvator Rosa.—Freely painted, very good composition, landscape and figures well agree. It is not so dark as his pictures usually are; and has a peculiarity, as if red colour had been scumbled over the whole, and left in the grain. The rolling clouds and mountains hold communion with each other; the aerial distance is well preserved. It shows how much can be done with little labour, when a vigorous mind directs the hand.

No. 183. "The Virgin presenting the Infant Saviour to a Female Saint." Paul Veronese.—This is one of the most beautiful of the masterly works of Paul Veronese. In some respects it is out of his manner. It is a subject of quiet, of a holy repose. Amidst all its richness, almost glitter, an *under* glitter, of dress and jewellery, it is the quietest of pictures—modesty, sweetness, purity. Excellent in composition, and most tender in expression. It is very simple in composition—the Virgin on the right, sitting, presents the child to the Female Saint on the left, who kneels and bends the head downwards; above and between the figures is an angel in the sky—so light and floating—and how beautiful is the sky! It is not, in the common

acceptation, a natural, an every-day sky—angels do not come into them; it is of the colour of precious stone—rather green than blue, yet how aerial, and setting off the flesh tints with a wonderful grace of art. A lion's paw is on the saint's drapery—why may it not be St Catherine? There is not a picture in this Exhibition to which we so often returned, and always with renewed pleasure. It is all beauty.

No. 184. "St Francis with the Infant Christ." Murillo.—There is nothing divine here, nor even sanctity, and the colouring is any thing but agreeable.

No. 185. "Landscape, with the Story of the Cruel Death of Polycrates." Salvator Rosa.—A wild scene, very fine—a companion to No. 182, and in the same manner.

No. 186. "Job and his Friends." Salvator Rosa.—Very powerfully painted, but we do not admire Salvator Rosa's large figures.

No. 187. "An Exterior, with Figures Drinking." P. de Hooge.—The title gives no idea of this picture. De Hooge's "figures drinking," are no drunken boors, no beasts—his i the tranquil sweetness and comfort of domestic life. It is of the detail of descriptive poetry, the colouring answering to the music of words. There is an air of sunny peace, almost of elegance, in whatever De Hooge touches. You look upon this little picture with undisturbed pleasure; it is of calm enjoyment, of easy circumstance, of little luxuries, rare enough to be prized. The figures drinking are men of trust and probity; the woman is modest and gentle who pours out the well-stored liquor. To make the home-happiness more perfect, a child is sitting apart, nursing a pet-dog. Then we must have a neighbourhood, for one of the drinkers is a guest, just stepped across the way; so you see through a doorway across the street: and there is a house, and one with a cherished tree before it, and there is some little show of superior respectability, yet not too proud, a gilt ornament over the door, as an armorial escutcheon. This is quite a lesson to those who paint familiar scenes—they are stupid, without some such purpose as this; the mind is here gratified through the eye, and that should ever be the painter's aim. This picture is exquisitely painted, and with an illumination of colour throughout.

No. 188. "Landscape, with Figures." Wynants.—This master was evidently a favourite with Gainsborough, who yet never painted such bits of landscape; they are too often backgrounds to dock leaves, elaborately painted. We have seen better specimens than this.

No. 189. "The Taking Down from the Cross, a Vision," a pasticcio—Teniers—is one of this master's clever vagaries. In these subjects he mostly had Rembrandt in his eye.

No. 190. "A Boar Hunt." Rubens.—There is great energy in the figures; the whole is thinly painted. This is not very unlike a pasticcio of D. Teniers.

No. 191. "Diogenes." Salvator Rosa.—Were Diogenes painted to the life, we should not like the cynic. Nor do we here.

No. 192. "View in the Environs of Dresden." Canaletto—as No. 142, by Canaletto, the brother—coarse, and not pleasing in any way.

No. 193. "Dead Christ, supported by the Virgin, with Joseph of Arimathea." Pietro Perugino.—This is a curious picture by the master of Raffaele, and not without much of the beauty which characterized the pupil. The figure of the Christ is indeed hard and quaint—what we should term Gothic. In some parts the colouring is better than that of Raffaele. The heads are full of tenderness, of painful sorrow, not undignified—sanctified. The figure on the left, holding Christ, is extremely beautiful, and how very finely coloured!—no unmixed, crude colours; it is difficult to give them names, and therefore are they the more impressive. It is very curious that all the flesh has little minute cracks over it, as if done by some method on purpose; they are no where else. If the whole were but equal to some of the parts, the master would not have been outdone by his great pupil.

We have here noted all the pictures, and have already trespassed too much on the pages of Maga to make further remarks.

RICARDO MADE EASY; OR, WHAT IS THE RADICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RICARDO AND ADAM SMITH?

With an Occasional Notice of Ricardo's Oversights.

We undertake a bold task, to bring within the compass of a pamphlet, a new view of that modern and reformed Political Economy which has now been before the public for a period of twenty-five years. Exactly two years later than Waterloo, and therefore exactly twenty-five years earlier than this current summer of 1842, David Ricardo made the first and the last effort that ever can be made to revolutionize that science which, for nations, professes to lay bare the grounds of their prosperity—and for individuals, as distributed by nature into three great orders of proprietors, the grounds of their expectations. These three orders are —1. That vast majority whose property lies in their natural endowments, whether intellectual powers, or physical powers, or mixed accomplishments between skill and strength: all these people, under some name or other—'salary,' 'appointments,' 'fees,' or however the phrase may be courteously varied to suit the liberal quality of the service—receive Wages. 2. Owners of capital, which (whether fixed or circulating) means any accumulated fund or materials whatever applied to reproduction and not to consumption: these people, if they are themselves the direct employers of the industry put in motion, receive Profits: but, if they act by proxy—simply advancing funds to others who employ them, they receive Interest, which must always sympathize with Profits, as being unavoidably an integral part of the same fund. 3. Owners of land, mines, quarries, fisheries, turbaries, of which the peculiar privilege is to yield two separate funds; and these funds are pretty generally vested in two separate classes. The case is—that not one of these great engines, as we may call them, can be worked without capital. The mine, for instance, the land, the fishery, are all alike useless, in the same sense as artillery is useless without ammunition, unless so far as they are combined with the money requisite for paying wages, and the apparatus, whether in preparations or mechanic power, which gives effect to labour: that is, unless so far as they are *endowed* with capital both circulating and fixed. But hence arises a twofold fund; one upon the capital, another upon the mine, or whatever else may be the original subject to which the capital is applied. These two funds are in the most rigorous sense divided from each other; and the test of that division is, that they obey different laws—one tending slowly to increase, the other slowly to decline. The fund arising on the capital, is *Profit:* the fund arising on the mine itself, is Rent. The latter is always in correspondence to a scale of *differences* arising upon the several mines worked in co-existence with each other; the former obeys no such scale, for there *are* no differences: on the contrary, after allowing for a few cases of extra profits under special circumstances of hazard, or other repulsive accidents, it is pretty evident that profits must always be gravitating towards a general uniformity; because the first notorious inequality of profits raises a public temptation to that transfer of capital which immediately redresses it.

These, then, are the 'functions,' to adopt a philosophic term, of all property. There can be no other. All men who breathe, allowing for the mixed case of mendicants, depend upon one or other of these three funds:—upon 1. wages; upon 2. profits; or 3. upon rent. For annuitants, public or private, fall under No. 2, since the receivers of interest and of profit are but joint dividers of the same fund.

Such being the case, is it not a marvellous thing, that, according to the allegation of the new economy, No. 3 had not been so much as discovered twenty-eight years ago? We need not add, secondly, that its laws could not have been ascertained, whilst the elementary idea had not been developed. But, thirdly, it may be necessary to add, that even No. 1 and No 2, radiating in fact from

a central principle, common to all the three modes of income, are challenged peremptorily by the new economy as falsely expounded in every preceding theory. Thus, whilst some persons conceit that the conflict between the two systems is not capital or essential, the answer is, that it is *only* upon the first question, the midst, and the last.

Is this a trifle? Waiving the scandal *intellectually*, that a schism so gross should exist upon any science, can we think it for the public welfare that a conflict (or more properly an anarchy) of opinions should, upon every third day, reduce us to a mere impotence, an utter ἀπορία or resourceless imbecility, as to the very direction of our public counsels? Upon a case of life and death, whenever such a case does revolve, or is thought to revolve, upon us in some great national perplexity, we can neither decide with consistency, nor act with effect—we are powerless for good. And the ignorance domineering at this moment, amongst men otherwise the most enlightened, is actually grosser than it was two centuries ago. Can that be a trifle? And to show how little need there is for any curious research, in order to find public blunders more outrageous than existed before the birth of political economy, this very day, July the 8th, 1842, on looking casually into the journal which happens at the moment to lie on our table—no obscure journal, but, within its own class, perhaps the first in Europe—and conducted with the powerful talent corresponding to that great distinction, we find the editor theorising upon the supposed present distress of Great Britain after the following fashion:—He asserts that the speculative solution of the case (to which, of course, he would adapt his practical solution) lies in the acts, voluntary acts, of the master manufacturers. What have they done? They have, it seems, as one result of a competition pushed to excess, lowered wages, so as in that way to account sufficiently for much more of distress than has ever been proved to exist. But why? With what purpose? For the sake of depressing prices, we are told, down to a saleable point. Now, let the reader pause, were it but for the two moments required to throw back his memory upon the case which we are going to cite. A body of country gentlemen in one of the south-eastern counties, had (say fifty-five years ago) passed a set of resolutions, presuming in an act of Parliament the power to control wages; upon which, what was the comment of Edmund Burke? Rarely did that great man descend to sneering—for an understanding, so opulent in *serious* arguments upon every theme alike, sneering was too cheap a resource; yet, in this instance, he sneered. "The gentlemen had *dined*," was his suggestion; so monstrous in his eyes was the notion that wages could depend upon acts of the will, in any quarter, or under any circumstances. Surely, if the manufacturers had possessed the imputed power, they must have been more of saints in forbearing for a century to use this power, than any of the parties to the cotton interest are reputed by the extra-gossipian world. However, they depressed wages. That is the theory. But next, in what view? With what final purpose? To force sales by lowering prices. But the lowering of wages would have no tendency to lower prices. We shall not anticipate; there is no call upon us to rehearse prelusively. Those who are interested enough in the question may look for the arguments in their proper place. It is sufficient for the present that price is independent of wages. "Oh, but we do not profess this thorny system of modern economy: we are no partisans of Ricardo!" Be it so; but people, in arguing economic questions, are bound to have *some* theory. If they have no grounds for opinions, they can offer no guarantees for results. Having no basis for their principles, they can have none for their replies. Where all doctrines rest upon hazard, all inferences will rest upon conjecture; and, even as regards Ricardo, whatever is hitherto unanswered may be assumed for true provisionally. It is so for as long a space of time as *in fact* it is not answered; so long it cannot be evaded or slighted. But at all events a public man (and an able editor of a potent journal is amongst the weightiest of public men) is bound to be aware of a great outstanding protest against his own notions: he is bound to notice it; and he is bound to answer it—if he can. Diminished wages cannot produce

diminished prices: prices depend on other forces than wages. And, if they could, it is no more in the power of those who own one fund (the fund of profits) arbitrarily to operate upon a counter fund, (the fund of wages,) than reciprocally for wages to depress profits. Both depend upon eternal laws—liable to no caprices, far less to the capital self-interest of individuals. And, when such individuals most fancy themselves in the exercise of private discretion, most of all they are executing the mandates of public necessity. Finding it his interest to reduce his work-people numerically, or to reduce their wages, and finding at the same time that he is able to do so, a manufacturing capitalist fulfils his immediate pleasure; and in so doing he seems to exercise an act of choice: but neither that power, nor that interest, was created by himself. His agency has been purely ministerial.

Generally, therefore, in this anarchy of opinions, (as we must continue to call it,) when that doctrine is put forward deliberately, which already fifty years ago Burke had deemed colourably tenable only under the excuse of having drunk too much wine—there is justification enough for attempting to abstract within a short compass the outline of the new economy. This economy is bold, is steady, is determinate, whatever else it is. Nobody can complain that it is wavering and indecisive, or not self-consistent. You see at a glance *where* to answer it—in what point to apply your logic of refutation. And, on the other side, you are not suffered to doubt whether you have got an answer or not. It is a great point of logic for a disputant to know when he is answered. And it is a corresponding merit in a theory, that it does not leave a man in doubt on the organs of strength, on the points to be assailed, or on the exact measure of success in the assault.

As to the "short compass" of our attempt, we may plead that it resembles in that respect those efforts in caligraphy where a whole body of scriptural documents are written on the face of a shilling. We bring 589 pages (equal to 196 of our own) within the limits of a pamphlet. But we rely for the supporting interest chiefly on these two pleas:—

1st, On the scandal of a total schism between the two received economies. There is not one economy prevailing, but there are two economies; and in mutual hostility. And the excess of this hostility we have shown by the fact, that on the three *vital* questions of wages, profits, rent, they are in absolute and irreconcilable contradiction.

2dly, We rely on the interest at this time in various universities connected with Ricardo: on this interest sustained (as it really is) and heightened by the reputed obscurity of manner in Ricardo's exposition. As to which obscurity we wish to tender an explanation.

Ricardo is brief, but brevity is not always the parent of obscurity. The obscurity, where any exists in Ricardo, is rather permitted than caused by his style of exposition; in part it adheres to the subject, and in part it grows out of the lax colloquial application which most men have allowed to the words *value*, *labour*, and *rent;* so that, when they find these words used with a stern fidelity to one sole definition, they are confounded. Pulled up sharply by the curb-chain of Ricardo, they begin to fret, plunge, and grow irritated. But the true account, and it is also the true justification, of Ricardo's brevity—both where it *does* and where it does *not* involve any slight obscurity—lies in the separate nature of his duties; in the peculiar relation of that service which *he* offered to Political Economy, as compared with the service previously offered by Adam Smith. What was the difference? It was the *system*, the aggregate of doctrines, which Smith undertook to develope. He did not so much propose to innovate in separate parts of the science as to organize the whole. What he said was, "*given* the many parts already accumulated, I propose to exhibit their relations, to unfold their connexions." But did Ricardo promise a *system* in the same sense? Not at all: whatever seemed to him correct, that he adopted silently; there was no need to say any thing, for he had nothing to amend. But upon the great basis which supported the whole, *there* it was only that he disturbed the old settlements. The phenomena had been truly stated: generally their relations had been truly exposed. It was in the grounds, the causes, the conditions, of these phe-

nomena, that Ricardo saw or imagined a series of errors: under such data he attempted to show that these phenomena could not have followed. His business therefore was, to indicate these *fontal* errors, and to draw them into light. Further he was not required to go. He stood in the situation of Kepler, who, because he introduced new laws of motion and new forces into the mechanism of the heavens, was not in debt to any disciple of Tycho or of Ptolemy for a perfect scheme of the heavenly appearances. It was enough that such of these as were most intricate could be explained by his principles; and that, by the old principles, sometimes they could *not*. To carry out the new principles in the form of a comprehensive economic system, such as Adam Smith had accomplished, was a distinct labour, having no necessary connexion with the original objects of Ricardo. The Scottish philosopher, it must be remembered, had himself been the first man in Europe to complete an entire system. No other person, except Sir James Steuart and one Italian, had ever attempted such a thing. For if it is objected that a peculiar hypothesis in Political Economy was actually known technically, amongst its French supporters, by so presumptuous a title as that of "*the* system"—apparently pretending not only to systematic completeness, but to that in some exclusive sense—we reply that the word *système*, in that case, was not used with any view to its philosophic meaning. Theory, hypothesis, system, are terms distributed in England and France as mere fancy distinctions; nor have they ever been so defined, still less so applied, as in all logic they ought to be. The French did not imply by *le système* the comprehensiveness and integrity of the doctrines concerned, but mysteriously they meant to hint at their profundity—a profundity like that in *Don Quixote*, where all night long master and man, hardly daring to draw their breath freely, have been sitting with their legs awfully pendulous (as they believe) over an unfathomable abyss; and lo! upon the light of dawn returning, they find their feet within twelve inches of the ground. The French *système* rested upon a blunder inevitable to all understandings at a certain stage of advance in these speculations. In the sense of a comprehensive aggregate, gathering into the unity of one edifice the total architecture of Political Economy, there are even at this day but few systems besides the *Wealth of Nations*; none which approaches it in philosophic beauty; and as to Ricardo's work, in particular, it was not even an essay or overture in that direction. It was a work *de principiis*, a searching enquiry into principles, or first beginnings, as the golden rings from which all the rest is suspended; and, agreeably to that object, it was entitled "*Principles* of Political Economy." That title explains its office, and that office explains the unaccommodating brevity of its exposition.

Whatsoever, therefore, may be found either too rapid or too obscure in the delivery of Ricardo, is a natural result from the very plan of the work: nobody is entitled to expect a *didactic* treatise on Natural Philosophy in a severe essay reviewing sceptically the elementary laws of motion and mechanism. Secondly, an equal justification might be drawn from the character of audience which the author proposed to himself: it was the *clerus*, not the *populus*, whom Ricardo addressed: he did not call attention from the laity who seek to learn, but from the professional body who seek to teach. To others, to uninitiated students, he needs a commentary: and exactly that it is which we ourselves are now going to offer.

From this explanation as to the limited objects of Ricardo, it will not appear any longer strange that 589 pages should suffice for his purpose; nor that even this limited space should cover two separate enquiries. The title-page bids us look for the principles 1. of Political Economy, 2. of Taxation. And accordingly both subjects are treated to the whole extent of any changes in their laws or relations which can arise under the new principles laid down. These in themselves compose the two great subdivisions of the work; but even from these may be further secreted and insulated one other section of miscellaneous or merely personal explanations.

For a special reason, which we shall be able to justify before a magistrate in case we are pulled up to a police-office, it is our pleasure to prefer the

first of those two editions which Ricardo lived to superintend. The difference between the two is not substantial: it is merely polemic, adding no fresh idea to the truth. This first edition, containing 589 pages, divides nominally into twenty-nine chapters; but this is an error, founded on the iteration of two numbers in the series, [viz. 5 and 8.] The true division is into thirty-one chapters. And these thirty-one are thus distributed as regards the trisection of subject:—

	Chapters.
Section A.—On *Political Economy* in the most elementary sense, [viz. chapters 1—2—3—4—5—5*—6—18—19—25—28.]	11
——— B.—On *Taxation*, [viz. chapters 7—8—8*—9—10—11—12—13—14—15—16—20—21—27]	14
——— C.—*Polemic* section: chapters not employed in the establishment of any truth, but in the exposure of an error; and generally directed against an individual writer, [viz. chapters 17—22—23—24—26—29.]	6
	Total 31

Of these three sections we mean to deal only with the first. As to C, the last, quite as reasonably might we deal with the inverse polemics on the part of all reviewers who have made war on Ricardo under the cloud of their own dense misconceptions. That is a sort of scavengery which offers a fit employment in a fit place; but it is not suited, as Mr Burgess observes, with respect to a meritorious sauce "for general purposes." Section B, on the other hand, is as good and neat a subject for a single article as can be devised. Supposing a vacancy for such an article, we bespeak it for ourselves against a rainy month. But it has no necessary connexion with our present subject—Section A. The one section is in the nature of a corollary from the other: and the unanswerable reason for treating A apart is—that whilst the action of the earlier section passes forwards upon the later, there is no reaction, no reflex action, of the later upon the first. The river does not flow back upon its fountains.

Two remarks only remain for us to add. First, in relation to Ricardo's supposed obscurity, we ought to have acknowledged one real foible in his treatment of a few subjects—which, had it been recurrent enough to constitute a habit, would have blemished his work exceedingly. It is this:—he sometimes passes abruptly to a new topic, without any warning to his reader that he has made a transition, apparently without being himself aware that he has done so. (This one oversight has caused great confusion.) The other remark concerns our own share in the present paper. Whatever may be the obscurity at times, either essential, as in the subject, or accidental, as in Ricardo, we flatter ourselves that it will not be found to have been increased by our mode of treatment. We desire to be plain: we desire to avoid the dulness usually so oppressive in such discussions. And generally, we venture to hope, that we may not be found entirely to have failed in either of these objects. But, however *that* may be, two things we have practised as the best means of succeeding in both: and we mention them thus pointedly, that the reader may not do us the injustice of supposing them accidents. We have no long sentences, no careless sentences, no intricate sentences, no suspensive sentences; a class of nuisances in this day which fearfully aggravates the labour of study. This, as *one* evidence of our pains. The other is—that every where for operose arguments we have substituted rapid cases — touch-and-go illustrations—examples that embody the principle, rather than narcotic reasonings that painfully unfold it.

I. On Value.

Could we not, "by particular desire," omit this chapter, on a subject which has proved the *pons asinorum* to so many honest men? We could not: because, upon one distinction, turns the final question between Smith and Ricardo. But *this* we can do: we can authorize the reader to "skip" the chapter, reserving only a right to recall his eye upon any one of the "working" paragraphs; for which reason we have numbered them.

It is remarkable that all the perplexities connected with political economy originate in confused notions of value; and these again first operating upon trials of practical application, though every man has guarded against them throughout his noviciate of speculation. Like the four calenderers in the Arabian Nights, of whom each had lost an eye by his unseasonable curiosity, not one but had been warned from the first that a snare would beset him in the course of his coming adventure: all were wide awake in their own conceit, and with the fixed resolution of weathering the peril by vigilance; and yet all have regularly fallen, one-eyed calenderers not less than one-eyed economists; and fallen at the very point where the danger had been pre-shown.

I. Every man has heard of the distinction, sharpened and burnished by Adam Smith, between value in use and value in exchange. This distinction we shall dismiss. Is it false? Not of necessity. Is it censured by Ricardo? No. But, for all that, it will not do. Taken with its ordinary illustration, under which things lowest in one mode of value, viz. *in use*, are represented as by possibility highest in the other, viz. *in exchange*, the distinction is false. That particular illustration, it is true, may be rejected so as still to leave the distinction itself intact. But we dismiss it for the following reason—the two terms "*in use*" and "*in exchange*," are not in any logical opposition: there is no real antithesis between them: and, in a case so teeming with errors and confusion, it is a matter of consequence that we should obtain all the aid which can be had from a broad blaze of direct pointed antithesis. For "*value in use*," we shall substitute *affirmative* value; and for "*value in exchange*," we shall substitute *negative* value. We thus obtain the precision and the breadth of an algebraic distinction. In a case where the opposition is truly such as regards the *thing*, we now obtain a corresponding benefit in the *verbal* expression of it. The one value, as we shall show, is a value expressing a *power*; the other is a value expressing a *resistance*. The one value is *plus*, the other *minus*. And the two cases will be readily understood after the following brief preparations:—

Case E.—A man comes forward with this overture: "Here is a thing which I wish you to purchase. It has cost me ten weeks' labour, which I value at ten guineas: such is the price I ask." You say, "Very well: but, before I purchase, tell me this—what good will it do me?" *Answer:* "Little or none, I confess: but consider, it has cost me ten weeks' toil." That man, the man Epsilon, you dismiss.

Case O.—A second man, the man Omicron, comes forward with the inverse offer. "Here is a thing which I wish you to purchase. You did right to send Epsilon about his business: the man is a fool. What mattered it to you how much the thing cost, if it was to do no good? But that cannot be said of what I offer; it is a most useful thing—nay, it is indispensable." "Tell me what it is; excuse me for not liking to buy in the dark." "In truth, then, it is a pound of water, and as good water as ever you tasted." This man, also, the man Omicron, in our British latitude you dismiss.

II.—Here is the *whole* philosophy of value. Neither case will separately establish an operative value: they must unite; and, being united, they will never fail to establish it—(no value without the union, no union without value.) One case, Omicron, offers the *power* by which any commodity furnishes to the buyer a motive for desiring it. The other case, Epsilon, offers the *resistance* which furnishes to the seller a means of extorting any price at all. And simply because these two elements of practical value, quite unavailing when dis-

united, are apt to come singly into a man's mind, he is liable to confusion in thinking of value as an abstraction. We will not molest the tranquil reader by any arguments; we will simply foment the troublesome irritation of such a thorny question by a few emollient illustrations: these three for the general rule, *Paradise Lost, Salmon,* and *Croton Oil;* and this one for the exception, race-horses as against hunters.

Paradise Lost.—Were you (walking with a foreigner in London) to purchase for eighteenpence a new copy of this poem, suppose your foreign friend to sting your national pride by saying:—"Really it pains me to see the English putting so slight a value upon their great poet as to rate his greatest work no higher than eighteenpence"—how would you answer? Perhaps thus: "My friend, you mistake the matter. The price does not represent the *affirmative* value—the value derived from the *power* of the poem to please or to exalt; *that* would be valued by some at a thousand guineas, by others at nothing—nothing could be so variously rated. The price represents the *negative* or *minus* value—the *resistance* value. Not—what will it effect? What *power* has it of impressing the higher sensibilities? but what is the *resistance* to its multiplication—that is the question. Its power might be infinite, irrepresentable by money; and yet the *resistance* to its reproduction might be less than the price of a breakfast. Now here, the ordinary law of price exposes itself at once. It is the *power*, the affirmative worth, which creates a fund for any price at all; but it is the *resistance*, the negative worth, or, what we call the cost, which determines how much shall be taken from that potential fund. In bibliographic records, there are instances of scholars selling a landed estate, equal to an annual livelihood for ever, in order to obtain a copy of one single book, viz., an Aristotle. At this day, there are many men to our knowledge whose estimate of Aristotle is not at all less. Having long since reached his lowest point of depression from the influence of Sciolism and misconception, for at least fifty years Aristotle has been a rising author. But does any man pay an estate in exchange for Aristotle at this day? Not at all. Copies are now multiplied. Duval's in folio may be had for two guineas; the elder edition of Sylburgius in quarto may be had (according to our own juvenile experience) for ten guineas; and the modern Bipont by Buhle, only that it is unfinished, may be had for less than three. *There* is the reason for the difference between former purchasers and modern purchasers. The *resistance* is lowered; but the affirmative value may, for any thing that is known, be still equal in many minds to that which it was in elder days; and in some minds we know that it is. The fair way to put this to the test would be to restore the elder circumstances. Then the book was a manuscript. Printing was an undiscovered art. So that merely the *resistance* value was much greater, since it would cost a much larger sum to overcome that resistance where the obstacle was so vast a mass of manual labour, than where the corresponding labour in a compositor would multiply, by the pressman's aid, into a thousand copies; and thus divide the cost amongst a thousand purchasers. But this was not all. The owner of a manuscript would not suffer it to be copied. He knew the worth of his prize; it had a monopoly value. And what is that? Monopoly value is affirmative or power value carried to extremity. It is the case where you press to the ultimate limit upon the desire of a bidder to possess the article. It is no longer a question—for how little might it be afforded? You do not suffer him to put that question. You tell him plainly, that although he might have it copied for forty pounds, instead of sinking upon the original manuscript a perpetual estate yielding forty pounds annually, you will not allow it to be copied. Consequently you draw upon that fund which, in our days, so rarely *can* be drawn upon, viz., the ultimate esteem for the object—the last bidding he will offer under the known alternative of losing it.

This alternative rarely exists in our days. It is rarely in the power of any man to raise such a question. Yet sometimes it is; and we will cite a case which is curious, in illustration. In 1812 occurred the famous Roxburghe sale, in commemoration of which a distinguished club was sub-

sequently established in London. We, ourselves, though disabled at the time by fever, and not personally present, were so by proxy, and we were purchasers in a small way. But in the main jewel of the sale we had no interest. It was a library which formed the subject of this sale—and in the series of books stood one which was perfectly unique in affirmative value. This value was to be the sole force operating on the purchaser; for as to the negative value, estimated on the resistance to the multiplication of copies, it was impossible to assign any; no price would overcome that resistance. The book was the Valdarfer *Boccaccio*. It contained, not all the works of that author, but his Decamerone—and, strange enough, it was not a manuscript but a printed copy. The value of the book lay in these two peculiarities: 1st, it was asserted that all subsequent editions had been castrated with regard to those passages which reflected too severely on the Papal Church, or on the monks and confessors: 2dly, the edition, as being incorrigible in that respect, had been so largely destroyed, that, not without reason, the Roxburghe copy was believed to be unique. In fact, the book had not been seen during the two previous centuries, so that it was at length generally held to be a nonentity. And the biddings went on as they would do for the Wandering Jew, in case he should suddenly turn up as a prize-subject for life insurances. The contest soon rose buoyantly above the element of little men. It lay between two "top-sawyers," the late Lord Spencer and Lord Blandford; and, finally, it was knocked down to the latter for two thousand two hundred and forty pounds—at a time when five per cent was obtained every where, and readily, for money. It illustrates the doctrine on which we are now engaged—that the purchaser some few years later, when Duke of Marlborough, and in personal embarrassments towards which he could draw no relief from plate that was an heirloom, or from estates that were entailed, sold the book to his old competitor Lord Spencer for one thousand guineas. Nothing is more variable than the affirmative value of objects which ground it chiefly upon rarity. It is exceedingly apt to pall upon possession. In this case there was a secondary value—the book was here found in its integrity: this one copy was perfect: all others were mutilated. But still such a value, because it rarely can be countersigned by others, is liable to falter:—being partly a caprice, and in the extremest sense a *pretium affectionis*, or fancy price; it fluctuates with the feelings or opinions of the individual; and, even when it keeps steady, it is likely to fluctuate with the buyer's fortunes.

On the other hand, where a *pretium affectionis* is not without a general countersign from society, we do not find that it fluctuates at all. The great Italian masterpieces of painting have long borne an affirmative value, [i.e. a value founded on *their* pre-eminence, not on the cost of producing;] and that value pushed to the excess of a monopoly, continually growing more intense. It would be useless now to ask after the resistance price: because, if that could be ascertained, it would be a mere inoperative curiosity. Very possible it is that Leonardo da Vinci may have spent not more than £150 in producing his fresco of the Last Supper. But, were it possible to detach it from the walls of the convent refectory which it emblazons, the picture would command in London a king's ransom. And the Sistine Chapel embellishments of Michael Angelo probably two such ransoms within a week. Such jewels are now absolutely unique—they are secure from repetition: notorious copies would not for a moment enter into competition. It is very doubtful if artists of power so gigantic will reappear for many centuries; and the sole deduction from their increasing value is the ultimate frailty of their materials.

Salmon is another instructive case. At present it is said pretty generally to bear the average price of fifteen pence a pound; and this price is doubtless the resistance value. But, if the price should ever come to represent the affirmative or power value, it might easily rise considerably higher. There are many men who would prefer one pound of salmon to four of beef; and up to that level, if the stress should ever lie on a man's intrinsic esteem for salmon, it might

ascend easily. But it could not ascend very much higher; because a limit is soon reached at which it would always be pulled up suddenly by some other commodity of the same class in still higher esteem. A majority of palates prefer turbot, *i e.* true turbot, not the rubbish which passes for such. And such vicarious articles, possible or even superior substitutes, will generally avail to fix a limit on the *maximum* side, beyond which few articles will be pushed even by the severest strain upon their affirmative qualities; that is, by the situation where the question ceases entirely to the seller—What can you afford to take? and is turned against the buyer —What is the utmost that you, rather than lose the article, will consent to give? The simple demand for *variety*, as one amongst the resources of hospitality, might long avail to support a rack-price [that is an affirmative price] for salmon, if it were ever to reach it. People are called upon daily to buy what may allow a reasonable *choice* to their guests; that is, what may be agreeable as one luxury *amongst* others, even though to their own estimate it may not avail as one luxury *against* others.

Croton Oil.—To this case of salmon we have given a special notice for a special reason—it represents that vast order of cases where the article is within *limits*. Press as you will upon the desire of a man to obtain the article for its intrinsic qualities, for its *power* to gratify, [which, as in itself capable of no exact estimate, might seem susceptible of an *unlimited* appreciation,] there is, however, in all such cases, or very nearly all, a practical limit to this tendency. Easily the article may rise to a price double or triple of what would notoriously suffice to overcome the *resistance* or cost. But this very ascent brings it at every step into direct competition with articles of the same class usually reputed to be better. It is of no consequence, in such a competition, whether the superior article is selling on the principle of affirmative value or of negative—selling for its intrinsic qualities or its cost. Turbot, for instance, being at four shillings a pound, whether that four shillings represents a value far beyond the cost or simply the cost, naturally the candidate for salmon will pause, and compare the two fishes with a single reference to the intrinsic *power* of each for the common purpose of gratifying the palate. If, then, he shared in the usual comparative estimate of the two as luxury against luxury, here at once a limit is reached beyond which monopoly of salmon could never extensively force it. Peculiar palates are, for that reason, rare. Limits, therefore, are found soon and almost universally.

But, now, we pass to a case where no such limits exist. Just nineteen years ago, to the best of our remembrance, were introduced into the medical practice of this country two most powerful medicines. One of these was the sulphate of quinine; the other was croton oil, amongst drastic medicines of a particular class the most potent that is known. Both were understood to be agents of the first rank against inflammatory action; and, with respect to the last, numerous cases were reported in which it had, beyond a doubt, come in critically to save a patient, previously given up by his medical attendants. Naturally these cases would occur only during the interval requisite for publishing and diffusing the medicine—an interval which, with our British machinery, is brief. There was time enough, however, to allow of a large number of cases in which it had not been introduced until the eleventh hour. Two of these came under our personal knowledge, and within the same fortnight. Both were cases of that agonizing disorder—inflammation affecting the intestines. One was near to London: a mounted messenger rode in for the medicine; returned within a hundred minutes; and the patient was saved. The other case lay near to Nottingham: the person dispatched with the precious talisman (for such we may call it) did not reach Lad Lane till after eight o'clock. The particular north mail, whose route lay through Nottingham, had left that inn; but it might still be caught at the post-office—then in Lombard Street. Thither he hurried; found the mail just starting; but, by an inflexible rule of office, neither guard nor coachman was at liberty to receive a parcel not entered in the way-bill: the man had not the presence of mind to entrust it with one of the passengers, any of whom, on a proper explanation, would doubtless have dropped it at Nottingham during the next forenoon. The pa-

tient was already in extremity; and, before the medicine reached Nottingham, by a coach of the next morning, he had expired.

Now, in the case of such a magical charm, to have or to want which was a warrant for life or for death, it is clear that, amongst rich men, the holder of the subtle elixir, the man who tendered it in time, might effectually demand an oriental reward. "Ask me to the half of my kingdom!" would be the voluntary offer of many a *millionnaire*. And if this undoubted power, occasionally held by individual surgeons, were not neutralized by the honour governing our medical body, cases of excessive prices for critical operations would not be rare. Accordingly Maréchal Lannes in 1809, who had been accustomed in his original walk of life to a medical body far less liberal or scrupulous than ours, used the words of the dying Cardinal Beaufort, "I'll give a thousand pounds," he exclaimed convulsively, "to the man who saves my life." Not a very princely offer, it must be owned; and we hope it was not *livres* that he meant. But the case was hopeless; both legs shattered at *his* age were beyond art. Had it even been otherwise, Baron Larrey was a man of honour; and, under any circumstances, would have made the same answer—viz. that, without needing such bribes, the surgeons would do their utmost.

Still the case requires notice. Accidentally in our British system the high standard of professional honour turns aside such mercenary proposals—they have become insults. But it is clear, that, *per se*, the value of the aid offered is very frequently in the strictest sense illimitable. Not only might the few monopolists of exquisite skill in operating, or the casual monopolist of an amulet, a charm, like the croton oil, press deeply upon the *affirmative* value of this one resource to a man else sealed for death; but also it is certain that, in applying their screw, medical men would rarely find themselves abreast of those *limits* which eternally are coming into play [as we have illustrated in the case of salmon] with regard to minor objects. A man possessing enormous strength of wrist, with singular freedom from nervous trepidations, is not often found; how very rarely, then, will he be found amongst those possessing an exquisite surgical science! Virtually, in any case where a hair's-breadth swerving of the hand will make the difference of life and death, a surgeon thus jointly favoured by nature and art holds a *carte blanche* in his hands. This is the *potential* value of his skill; and he knows it; and generally, we believe, that out* of the British empire it would be used. As it is, what value do we find it to be which really takes place in such instances? It is simply the *resistance* value. Disdaining to levy a ransom, as it were, upon the fears and yearnings after life in the patient, or upon the agitations of his family, the honourable British surgeon or physician estimates only the cost to himself; he will take no account of the gain to the other party. He must compute the cost of his journey to and fro; the cost in practice lost during his absence from home; and that dividend upon the total costs of his education to which a case of this magnitude may fairly pretend. These elements compose the resistance to his being in the situation to offer such aid; and upon these he founds his demand.

By this time, therefore, the reader understands sufficiently our distinctions of *plus* and *minus*—power and resistance—value. He understands them to be the two ruling poles towards which all possible or conceivable prices must tend; and we admit that generally the resistance value will take place, because generally, by applying an equal resistance, the object (whatever it be) may be produced. But to show that it is no romantic idea to suppose a case of continual recurrence where the affirmative value will prevail over the negative, where an object will draw upon the purchaser not for the amount of cost, (including, as we need not say, the ordinary rate of profit,) but for an amount calculated according to the intrinsic powers, we will give the case of *Hunters as against Race-horses*—

* British people are not entitled to judge by their experience in Germany or Italy. Generally, the physician or the surgeon called in, is some one founding his practice upon British patronage, and trained to British habits of feeling.

If a man were to offer to you a hunter, master of your weight, and otherwise satisfactory, you would readily give him a fair price. But what price? Would you allow him to dilate upon the pleasures of hunting, to say—"Think what it is to be carried along like the wind, up-hill and down-hill, flying over the"—"Rascal!" you would say, interrupting him, "do you take me for a nursery child? I will pay the fair price, and no more, were hunting amongst the joys of Paradise." And what *is* a fair price? That which will reproduce such a hunter, his cost; the total resistance to his being offered in this condition. Such is the value, and such the law of value, for a hunter. But it is no longer such for a racer. When a breeder of horses finds one amongst his stud promising first-rate powers of contending at Newmarket, he is no longer content to receive a cost price for the horse, or any thing like it. The man who (as a master of pearl-divers) sells the ordinary seed pearls at the mere cost and fair profit on the day's wages which have earned them, when he reaps a pearl fit to embellish the schah of Persia's crown, looks to become a petty schah himself. He might sell it with a profit by obtaining even that whole day's wages, during one hour of which it was produced: but *will* he? no more than, amongst ourselves, the man who, by a twenty guinea lottery ticket, drew a prize of L.10,000, would sell his ticket for a profit of cent per cent upon its cost. The breeder of the race-horse would take into his estimate the numerous and splendid stakes which the horse might hereafter win; sometimes on one Derby day as much as L.5000 to L.6000; to say nothing of the Leger at Doncaster, or other enormous prizes. It is true that the chances of mortality and failure must also be weighed: and unluckily no insurance has yet been done on racers, except as regards sea-risk. But, after all drawbacks, the owner may succeed finally in obtaining for a first-rate horse (once known for good performances) as much as L.4000; whilst the whole value, computed on the resistance, may not have been more than as many hundreds. And this fact, though standing back in the rear as regards *public* knowledge, we may see daily advertised in effect, by that common regulation which empowers the loser in many cases to insist on the winning horse being sold on the spot for L.200, or a similar small sum. Were it not for this rule, which puts a stop to all such attempts without hazard of personal disputes, it would be a capital speculation for any first-rater, though beaten at Newmarket, to sweep all the stakes without effort on a tour through the provincial courses: justice would cease for the owners of fifth-rate horses, and sport for the spectators of the competition.

Now to conclude this chapter on Value—which we shall in a canter. The last case must have convinced the reader, that, however uncommon it may be, the cost—the resistance—does not always take place even in the bosom of high civilization. And, by the way, amongst many other strange examples which we could state of anomalous values not considered in books of political economy, it would be easy to show that the very affirmative values of things have shifted under shifting circumstances. Pearls were most valued amongst the ancient Romans, diamonds and rubies amongst modern nations. Why? We are persuaded that, besides other reasons founded on resistance for the present ratio of prices, this following affirmative reason has prevailed: the Roman festivals were all by daylight, under which sort of light pearls tell most at a distance. The modern are chiefly by lamplight, where the flashing and reverberated lustres of jewels are by far the most effective. The intrinsic *powers* have shifted. As an embellishment of female beauty or consequence, pearls are no longer what they were. Affirmatively they have shifted as well as in the resistance or negatively.

However, as a general rule, the resistance takes effect as the selling value or price; the resistance, and nothing but the resistance. It must always presuppose an affirmative value *at the very least* equal to this resistance, generally much more; else the case of Epsilon takes place. But the resistance generally determines, from a secret affirmative value to the purchaser, how much shall be taken up into the actual price. The potential price is always the whole affirmative power: but the actual price is, for ninety-nine cases in a hundred, measured by the simple resistance.

Now, as the final question to be considered, what *is* the resistance? In what does it consist? Why, in the

cost you say; not in the good which it will do, that is its *power*; but the evil (hardship, labour) which must be weathered in order to produce it—or to reproduce it. True. But how does this labour act upon price? Is it by quantity of labour, or by price of labour? The elder economy quite overlooked this distinction. By *that* economy the distinction would have been dismissed as moonshine—as a distinction without a difference. Let us see. We will try it. We will take it both ways—quantity of labour shall vary in the 1st case; value of labour shall vary in the 2d; and we will see what follows, agreeing to abide by the result.

1*st Case.*—Your beaver hat costs a guinea. The raw material—but that again is only labour in a durable form—suddenly alters in cost; it now requires so many more days' labour, or more men on the old scale, to obtain a thousand beaver-skins, that the hat rises to a guinea and a half. Less would not produce the hat with the old profits; and if the change in quantity did not produce a corresponding change in price, the hat could not be manufactured.

2*d Case.*—Your beaver hat costs a guinea. The quantity of labour remains stationary for fifty years. Not a man more is needed upon 500 hats. But, during the interval, the two men, whose labour of one day had produced the hat, have gradually required higher wages. The old labour is exactly the same in effect; it still produces a hat as formerly: but the price of that labour has altered, although the quantity has been invariable. Will the hat *now* cost more? By no means; not a sixpence more. Yet the increase on wages must be paid. True; it is paid out of profits. The hatter would be glad to shift his increase of wages upon the public, by shifting it upon price. But he cannot. It is a mere impossibility Why? you say; and you persist in thinking that he might charge 25s. for the hat. No; if he does, he will have no countenance from other competitors. For observe; the rise in wages is general. Why have they risen at all? Because the necessaries of the labourer have risen. But this operates unversally. If one could indemnify himself by price, so could all. And then see what follows. If all raise a 20s. article to 25s., then, universally, 25s. avails only as the former 20s.; this is the test case, the basis of modern economy. Answer it if you can.

Rent.

The popular notion is—that Mr Ricardo discovered the modern doctrine of rent. This is a mistake; and one which, by doing injustice to the claims of others, would have done violence to the feelings of Ricardo. He was too honourable a man to profit willingly in reputation by what was not his own. And of all men, he, individually, had the least reason to seek an unfair advantage in this particular instance, where, already, it was his incontestable advantage to have conferred upon the new doctrine all the improvement which it has received. In the hands of its discoverers, for *two* there were who discovered it simultaneously, the doctrine had lain inert. Great merit they had in perceiving a truth so entirely overlooked by others; but, having perceived it, they failed to pursue it further. Did they suspect nothing? They did; and their words remain to prove that they did. But upon this basis they reared nothing; whilst, in two years' interval, Ricardo built upwards from the new foundation; founded upon rent the improved doctrines of *profits* and of *wages*, which are entirely his own; deduced the true laws of taxation; and briefly raised that whole superstructure which we mean by the modern political economy.

In the year of Waterloo it was, in the *annus mirabilis* of 1815, that two authors separately published pamphlets, drawing attention to that new principle apparently concerned in rent. Each exposed the train of thought which had led him to perceive this principle. And without vouchers (as we believe,) to settle the precedency of the pamphlets, it is evident that neither had been indebted to the other. According to our own recollection, it is equally evident that neither had been indebted to any suggestions of luck; the discovery seems to have been purely *à priori*, and not at all consequent upon any felicitous groping amongst results. The two authors

were Mr Malthus, and an Oxford man, (Sir Edward West,) who concealed himself under a transient designation as "A Fellow of University College." Subsequently, we believe, he went to India; on his return home, he avowed himself; and, in a republication of his important essay, he came forward as an appellant to public justice. We have had no opportunity of seeing this later work; but we have understood that Sir Edward expresses himself with some indignation as to the use made of his discovery; in what direction pointed, or on what argument, we neither know nor can imagine. To us the case seems exactly that which would have arisen—Supposing some geometrician, Apollonius for example, to have founded the prop. 48, in the first book of Euclid, upon prop. 47. To this extent the case differs, that Mr Ricardo's improvements on Sir Edward are far from being obvious; whereas, in Euclid, the latter prop. is no more than the inverse form of the other; but in the rigour of logic, which connects the two deductions, we see no difference at all. In reality, as a mere naked suggestion, the new doctrine of rent had been indicated full twenty years before Sir Edward's pamphlet; it had been turned up, as it were, by the plough; but, from total inappreciation of its importance, having been gazed at for a moment as a pretty weed, it had been left to perish where it grew. Upon this there can be no mistake; we have read with our own eyes a passage, pointed out to us in Edinburgh by Professor Wilson, which states with accuracy the new doctrine of Sir Edward West: and, so far as we now remember, that doctrine could not have been better expressed. The passage is in some volume of Dr Anderson's *Bee*; and our impression is—that it proceeds from the doctor himself, not from a correspondent. We have also seen an independent statement of the same general truth in the series of some critical journal; we believe, in some early volume of the *Analytical Review*. And the date of both these anticipations, according to our present belief, falls about the period of the French Revolution; certainly within the eighteenth century. Yet the pretensions of Sir Edward West are quite undisturbed by these anticipations. It is evident that he had seen neither. But, what is more important, the early discoverers had been led passively to the suggestion by accident, [neither states any originating ground for his opinion;] whereas Sir Edward had led himself to the truth by a train of reasoning circumstantially exposed; —and, secondly, Sir Edward viewed the truth in its real importance: if he did not develope the relations which it involved, at least he was aware that it promised such relations: It was too primary a truth to remain inert. Whereas the previous unearthers of the gold, finding it entangled with an alien mass of what seemed dross and refuse, had thrown it away as worthless.

Any man would naturally suppose, on coming to understand the principle, that it had been quite impossible to overlook it through a century. So long, that is from the South Sea bubble in London, and the Mississippi bubble in Paris, a fixed public attention had settled, through the two leading states of the world, upon questions of public wealth; and both these popular effervescences had occurred between 1717 and 1720. From that time to Sir Edward West's pamphlet was nearly a century: and 1817, as the date of Mr Ricardo's first edition, exactly rounded the century. Strange then, and most interesting for the psychologist, that under this blaze of light and vigilance, a truth, seemingly so obvious, should have been missed. Able writers were then at work; not mere tradesmen like Child or Postlethwayte, not tentative amateurs like Grant and Davenant, but systematic architects of the truth, treating it as a science rather than a professional resource of the counting-house. There were the French school of economists, the two Mirabeaus, *père et fils*—Sir James Steuart, Adam Smith himself. These men had searched philosophically for the grounds of every doctrine. Now, could it have been fancied that any practical farmer, miner, coal-master, or renter of a salmon-fishery, should fail to suspect the principle? *Degrees* of quality they must all perceive in the subjects of their culture; *gradations* of excellence all must allow; and, if those are granted, how could reflecting men miss the inference? If one set of products arises on a graduated scale of producing machines, and a counter set of products on machines which violently ex-

clude gradations, [gradations there may be, but never in coexistence,] how is it possible that this remarkable difference in the circumstances should not express itself by a corresponding difference in the law of their several prices?

Let the reader bring the question before himself by considering what would take place under the accident of some individual hosier at Nottingham, finding it impossible to furnish stockings at as low a rate as a few of his brethren. A prudent friend being consulted, would desire to know —previously to offering an opinion— where it was that he, the hosier himself, fixed the cause of his embarrassment. Formerly he *had* supported the competition: how was it that now he failed? Upon what did he charge his failure? Suppose him to reply that in truth he himself used the old established machinery: but that the few who carried away the market by their cheap prices, had discovered, or had purchased from the discoverer, some new machinery of superior powers; so that, by the new machinery, as much could be produced in twenty hours as by the old in thirty; making in fact a difference against the old of 50 per cent. In such a dilemma, what would be the advice of a rational friend? He would say—There is no evasion possible. Either you and your friends must purchase the new machinery, or you must retire from the contest. It would avail nothing to plead—that the few persons already possessed of the new machinery could not suffice to supply the market; and that the old machinery might step in mean time for the arrear. Very soon, by extended arrangements, the *whole* would be engrossed by the new powers. And the brief interspace of the transition would avail much more to embarrass those manufacturing at a disadvantage than even for the moment to relieve them. Very soon not one of the superannuated machines would remain in existence. But it ought to be remarked, that if the new machines were monopolized, rent in the strictest sense might exist upon such as were hired out, and for so long a time as the monopoly could be maintained; and to that extent rent *has* existed upon manufactures.

Now, translate the question to a salmon-fishery. In 1700 a moderate demand for salmon exists in London. Suppose two or three fisheries, but no more, to find a market; and suppose that, when distances and rates of productiveness and other grounds of difference are balanced, the cost continues pretty much the same to all the fishing companies. At length, about 1785, a great expansion commences in the population of London; a new demand for salmon annually increasing. And, to make the cases quite equal, suppose that, as with the stockings, some new salmon-fishery, worked upon lower terms of cost, is discovered at this moment in an estuary of Norway or of Scotland. Here is a graduated scale of machines. What follows? In the case of an artificial manufactory, it was clear from the very first that all but one of the existing machines must ultimately give way. The demand for stockings, though its extent were incalculable, would not finally disturb that result. One year would not pass before *all* the products in that branch of artificial creation would have been lowered to the level of the *least* costly machine. But in a case of raw products, products from natural machines that are originally limited in extent, even at the first moment it might happen that the *total* produce would be insufficient. At all events it would tend to that result when matched against the expansions in population of a vast city or a great nation. Yet fish are not in the same sense indispensable as grain: rice to the Hindoo, wheat to the English labourer, are necessaries admitting of no commutation. And wherever such a scale of necessity exists, ultimately the *whole* machinery down to that point is called into play.

Thus far the doctrine of rent is now pretty well understood. One would imagine that under this condition of the facts, the law—the principle of the tendency—would have been perceived in the rudest ages, on a call for extending the machines to meet an extended demand; in the one case the call is for a continued multiplication of the first-rate machine, and of none but that: not even a second-rate will be received, far less a tenth-rate: and even the first-rate only so long as it continues such. A new improvement supersedes even *that*. Whereas, on the other side, the very worst—meanest—vilest of the machines, are called out in their turn equally with the best. The principle of expanding popula-

tion searches downwards, and calls up all in rotation. It is like a country dance, which spreads downwards to the very lowest couple, until at last all are gathered into the same contagious movement.

This case of compensation in human life, where two main sets of blank necessaries are eternally moving on two different lines in opposite paths, is interesting to the philosopher. The first are always growing cheaper. Why? Because, as the best machines may be multiplied *ad infinitum*, nobody ever heard of such a case as going back to a worse. So that always the path is by ascent—from bad to good, from good to better. But the second order are always growing dearer. Why? Because, as the possible machines are all in existence from the first, as we can no more add a single unit to that series than man could add a cubit to his stature—nobody ever heard of any other order than by descent from good to bad, from bad to worse. And thus for the great mass of mankind a practical equipoise is maintained by Providence, making it, upon the whole, much nearer to the same effort—not greater and not less—for a poor family to exist at one stage of society as at another. And there is not one more worthy than this to have been specially noticed amongst the compensations of human life in the natural theology of Paley, had that writer lived long enough to become acquainted with the improved law of rent.

In this compensation, where the food of the labourer, always slowly growing dearer, is grossly balanced by his clothes and other manufactured articles always growing cheaper, one thing is likely to strike the reflecting reader, which it may be well to notice. The case occurred to ourselves. Eighteen years ago, in one of several conversations with Mr Wordsworth partially connected with political economy, the doctrine of rent happened to be mentioned. Of this Mr W. demanded an explanation; and we, perfectly aware of the fretful impatience with which that gentleman would sustain the part of pupil or listener, though but for a moment, hurried and precipitated our explanation. When we had finished, Mr W. answered in these exact words, which we noticed with the utmost rigour of attention, being curious to know what *could* be said in answer to a law apparently so equally indisputable as to the facts and as to logic:—"Then," said Mr W., "I take leave to inform Mr Ricardo that he is wrong; that he is mistaken; that he builds upon a delusion. For very lately there took place an inclosure of land in Cumberland; and Mr M—kh—se assured me, that some of the very best land in the county, as arable land, was then first brought under the plough." We take shame to ourselves for the little presence of mind which we manifested. Before we could rally from this surprise, a third party had joined us, interrupting the conversation. Not a full minute had elapsed, but already it was too late, else the answer is obvious. To the new doctrine of rent, it is of no importance whatever in what particular order of succession any given soil may be taken up. Generally, it is evident that men will, in every age, prefer the superior soil. But here and there trivial disturbances will arise. We have ourselves known, for instance, three men in England, not otherwise ungenerous, who would not plough any land, out of sheer ill-will to the incumbent of the parish. He would have benefited by the tithes, and *that* they would not suffer.

"I'll vex the abbot of Aberbrothick,"

was their war-cry—not always from personal ill-will to the individual, but from some feeling of that nature, less and more, mingling with an original hostility to the professional character. It is obvious, also, that cases must occur where a second-rate soil, close to a great town or port, may take precedency of a first-rate soil ten miles distant. This want of markets has told powerfully, even in England, to a very late period. In central Cardiganshire, and other remote provinces, a marvellous cheapness prevailed. *Inferior soils were not used.* For the absurd notion, that want of *demand* could make things cheap, against the one ruling law of *cost*, is fit only for an old butterwoman. As a cause and as an effect of this limited culture, the local population was scanty; and the advantage was not diffused simply from want of roads. Railroads, and successive cross-cuts, will remedy this evil; and the last result will be, that local cheapness or dearness will universally disappear, even upon fish;

and that one change will work a greater revolution than has been foreseen in the national diet. Up to 1832, no *fresh* fish was consumed by the working population of England, except within a maritime zone of five miles inland. Salt herrings were a condiment, not an article of diet. And even for corn, no distribution of an *average* price had been effected. Up to this moment there are local centres in England for grain, sub centres from which (under local obstructions of carriage) no equalization of prices can be established over the breadth of the land. But in France this evil exists in far greater strength. There is hardly a tendency to an average price, except upon the line of navigable rivers coinciding with arable districts.

All such anomalies will disturb the full effect of natural tendencies. They will break the full strength of the natural current; but they will not therefore perplex, far less defeat, the sure motion of principles. They will operate simply as earlier agricultural skill would have operated. In Australia, the farmers will benefit in their very first stage by the discoveries made at home, after centuries of tentative practice. What will follow? Why, that this higher science will continually break and mitigate the fall to inferior soils; and so far intercept some of the effects. From the mother country will be thrown out long relays of improvement, which will fall in continually, and with the effect of neutralizing, part at least, in every advance of price founded on the orderly expansion of the lower soil-series. And exactly this effect must have followed from the irregular expansion, or even the direct inversion, of that series, as relied on by Mr Wordsworth's friend. This, however, could not have been more than casual, whether it arose in local accidents of situation, or in personal prejudices to a profession, or in legal decrees and lawsuits, disturbing the natural use of land. Generally, the expansion must have been in the natural order, from good to worse, as the necessities of growth in the population spoke out in clamorous language. And universally this principle must avail, must reach every nation, cannot be evaded—that the particular section of human wants which rests upon differential machines will obey one law of price, and the section which rests upon uniform machines will obey another. It is true, that differential machines, in a vast series, arise for manufactures as well as for land: but never as coexistences. Always the last and best superannuates the former. And thus two divergent laws control the two cases:—viz. that upon the one case, the best machine, that which has the greatest advantage, gives the price; if any man continues to use a worse, he does it at *his own* loss:—whilst for the other case, the very worst machine gives the price for the whole. That worst machine is indispensable, or it would not have been called for. It is more costly to work, or why should it be called the worst? It must be paid for in the price of the produce, or how can it be worked? Being paid for, it must fix the price for all other produce of superior machines, (*i. e.* soils,) or else there must be two prices; just as in a march, it is not the strongest, but the feeblest, that fix the rate of march.

Thus, in the teeth of all opposition, arises that series of truths, on which, taken in connexion with the capital law of value, (viz. that not changes in the price of labour, but changes in the quantity of labour, produce changes of price,) reposes the framework of Political Economy; and the series is this:—

A. That the worst soil gives the price for all.

B. That of this price, as charged on that worst soil, rent is no element; being an effect of price, but not a cause; and an effect which never can enter into price.

C. That on all superior soils, for the very reason that their produce bears a price not fixed by their own costs, but by the costs on a worse soil, some surplus must arise; a surplus beyond the cost and the profits. And upon still superior soils a further surplus, according to a regular scale corresponding to their differences.

D. That these differences, or increments, constitute rent. They must go to somebody; and the landowner can always draw them to himself. For else some farmers would receive profits higher than the ordinary rate.

End of Part I.

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

No. V.

Several months elapsed before I had an opportunity of resuming my labours as historiographer of the circuit; and when at last I saw myself surrounded by listening and indulgent friends—when I heard the "hear! hear!" of the ever-benevolent Mullins; the "capital! true! devilish good that'ere!" of the other gentlemen, as my paragraph seemed more peculiarly to call forth their approbation—when I saw and heard all these things, and reflected that, in all probability I should never have an opportunity of addressing them again, I will not attempt to deny that a suspicion did occasionally intrude itself, that my future prospects had few moments in store for me comparable to the happy hours I had spent in the company of the admirable individuals from whom circumstances imperatively called on me to part. A certain gloom hung over the whole party when we assembled in the Talbot Inn at Shrewsbury. I took it, I must say, as a compliment that the usual good-humour of our society had disappeared, and that Mr Mullins seasoned his observations to the waiter with an unusual quantity of those expletives from which modern conversation derives no small proportion of its force; and that many other gentlemen were indignant (without any just cause, as it occurred to me) at the cook, the landlord, the butler, and the other officers of that very admirable and usually popular establishment. I considered all this ill-humour, I say, as a compliment; for I have observed that individuals of the harder sex commonly force themselves into a regular passion, in their endeavours to hide or overcome the excitement of their feelings. Every curse at the waiter I therefore interpreted into a regret for me; and, in fact, I was not left in doubt on the point, for I was distinctly informed, by every member who spoke on that memorable occasion, that as misfortunes never came single, they considered corked wine, overdone mutton, underdone fish, dead porter, sour small-beer, and my approaching departure, equally to be deplored. One gentleman went so far as to propose to murder the waiter; but as we concluded that we had advanced to too forward a stage in the history of civilization to recur to the practise of immolating human victims on great and melancholy occasions, the proposition was unanimously rejected. Dinner, in spite of all their drawbacks, real or supposed, (for I am bound to state, that to me, who had not given way to the irritability of temper displayed by my friends, the viands seemed excellent, and the wine as good as usual)—dinner, I say, passed on—the cheese was distributed—the cloth removed, and bottles placed on the table. Mr Mullins ejaculated his last and most powerful malediction as the waiter closed the door, and every one looked impatiently towards me for the usual narrative. I had been absent—I had made no enquiries of any one as to the history of his predecessor, and curiosity was therefore strongly excited to know who was the hero of my next account; and I even heard Mr Blinkers—a gentleman of a very sentimental turn of mind, whose attentions to the landlady's daughter at Congleton had been of the most animated description, having broken several window-panes in the effort to write her name with an imitation diamond breast-pin—I heard Mr Blinkers whisper to his neighbour, "blowed if he ain't going to show up that ere Congleton business." Similar hopes or fears, I almost fancied I could see, pervaded other bosoms; and I therefore felt that the plan I had determined to adopt was the least likely to be offensive to any, by really disappointing them all. And how could I more fitly terminate a connexion from which I had derived so much gratification, than by candidly stating the very unexpected series of events that forced me to withdraw myself from public life, and devote my whole existence to the pleasing task of loving, cherishing, and protecting my beautiful and fascin—— but I will not anticipate. The first bumper was dedicated to my health, in a speech of unexampled eloquence; and the cheering, at the

conclusion, was really tremendous. I was somewhat abashed on rising to return thanks, but speedily recovered my self-possession when I looked round on my applauding friends. Three times in the course of the evening a similar compliment was paid me, and three times I endeavoured to express, in very delicate terms, my appreciation of their kindness; but when, in the last oration, Mr Bluck alluded to my secession from their ranks, when I saw large drops of moisture and sensibility uniting on the affectionate and warm faces of my tried and trusted companions, I could no longer resist the impulse, but drawing the manuscript from my pocket, began, after three loud taps on the table with the president's hammer, to read the short narrative I had occupied my leisure hours in preparing.

Gentlemen, I said, I owe you an apology for having disappointed your literary expectations from the period at which I read to you the memoirs of a noble member of our society to the present time. I need not remind you, that shortly after that evening I was carried by the course of my journeys into Liverpool, to which the other members of this circuit were not expected to travel for a fortnight or three weeks. Gentlemen, I cannot express to you the solitude of my condition. After my professional labours were over, I had no friendly circle to retire to, in which to while away the memory of the disagreeable incidents which beset the path of every person in business—and none more than persons in our calling—complaints of orders not fulfilled—want of punctuality in executing an order—apparent differences between the sample and the article sent—and other most unfounded and unpleasant observations—("hear! hear! hear!" from all sides.)—I had no place in which, by the kind influences of friendship and socialty, the wrinkles could be smoothed from the brow of care, and the wig, as it were, fitted on the bald head of disappointment. No—for there is no congeniality between us and the gentlemen of any other occupation. I spent whole days in work, and whole evenings in lonelineness. I put up at the Saracen's Head. The barmaid was a man, and the chambermaid dreadfully ugly. In short, she might have supplied the place of the sign-board at the door, if time or bad weather had obliterated its paint. A masculine compounder of punch, and a frightful maker of beds, are the two greatest misfortunes that can befall a commercial gent. Other things may be borne, but these are intolerable. Under these circumstances, it will not be surprizing that I hailed the advances towards an acquaintance made to me by a gentleman in the next box, with no little satisfaction. He had sat in the same seat for several nights, and gradually his face assumed a more friendly expression, till when he actually spoke, we both felt as if we had already been acquainted for a long time. He was a man about forty years of age, but retaining, by a considerable effort, the appearances of youth. His hat was always set fashionably on one side of his head—his hair scrupulously brushed—his waist very much tied in by an exceedingly tight surtout, and his trowsers firmly fixed down by the help of bright polished straps. His hair was not red, but certainly not very far removed from it; his face was very fat, his eyes very small, his nose large, and altogether he gave you the idea of a person who was considerably too big for his clothes, and who, instead of enlarging his habiliments, brought matters into correct proportion by diminishing the size of his body. But the effort, though well intended, was in vain; for wherever the button allowed an escape, a protuberance was sure to make its appearance, and his figure had consequently the look of a pillow tied round with a number of strings. He opened his mouth, and smiling so as to show his white teeth, offered me his snuff-box, and said the weather was very hot. As we agreed in opinion, we resolved to prove that we were in earnest in what we said by calling for two tumblers of cold without.

"I p'rceive you've been in this c'ffee-room every night for a week," he began.

"I think you've hit on the extent of my sojourn here exactly."

"Oh, by dad, I'm the wonderfullest fellow for taking notice of things!" he said. "Nothing escapes me; all my friends agree I'm the terriblest hand for keeping my eyes open."

"Then it won't be very safe," I said, "to have a secret in the company of such an Argus."

"Argus is a fire insurance; uncle Bob has some shares in it. Oh, you don't know half the things I've wormed out of people, just by using my own quickness; I'll be bound you never met with such a fellow. Your name's Smith, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Told you so; nothing escapes me; I saw it on your bag, and asked the waiter. Smith's rather a common name, I think."

"The commonest in England."

"There—I was right, you see. You'll soon see what a power of observation I have; p'r'aps you perceive it already?"

"Yes, I think your remarks hitherto have shown great quickness. You have said the weather was hot, that my name was Smith, and that the name of Smith was common."

"What a memory you have! Now it's the only thing I fail in, that memory. I never recollect things—never could; I was always the cleverest boy in the school for getting up my lessons at home, but somehow I always forgot them when I had to say them to the master. It's a sign of genius, they say, to forget things—I do always."

"It's a misfortune," I said; "but when a man has brilliant natural abilities"——

"Ah, that's the very thing! there's no use for memory, then; but it's sometimes a misfortune, too, to have those brilliant natural abilities. 'Pon my soul, I sometimes wish I was an ass."

"Indeed!"

"'Twould be such a relief. There ain't a fellow of my acquaintance that doesn't apply to me now whenever he's in a difficulty. I'm the boy for getting them out of scrapes; there's no end of five-pound notes I've lent fellows, and given them such advice; 'pon my honour, I wish they didn't all think me so clever. They all thought I wrote 'Cicely or the Adventures of a Coxswain,' but I didn't. It's a fact. I didn't, upon my honour."

"You mean Cecil, I suppose?"

"Exactly; but I told you I always forgot things. But it's the girls I'm such a fellow with. There ain't a girl in Liverpool that doesn't make me her confidant. I know the secrets of every one of them;—'pon my soul I could make you laugh for a month."

"But is it only as confidant they employ you?" I enquired; "for though it's a very honourable post, still it strikes me to be of rather second-rate importance compared to the object of their attachment."

"You think they ain't in love with me," replied my friend; "stop till you've been a while in the town, you'll soon see whether they're in love with me or not. Some ain't—of course they can't all be—I confess that; for I hate boasting; but somehow I like to be second fiddle in those matters—I like to help people off; I daresay I've been the cause of marrying forty couples in this very town. Only last month I got William Snivett married to a girl with six thousand pounds."

"Indeed! how did you manage?"

"I took away her character, I spread reports among all my friends of what I had seen—though I never saw any thing—I shook my head mysteriously when she was mentioned, and said Snivett was a rascal if he didn't marry that poor deluded girl; her father came to me and threatened to prosecute for defamation; a great coarse beast of a fellow, a cousin from Aberdeenshire, came up to me in Lord Street, and held a stick over me, and begged me to consider myself horse-whipped; but I bound him over to keep the peace, and offered to spar with the old governor for fifty pounds; and the end of it was that the old fellow was devilish glad to hush it up, and gave his consent and all the money. They were married a month ago; and that ungrateful fellow, William Snivett, has made me write an apology in the newspapers, and threatened to kick me wherever we meet. Wasn't that a clever trick? 'pon my soul I wish I was a little stupider. Don't you think it would be better?"

"Oh no! I admire clever people of all things."

"Do you?" said my friend;—"literary people? fellows that write books?"

"Oh, of course! I think an author the first of men."

"Women! women! I mean women! We've got an uncommon stock of literary ladies in our town. Hanged if I don't know half-a-dozen myself."

"And their secrets?" I enquired laughing.

My companion seemed absorbed in thought, and after a long pause suddenly asked me,

"Were you ever in Bristol, sir?"

"I have lived many years in the neighbourhood."

"You have? That's all right. What a fellow I am for finding out things: there ain't such a nose in England." He seemed so delighted with himself for having made the profound discovery, that he went on for a long time drinking bumpers and making speeches in praise of his own acumen. His egotism and vanity were very amusing, and, as he seemed very good-natured and obliging, I took rather a fancy to my new acquaintance. When we had sat a long time together, counterbalancing the extreme heat of the weather by the process I have already described, he proposed a walk into the streets before separating for the night. On a table at the door of the coffee-room was a tray filled with dirty tumblers, empty decanters, biscuit-plates, and other relics of an entertainment. The good-nature of my friend could not resist the opportunity of displaying itself.

"That poor fellow, the waiter, has got tired with his day's work," he said. "I think I'll just carry these things to his pantry for him. It's in our way to the front door." He accordingly lifted the tray and proceeded towards the street. My old enemy, the hideous chambermaid, hearing our steps, concluded it was somebody requiring her aid, and rushed forth from a corner with a bed-candle in her hand. But the amateur waiter not perceiving her approach, pushed against her with such force that in the recoil he tumbled fairly on his back, while tumblers, plates, and decanters fell in broken fragments on his face. He was a most hideous sight to see. Blinded with the dregs of so many jugs and bottles, and perhaps stunned with his fall and the shower of crockery on his head, he lay mute and motionless. The chambermaid, in the mean time, was by no means respectful in her observations on his awkwardness; and the waiter, on his arrival, was no less obstreperous in condemnation of his intrusive curate. At last my friend was raised, and on paying for all damage was allowed to depart.

"There ain't such a fellow in England," he said, "for handling a tray. I think nature must have meant me for a waiter; for I'm hanged if that horrid old chambermaid wouldn't have killed any other man than me with her confounded candlestick poked right into my eye."

I was delighted to find that he did not entertain a lower idea of his dexterity in consequence of his recent failure, and away we walked, arm-in-arm, towards the quiet part of the town. When we got to Queen Anne Street, he said, "By-the-bye, I promised to look after Sam Horrox's sweetheart during his absence—he's only to be away three weeks. Come down this side street, and you'll see what a fellow I am for helping my friends." He took me down a sort of lane, and telling me to follow his example, he climbed over a low wall, and leaped down in a little green at the back of one of the Queen Anne Street houses.

"Now hide yourself in that corner, and you'll hear how I plead the cause of Sam Horrox;" so saying, he went close to the house and began to cough in a very marked manner, just under a window in which a light was visible.

"She's not gone to bed yet—writing I daresay to poor Sam—how delighted she'll be when I tell her how faithful he continues!"

"Have you heard from him since his departure then?" I asked.

"Not I; but I'll tell her so, just to please her—Sophy!" The candle evidently was moved in the upper room—and encouraged by the symptom, he redoubled his coughing with more violence than before. The window was gently opened and a soft voice enquired—"Who's there?"

"A friend."

"Who is it? I don't know your voice."

"He wrote to me to-day—such a letter—all full of love—and told me to call on you to-night, and tell you he adored you. He's a devil of a fellow for constancy, and, you may depend on it, he's wishing he was here at this very hour. What shall I say to the poor fellow in return? I shall write to-morrow."

"The governor has been in a dreadful passion all day," replied the voice.

"Oh cuss him—he's a reg'lar bear! You ought to see what's said of hi

in the letter—'pon my soul 'twould do your heart good to see what an example is made of the old snob. What has he been flaring up about?"

"He says he hates all the Irish—and Irish officers in particular."

"Oh Lord!—he's a trump, that old scoundrel, after all. The letter is full of disgust at Irish captains."

"What letter?" enquired the voice.

"Your lover's,"—replied my friend—"he hates them all: one owes him no end of money for wine." (Sam Horrox, it appears, was in the wine trade.) "But he'll arrest him, and squeeze the soul out of him in the bankruptcy court."

"Who is to be squeezed?—I don't quite understand"—said the lady, perplexed.

"You, my dear, he's such a devil for squeezing hands."

"Who?"

"You know very well," replied my friend, "so don't come the pretty-behaved at this time of night. Tell me you are devoted to him, and long for his return—he'll be back from the London docks in three weeks."

"Is Captain O'Connor gone to London?"

"What the devil do I know?"

"Who are you?"

"Sam Horrox's friend—don't you know me?—I'm such a fellow for meetings and assignations!" At this moment the lady uttered a loud scream, the light was extinguished, and the back-door was suddenly opened. Two or three men rushed out into the little green, and pursued my friend. I luckily effected my escape over the wall, but his actions were not quite so prompt. Being somewhat heavy, and restrained by the tightness of his clothes, he was only able to jump to the top of the wall, where he lay spread across it, exposing an irresistible mark to the cudgels of his pursuers, who laid on as if they were threshing a sack of wheat. The struggles of my friend were tremendous, and his bellowings immense. In his efforts, his garments in many quarters gave way, and at last he managed, more dead than alive, to tumble himself over the wall into the stable lane, and there he lay roaring for mercy as if the sticks were still in full practice on his ribs. But his enemies were not yet done with him. A little man climbed over the wall with great difficulty, and catching hold of my poor friend's collar, threatened him with tremendous punishment if he did not at once tell who he was, and his intentions in holding conversation with his inmates at that hour of the night. Thinking it high time to provide for my own safety, I betook myself to the Saracen's Head with all convenient expedition, and was just refreshing myself with a tumbler, when my acquaintance made his appearance.

"There ain't such a fellow in England," he said, "in getting out of a scrape—you wouldn't have managed to get away so cleverly—would you? Confess, now."

"'Pon my word," I said, "I don't see so much to boast of. You have been nearly beaten into a jelly."

"Yes, but I've escaped the police-office."

"How did you manage?"

"Why that old monster, it turned out, was the father of the wrong woman, and Sophy—the sweetheart of Sam Horrox, lived in the next house. They had been on the watch for two or three nights for some Irish captain that is paying his addresses to the young lady's fortune; and if I had'nt been devilish quick at inventing a story they would have had me before the magistrate in a moment. But I did them—you won't guess how? I'm a strange fellow, I must acknowledge."

"Can't possibly guess," I said, "you're such a wonderful person for expedients."

"Why, I offered them my card—but I hadn't any friends in my pocket—so I told the old boy to take out his note-book and write down my address. And what do you think I told him? Why, I gave your name, old boy. Smith, says I, lately from Bristol, lodging at the Saracen's Head. Wasn't that clever, eh?"

"You atrocious scoundrel!" I said, grasping his throat, for I confess I saw so visibly the probable unpleasant effects of his story, that I lost my temper completely, "how dare you make use of *my* name in such a detestable subterfuge?"

"*Your* name," he said, almost stifled, and looking prodigiously alarmed, "it's any body's name—I said Smith—Smith from Bristol—do you think there never was a Smith in

Bristol but yourself? Let me go—there's a good fellow!"

I pushed him from me with some violence—but it seemed that nothing could overcome his equanimity.

"Many fellows" he said, "would have been quite at a loss; but I'm such a good hand at management, that I put the old fellow on the wrong scent in a minute. There ain't a man in Liverpool could have made love to the wrong woman in the style I did. Horrox ought to be very much obliged to me."

"And so ought the Irish captain," I said bitterly; "he'll probably pay you his thanks in person."

"O Lord! that's nothing to what I've done in my time; but there's a great pleasure in being useful to one's friends—as you'll find in a short time."

"My dear sir," I said, "I beg to decline all your efforts in my behalf."

"Nonsense," he said, "you're bashful—and won't employ me because you havn't known me long."

"I've known you long enough to see that it is wiser to refuse your aid."

"Stuff—don't be shy," he answered, "let us sup together to-morrow, and I'll bet you you'll say there ain't such a fellow breathing for doing kind things. It's an exercise for my talents. I like to do them. You'll see before long—good night."

All the following day I confess that, even in business hours, I thought of the absurd behaviour of my new acquaintance, and the scrape he had got me into by assuming my name. On returning to the hotel, I was told that a gentleman had been to call on me twice. Just when I was preparing to sit down to dinner, the waiter announced a little fat old man, dressed in the style of a methodist preacher, with a rubicund visage, which contrasted strongly with the solemnity of his habiliments. He took a chair, and sat down near me.

"You're Mr Smith, are you not, sir?"

I bowed.

"Living at the Saracen's Head?"

"As you see, sir."

"Oh, then, there's no mistake, and you did me the honour of a visit to my house last night?"

I suppose I looked astonished, for he immediately added with a smile.

"Don't think I am angry in the slightest degree—perhaps I ought to apologize for the nhospitable reception I gave your companion."

"He deserved all he got," I said; "I wish you had punished him even more than you did."

"Tastes differ," said the little old man, "perhaps he thinks he had enough of it—but be that as it may, I feel highly obliged to you, I assure you, for your good opinion of the lady you visited."

"There must be some mistake here," I began; "the person I was with told you wrong—I never "——

"There is no mistake on the subject," said my visiter; "my two sons are resolved on the point, and, as *they* have said it, I believe I can safely assure you that there is no mistake whatever."

"You will allow me, sir," I said, "with all possible respect for your sons, to inform you "——

"That you were in my garden last night, at one or two in the morning, serenading under a certain bed-room window—I know it—so you need give me no information on the point; but since we are both agreed as to the fact of your having paid us a visit, perhaps we can settle quite as comfortably here, as in our little back-green, the object of your politely stepping over our garden wall, and leaving us your address at that unusual hour."

"I assure you, sir, I had no object whatever—I merely accompanied the person you astonished with the cudgel; he said something or other which was replied to by some young lady whom I did not see; and suddenly he was put to flight by your appearance; and of every thing else I am as ignorant as that pickled salmon."

"It must be only a failure of your memory, sir; and my two sons, I fear, must come and refresh it. The lady you visited is at present an inmate of my house—a friend of my daughter's, sir. Since her arrival in Queen Anne's Street the attentions of an Irish captain, of the name of O'Connor, have been unremitting; and, as we have decided objections to his approaches, we were highly gratified that an English lover—a man of your quiet habits and respectable character—for I have made enquiries in quarters where you are well known—has cut out the military wooer, and I give you notice that your propositions are a

cepted, and that we shall most decidedly expect the pleasure of your company to-morrow morning at nine o'clock at latest. We breakfast punctually at that hour; and Sophy is of course impatient."

"Sir," I said, "your language puzzles me very much."

"Oh, no! it's very plain language indeed. You have paid your addresses to my visiter. She is a friend of my daughter's—she is committed to my charge—and acting in the mean time as her guardian, I tell you that there are no objections to your suit, and that the marriage must take place within a month from this time."

"By heaven, sir! you take a great liberty with a perfect stranger."

"Not a stranger," he said, "surely, when we have met before under such friendly circumstances in my back garden. But I will not detain you from your dinner. Sophy, I may tell you, has five thousand pounds, and expectations from her uncle for as much more. I beg to leave you my card, and I wish you a very good appetite for your dinner."

I looked at the card, and saw "Trivett & Sons, packers and warehousemen — private residence, 152, Queen Anne's Street."

I must say the pickled salmon remained untasted. I could not imagine what the old gentleman could mean, and even doubted whether he was serious in his behaviour. One thing was very evident, that he was determined to force Miss Sophy on my hand whether I wished it or not; and such a reflection did not, of course, tend very much to raise her in my estimation. I determined at all hazards not to allow myself to be forced—no, not by all the packers and warehousemen in England — into a marriage with a person I did not know, and whose mode of yielding to one's entreaties was so very unusual. I will not conceal that there were other reasons that made the very idea of being entrapped into matrimony revolting and unendurable. Some impediments which circumstances had thrown in the way of a mutual attachment, which had subsisted for a long time between me and the niece of Mr Spriggs—a former member of this circuit—had been in a great mea-
e removed by the pleasure which
most calumniated gentleman had experienced in seeing his character placed in its proper light by the biography of him which I read not long ago to this society. He had written to me in the kindliest spirit, and had even allowed me no very indistinct hopes of an early interview with his niece, and, in fact, with the realization of all my desires. He had given Miss Black permission to receive my letters, and I was in daily expectation of an answer to one I had sent her since my arrival in Liverpool. The idea of allowing myself, therefore, to be bullied in the way proposed by Mr Trivett was inadmissible, and I made up my mind to treat any effort made to ensnare or force me with the indignation it deserved. I was engaged in these reflections when the waiter came up, and asked if it would be safe for Mr Skivers to join me at the table?

"Mr Skivers?" I said. "Who is he? By all means let him come in. Can it be a challenge? I thought; if so, I shall soon set this Mr Skivers to the right-about." But in the midst of these reflections, my friend of the preceding evening walked up to where I sat, looking anxiously round at the other boxes, to assure himself that none of the Messrs Trivett were in the neighbourhood.

"All right, I see," he said. "I'm such a fellow for knowing the way to give impudent fellows the slip!"

"It's a sort of knowledge, sir, I wish to heaven you would teach to me," I said, feeling very angry at seeing the individual who, I could not doubt, was the cause of all my embarrassment.

"That's right," he replied, not perceiving the severity of my speech; "you'll learn an immense number of things from me. I knew you would see I was an extraordinary sort of fellow before you knew me long; and I think I may now say I've done your business." So saying, he held out his hand and shook mine, as if he was congratulating me on some very great piece of good fortune.

"Waiter," he said, "bring in the kidneys and a bottle of port-wine; we have a great deal to do to-night, and had better victual the garrison."

"If you mean, Mr Skivers," I began——

"Oh, sink the Mister! Call me Tom. My name's Tom Skivers."

"If you mean, Mr Skivers, to in-

clude me in the number of people who have much to do to-night, or think you will persuade me to climb over any more garden walls"——

"And get walloped with any more cudgels, eh?" he added; "gad, how the old walking-stick rained on your back! But you shouldn't mind things of that kind. I've had a stick across my own back before now."

"I beg to remind you, Mr Skivers, that it was *your* back was the sufferer, not mine. And as to your having had sticks laid on your back, I can only say I'm not the least astonished, and moreover should not be much surprised, if my own cane took a fancy of the same sort."

"'Pon my soul, it does me good to meet with a man that enters so fully into the spirit of my behaviour. You think you've seen one of my cleverest performances! Lord bless ye!—laughing at old Trivett, and escaping so neatly, was nothing to what you'll see yet. This very night I'll show you a masterpiece. But here come the kidneys."

The man's good-nature was so imperturbable that it was impossible to continue angry with him long. We supped very amicably together, and rapidly emptied the decanter. I was not without some curiosity to discover what the masterpiece was he calculated on showing me, and I questioned him on the subject in a way that I fear led him to believe that I was one of the most ardent of his admirers.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said, "there's no use talking about it. I'm a man of action, and never waste time in words. Waiter, bring in a bottle of champagne. I always feel my genius brightened by a bumper or two of the sparkler."

The waiter did as he was ordered, and proceeded to unrol the silver paper, and untwist the wire from the cork; but Mr Skivers, who allowed no opportunity to escape him of showing his ingenuity, seized the bottle, and gave the cork a tremendous turn with his finger and thumb—a service which in such hot weather, and with such an effervescent beverage, was by no means required. The whole contents of the bottle spurted out in every direction, bestowing most of its attentions on the face and clothes of a respectable gentleman in the neighbouring box, who was instantaneously blinded by the shower, and only recovered his breath and eyesight, when Mr Skivers (in the hurry of the moment, throwing the bottle among the tea-things of another quiet-looking individual in the box on the other side) began mopping his coat and countenance, to the manifest astonishment and perplexity of the object of these polite attentions.

"There never was such a hand at making a cork fly as I am!" exclaimed Mr Skivers, while engaged in rubbing down his victim. "Waiters and people like that are generally so awkward. But I've a knack at most things, and opening a bottle is one of them."

"Waiter!" cried the gentleman in the other box, who was evidently a Welshman from his accent, "py Cot here's a tevil of a strimmatch! The tea-pot is all proke, py Cot, and te hot water squirted all over my face. I'll stick the fork in the powels of the rascal that played the trick."

"There isn't another fellow in Liverpool could have shied it so neatly," said Mr Skivers, looking round in a state of amazement at the Welshman's non-approval of so admirable a performance. "Bring another bottle, waiter, and don't be so confoundedly awkward again."

Harmony, after a few words of explanation from me, was restored, and the waiter was allowed to perform his functions in peace. The sparkler, as he called it, seemed to have an inspiring effect on Mr Skivers; he became prodigiously kind and attentive to every person in the coffee-room; and as he was really a good-hearted fellow, he made various efforts to soothe the ruffled tempers of the gentlemen who had suffered from his intromissions with the champagne. He lifted one of the candles from our table, and placed it on that of the gentleman whose face had suffered from the froth, who had quietly resumed the perusal of the *Times*, and was evidently deeply intent on the leader.

"Poor fellow, he's not very young now, and hasn't light enough!" he said to me. "Another candle will help him amazingly, and we can see quite well enough to drink. I'm always finding out ways of being useful."

Before, however, he had time to sing his own praises much further, the old gentleman jumped up with something very like an oath, and the paper was in a flame. He threw it from him in immense alarm, and the whole double paper, in a state of complete conflagration, was floated into the Welshman's box, and unfortunately alighted on his head. In an agony of fear, and giving utterance to the most astounding cries and imprecations, he rushed up the coffee-room in a blaze; but Mr Skivers got to the sideboard before him, and emptied the contents of an enormous jug, which was unluckily filled with beer, upon his head, and when the unfortunate gentleman succeeded in throwing off the burning paper, he found himself deluged and nearly blinded with the excellent double XX, for which the Saracen's Head has been long renowned.

"You owe your life to me, sir," said Mr Skivers. "If it had not been for my presence of mind, I'm hanged if the other gentleman wouldn't have burned you to death; but there never was a man so ready as I am. I don't think there's another chap in Liverpool would have been so handy with the jug."

"Py Cot, I shall reward you for this if I live another day!" said the Welshman, grinding his teeth with rage.

"A medal, or piece of plate, of course," replied Mr Skivers. "Well, I don't care if you give me a small token; but if I were you, I would not allow the incendiary in No. 4 to escape."

"Sir," said that gentleman, out of breath with his alarm, and the violent efforts he had made to contain his anger, "you came and maliciously placed a candle beneath my newspaper, and might have set fire to the whole house. I will prosecute you for wilful fire-raising, if it cost me a thousand pounds."

"You're a set of ungrateful fellows," said Mr Skivers, returning to where I had sat, an astonished spectator of these extraordinary events, "and I've a great mind never to lend a friend a candle, or extinguish a fire again, as long as I live. Waiter, another bottle of champagne, and tell those two men to make less noise. That Welshman ought to pay for the beer, and the cups, and teapot."

The two gentlemen left the coffee-room, probably to take legal advice, and Mr Skivers, filling up a bumper of the sparkler, said—"Now, tell me candidly, if you ever saw such an ingenious chap as I am in your life?"

"In getting into scrapes, I never saw your equal," I answered.

"And out of them, too? Oh, by George, I've too many brains! I sometimes wish I had fewer—but it's impossible. You'll see this very night."

"Haven't I seen enough?" I asked. "I assure you I'm quite satisfied."

"Enough! You've seen nothing yet; but at twenty minutes past twelve to-night—then I'll astonish you."

"Why do you delay your performance so long?"

"She can't get ready before."

"Who?"

Mr Skivers winked in a very knowing manner, and ordered a third bottle of champagne.

Those we had already drunk had had their usual effect. I was not nearly so much disinclined for an adventure as I had been before supper; and as I had finally made up my mind about Mr Trivett's astonishing proposition, and knew that in this free and enlightened country no man can be married against his will, I gave a loose to my spirits, and was in a short time nearly as frisky as my friend.

"She's an affectionate creature," he said, "and so dreadfully clever. She ought to marry a schoolmaster—but some fellows are lucky and some aren't. I'm a famous fellow for saying pithy things."

There was no denying the truth of a proposition so pithily enounced, although, at the same time, I did not quite see its application.

"I hope the luck you talk of," I said, "is experienced in your own person; for up to the present time, what with buffets, and breakages, and cudgelings, you've been rather unfortunate.'

"Me!—I never was unfortunate in my life; and, 'pon my soul, I b'lieve if I were to lay myself out for it, I might have my choice of all the girls in Liverpool."

"But you've fixed on this clever one?"

"Lord bless you, she fixed it herself! The moment I talked of a post-chaise she offered to get ready her carpet-bag, and would be shockingly

disappointed if any thing occurred to hinder the expedition."

"Then, I hope nothing will occur, for disappointments of that kind are very difficult to bear."

"Why—bless me!" he said, opening his eyes in astonishment, "how the deuce can any thing occur when I am near to make every thing straight? Haven't I told you that the whole matter is under my management? And I must candidly confess that there isn't a fellow any where so good at arranging an elopement."

"An elopement! Why, what are you going to do?"

"Make a poor girl happy," he said. "She has been sighing for some time. She's such a one to talk, and write, and paint flowers, and play the guitar, and work Daniel in the lions' den on the top of the footstools. And, besides all that, she's very fond of literature, and has written a book, 'The Loves of Diana,' a romantic poem; and, if it weren't that she's rather little, and has a squeaky voice, and one leg a little longer than the other, and something the matter with one of her eyes, and some pimples on her nose, and a complaint of the spine, and rheumatism in her wrist, and is thirty-nine, and has no money, I'm hanged if there would be a prettier girl than she is in England."

"She must be a prodigious beauty," I said, laughing.

"Oh, for them that look only to the intellect, she's perfection! I made the declaration to her this morning before breakfast. I told you I would show you what a genius I had before long—and, at twenty minutes past twelve, you'll be really amazed at my cleverness."

"But how am I to be a witness to it?" I enquired.

"By seeing it with your own eyes—don't be the least alarmed. To make every thing secure, I am going to drive the carriage myself. We shall take the railway at Preston, and post on from Lancaster. Nothing can be nicer; and, as I have no particular business, I really think it's the best thing I can do."

"But still I don't see," I said, "how all this can help me in appreciating your abilities."

"Why won't you see it all? How the deuce should you be able to judge of it unless by looking on, and observing how admirably every thing is managed. You'll be inside, beside the lady, of course—but you'll be able to look out of the window. There never was such a fellow, I really believe, with such a fund of talent! I am actually sometimes astonished at myself."

"I don't the least wonder at it," I said; "but who is the lady all this time?"

"Come now, that's too bad," said Mr Skivers, darting his forefinger facetiously into my ribs. "You've kept in your gratification very well, but don't try tricks on travellers. I saw you knew my secret from the very beginning."

"'Pon my honour, I never suspected your secret—I knew nothing of your plots—and even now"——

"You never heard of Miss Towsy, perhaps—Theodosia—does that make you start? — called for shortness Dozy—and that makes such a pretty little name altogether, Dozy Towsy. It rhymes too, and that's just the thing for a poetess. So, now that the murder's out, my mind's at rest, and I see by your face you'll not be the cause of the poor girl's losing her journey."

"Why, if sitting beside her is all that's required, and you manage to drive expeditiously to Preston, I don't much care."

"The railway will do the rest. So now wrap yourself in your cloak—put your neckcloth up to your mouth, and your hat over your eyes, and let us off. The poor creature is perhaps waiting for us already."

We finished the last bumper of the sparkler, and proceeded through a considerable portion of the town, and at last stopt at the entrance to a country-looking lane, on the road to Wavertree; and Mr Skivers, as usual, began his serenade of coughs and spittings, as if he were a representative of sore-throat.

"What a deuce of a nuisance!" he said—"only look there! some person is giving a party in this lane, and half a dozen carriages are at the other end. How are we to find out our own? and how is Dozy Towsy to escape observation? Now, other fellows would despair under these circumstances, but you'll see how I'll manage." He left off his amatory expectorations, and went forward to reconnoitre. There was a

great collection of flies and hackney coaches, and among the number he could not distinguish the one he had ordered to be in waiting. Following at last a low whistle, which I took as a signal for my approach, I came up to him, and perceived by his side a very diminutive female figure wrapped up in a large cloak. The night was very dark. On seeing me he placed the lady under my protection, who clung to me as if in great agitation, but said nothing. I was equally silent. Another low whistle brought us up to where Mr Skivers had at last succeeded in discovering his vehicle, and opening the door himself, (for, in fact, the driver had left his horses)—he pushed us in, and mounted the box. Before, however, he had time to apply his whip so as to get his horses into motion, we heard a prodigious scuffle in front, and in a short time our friend was seized by the leg by a brawny-looking man, in a large coat and glazed hat, and pulled most mercilessly from his seat in spite of his utmost resistance.

"I'll teach ye to be a playing your tricks on my osses, I wool," said the man—"I've a mind to knock your brains out, or have ye tried for a attempt to steal this here coach and them 'ere hanimals."

"Letgo my leg!" cried Mr Skivers, "you've split my trowsers with your infernal tags:—it was only a mistake after all; I thought this was my carriage."

In the mean time he had scrambled down, partly voluntarily, and partly by force, and fell flat on the road just under the wheels. The successful charioteer mounted the box, and my friend twirled and twisted himself from his dangerous position just in time; for on a man coming out of the house nearest to where we stood, and crying in a loud voice, "Mr Trivett's carriage!" the coachman cracked his whip, and chirped to his horses, and inveigled them into a trot—"Mr Trivett!" I thought—"here's a concatenation of events!—the man in the whole world we had most reason to avoid."—The little woman in the mean time clung so close to me, that I could hardly move. We pulled up at the little iron gate, and standing in the doorway, waiting for their carriage, I distinctly recognized my peremptory visiter of the morning, accompanied by a tall strong thick-whiskered man, who I concluded was one of his sons, and two ladies so enveloped in their cloaks that I could distinguish nothing either of their face or figure. At this moment both doors of our coach were opened. The driver storming like a demoniac at me when he perceived his unexpected fare, and Mr Skivers at the other, pressing us to retreat or all was over—he lost no time in handling out, and fortunately the carriage he had really secured, was close at hand and ready to receive us. We sprang into it, while Skivers mounted the box, after whispering to us that "he knew he had astonished us with his admirable abilities in all possible ways, particularly in descending from a dicky"—but rapid as we were, we did not effect our escape without being discovered. On the first roll of our wheel I heard the well-known voice of Mr Trivett calling me by name and ordering our charioteer to stop on pain of death. But Mr Skivers handled his whip with amazing dexterity, and all that was left for our pursuer was to order his jarvey to follow us wherever we went, and not to let us out of his sight for a moment. We were soon trotting gaily along in country roads; and as I felt assured that the tired animals in their street-coach could not possibly follow us above a mile, I began to enjoy the absurdity of the adventure, and turning to my companion asked her if she was alarmed.

"Near you," she said in a languishing voice, "it is impossible to fear. The mind, directed by its sentiments to its true impulses, is unconscious of the agitations of ordinary nature, when expectation is fulfilled and hope is merged in realization."

As I did not quite understand what she meant, I tried her on other subjects.

"Mr Skivers has been very active in his preparations," I said.

"Words will always be inadequate to express the obligations he has laid me under; and though till this hour I never heard your voice, I think I may confide the sensibilities of my spirit to the sympathizing breast of a gentleman who has given me so convincing a proof of his regard. The female temperament, modified by circumstances of time and education, varies in various individuals. In me openness is the

greatest characteristic—openness as expressive of mental power; and, therefore, I can have no hesitation in throwing myself unreservedly into the arms of the object of my choice."

"He's a happy man!" I said, wondering, at the same time, at the mutual attachment of two such extraordinary beings.

"Yes, he is a happy man—his talents I know, and of his reverence of literary pre-eminence I have the surest proofs. Oh, how little did I think of this blessed moment when I used to sit playing the guitar to an open window in Pomegranate Lodge!"

"Is that near here?" I asked.

"Near here—'tis on the Bath road, one sweet half-mile from Bristol; but whenever *we* are together there is Pomegranate Lodge—so it is near, yes, in my heart!" She took my hand and placed it on the portion of her body where she said her heart was; and probably that was the situation it had chosen, for there was certainly nothing else. I drew away my hand.

"You're cold," she said.

"Far from it," I answered, "I find it oppressively hot, and, if I knew the road, I should offer to change places with Mr Skivers."

"When I say you're cold, I mean mentally; whence this apathy?—this cold indifference? 'Tis not what I expected on a journey of this kind. I expected a glance of flame, a soul of fire."

"I can only apologize for your disappointment," I said, "by reminding you that this *tête-à-tête* is quite unexpected on my part."

"And you are oppressed with the unwonted nature of your position; but be oppressed with feelings of uncertainty no longer. I am yours!"

"Mine, madam? 'pon my soul, you amaze me!"

"Do I? You did not know then the strength of thy Theodosia's mind, how infinitely her genius raised her above the formal pedantries of ordinary life. When *I* love, 'tis with my whole soul; and I fling myself on your bosom, certain of awakening a response to my own trusting, loving, burning sentiments."

"This is a scene that Mr Skivers never led me to expect," I said.

"Nor me," she replied; "he led me to anticipate a different behaviour—he painted you sighing—dying! Could I resist the description?—could I forget the looks you had cast on my window at Pomegranate Lodge."

"I never knew such a place in my life."

"Ah! I know—these things you say to try me!—but tempt me not too far—the authoress of the 'Loves of Diana' can dip her pen in satire; but no—do you deny that you are filled with admiration of literary talent?"

"No, I do not deny it."

"That you have loved me ever since you read my 'Diana'—that you burn to possess a treasure so invaluable as me—all these things were told me by Mr Skivers; he found out that you were the same Mr Smith who used to watch my cottage, and listen to my music in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and he immediately devoted himself to annihilate both time and space, and make two lovers happy; and he has succeeded—has he not?" She again bumped herself violently against my breast, and I confess I did not know what to answer.

"I must really try to stop Mr Skivers," I said at last, "and I shall walk back."

"Back! back!" she cried, in a dreadfully shrill voice, "with ruined prospects, blighted hopes, and damaged reputation! I have two cousins in the militia"——

"If you had five hundred in the yeomanry, I must still insist on leaving you. Stop, Mr Skivers! stop!"

But Mr Skivers was too busy flogging his unfortunate cattle to attend to what I said. Even Miss Towsy's ejaculations, which were not unlike a railway whistle, were scarcely audible; but it struck me the highest notes of her voice must have reached him, for he turned round, and bellowing out, "Screaming there!—draw it mild, Mr Smith!" continued his flagellation of the exhausted horses. My situation was now quite intolerable. My romantic and literary companion could not be persuaded it was a mistake of her friend Mr Skivers, and that some other Mr Smith ought to be in my place. She continued, sometimes trying to coax, and sometimes to bully, till, losing patience entirely, I made an effort to open the door, and fling myself in desperation out of the carriage, although it was going at a rapid pace—the poor animals being ex-

to unusual exertions by the perpetual swearing and encouraging exclamations of the driver. While in this wretched predicament, I suddenly felt a tremendous jerk, which sent me, with all my weight, on my little companion, who was at that moment in the midst of a moving appeal to my sensibilities; and I perceived that we were overthrown, but how it had been managed it was too dark to allow me to see. Mr Skivers had run against one of the long troughs at the door of a wayside inn, at which the horses are watered—the wheel had come off in the concussion, and we were cast suddenly down to the ground; but the charioteer was not so fortunate—he was propelled from his elevated seat with great force into the trough, which happened to be full of water, and as I have explained to you that he was of a very stout configuration, it will not surprise you to be told, that he fitted so closely between the sides, that it was almost impossible to pull him out. The people of the inn came to our aid with lights, and were no little astonished at seeing only a pair of very thick legs projecting from their watering-trough, and hearing a voice half choked by the water bellowing for assistance. Miss Towsy was lifted out and laid on a sofa. Mr Skivers, the moment he was released, shook himself like a Newfoundland dog after a swim, and I was in hopes he was at last a little crestfallen after so many misadventures.

"It ain't every one, I can tell you," he said, "could have driven round that corner in the way I did. Many fellows would have upset the coach altogether; but I was always a famous chap for handling the ribbons. Hark! by Jupiter there they are."

"Who?" I asked.

"Who? why, the Trivetts—don't you hear their wheels? That old blackguard has brought his walking-stick to a certainty. I'll go and attend to poor Miss Towsy. I'm afraid you were a little too brisk, and have been too much for the poor girl's spirits."

"Brisk!" I cried, getting into an uncontrollable rage when I reflected on his behaviour. "What do you mean by playing off such a trick on me?"

"What trick?" didn't she tell me a Mr Smith from Bristol was in love with her? And didn't you tell me you were from Bristol? But I'm off—I hear that old murderer crying out for us to stop!" And in a very few minutes, the carriage containing our pursuers pulled up where I was standing, and Mr Trivett immediately jumped out, and was shortly after followed by his son.

"I was afraid, Mr Smith," he said, "you were under a slight mistake, and ran off with the wrong lady."

"You happen to be quite correct, sir," I replied; "but at the same time I entirely deny your right to interfere in any way with my proceedings."

"Do you deny, sir," enquired Mr Trivett, in a very determined voice, "that you are an engaged man?"

"You have no business to make the enquiry," I replied; "and whether I am engaged or not, all I can tell you is, that it is not to the young lady who made such tender enquiries astot he absence of Captain O'Connor."

"She has given up the captain," he said, "when I explained who you were, and stated the very flattering proposals you had made"——

"I made no proposals whatever, sir."

"When I stated the very flattering proposals you had made," he continued, not minding my interruption, "she agreed to accept you at once."

"She is very condescending," I said, "especially to a person she has never seen."

"Pardon me," he replied; "she saw you as you leapt out of the carriage—she sees you at this moment; for she accompanied us in our pursuit, and, in fact, urged us to it by every argument in her power."

"It strikes me, sir, that the Liverpool ladies are people of a very extraordinary kind. I was run away with to-night by one woman against my will, and another seems determined to marry me whether I will or no. May I see this lady, sir?"

"See her!—to be sure. Come out, my dear, and go with Mr Smith into the inn. I knew he would listen to reason, and prevent our having recourse to more disagreeable measures." The lady on this invitation descended from the carriage, and walked in silence by my side into the bar-room, in which lights were still burning. When she saw we were alone, she threw back her cloak, and

I saw before me the radiant countenance and laughing lips of my own Sophy Black! I need not say how great was my astonishment; but I checked my raptures on remembering how very particular she had been, in her conversation from the window with Mr Skivers, in her questions about the Irish captain."

She seemed to guess something of what was passing in my mind, for she immediately proceeded to explain. The object of the gallant officer's attentions was Mr Trivett's daughter; and as she was of course the confidant, and as in duty bound, entirely in favour of the lovers, she had acted as representative of her friend in receiving the messenger—as she considered him—of Captain O'Connor. Her surprise was great on perceiving it was a stranger, and of so extraordinary a kind as my friend Mr Skivers. On the following day, she soon recognized me from Mr Trivett's description, and as that gentleman's suspicions were raised as to the visits of Captain O'Connor, she strengthened his belief that he was her admirer; and by that means, and by hurrying the party in pursuit of me, had left a good opportunity for the lovers to elope on this very night. Nothing could be more satisfactory, and I gained from her own lips a declaration that her happiness was now made complete, by the full approbation of my esteemed friend, her uncle, Mr Spriggs. On Mr Trivett's summoning us to the door, he perceived at a glance that matters were all as he had wished, and felt now assured that his rest would no longer be broken by defending his premises against the intrusions of the followers of the captivating visiter, whom her uncle had committed to his charge. "Get in, get in!" he said, "and let us get back as quick as possible—my daughter will be anxious about our return. You jump up beside the driver, Bill, and let Mr Smith come inside; we shall explain matters as we go."

And by dint of husting and hurrying he soon got us safely into the carriage, and on the full trot on our homeward way. I confess I forgot entirely both my friend Mr Skivers, and my late companion Miss Towsy. I was too much absorbed in the happiness of my position to think of any thing else. But my attention was suddenly called from my own situation, by the most appalling shouts and squallings proceeding from the back of the carriage. The coachman stopt, imagining he had run over five or six people in the dark, so prodigious was the noise. I jumped out, and in a moment recognized my friend Skivers seated on the hind part of the carriage, and writhing and jerking as if he were insane.

"You had better get off," I said.

"I can't, they're sticking into me."

"What do you mean? What is sticking into you?"

"The pikes—I'm like a prison-door, all studded over. I feel glued to the seat."

I helped him down. "How the deuce did you get there?" I said.

"Why, I jumped up to be sure, to make my way back to Liverpool; there ain't such a fellow in England for jumping, and now that I'm down, I think I'm not very much wounded after all; the points are very blunt. 'Pon my soul! what a clever thought it was to leave old Dozy Towsy in the lurch, and get back at the old cannibal's expense. I don't think there's a chap in Liverpool would have sat so neatly on the pikes—do you think there is? Confess, now, I'm the cleverest fellow you ever saw in your life."

Gentlemen, I need add no more—a month ago, I was made happy with the hand of Sophy Black. I'm now engaged in winding up some of the concerns which my unexpected good fortune had forced me to leave unfinished; and if there is one regret that mingles itself with my perfect satisfaction, believe me, that it is in thus putting an end to my connexion with this society, and my labours as historiographer of the Northern Circuit.

DENNIS ON SHAKSPEARE.*

* * * I TAKE the play of *Macbeth*. 'Tis a favourite piece of this Shakspeare whom all the world conspires to praise, and to praise throughout, in all things and without measure. Moreover, I have just witnessed Mr Betterton's noble representation of Macbeth, so that this play is fresher in my mind than any of the rest. I shall leave to other pens the task of pointing out the several beauties which unquestionably shine throughout this piece: it is a task which has, in fact, been repeatedly done, and *overdone*. I shall chiefly occupy myself in indicating what, in another writer, would be called blemishes, defects—what, in Shakspeare, are generally styled difficulties, obscurities, beauties of a dark complexion, lying concealed for the most part from vulgar apprehension.

The play opens with a brief scene, wherein the witches introduce themselves to our notice; but as we shall have a better opportunity, by and by, of speaking of these amiable personages, we pass on to scene the second. Here King Duncan, with his lords and attendants, makes his appearance, and a wounded "bleeding soldier"—a sergeant, as he is expressly denominated—is introduced, to give an account of the success of the war then waging between the king and certain rebels. Mark the style in which our bleeding sergeant describes the battle he has left. The whole of the oration is too long for quotation; here is the last half of the address. After the bleeding speaker has described, by the aid of much metaphor and parenthesis, the defeat of the rebel Macdonald, he thus proceeds:—

"Sold.—*As whence the sun 'gins his reflection*
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.
Dun.—Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold.—Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help."

We cannot add with Duncan—

"So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds."

We think his wordiness and his wounded state by no means comport. Unless, indeed, in this—that the eloquence of the bleeding soldier appears to be as sick, deranged, and feeble as was his bodily condition.

Lord Rosse enters to carry on the narrative of the wounded soldier. Those who admired the eloquence of the sergeant, will admire that of the nobleman.

"*Dun.*—Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?
Rosse.—From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us."

Such writing as this—such painful inflated obscurity, is common with our great Shakspeare. In him, we know, it was the result of haste, idleness, whim—any thing but incapacity; yet, nevertheless, *there it is*, and one must wince at its perusal. But let us on.

* The following piece of criticism professes to be an extract from a rare and forgotten pamphlet, lately discovered, by a collector of such curiosities, in the British Museum. We have not had time ourselves to enquire into its genuineness. There is n the style or matter but might very well have come from Mr Dennis.

Macbeth enters the scene, and encounters the witches. And now a word upon these creatures. That the nature of man lays him open to temptations of the kind to which Macbeth was subjected, is sufficiently evident. The idlest prognostications, if they happen to favour a predominant passion, will often be found to have an influence with men of strong mind, with men even of a sceptical turn of thought. This being a well-known fact, it is by no means necessary that we should have a positive belief in the supernatural agencies which the poet employs; it is enough if we can understand and sympathize in the faith as it exists in the personages of the drama. Shakspeare was not censurable, was not extravagant, in introducing the witches and their prophecy; we all know how such a prognostication must have acted on an ambitious spirit: neither is it necessary that we transport ourselves, by any violent effort of imagination, into a very dark and superstitious period; the heart of man is the perpetual unshifted scene into which the poet introduces us, and we can see *here* sufficient grounds for the belief in all those oracles or prophecies which pretend to reveal to each man his own future destiny. Beings gifted with supernatural powers we deny not to the dramatist; we require him to manage them with dexterity. It is in the execution of the idea, that all the difficulty and all the merit lies.

How has Shakspeare managed the matter in the present instance? Very indifferently, as I think. If it was necessary that his witches should be ugly old hags—such creatures, in short, as we generally understand by witches—then we should have seen as little of them as possible. The deceptive, paltering oracle should have been delivered into the ear of Macbeth with as little as possible of the parade of a vulgar grotesque witchcraft. Its effect upon *his mind* should have almost exclusively occupied our attention. For what is the impression produced by all these charms and absurd incantations which are here brought upon the stage? What but that of ridicule or disgust? What, especially, shall we say to the scene in the fourth act, where the witches throw their filthy ingredients into the boiling caldron, and make solemn proclamation of the nauseous catalogue? The reader probably hurries over it; nothing invites him to dwell upon this "hell-broth;" the spectator, who cannot so easily escape, would witness its representation with disgust, but that a sense of the ridiculous overpowers every other impression. Each addition to the "gruel thick and slab," produces a titter in the audience, who are nevertheless not at all sorry when they come to the last item in the recipe,

"Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good."

Out of this vile caldron there afterwards appears a succession of human heads, who address Macbeth from this novel species of rostrum. What more farcical mummery could be devised than a child's head rising out of this black pot, and in its little shrill voice spouting out to a man? If a modern author had presumed to put such a spectacle upon the stage, would the audience have tolerated it for a moment? Here we have, in a tragedy which is to represent one of the highest subjects a dramatic writer could select; namely, ambition conducting a noble-minded warrior to the greatest of crimes, and that ambition fostered and prompted by vague and equivocating prophecies of supernatural agents—we have, I say, in such a tragedy, an exhibition of mummery, witchcraft—call it what you will—producing no other than the mingled impression of the ridiculous and the disgusting. Can this be right?

To be sure they have, of late, introduced some very respectable music into these scenes of witchcraft. Good music (as we know from other most decisive experiments) is capable of overcoming the strongest absurdities, and in this instance, also, the audience listens, and ceases to think. But enough of these witches.

"I come, Graymalkin!
Paddock calls!"

Presto, let them vanish; we proceed in the company of Macbeth. Having heard the prophecy of the witches, and admitted into his mind the project of assassinating Duncan, he next meets with his wife, to whom he had sent word of the strange prognostications with which he had been greeted. This meeting is very happily portrayed—

"*Mach.*—My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M.—And when goes hence?
Mach.—To-morrow—as he purposes."

This is all he says, but it is enough. The comments which Lady Macbeth makes upon his manner further explain what is passing in his mind;—though, by the by, we do not see how, in consistency with the action of the piece, Lady Macbeth is made to say,

> "He that's coming
> Must be provided for; *and you shall put*
> *This night's great business into my despatch.*"

Macbeth, however, becomes irresolute. He is introduced debating with himself upon his scheme.

> "*If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well*
> *It were done quickly. If the assassination*
> *Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,*
> *With his surcease, success;* that but this blow
> Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
> But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
> We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
> We still have judgment *here;* that we but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips."

"If it were done, when 'tis done"—I suppose I must not hint that this is a very wretched style of composition. I may admire to the full—and perhaps it were difficult to extol too highly—the concluding sentence—"'This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice to our own lips;"—but I must not whisper that the first part of this soliloquy is, in point of composition, execrable. But it is not for the sake of the composition that I have quoted this passage; I wish to look for a moment at the *sentiment* expressed in it—*at the train of thought.* Macbeth is no disbeliever in a future state, or its rewards and punishments. He is here represented as contemplating the dispensations of justice in this world, even here, before life has run out; and this man—*in this mood*—is made deliberately to defy the eternal consequences of his crime in the life to come. Such a deliberate defiance a criminal may very possibly make; (although, in general, he would rather *avoid the question*, and would require to be wrought up to a state of desperation before he could distinctly defy the justice of heaven;) but he would not make it in the connexion here represented: he would not, in this calculating mood, dismiss the greater penalty, and pause at the idea of incurring the less. The *train of thought* is, in the highest degree, improbable.

Lady Macbeth enters, and to her is committed the task of reviving and confirming his murderous resolutions. Against the style of language which, in this scene, is put into the mouth of Lady Macbeth, I do protest. She might have performed the part assigned to her of sustaining the bad resolutions of her lord, and she herself might have been as haughty, daring, and unscrupulous as the poet chose to represent her, without using language marked throughout by coarseness as well as ferocity.

> "Was the hope *drunk,*
> Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
> And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
> *At what it did so freely?*"

This lady's imagination is familiar, it seems, with the orgies of men, and the repented pleasures of a debauch.

> "From this time,
> Such I account thy love."

Her husband's love is to be esteemed as a drunken appetite because he hesitates at committing murder. As to the allusion which follows to "the poor cat in the adage," I cannot determine on the justice of it, for the adage is unknown to me, but it appears to savour of insult; and our estimation of Macbeth himself is not raised, when we find him subjected to so overbearing and contemptuous a strain of oratory.

> "I have given suck; and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
> And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
> Have done to this."

Horrible! and utterly unjustified by the situation of the parties. Macbeth had not sworn to this act. The project had been broken to him only a few hours ago, and then, not in express

words. What could have passed in the interim to pledge him thus irrevocably to the deed? If it was craft, on her part, to represent him as thus committed to his resolution, it was equal folly, on his, to allow of such a false representation being palmed upon him.

"But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail."

Very apt language — for many purposes and many men—but not very suitable to the speaker on the occasion; that is, if any difference of style is to be preserved according to the subject-matter of discourse, and the birth, sex, and position of the person speaking.

"Bring forth men-children only!"

says Macbeth: Bring forth wolves and bears! and even then you shall not, with my consent, have the nursing of them.

Macbeth, confirmed in his bad resolutions, now proceeds to commit the murder. Here occurs the famous *dagger soliloquy*, in which the murderer sees before him the very weapon he is to use. Admirable! A bold and powerful conception. But after the dagger is dismissed from his imagination, the rest of the soliloquy presents a mere confusion of images and thoughts, some of which it is hardly possible would have occupied the mind of a man at such a moment—

"Now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost!"

The imagination that a minute before was so fixed on the single act about to be committed, that it saw the dagger in the air, is now at leisure to wander over Roman history, and to supply the personification of murder, not perhaps very appropriately, with the *ravishing* strides of Tarquin.

"Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy verystones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it."

Why should a murderer be solicitous to preserve the *horror* of the time? its *silence* is surely all that he would be concerned about.

It is not, it will be observed, the language of Shakspeare that I am here finding fault with, but the *thought itself* which he has chosen to attribute to the speaker. And I will give another instance, taken from the very next scene, where the *reflection* attributed to Macbeth is one which he could not possibly make—is, in fact, considering his position, altogether without meaning.

After the murder has been committed, Macbeth gives way to that fine imaginative frenzy wherein he describes how, through all the house, he heard a voice cry—

"Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep"——

This is truly sublime. There is hardly a grander conception in dramatic literature. But what are we to make of the passage which just precedes this high-wrought and solemn frenzy?

"*Macb.*—One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M.—Consider it not so deeply.
Macb.—*But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?*
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M.—These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

When I heard Betterton, the other evening, pronounce this passage in a serious, and pathetic, and *questioning* tone, I laid the blame upon the actor; the poet, I thought, could never have meant that Macbeth should seriously ask why, with his bloodstained hands, he could not say amen to the prayers of the two innocent men. It appeared to me, that though a question in grammatical structure, it should not be delivered in the manner of one who sought for any answer to it. But on returning home, and referring to the play itself, I exculpated the actor, and confessed my inability to say how he could possibly deal with such a passage. As a serious question, it is absurd—childish. To give sense to the passage it should be delivered

a tone of irony; in the caustic vein of one who is playing with his own agony; who pretends to marvel why he could not ask a blessing, seeing he had most *need* of it.* But the replies of Lady Macbeth forbid us to put this interpretation upon the words; and this fit of the ironical would be quite out of keeping with what precedes and what follows. It would be impossible for the actor to throw himself into this half-jesting vein, and then immediately after assume the proper temper of mind for the delivery of that fine passage—

"Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!"

Upon the whole, I suppose Mr Betterton did all that the case admitted of; he threw a great deal of feeling into the tones of his voice, and so disguised the insipidity and absurdity of the question that the poet had put into his mouth.

The course of these remarks—for I am keeping Macbeth in view—brings me to the *banquet scene*, where the ghost of Banquo rises. On this scene I alight, in order to take notice of the effect which the apparition of the ghost has upon the moral resolutions of Macbeth, and of the train of thought into which he falls immediately after its disappearance. Macbeth has no sooner recovered from his terror, than he contemplates fresh murders, and makes new resolves to pursue his sanguinary career.

Now I am very far from saying, that if a murderer were visited by the ghost of the man he had assassinated, that this would certainly reform the criminal. Startling as the effect would be, it might soon wear off; and after some time the man might begin to question whether, in reality, any such spectre had appeared to him. But surely it would not be the very next moment that he would meditate fresh murders, that he would dispute the testimony of his senses, and treat what had thrown him into an ecstacy of fear as an illusion of the mind. Yet this is what Macbeth is represented as doing.

"For mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M.—You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb.—Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed."

Jumping *at once* to the conclusion that the remedy against all such terrible visitations was to harden himself in crime. Is this natural? Does it describe a probable course of thought?

I observed that Mr Betterton left the stage at the conclusion of this scene with a pensive melancholy gait, and that he repeated the last line, "we are but young in deed," in a tone of voice corresponding to this demeanour. This is not the *reading* of the line which would occur to any one on perusing the text; it is a hard, headstrong, desperate resolution that the words express; but the actor felt that he ought not to be called upon to quit the stage in an utter immediate oblivion of all that had just been represented on it with so much force; he felt that the transition which the poet had given him to represent was too sudden, too violent, and that he ought not to be required to obliterate from his mind, in a moment, the horrible spectre which had just visited his guilt.

As to the closing scenes of the tragedy, wherein the tyrant, mad, desperate, unhappy, is hunted to death, they are admirable, and such as only Shakspeare could have written. They should be read with the comment supplied by a portion of the play omitted in the acting of it, and not likely to attract much of the attention of the reader. It is a short scene in the camp of his enemies.

"*Ment.*—What does the tyrant?

Cath.—Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang.—Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;

* Just, we presume, as a poor and hungry man might ask, why he should not go to the Lord Mayor's feast, as he surely had most *need* of it.

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-
breach;
Those he commands, move only in com-
mand,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief."

Accordingly, we find him at one moment venting his rage upon the hapless messenger, the "whey-face," the "lily-liver'd boy," or calling impetuously for his armour, and the next lapsing into melancholy reflections upon human life, and repeating, with bitter personal experience, the general wail of humanity—

"Life's but a walking shadow: a poor
player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Some writers, and such as enjoy no little repute in the literary world, whether justly or not I will not stay here to determine, have thrown a censure upon these reflective passages of the play, because they manifest an intellectual and moral culture which in Scotland, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was not certainly to be found. The Scotch, at this period, were little better than savage. But if I, Dennis the critic, were ten times as malicious, stupid, and wrongheaded as my enemies are daily, but in vain, endeavouring to prove me, I should still be unequal to so dense and absurd a criticism as this. A dramatic writer, like every other, writes for his contemporaries; and he must assign to his characters such sentiments and passions as his contemporaries can sympathize with. This necessity leads to a species of anachronism, where the subject is taken from an early and remote period of history, which is not only excused, but required. Nor has the choice of such an early and remote period been ever forbidden to him; it has advantages which overbalance this one perpetual and unavoidable anachronism, and which, because it *is* perpetual, and pervades the whole piece, gives us no offence, no feeling of incongruity. The dramatist can hardly invent new kingdoms for the display of his heroes, nor can he very well insert the names of new kings in a chronological series as familiar to us as the names of the months. If he deals with sovereigns and princes, you must give him some historical ground, some spot, however barren, on which he may build, on which he may bring his scene. Should the veritable transactions of some civilized period of history present him with materials for a drama, the poet may consider himself fortunate in having landed on so favourable a spot. But if, in order to develope his meaning, to portray his passions and characters, he has to invent a plot, then it is better that he should set down his fiction in one of these barren periods of history of which we know and care but little, than endeavour to jostle aside the true history, and make his story compete with some established well-remembered narrative. Such a period as this of the reign of Macbeth, gives the poet a position, a standing-ground upon the broad earth, and this is all that he wants; it puts a king and a kingdom into his hands, with which he may do as he pleases, unfettered save by the laws of human nature.

As to this outcry about *anachronism*, it is often made on other occasions with as little sense or justice. Some would actually bind down the poet to all the dull minute details of the antiquarian. If a piece of armour, for instance, was not worn in that century in which his narrative is placed, woe betide the poet for investing his hero with it! If he has placed the crested helmet upon the brow of his knight, at a time when the crest was not yet borne upon the helmet—unpardonable anachronism. Unpardonable affectation, say I! Who carries in his mind, ready at all times for application, a list of the several dates when this or that helmet came into fashion? Who is there that such an inaccuracy can offend? No one—or at most a few men, who have made such matters the chief study of their lives; and poetry was not written for the sole pleasure of the antiquarian. But I beg pardon of the antiquarian; it is not he who raises this senseless cry of anachronism. It is the miserable critic, who, borrowing for the nonce a little knowledge of the antiquarian, retraces his steps, and pretends to feel offence at inaccuracies which he has, for the first time, and after great pains, discovered. * * *

CALEB STUKELY.

PART VII.

THE TRANSITION.

THERE was a pouring in of people, and the large chapel was soon filled in every part. The place was singularly constructed. Its form was square, as already notified: its altitude was very great, and the staring, naked walls of white deceived the eye, and rendered the height still greater and more striking. Against one only of the four sides was fixed a gallery—this was opposite to the pulpit; it descended far into the body of the building, and might contain, perhaps, five hundred persons. The desk was placed in the centre of the chapel, at an unpleasing elevation—disagreeable at least to my disordered senses. An aching at the extremities of the body, such as the giddy-headed have experienced looking down from mighty cliffs into the sea, I felt acutely, turning my eye upwards upon the preacher, separated as he was from every other person, and toppling as he seemed with every movement of his body. I took a seat, and marvelled at the individual and collective hurrying of mankind. There was a slamming of doors, a rushing to seats, an absence of devout motion and reverential quiet—all of which I had been taught to regard as opposed to the design and purpose of true religious worship. I had been accustomed to remark in houses consecrated to the Almighty's service, a grave adorning, a modest embellishment, sufficient to dignify without profaning the sacred institutions. Here there was an ostentatious fierce display of nakedness and discomfort. The very seats were of the coarsest wood, innocent of paint, scarce acquainted with the plane. Instead of the enclosed, well-cushioned pew, with decent lining and convenient hassock, and its neat array of Bibles, prayer-books, psalters, here were pens and boxes, many, it is true, built in and appropriated to the owners, but the greater number exposed as coops for animals. These, in their narrow confines, never huddled closer than did the multitudes, who sought with eagerness and obtained scant standing-room in the enclosures. Habituated to deem most decorous and godly the solemn and universal bending of the knee, nothing could appear more strange than the heterogeneous and independent acts adopted here by individuals. In one place, a group of six, wrapt in meditation, standing up, directed their looks towards the preacher. Next to them, another cluster, meditating likewise, rudely turned their backs; some were bending to the left, some to the right; some stood bolt upright, some curved their bodies. A few looked to the gallery or the ceiling—their antipodes cast their eyes upon the ground. The whole were praying, or appeared to pray: not one was on his knees. Such were a few of the marked peculiarities that I could not fail to notice, during the two hours that flew away whilst I participated in the excitement of the congregation. The members were chiefly of an humble class; they were unfashionably attired, but their looks were marked with bold and most expressive character. The chapel was inconveniently thronged long before the arrival of the preacher; and when he at length appeared, the crowded floor, the lighted lamps of oil, the unwholesome and commingled odours, were enough to suffocate and kill him. He ascended the pulpit, and then, as if magically, the din of voices, the unsettled fluctuations of the thousand bodies, the whispers, coughs, and ceaseless humming, were chained and silenced. A breathless quiet instantly prevailed. I turned my restless eye at once upon the minister. He was a tall and graceful man; his cheeks were ashy pale, and his small and deep-blue eye potent even to witchery. No wonder that the multitudinous human sea was lulled to deathlike breathlessness under its bright influence. And what a voice! sweet as heavenly music, and powerful as melodious. He looked around him, and he uttered a few words ushering in the short prelusive hymn. As one heart, the countless

congregration was touched; and as one man, it rose to proclaim and peal aloud the glorious song of praise and adoration. What stirring sounds! piercing far into the depths of my desponding spirit, and eliciting tumultuous joy in the darkest caverns of despair. Chords of sensation—new, strange, and undefinable—were clanging in my soul; and a thrill, now hot now cold—a wild intoxication—a glad delirium—possessed me, and constrained me even to tears. I rose with the crowd, and held the rail before me for support—a needful effort! How calm and passionless was the preacher, with the heated sounds of enthusiastic piety burning at his ears! How meek, subdued, and holy, was his countenance! What a contrast it presented to the illuminated and excited looks of that united band of choristers. I could not choose but fix my gaze upon him, coveting his undisturbed and gentle bearing. Happiest of men I judged him. The loud and solemn strain was finished. With the last lingering accents the minister arose, and immediately you might imagine that an angel floated through the building, so perfect was again the stillness. And then he prayed, offering on high, with earnestness and fervour, sweet incense for that holy place; and truly *the children there brought a willing offering to the Lord, every man and woman whose heart made them willing to bring.* Groans of self-conviction, loud affirmative responses, accompanied the speaker throughout his heartfelt supplication. Did he implore his heavenly Father to suspend the fire that every moment threatened to consume his children's obstinate accumulated guilt—then did the loud "*Amen*" pass like a watchword through the suppliant troop, borne from stricken soul to stricken soul on sighs of heaviest misery. Did he change the theme, revert to the munificence and mercy of his Maker, and give glowing expression to the teeming sense of gratitude—how quickly did the combined, reverberant, and passionate "*Hallelujah*" crown the minister's pathetic thanksgiving! Oh, whither had I come? What fantasm flickered before my poor bewildered brain, amusing it with shadows, and detaining me from death, the grave, and longed-for, lasting peace. My mind tottered. God help me!—in an instant I was unconscious of my whereabouts—ignorant of my state—self-oblivious. My head burned, my throat was hot, my tongue parched. I stared wildly about me, and with my mad looks challenged the devout worshippers on either side. Suddenly an irresistible impulse to laugh aloud seized and tormented me. My judgment—the lunatic's entangled judgment—suggested the impropriety of self-indulgence, and then raged the hot conflict between eager, irrepressible desire and notions of high decorum; notions not the less inflexible because tinged with the delusive hues of a temporary insanity. Almost choked with the mad strife, I resumed my seat, with my handkerchief thrust into my mouth to check and smother the unseemly cachinnation. Then a glimpse of reason, like passing sunshine, stole across the clouded intellect, making manifest to consciousness my miserable state, and plunging me deeper and deeper into the abyss of wretchedness. My cheek blazed with shame, and now thoroughly convinced that I was no longer master of myself—that I was really given up to the demon who held men's minds in thrall—I buried my face in my hands, and would have given worlds to escape the searching gaze of eyes which my strange conduct had invited. "Oh, I am mad! I am mad!" I repeated to myself. "I can never look up again—I can never meet their looks—what will become of me?" There was a rustling in the chapel. I heard it, but I dared not glance around me. The minister had ceased. The prayer was at an end. Silence prevailed again; and again it was broken by notes louder than ever, gushing from the overflowing hearts of faithful worshippers. I permitted the shrill tones to pass into my ears, and to stir my soul with elevated thoughts; but jealously I kept my eye in darkness, as though the lightning waited only for the first half-venturing look to strike the orb with blindness. Cold perspiration poured from my forehead, and my fevered hands were moistened. The storm of voices subsided, and once more, silence most intense. "It is the stillness of the spring morn," thought I, dallying with fancy in my gloom, "when the commotion of elements gives place to calm unspeakable. What next? Oh

celestial accents! That voice is gliding over the turbulent spirit, stilling the waters. Good thought, good thought," I whispered to myself, "worthy to be written down. Christ stilled the waters, so likewise his ambassador—bright idea!" He pronounced his text. "*This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.*" He spoke of the Father, the parent of that son, and warned his listeners of the debt of love his children owed him. "Brethren," said he, his voice growing tremulous with compassionate entreating—"Brethren, we must love our God with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind. It is the great commandment. Yea, love him with all the ability, with all the faculties, with all the intensity, and with all the illimitedness of the living soul within us. Our love must be as pure, as boundless, and as lofty, as the heavenly spirit breathed into us by God at the beginning, and partaking of his own bright essence. All love less extensive than that of your own soul, born for immortality—less thrilling than that of your entire heart, which throbs and responds with natural emotions, and is, as it were, the very throne and sanctuary of human attachments—less exalted than your own mind, that sublime principle that thinks and acts, reasons and directs—all love less extensive, less thrilling, and less dignified than all these combined, is unworthy of God, and criminal in man. I tell you of the commandment—and, oh, is it come to this, that we must be *commanded* to LOVE the God who created us; who endowed us with powers only inferior to his own; who called into existence, for our use, the lovely and ever-fruitful earth; who arched the blue canopy above us, and gave the sun to warm, the moon to lighten our abode; who has provided for us enjoyment here, and bliss incomparable hereafter? If we were not lost, lost beyond the reach of any redemption—*of any, save* ONE—would not the overflowing mercies of God lead naturally to a longing, a panting, an ever-thirsting desire of love—love that would be satisfied with nothing short of its full expression—love that would admit of no comparison—love that would be equalled only by that transcendant and surpassing love that streams from God to man?

"Ah!" I exclaimed, pressing my closed eyes with force against my palms, "rave on, and bring if you can the warmth once more into the fleshy heart. Mine is of stone!" A murmur, significant of sorrowing acquiescence, passed through the assembly as the speaker paused. My heart knocked palpably against my ribs, tossed with excitement within me and without. A short interval of quiet, and the minister continued his address. He applied himself strictly to the illustration of his subject, dwelling with fearful emphasis upon the guilty progress of the prodigal—tracking him from the first light footfall of indiscretion, until he met with him at last deep-buried in depravity and corruption. "Fathers!" he exclaimed in a melting tone of pity—"earthly fathers, are you not here this night bewailing the cruel lot of such a one? Does the history disclose no picture engraven on your souls, which the thin and filmy veil of time scarce covers? The earliest prattle of the fair young innocent rings sweetly in your aged ear; but whither are gone the fond, fond hopes you reared, as the dear creeper clung about your knees? Have you forgotten yet the hour of leave-taking? You have not—you who remember well the big, cold shadow that crawled along your spirit—darkening it with fear and dread, more miserable to bear than heaviest present sorrow. You saw the new-fledged bird fluttering and fleeing from its nest—and, losing sight of it at last, you stood silently weeping. You gave the boy your blessing—and a limb was torn from you when you looked around, and found yourself alone. How little did you dream of disloyalty and betrayal! Who would believe that the strengthened love of years should be forgotten and disregarded in an hour—that the counsel of the firmest and the dearest friend, his requests and supplications, should be cast away, and whirled like chaff before the wind? But the time is short, and the son has reached a far country—his substance is wasted—he riots—he is a curse and not a blessing to the mother that bare him." No accompanying sounds issued from the congregation. The minister for a second forbore, and then a deep, half-smothered groan forced its passage from one poor wretch's stricken bo-

sum. "The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear." From head to foot I shuddered. "Now, now, to rush away, and drown in the deep waters the grim spectres that oppress my heated brain!" Alas, I could not move! A spell practised upon me, and shame, a threefold shame, heightening with every passing minute, fixed me like marble to the spot. "Poor prodigal!" continued the preacher, "his own most bitter enemy, breaking the parent's heart, but parting for dross with his own immortal soul, spending and wasting in wantonness and harlotry, till the bitter famine comes, and he must sink in dismal want! Behold him feeding the swine of the stranger—yearning for the husks they eat, whilst no man living will give to him. Oh, pity him—pity the prodigal in his misery!" The hot scalding tears rolled down my cheeks. I closed my ears with my hands, but the words had already reached my heart, and it bled and bled on. "Then cometh surely and speedily the terrible hour of retrospection, bringing with it pangs and groans and pitiable regrets—to many, impotent and vain as the idle summer air. Sinking with famine, starving for a crust, he remembers how many good and humble in the world have bread enough and to spare, whilst he perishes with hunger. And shall he perish? Yea, now and eternally, with no accuser, no judge, more vindictive and cruel than his own guilty conscience." The roof of my mouth was dry and clammy. I tried to moisten it with my hot tongue, and to think of the water side, and the forgetfulness and quiet that awaited me there; but the vision would not come, and the minister's words were a flaming sword before my eyes. "I have spoken to you of the impenitent, the hardened, and the lost. But the mercy of God is boundless as his kingdom, and all are not left to the mercy of a seared and sinful conscience. Grace abounds—and shall snatch some even from the jaws of the fatal gulf. Hark! What moving tones are those which fall upon your ear? Whose remorseful tears make soft the earth's hard pillow, and melt the contumacious heart? It is the prodigal—and it is the clank of fetters that you hear falling from his soul, and setting it at liberty. He will arise and go to his father, and will say—'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and I am no more worthy to be called thy son.' Oh! happy son—infinitely happy father!—moved to compassion—with the fount of natural affection flowing unrestrained—receive him with thy open arms, take him to thy bosom, and consecrate *repentance* with thy kisses. *Thy son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found—eat and be merry.* Are there none here this night carrying in their guilty breasts a load of sin that will not bear the light? What machinations, what secret plots, what offences against thyself, thy neighbour, and thy God, are rankling even as I speak? How long shall impenitence prevail—when will you seek forgiveness from the Father? Awake, thou that sleepest—awake, ere the last sleep of all o'ertakes thee, from which it were bliss unspeakable, and better, never to arouse again than rise unsanctified. Look there!—Behold the usurer depositing his treasure at the golden shrine—prodigal of the love he owes to God, and showering it into the lap of Mammon; and there again—the adulterer and the drunkard, with no loftier aim than the gratification of the animal craving—no higher love than the love of their own ignoble dust—meanest—most selfish—least generous of prodigals! And oh, look here!—follow me with your eyes, and mark yon trembling wretch—sure of pardon, and yet too cowardly to ask it—loving death rather than life—sin better than virtue—Satan in preference to God. Shall I read his thoughts? Come forth, thou that shunnest the day, and courtest the dark night for thy foul purposes! Weak and helpless man, stand forth! Dost thou love darkness and the grave so well that thou wilt barter heaven for them, and with one timorous act renounce for ever thy inheritance? I tell you, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red as crimson they shall be as wool. There is no guilt that mercy cannot reach—no crime that repentance cannot wash away—no state which the grace of heaven cannot remedy. Fear not, poor child, to throw yourself upon the willing clemency of your Father! Fear nothing but the desperate suggestions of the Arch-Enemy of man!"

The eye of the preacher was upon me; I felt it passing through my frame—curdling my blood—startling my spirit. I had no power to keep back. I could not withhold my own excited gaze. It was drawn—dragged from me—by a sorcery that it were to no purpose to oppose. Gradually, and blushing to the forehead, I raised my eye upward; and there, like a bright star, shone full and most benignantly upon me the blue and lustrous orb. I had no longer a sense of shame. It had passed away like a vapour beneath the holy light. The hand of the minister was extended—the finger pointed to me. I listened with transfixed attention. "I am here this night," said he, "with authority and with the means to save you from perdition—*you*, sinner—you who would court destruction, and with your own hand seal your eternal fate. Believe not that a violent death shall put an end to the natural consequences of a violent life. Madman, it renders them more terrible, more painfully acute. The woes of him have not begun who seeks to end them in a self-dug grave. The bitterest tears of earth are honey-drops compared with those he sheds beyond it. Take courage. Repent—and be a man worthy your immortal destiny and future glory. Flee from the Tempter. I warn you that even now, this very night, this very hour, this very moment, for the vilest of mankind, for the poorest of self-condemned and trembling sinners, there is hope—there is joy—there is pardon, if he will seek it with a contrite spirit from the Father of men and King of kings. '*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.*' I tell you this not without authority, I speak with the voice of my Master. Before me are my credentials. Scorn them and be lost—believe and be saved." He ceased, or, if he continued, I heard no more. I shook with wonder and alarm. I was satisfied that I had been the subject of a miracle—the more convinced of it, as I attempted to collect the various circumstances which, growing one upon another, had gradually brought me into my present situation. "Here," thought I, "is the hand doomed to pluck me from the consuming fire—the hand that has been fore-ordained from all eternity for that benevolent and gracious object." I could not be deceived. The sermon had been preached for *me*. It met my case. The preacher's eye singled me from the innumerable congregation; and at me—to my very heart, he aimed his barbed weapons—wounding me—lacerating me—but striking only to save. The heavy sweat poured down my cheeks, and I smiled—half conscious of my doings—most gratefully upon the minister. He marked me with close attention, or I grossly erred. I clasped my hands—and internally thanked God, my eyes dropping the while tears of extreme rejoicing, for the peculiar love which he evinced towards me. "Yes, yes!" I exclaimed, "I will repent—I will throw myself before my Father; I will not destroy myself, but I will snatch my soul from hell." A new song of thanksgiving, the last hymn of the service, sung with new fire and louder acclamation, diverted for a moment the current of my thoughts—but added fuel to the flame that had been kindled. A stranger placed a book in my hand. I joined in the inspiriting anthem, and with a louder voice, and stronger emphasis than any other, I invoked celestial pardon—for pardon and repentance were the subject of the song. The ceremony was concluded. The assembly dissolved, as it had come together—in crowds. The minister prayed in silence, amidst the tumult of the breaking-up. I gazed upon him, and dreaded the arrival of the fast-approaching minute that would move him from my sight. My soul clung to him as the anchor clingeth to the ground. He was, indeed, a friend newly found, and worth a world to me. I needed his presence for my support, and without him I feared to meet again with horrible suggestions, and the destroying eyes of the Tempter, which I could feel glaring at my back. The chapel was empty—every individual had left it. Still with entwined hands I stood, eagerly looking at the preacher. Slowly he descended from the pulpit, and not observing me, passed into the vestry. Instigated by an impulse that defied resistance, I followed him immediately. He was alone—and he turned his mild countenance feelingly upon me. I burst into a flood of tears, and, falling upon my knees, implored him to make good his word, and to reconcile me to my God.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE THROUGH THE BASQUE PROVINCES IN 1836-7. PART II.

DIEGO LEON.—THE HUSSARS DE LA PRINCESA.

THE first time I saw General Leon, was in a box at the Burgos Theatre. He was then colonel commanding the Princesa Hussars, his name as yet little known otherwise than as a dashing cavalry officer, but his fine person and soldierly appearance struck me forcibly. He was in the gorgeous full-dress of his corps, which became him admirably; his left breast was adorned with the ribands and crosses of several orders, and amongst them dangled a miniature model of the gold-headed cane, which is the sign of field-officers' rank in Spain. Leon was the Murat of the Spanish army—the same love of display and military finery, the same headlong courage, and the same good fortune and address in getting out of scrapes into which his temerity would now and then carry him. I heard, but cannot vouch for its authenticity, the following account of the way in which he entered the service. At the commencement of the Carlist war, his father, who was a very large landed proprietor, and strenuous liberal in politics, raised a troop of cavalry on his estates, mounted and equipped it at his own expense, and sent it up to Madrid in charge of his son, who, on arriving at the capital, received a captain's commission, and was confirmed in his command.

He soon made himself remarked by his courage and natural military talents, and soon rose to the rank of colonel. The Princesa Hussars, of which he then took command, now known as the hussars of Luchana, were formed at the beginning of the war by drafts from various cavalry regiments, whose colonels, as may be supposed, took care not to send away their best men. The consequence was, that this regiment had in it more *mauvais sujets* than perhaps any other in the army, and moreover, gained itself a reputation of cowardice by its conduct on one or two occasions. Leon soon accomplished a reform; and as the hussars were mostly fine men and the horses good, he had not been colonel a year, before they ranked with the very best, as they had before been some of the worst, of the Spanish cavalry. The uniform was very showy, although, perhaps, not the best in the world for service and bivouacs. The overalls light-blue, jacket yellow, and pelisse a milk-white, braided with black and gold. The head-dress, though not strictly hussar, was a very judicious one—a light shako, of smaller circumference at the top than round the head, with a blue and white plume. In their undress, the men, owing to their yellow jackets, had rather a quarantine or canary-bird look, but nothing could be more elegant than the *tout-ensemble* when on parade. Like all the light cavalry regiments during the late war, they carried lances, and Leon introduced the custom of having their decorations embroidered on their lance-flags.

When Leon was promoted to the command of a division, the hussars were attached to Espartero's *corps d'armée*, and with him did not lack opportunities of distinction. It was with a handful of this regiment and a few English lancers, that Espartero captured nearly three thousand men of Count Negri's division. He came up with them in the grey of the morning, on a piece of table-land in the mountains of Soria; and the Carlists, worn out by forced marches, and thinking the whole Christino army was upon them, threw down their arms without firing a shot. It was some time, however, before the main body came up—for Espartero had ridden forward and effected the capture with his escort—and for two hours a couple of hundred cavalry had to keep at least twelve times as many prisoners. In the action before Penacerrada in 1838, the hussars made a brilliant charge. Several skirmishes had occurred on the two days preceding the general action, and the conduct of one or two of the squadrons had not been very good—that which was considered the crack squadron had fairly run from the enemy, leaving their commander, Colonel Gurrea, (now Espartero's

secretary,) with scarcely a dozen men and officers, to meet the Carlist cavalry who were coming up. Gurrea, a most gallant fellow, brought up in England, and a good deal of an Englishman in some respects, burst into a passion of tears on seeing the conduct of his men, and cursing them for cowards, spurred forward to meet a certain death. Fortunately another squadron charged down, and brought him off. On the day of the decisive action, however, the hussars redeemed their character. A brigade of cavalry, of which they formed the principal part, received orders to charge the enemy's centre, which had already sustained some loss, but was strongly posted with some uneven ground and low mud parapets in front of the infantry and artillery, the cavalry being on the flanks. The Christinos charged up in beautiful style, but the enemy reserved their fire until they came within a very short distance, and then welcomed them with such a deadly volley from their field-pieces and musketry, that the line of cavalry was checked for an instant as suddenly as though an iron wall had been raised up before it. More than one look was thrown over the shoulder, more than one hand gave a half turn to the bridle-rein. At that moment Espartero came up, and at a glance saw that the fate of the day was at stake. "He drew a deep breath," said an officer who was present, and who afterwards described the scene to me, "and then '*A ellos! La gloria es la nuestra!*' shouted he, in a voice that was heard above the infernal din of the fight. Waving his sabre, and driving the rowels into the sides of his splendid English charger, he dashed forward the very first man. '*Viva Espartero!*' shouted the Christinos, and the next moment the Carlist infantry was broken and ridden over, the guns taken, and we scampering over the country, and cutting the cavalry to pieces."

This action, although apparently not more important than fifty others lost and won during the war, had indirectly a great influence on the affairs of Spain; for, in consequence of it, the Carlist general-in-chief, whose name I now forget, left the command, and the man sent for to replace him was Rafael Maroto, by whose subsequent treachery, (for, although greatly palliated by circumstances, treachery it must be called,) an end was put to a war which might otherwise have raged to the present time.

When Espartero went up to Madrid from Valencia in September 1840, he was for a part of the way escorted only by eight or ten dragoons. Leon was then in command of a portion of the army which had not yet withdrawn its allegiance from Christina. A partizan commanding a strong body of guerillas, and who also held out for the Queen-mother, placed an ambuscade in a mountainous part of the road, with the intention of ridding the country of a man whom the Christinos began to look upon as a traitor. Leon heard of this just in time to send an express forbidding the guerilla to interrupt Espartero's journey. If Espartero was afterwards informed of this circumstance—and I have been assured that he was so—it must have cost him no small struggle, a year later, to sign the death-warrant of a man who had behaved so generously towards him. But some great example was necessary to strike terror into the numerous disaffected. With his well-won decorations glittering on his breast, with front as unflinching, and voice as firm, as when commanding a charge against the enemy, Leon gave the fatal word, and the next instant was as dust of the earth. So died, a victim to his mistaken loyalty, the brave and chivalrous Count of Belascoain.

A Duel.

Spaniards generally have a strong, and not unnatural, dislike to see either military or civil employments in their country filled by foreigners, and it is rare to find a foreign officer in any of their regiments. Sometimes, however, one meets with them—generally Poles. On one occasion, during my rambles, I fell in with a battalion, quartered in an insignificant Asturian village, in which were two foreigners, a Frenchman and a Pole. The former, whose baptismal name was Victor, was a fine handsome young fellow, well educated, and even accomplished, whom a love of adventure had induced to enter

the Spanish service. His greatest fault was one not uncommon among young French military men—a headlong, random way of talking, especially when slightly excited by wine, or otherwise, which frequently caused him to wound the feelings, or give unintentional, but not the less real, offence to his friends and comrades. If remonstrated with on the subject when in cool blood, he admitted the failing, which he would again, however, fall into, the very same day perhaps, when heated by conversation or irritated by the least contradiction. Cyrzinski, the Pole, was of a widely different character. He was the *beau-idéal* of a veteran soldier, to which name, although little more than forty years of age, five-and-twenty years' service gave him a fair title. Tall and powerful in frame, inured to fatigues, and skilled in all military exercises, he was not less terrible in the field than gentle and amiable in quarters. He was the best-hearted creature I ever saw, and, although with nothing beside his pay to live upon, was ever ready to share his last dollar with a comrade. By disposition somewhat taciturn, he would sit for hours, his chin resting on his hand and a large German pipe in his mouth, listening to the conversation, but rarely taking part in it. He was still in the prime of his vigour, and although the shako had worn away the hair from his temples and forehead, it still curled thick and short on the top and back of his head, while a strong and very light-coloured mustache contrasted with the dark hue to which his fine face had been tanned by the suns and rains of twenty campaigns. The strangest thing about him was his dialect. It was a mixture of some half-dozen languages, picked up in the various services through which he had passed, and no one of which, except his own, could he speak with any degree of accuracy. Somehow, however, he made himself understood; and, as nothing ever offended him, it was often a source of great amusement to his comrades to laugh at old Cyrzinski's polyglot idioms.

I was acquainted with one or two officers of the battalion, and I determined to remain a couple of days at the village, to repose from the fatigues of a week's travelling on a Spanish saddle and over detestable roads. I soon got acquainted with Cyrzinski; we discovered that we had some mutual friends in another country, and an intimacy rapidly ensued. Although the village in which the battalion was quartered was a mere collection of cottages, and had nothing to recommend it save the beauty of the surrounding scenery, I found my time pass so agreeably, that I allowed several days to elapse without thinking of departure. The mornings were spent in riding, walking, and lounging, with an occasional bout at the foils, or touch at pistol-shooting; and in the evening, Cyrzinski, Victor the Frenchman, two or three Spanish officers, and myself, used generally to meet at the quarters of one or other of the party, for the sake of conversation, and the discussion of a bowl of mulled wine.

It was on the eighth evening after my arrival at the village, and we were assembled in the room of Don Julian N——, an officer whom I had formerly known at M——. For three or four days past, troops had been daily arriving from different quarters in our rear, and occupying a strong position, of which the village was the central and most advanced point. Several thousand men were assembled in the neighbouring hamlets, or bivouacking in the fields; while to our front a strong Carlist force had established their pickets within little more than musket-shot of ours. Nothing was expected for the following day, as both sides were waiting further reinforcements, but an action was decidedly looked for the day after the morrow.

We were seated, six in number, round a ponderous old table of black, worm-eaten oak, on which were placed a large bowl of coarse, yellowish earthenware, emitting a most fragrant vapour of spiced wine, glasses in number sufficient, but no two of them of the same form or size, and a bundle of excellent cigars. The conversation ran, as may be supposed, chiefly on the movements of troops, and probabilities of an approaching engagement. The first bowl was finished and another brought in, before a deviation was made from this topic, by one of the party relating an incident that had occurred that morning.

An officer had ridden out from the Carlist lines, mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, and amused himself by cantering to and fro—not advancing, however, beyond his own

pickets. Suddenly the horse started at some object on the ground, gave a rear and a plunge that nearly unseated his rider, and then throwing up his head in the most approved style of star-gazing, started off at a furious rate in the direction of the Christino camp. The officer tried hard to pull him in, but he was riding with a single-reined bridle, and, as ill-luck would have it, the leather broke. The horse went on at the same mad pace, his rider keeping his seat but unable to control him, until within a hundred yards of the Christino picket, when a shot from one of the sentries brought the unlucky officer to the ground. The horse instantly stopped, and stood motionless and crestfallen by his master, as though conscious of and repenting the harm he had done. Some men went out from the picket to bring in the animal, and finding the officer quite dead, a shallow grave was dug, and he was buried where he had fallen.

"The burial was not long doing," said one of the Spanish officers, a young man, and a great friend of Victor's. "The grave was scarce three feet deep, and coffins being, of course, out of the question, they just laid him in the ground in his shirt, as though he had been going to bed."

"And that was too much," cried Victor, "when linen is so scarce amongst our poor fellows. It would be a praiseworthy act to dig the body up and strip it."

"*Non pas*," said Cyrzinski, gravely, "von bad ting déranger los muertos —*ça porte malheur*."

"Oh, does it! Monsieur Cyrzinski," said the Frenchman, who had spoken merely in jest, but was roused by the slight appearance of opposition. "*Eh bien! le diable m'emporte*, if I don't do it then; and, what's more, I'll wear the Carlist rascal's shirt the next time we go into action. What say you to that, *mon Polonais?*"

Cyrzinski shook his head, but made no reply. The Frenchman, who had been drinking pretty freely, but was by no means drunk, now filled a large tumbler with wine, and took it off at a draught.

"Come along, Luis," said he to his friend, "I want you to help me, or I shall be all night digging up the carrion."

The young Spaniard hesitated, and did not seem half to like it; but he was accustomed to yield to Victor's impetuous character, and they left the room together. We shouted after them to come back, but they paid no attention to our call; and supposing it to be a joke of Victor's, and that he had gone off to pass the evening in the quarters of some other of his comrades, we thought no more of the matter. The conversation took a new turn. Cyrzinski laid aside his pipe, and, becoming unusually communicative, told us one or two strange wild stories of the fate of persons who had disturbed the repose of the dead. In his native province, he said, there was a strong belief, that the man who dug up a body always met an untimely death; and that unless he made expiation by masses and penance, he never lived to see the anniversary of the day on which the sacrilegious act had been committed. It was easy to perceive that Cyrzinski himself was not altogether exempt from a belief in these superstitions.

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Victor's departure, when there was a loud knocking at the house-door; and a moment after the Frenchman burst into the room, followed by his comrade, and laughing in a tone of boisterous, but, it appeared to me, somewhat forced gayety.

"We have got it," cried he, "after being nearly shot by our own sentries, who took us for Carlist foragers, I believe."

"Take that bird of ill omen," continued Victor, who, probably from the effect of the cool air, seemed more intoxicated than when he left the room; and he threw a small bundle at Cyrzinski. The latter, not thinking what it might be, by a natural movement held out his hand, and caught it. As he did so, the bundle unrolled itself, and a shirt of beautifully fine linen, but stained with blood and earth, dangled from the hand of the Pole, who immediately let it drop.

"*C'est une bien mauvaise plaisanterie, Monsieur Victor*," said Cyrzinski, and I could perceive the slightest possible sparkle of anger in his fine clear blue eye.

"*Comment! une mauvaise plaisanterie?*" cried Victor, who had just drank off a bumper, to counteract, as he said, the effect of the night-damps. "*Vous trouvez, donc, mauvais tout ce que je fais ce soir*. You seem to think that you are to be a lawgiver amongst

us, and that we are only to do what you approve of. Is not that the case, Master Cyrzinski?"

To this accusation, than which there could not have been a more unfounded one, the Pole made no answer, but continued puffing at his pipe. I observed that the whiffs of smoke followed each other with greater rapidity than usual; but his features betrayed no emotion, although the bullying tone, rather than the words, of the Frenchman could not be otherwise than galling to him.

"*Reponds-moi, donc!*" shouted Victor, who had just drank enough to be very quarrelsome, and who was doubly incensed by the calm coolness of Cyrzinski. "Answer me, or by G—— I will throw my glass in your face!"

Victor was standing opposite the Pole with a half-empty tumbler in his hand; and whether it was done intentionally, or whether, in the vehemence of his anger, he involuntarily suited the action to the word, I cannot say; but as he spoke, the glass flew across the table, and smashed against the opposite wall—Cyrzinski receiving part of the contents in his face.

I never saw any thing more truly dignified than the Pole's look and manner as he rose from his seat, and, wiping the wine-stains from his sunburned face and mustaches, addressed Victor, who still continued standing opposite to him, with the dogged look of a man who has done something to be ashamed of, but has too much false pride to acknowledge his fault.

"*Mon cher,*" said Cyrzinski, in better French than I had usually heard him speak, "you have done a very foolish thing; you have insulted, without reason, a man who was a soldier before you were born. I have the scars of nine wounds on my body, and I do not fear being taken for a coward. Say that you are sorry for what you have done—there is no degradation in doing so—and let the thing drop. These gentlemen are our friends—they will be silent on the subject for your sake; for myself I care not—Cyrzinski is known to be no poltron."

There was a momentary struggle in the Frenchman's breast between good feeling and false pride. Unfortunately, the latter prevailed.

"I have no doubt of your willingness to receive apologies," replied he, with a sneer; "but I do not feel equally disposed to make them." And, turning on his heel, he left the room. This unpleasant incident broke up the party, and we all retired to our quarters except Cyrzinski, who remained alone with Don Julian N——.

Before daybreak the next morning, the troops were turned out in case of an attack; but none occurring, after being under arms a couple of hours, they were allowed to return to their quarters. I was looking out of the window of the village *posada*, when Cyrzinski and our host of the previous evening, passed by, the latter with his cloak on. He beckoned me to come down, which I did, and joined them.

"This is a bad business," said Don Julian, showing me that he had a case of pistols under his *capa*. "Cyrzinski and Victor are going to fight; nor do I see how it can be helped, for Victor has again refused to make the smallest apology. You know, probably, that our military law is severe against duelling, and this affair may cost us all our commissions, and the more so as occurring in front of the enemy. Walk down with us, if you have no objection. No harm can accrue to you for so doing, and your evidence may be good for some of us hereafter, if it comes to a court-martial."

In a few minutes, we were on the ground selected for the duel, which was a small Indian-corn field in front of the village, and about equidistant from two of the Christino pickets, but screened from view by being in a sort of hollow, shut in on either side, and also to the rear by high land and plantations of young forest trees. It was inconveniently near the cantonments and pickets; but the whole of the adjacent country being covered with troops, it would have been necessary to have gone leagues to get a better place, and, on the whole, it was the most secluded spot that could be found. On the side looking towards the Carlist camp, the country sloped gently downwards for some three hundred yards, and then again began to rise for about the same distance, or rather more, till it terminated in a ridge or crest upon which the Carlists had their position. One of the loose stone walls commonly used in Spain to divide farms and estates, ran across the lower end of the field from which the maize had been recently cut. Beyond this, the ground was uneven

intersected by hedges, and sprinkled with apple-trees.

Victor and his second, the same young Spaniard who had accompanied him on his expedition of the preceding night, reached the field as we did. After another vain attempt on the part of Don Julian to extract an apology from the Frenchman, fifteen paces were measured, and the men placed. As the seconds handed the pistols to their principals, a scattering fire of muskets was opened, which to me appeared very near. I made a few steps towards the higher part of the field, and saw the grey coats and blue caps of some Carlist skirmishers advancing up towards our lines. Julian, who was to give the signal, seemed to hesitate. There was something strange in fighting a duel almost under fire of the enemy.

"*Allons!*" cried Victor, stamping his foot impatiently; "*dans un instant ce cera fini.*"

"*Uno!—Dos!*" cried Julian, with a pause of a second between the words.

At the *uno*, the pistols were raised; at the *dos* they fired. Cyrzinski's *bonnet de police* fell off his head with a bullet through it. His pistol, the charge of which had probably not been well rammed down, flashed in the pan.

At the same moment, however, and to the surprize of all present, Victor turned half round and fell heavily to the ground. The two seconds and Cyrzinski hurried up to him, and I followed. The blood was flowing from the back of his head. A stray bullet from the Carlists, who were skirmishing with our pickets, had glanced over the wall, which ran a few yards in his rear, and given him a fatal wound. The last words he had uttered, "*Dans un instant ce sera fini,*" might have been spoken in a prophetic spirit. Not a minute had elapsed, and he was already a corpse.

Plunder and Pillage.

No country in Europe, perhaps in the world, has been so thoroughly put to the sack as Spain within the last five-and-thirty years. First came Napoleon's armies, with all their foreign hordes of Poles, Mamelukes, Germans, and Italians, preying upon the land; then again, in 1822-3, the struggles between Royalists and Liberals; and although the French allies of the former party met with too little opposition to justify them in plundering, the "Army of the Faith" had no such scruples, and made *main basse* on the goods and chattels of the temporarily crushed Constitutionalists. Finally, came the Carlist war, which was indeed a finishing stroke. From foreigners, there might be some possibility for peaceable citizens to conceal their stores; but when their own countrymen were the robbers, it became very difficult, acquainted as the latter were with the places of concealment most in use, and often having accurate information as to the existence of the booty they came in search of.

As far as plunder went, the Carlists had a great advantage over their antagonists. When they made an inroad into the Christino country, there were rich cities and fruitful plains to reward them; while, if the Christinos entered the Carlist territory, they found rugged mountains, with here and there a paltry village or a still rarer town. The various free corps in the Christino service were desperate plunderers; and, I believe, would rather have carried off chairs and tables than have come away empty-handed. *Faute de mieux*, I have seen them bring in detachments of young pigs, and droves of those diminutive donkeys, about the size of a mastiff, common in Spain, and the use of which, until monkeys become equestrians, it was difficult to divine. Against this species of plunder, however, nothing can be said since the system of *razzias* has come into vogue, and the armies of one of the greatest military powers of Europe reckon up their victories, not by the numbers of killed, wounded, and prisoners, but by flocks of sheep and heads of horned cattle.

The rich robes of the Spanish priests, formed of a silk thick as carpet, and magnificently embroidered in gold, silver, and gorgeous colours, were favourite articles of spoil, and found many purchasers among amateurs of handsome dressing-gowns. But it was in Gomez's famous expe-

dition to the south that the golden harvest was reaped. I have been assured by eye-witnesses, that when the expeditionary column returned to the Basque provinces, after making the tour of Spain, and baffling with extraordinary skill the pursuit of the Queen's generals, the private soldiers, shoeless and shirtless, covered with rags and creeping with vermin, might be seen lying about the streets of the Biscayan villages gambling for gold *onças*. Gomez himself was perhaps the man who reaped the least benefit from all the plunder that was taken. At least it was pretty generally believed that a few splendid horses from the Andalusian *haras*, were all he gained in goods and chattels by his celebrated expedition. I saw him afterwards in the south of France, a dull heavy-looking man, with no external signs of the daring and activity which he undoubtedly possessed. A foreign officer who had served under him was also pointed out to me as having amassed during the expedition eight hundred ounces, nearly three thousand pounds sterling. He had a sort of belt and breastplate of leather made, which fitted on under his clothes, and in it he secreted all the gold he met with. I was told that, in this manner, a man might carry as much as a thousand ounces about him without great inconvenience, the precious nature of the burden doubtless making it more supportable. All the silver coin that came in his way he gave to his servant, who soon made up a large sack of dollars. The master reached the Basque provinces in safety with his treasure; but the man, either worse mounted, or more heavily laden, was drowned in crossing a ford when closely pressed by the Christinos, his wealth serving as a weight to sink him.

There was much wanton defacement of fine buildings, and destruction of works of art, during the late war. Notwithstanding the vast number of pictures taken out of Spain by some of Napoleon's generals, and the numerous others that have been bought by foreign collectors, there are still many admirable paintings remaining in the country, a large proportion of them wofully defaced by the brutality of the soldiery. I saw some striking examples of this. In one church in Biscay were about a score of very fine pictures, and which, I was assured, had cost large sums to the convent to which they belonged. They had met with terrible ill-usage, whether at the hands of the Carlists or Christinos, I know not. Holes had been cut in them, eyes scooped out, and noses grievously damaged; some had been used as targets, and others, judging from the stains of wine and grease, had been taken down from the wall and converted into tables. One unfortunate San Sebastian, already transfixed by numerous darts, had been, in addition, perforated by a score of pistol bullets, aimed apparently at his head, and which gave him a most honeycombed expression of countenance. A Virgin Mary had been converted into a grenadier by the addition of a pair of cross belts in white paint, and large mustaches; not a picture, in short, had escaped greater or less defacement. Such small respect shown to paintings of sacred subjects may seem strange in a country so famed for bigotry as Spain has been, and where a village of fifty houses is rarely without its church or convent; but since Spaniards have discovered how much of the decline and degradation of their country is attributable to priests and priestcraft, religion itself has unfortunately come in for a share of the obloquy incurred by its ministers, and the sacred emblems that, fifty years back, would have commanded veneration from the most desperate Spanish bandit, are overturned and spit upon by the reckless iconoclasts of the nineteenth century. Judging from my own observations, I should say, that in scarcely any Christian country is religion at a lower ebb than in Spain at the present day. The priests have to answer for this evil, for they it is who, by their political intrigues and licentious intermeddlings in the concerns of private families, have brought into disrepute the religious institutions it was their first duty to uphold. The evil will probably be but temporary. Let Spain get into a state of real tranquillity, with party feelings and passions hushed, and the profound natural piety of the Spanish character cannot fail to resume the ascendant, the purer, perhaps, for the fiery ordeal through which it will have passed.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.—MICHELET.

Part I.

We have sometimes heard discussions on the manner in which history should be written, which appeared to proceed upon the supposition that there was some one only manner appropriate to this species of composition, and that it was the business of the disputants to fix upon and establish this manner; whereas it appears to us that a subject of so vast a range—almost as extensive as human nature itself—not only admits, but requires every mode of treatment, and that there is really no manner (always supposing that the author is on a level with his subject) in which history may not be written. And it is observable that, in our own times, two quite opposite manners, and both resulting from more profound and more accurate views of the duty of an historian, have sprung up amongst us. Just at the time when the critical, sceptical, dissertative spirit had come forth in full force, and taken despotic possession, as it seemed, of the field of history, there arose a class of writers resolved to revivify the *narrative*—wellnigh forgotten in the controversies to which it had given birth—to resuscitate the actors, and make them move and breathe upon the scene; and this, not by the play of imagination, or by inventing, as did the ancients, fictitious orations for their great captains or their great statesmen, but by dint of those very labours of erudition which had served to nourish that more abstruse, and argumentative, and generalizing spirit to which they were bringing the antidote. To mingle in the same work narrative and dissertation in just and agreeable proportions, is an old and respectable canon of criticism, and by us shall remain undisturbed; doubtless, when a perfect history shall be written, it will be found to combine the severest erudition, and the most comprehensive philosophy, with the tact, the skill, the eye of the artist; but in the meanwhile, and till this faultless monster makes its appearance, we are willing to admit a division of labour in this great work of accomplishing the history of a nation—we give a hearty welcome to each individual writer by whom some one portion of the great task has been effectively executed, and we extend a free scope for peculiarities of diction and of thought.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, speaking of the History of the French Revolution by Carlyle, observes that a perpetual research, in contemporary chroniclers and pamphleteers, after the graphic, the picturesque, or the impassioned, has a strong tendency to divert the historian from what, after all, should be his main endeavour—namely, to collect, from an impartial perusal of all the accounts before him, the best-authenticated and least-distorted narrative of facts. With such a bias on his mind, the historian is likely to regard his authorities with favour, in proportion as they supply food to the imagination; he is in danger, in short, of sacrificing truth to effect; he may possibly partake something of the feeling of the dramatist, who considers himself quite fortunate, and in the high-road of history, if he finds *any* authority for that more captivating version of the story which he has adopted. To this observation we should attach all the weight which the author himself would assign to it, if we required or expected that the history of a country, or even of an age, should be given to us completely and sufficiently by any *one* writer. But this we think almost impossible. If we reflect on the different sentiments, religious and political, which must, of necessity, animate those who betake themselves to historical labours, and on the great diversity of talents which they severally bring to their task; and if we reflect, moreover, that there is no mode of thinking, and no talent of authorship, but finds its place and its scope in the field of history—we seem to be led to the inevitable conviction that the annals of a country must be written, and must, alas! be read, not in one, but in many books. The recognition of this necessity renders us indulgent towards the bias, or peculiar genius, of each individual author; we require that he should work well, rather than that he

should work completely; and are contented to seek in the pages of another, for matter supplemental and corrective.

Few books need a larger share of this species of indulgence than the *History of France* by Michelet, an author who in some points resembles our Carlyle—resembles, but is far from equalling. He has neither that perpetual pensive brooding over humanity, nor that strong caustic humour, which are the two main characteristics of the Englishman; but he has the same eye for the picturesque in narrative, and for whatever is most striking in human character, or in the position of human affairs. He has the same bold use of epithets, bordering on whim and caprice, the same daring singleness of view, the same wilful sporting with language, which shelters itself from rigid criticism by a half confession of its own wildness and exaggeration. He shares too, in some measure, in that spirit of favouritism with which the author of the French Revolution frequently treats his historic personages, not indeed concealing their faults, but adhering to them through good and evil report. He is a writer with a most decided *mannerism*, but has withal written one of the most amusing of histories—one in which the events, the characters, and the spirit of past times are brought very vividly before the imagination.

Michelet has taken full advantage of the labours of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. Sismondi had retold the annals of France, with a fulness of detail, and a fidelity of narration, hitherto unrivalled; and Guizot, in his lectures and essays, had surveyed the history with a philosophic spirit, always delightful, if not always successful in producing a permanent conviction. This latter writer so pleases by the lucidity of his exposition, that we willingly neglect to enquire very rigidly into the accuracy of his views: his structure rises, as with music, from the earth, and we breathe an indolent hope that the winds of controversy may not be let loose against its captivating proportions. In addition to these, and amongst a host of other names, the two Thierries had pre-eminently distinguished themselves, by throwing a fresh light over some of the obscurest portions of the history of France. Michelet, succeeding to the results of their labours, and himself gifted with a graphic pen and vivid imagination, has written, not indeed the most original or profound, or the most cautious or precise of histories, but the most entertaining, the most condensed, the most vivacious. No reader but will regret its abrupt termination; for he has not carried down the history later than to the invasion of France by our Henry V., and the death of that monarch, who seemed for a moment to hold both sceptres in his hand.

Without attaching ourselves exclusively to the pages of Michelet, but borrowing from others also, and sometimes weaving a thread of our own into the web, we propose to touch upon a few of those points in the history of France, which appear to have received a new light, or happier illustration, from the later writers of that country. Of necessity, we can deal here only in a few fragments of historic truth, and those selected merely for the gloss of novelty which they seem to us to wear. We can aim at nothing systematic.

But though our own design be of this limited nature, we cannot forbear to note that a rapid and masterly survey of the whole history of France would be no undesirable addition to the literature of England. It is a noble subject for the historian that the nation of France presents. There is none more replete with instruction, or more rich in incident. No country could be so fitly selected as this central France for a representative of modern Europe, throughout all the various mutations and revolutions which modern Europe, up to the present moment, has undergone. Choose what period you will—that of feudalism, that of monarchy, or those later times distinguished by a struggle, more or less ostensible, between monarchy and popular forms of government—and you still find in France the boldest type of the age. On her soil, amongst her ardent and vivacious people, the ideas and passions of each succeeding century receive their fullest development. During the predominance of feudalism, where do you find a more brilliant chivalry, or a baronial tyranny more severe? where do you find the several characters which marked that period in stronger relief, whether it is the saint in his cell, the knight on his steed or the fiery burgess running at i

sound of the tocsin to maintain his civic rights? Under its monarchy, what can compare with the rapid wonders of the reign of Louis XIV? All France becomes a court—arts and polite manners are a universal passion—and its language, adorned with its golden literature, which falls upon it in one splendid wreath, and exquisitely moulded to the purposes of wit and courtesy, is adopted as a general dialect for all Europe. In the struggle between monarchy and popular power, it is present to the mind of every one how terribly vivid has been the example of France! On this not a word is needed. Only let it be observed, that the same force, the same *breadth*, if we may so express it, of the historical picture may be noticed elsewhere in the annals of France. The people of the Revolution were living at Paris many centuries before; you may trace the same populace in the religious factions and in the Bartholomew massacre of the sixteenth century, that displayed itself so signally in the political revolution and the September massacre of the eighteenth.

Even if you care not to watch the successive phases which European society has exhibited—if you have grown weary of political lessons, for ever taught and never learned—if you read history merely for its story and for its examples of the general passions of mankind, you will nowhere find a richer narrative than in the annals of France. Nowhere is the human heart laid so open; nowhere does it beat greater strokes; nowhere is it seen in more violent or variable action; nowhere greater crimes—greater virtues. France may not only be considered as the fittest type of Europe in her several mutations, but the truest type of our variable humanity itself. This vivacious sympathetic race—so passionate, so intelligent—so prompt to seize whatever is new, so capable of carrying out to its utmost limits whatever it embraces—be it good or evil, pleasure or devotion, power or freedom,—are they not pre-eminently *man*?—pre-eminently the selfish, social, headstrong, inconstant, reasoning, unreasonable man? For this it is, that albeit we are English, irreclaimably English, and could breath no air but what plays under our own cloud-built sky, and comes to us mingled with our own ocean-music—for this it is we love the Frenchman even as we love humanity. Paris has long been, what it still is, the busiest of all human hives—where there is more *buzzing*, more *stinging*, and more *honey* made, than in any other like receptacle on the face of the earth. Nothing so light as this people; its quick intelligence does but mingle and harmonize with its keen sense of pleasure; it is laughing at that very foppery it loves so well, and which it at once practises and ridicules with such inimitable ease. Nothing so serious and resolved as this same pleasure-loving people; the chord is struck! and all Paris rises up a crowd of heroes—if enthusiasm, and courage, and the self-oblivion of passion, be sufficient of themselves to constitute heroism.

Fall of the Roman Empire.—System of Slavery.

In this our series of remarks we begin, as is customary, at the beginning. Gaul was a Roman province before it became the kingdom of France, and we must assist at this transformation.

In speaking—says M. Guizot, in a passage quoted by Michelet—in speaking of that invasion which overthrew the Western Empire, we often hear such expressions used as the *inundation* of barbarians sweeping all before it—a sort of human deluge carrying away all the monuments of civilization. Such expressions deceive us as to the true nature of the event. No great and sudden disaster overthrew the Roman Empire, nor did its laws and civilization die this violent death. A number of invasions—partial, successive—of men banded together for predatory excursion, more frequently than of armies raised for territorial conquest—these wore down the strength, wasted, and finally destroyed the Roman Empire in the West. It was thus, more especially, that Gaul was conquered. No mortal blow was ever struck, but a general insecurity of life and property for a long time afflicted the province; no part of the country was safe; no one knew whose land, whose village, would be next laid waste; communication

from one town to another was cut off or rendered dangerous; the organization of society was assailed, impeded in its action, broken up, destroyed. There was a dissolution, gradual but irreparable, of the vast body of the state—its repeated wounds healed not, but limb after limb suffered mortification, and paralysis, and decay. The masters of the Roman world found it impossible to hold together, to keep in systematic action, their mutilated empire; they were compelled to relinquish even those parts which had as yet been spared by the invader; from a great part of Gaul, and from Great Britain, the imperial administration deliberately withdrew, leaving the territory to be divided, or contested for, amongst the rival hordes of barbarians.

If such the true character of the event, how can the success of the barbarian be accounted for?—how came the *empire* to fall under a series of invasions nothing comparable to those which the *republic* sustained? Shall we attribute the weakness of the empire to the vices of the imperial government? But an imperial government is, at all events, well calculated for the purposes of war, and the provinces were more wisely and justly governed under the sway of an autocrat than under those prefects which the senate annually sent forth, and whose great anxiety was to enrich themselves before their successors drove them from the field. The worst of the emperors were often exceedingly popular and beloved in the provinces—Rome itself being a theatre large enough for the practice of all their vices and their tyranny. Jurisprudence, and the administration of the civil law, continued in a steady course of improvement. It was an internal evil certainly that destroyed the empire, but not one of a *political* nature—it was a *social* malady—one which lay in the very organization of society—one which no administrative power could reach—it was the system which committed the cultivation of the soil, and other branches of manual industry, to the hands of the slave—it was this that, like a slow poison in the constitution, withered up the strength of the Roman empire.

When Rome made her vast conquests, she brought in, from every part of the world, troops of captives. With these the rich patricians cultivated their enormous estates; the race of small proprietors and of free husbandmen became extinct; and the nobles committed their extended fields and their vast tracks of pasture to the care of these imported slaves. Throughout the empire the land was generally cultivated by slaves, or by agricultural labourers bound to the soil, and but one degree removed from slavery; arts and manufactures were practised by the slave; the industry of a country, in which consists the wealth of a country, was entrusted to the energy of the slave.

Doubtless there were other causes operating to the destruction of the Roman empire; but all other causes, without this, are insufficient to explain the fact, that so noble a province as Gaul—under the sway of a civilized and military power—was allowed to be pillaged and conquered piecemeal by hordes of barbarians; while this one cause seems sufficient of itself to account for such a lamentable result. For note how insidious and complete was the mischief that it wrought. As its first consequence, there was no free peasantry to rise on the emergency to repel an invader—no patriot bands could be called together—no militia, no guerilla warfare; all must depend on the paid and disciplined troops of the emperor. While, indeed, the revenue of the emperor was sufficient to the demand made upon it, this was not of vital importance. Of good soldiers there was no lack, so they could be paid for. Rome could subsidize its invaders to protect it from invasion. Those large-handed robbers, those men of giant bulk, who came stalking out of fields and forests they had no patience to cultivate, were willing enough to feed and fight (they were equal pleasures) at the empire's expense. But the second consequence of this false and vicious system was even more disastrous than the first. An industry committed to slaves—divorced from the spirit of competition—converted to a disgrace—stationary at the best, with no principle of advancement, no elasticity to recover itself from depressing circumstance—could not supply the *revenue* for the support of that immense mercenary force which the weakness of a slave population rendered necessary. The burden of taxation absolutely crushed the people. Year after year that burden was imposed upon resources which were year after year declining under

its pressure. The taxation impoverished, till in some places it actually depopulated, the province.

Slavery was not, of course, peculiar to the Roman empire; nor is this the only empire which has sunk under the slow curse it entails. It was the system prevailing throughout the old world; apparently the first and inevitable result of war and conquest. It was a natural and egregious blunder of human selfishness. A community of men thought it the most rapid and certain method of enriching themselves to conquer other men, take them captive, and make them work for them. But wealth is, after all, the product of human industry reducing to subjection the powers of nature; it is nature, not man, that we must conquer; and nature yields reluctantly and grudgingly to dishonourable toil, and labour that the scourge impels. She loves not to surrender to hands that the fetter has marked. And therefore, in addition to the suffering of the human being, compulsion, and the prison-house, and labour (which, in every sense, is man's best friend) converted to a degradation — besides all this, there is a gross blunder made in the attainment of national wealth. The great proprietor, whether patrician, or bashaw, or noble, is content enough, and finds that all goes well; but the community, as a whole, becomes impoverished; its industry, the source of every thing, is relaxed, unhonoured; sloth and corruption are fostered, its fictitious strength decays, its civilization must kiss the dust.

Interrogate those gigantic ruins in the East—Thebes, and Egypt, and Palmyra—they will teach the same lesson. Enslaved multitudes raised the temple, the palace, the pyramid, and, melting away at the base of the structures they had reared, left their work to the inheritance of the desert. The slow sand gained on their labours.

These yield a silent testimony; in the history of Rome we have loud evidence of the operation of this pernicious system. Nothing can speak more plain than the description we have of the distresses of the province of Gaul, owing to the demands of a craving exchequer, and that at a time when no peculiar tyranny is complained of. When the census was to be taken, says Lactantius, a father of the church, in order to fix on each person or family the due amount of contribution, such was the lamentation, such the general distress, one would have thought there was an invading army, or a town taken by assault. But in vain, he adds, did the officers exaggerate the value of every thing, in order to lay on it the greater tax—in vain did they add to the years of infancy and take from those of old age, that they might increase the number of such as were liable to the tribute: the men, indeed, could suffer and could starve, but they could no longer *pay*. The fields were deserted, or were strewed with the sick and the dying. The tax, in all its exorbitancy, was imposed, but there was nothing left to pay it but the dead!

Nor did the wealthy inhabitants of the Gaulish towns escape the unwonted pressure of this financial distress. The magistrates, the *curiales*, were made responsible, in the first instance, for the tax imposed upon the whole province. They were called upon to pay the entire contribution into the imperial exchequer, and take upon themselves the collection of it. Now, the magistrates of the great cities of Gaul occupied a very honourable position; much power was necessarily thrown into their hands, and the emperors were, in general, solicitous to maintain the honour and efficiency of this body of men. But this one charge of collecting the revenue was so oppressive, and rendered them so odious to their fellow-countrymen, that there was the greatest anxiety to escape from office. The highest or senatorial rank, men who generally resided in their villas, were exempted; the class next in order were those oppressed by these civic honours, and they had recourse to all manner of pretexts and expedients to escape from them. The code is full of decisions pronounced against such pretexts, and compelling men to assume these municipal functions. Some were known to take flight and conceal themselves in the garb of slaves, in order to avoid these intolerable honours. There is a *novel*—that is, a decree of the emperor—which ordains, "that if any bailiff of an estate (to use a free translation) should receive any such runaway burgess or common-council-man, and not render him up to the town to which he belonged, such bailiff, if a freeman, should be degraded and

sentenced to labour, and, if a slave, should be beaten to death." What shall we say of the state of society where there was a law punishing with death any one who should harbour a citizen seeking a refuge amongst slaves from the honours of the magistracy!

In the mixture of good and evil which accrued to mankind from the overthrow of the Roman empire, we must set down first and pre-eminently amongst its good results, that it led to the abolition of this system of slavery. It seems that nothing less than a reconstruction of society—a complete beginning again—could get rid of an evil so incorporated into the civilization of olden times. We sometimes hear this result attributed at once and simply to Christianity. There has been no good done in which that religion has not had its share—there is no good result to which it ought not to lead; but assuredly the preaching of Christianity did not of itself effect this reformation. The city of Antioch was one of the greatest, and perhaps the most Christian city of the empire. Its opulent inhabitants retained their slaves with as little scruple of conscience, under the preaching of their excellent bishop St Chrysostom, as when the priest of Apollo led forth the youth of the city, in riotous assembly, to the voluptuous groves of Daphne. He who would note the true era of the downfall of slavery, must, in our opinion, keep his eye upon the rising *communes*, on the new municipalities, which, over all feudal Europe, struggled into existence and power against their disorderly oppressors. In these communes, or free burghs, society began afresh, and entered on a new track. The citizens, who were here struggling for independence and the benefit of equal laws, were not in the condition to *have* slaves: what they contended for was, the liberty to work with their own hands, and enjoy the produce of their own labour. When they had triumphed, the industry of the towns was seen to be in the hands of freemen; the labours of the loom and the forge were transferred to workmen, proud of their social position, and resolved to maintain it. The Flemish weaver had his sword hanging at his loom. Thus a new model of society was given. It was soon felt that the industry of the fields also—that the labour of the husbandman—ought to be manumitted. Nor was discontent idle amongst the peasantry. The preaching of Christianity, operating on this state of things, and strongly aided on one occasion by the general belief that the world was coming to an end, completed and sanctified the happy revolution.

Intellectual Condition of the Province.

It paved the way to the admission of the Franks and other German tribes into Gaul, that the intellectual power had gone over to the Christian church, and that the Christian church had not become national, or made alliance with any form of patriotism.

The bishops of the church had become the great thinkers of the age. The old classic literature was dying out—the fountain ran by drops—it dribbled on in epigram and elegy. What were they doing, in the fourth century, the followers of Virgil and Cicero? They were composing profound treatises on synonymy, says M. Guizot; they were elaborating panegyrics on great men, as well living as dead; they were making abridgements and extracts; they were inditing elegies and epithalamiums. This was the utmost reach of their intellectual labour. On the other hand, the Christian bishop, in works generally called for by urgent occasion—works ill-fashioned, it may be, but full of earnest conviction—was stirring the deepest questions of philosophy, or deciding on the vital rules of human conduct. Under the sanction of religion, he was, in fact, reviving the great problems of philosophy. It was philosophy and eloquence against grammar and rhetoric—native force and profound conviction against mere repetition and an imitative skill. And the old classic literature had for its patrons none but those high and opulent members of society, who, after having filled the several offices of the state, came to reside upon their lands in the province, and who lived in their country palaces far from the mass of the population; men half-Pagan, half-Christian, caring little for any theology whatever—uniting a taste for study and literary pleasure, with the f

enjoyment of the luxury and magnificence of wealth—men with whom time passed agreeably enough—who were not unamiable characters—but who were weak because utterly egotistical. The Christian bishop, on the contrary, was the greatest actor, as well as thinker, of his age. He lived in no indolent retirement; he dwelt always in the midst of the town, amongst his fellow-citizens. Whoever wished to see him, was received—he heard complaints—accommodated disputes—performed the functions of a judge as well as of a priest. He was always in the midst of the people, living for the service of the people. When St Hilary was dictating his works, the doors of his house and his room were open, and oftentimes the people would enter freely and unopposed, and listen to his dictation.

Can there be a doubt to what party had gone over the power of *the word;* or amongst whom we are to look for the intellectual life of the age?

But all this vigour in the Christian church availed nothing—less than nothing—to the repulse of the barbarian. Christianity renovated man, but not the empire. It stood aloof in the hour of its strife and agony. It had taken advantage of its universal sway, to extend itself therewith over the world, but it had formed no genuine alliance with it, and had brought to it no new strength. On the contrary, Christianity discountenanced its proud pretensions, and repudiated its heathen reminiscences; it antiquated its literature; it made Rome—existing Rome—a bygone tale; it turned the stream of national thought—of national passion and prejudice. The Christian community had no country—no frontiers to defend—no popular traditions to nourish. The greatness of Rome, as well as its literature, was pagan. What was Romulus—says M. Michelet—what was Cæsar or Augustus, to men whose capital was no longer Rome but Jerusalem? What the invasion of Goths and Franks, to men in whose estimation Arians and heretics were more terrible enemies, and far more hateful? Heathen Rome had done her task, and was leaving the world to one who looked with cold indifference on the struggles of an earthly monarchy. The clergy of Gaul saw in Clovis a conqueror, whose conversion, and, above all, whose orthodoxy, was sufficient compensation for every deed of violence. This at once naturalized the Frank—this gave good title to the barbarian. Faith, with them, was country; doctrine was the sole territory they cared to defend. Gregory, the good bishop of Tours, could thus record, in the language of Scripture, the success of Clovis—a success attained not only by the violence of open war, but by a series of most perfidious assassinations:—"And the Lord cast down his enemies, and increased his kingdom, because he walked with an upright heart before him, and did what was pleasing in his eyes." He had carried fire and sword amongst the Arians.

The Franks.

It is now generally understood that the Franks were not a distinct race or tribe, but a confederation of several German tribes lying on the Rhine or the Elbe, and the sea-coast between the mouths of these two rivers. The name *Franks* used to be interpreted as signifying *freemen;* but, according to the etymology now generally received, it signified *fierce, ferocious.* Ferocity was no blemish in a German warrior in those days; and the Franks (who, M. Michelet tells us, had adopted the worship of Odin, and partook the warlike frenzy of that sect) designed to describe themselves by this appellation, not as *free*—for political liberty was not in question—but as fearful, implacable adversaries, from whom no other than the mercy of the sword was to be expected. The Franks entered Gaul under Clovis, in a body of six or seven thousand. Unlike many other of these warlike emigrants, they were unaccompanied by their wives and children—which may perhaps partly account for the German language taking so little root in the soil of France.

The southern part of Gaul had already been conquered by the Visigoths; the western by the Burgundians; the northern portion was now to fall under the Franks. This last conquest was of a more severe description than either of the preceding. In the south, the Visigoth princes had cultivated civilized tastes, and the

court of Toulouse wore an imposing aspect. As to the Burgundians, they, with arms in their hands, had rather sat themselves down in the character of self-invited and most unacceptable guests, than demeaned themselves as conquerors of the soil. Having under this very social name of *guest*, taken to themselves two thirds of the land, and one-half of the slaves, they made a scruple of further encroachment, and respected the remaining rights of the Roman. Towards the rich senator on whom they had quartered themselves, and who was co-proprietor merely on sufferance, they behaved with courtesy; and, acknowledging in his person the power of civilization, they betrayed even a rustic embarrassment in his presence. Following the example of his clients, they assembled at his morning levee, and saluted him as their *patron*. The Franks had no such forbearance. Keeping themselves united and under arms, they pillaged and governed from their camp. They not only possessed themselves of the north of France, but speedily subdued or obtained a predominance over the Burgundians and the Visigoths.

Having recalled these facts, let us ask what was the kind of government, what the sort of monarchy, established by these Franks? We should greatly deceive ourselves if we represented it under any form of sovereignty familiar to us; and the French historians of a previous age fell into some very ridiculous mistakes by assimilating the government of the Franks—a race of Germans—to that monarchy of France so familiar to their imaginations. In truth, the Franks were an army of barbarians, living in the land and domineering over its inhabitants; and Clovis was ruler of this army, and king of his own people. But he was not the monarch of any defined territory, nor could he be said to stand in a political relationship to the old inhabitants. He claimed no civil obedience on the plea that he offered protection; protection was no part of his anxiety; he neither understood their laws, nor cared to understand; he suffered the trembling municipalities to conduct their litigation, and secure their rights amongst themselves, in what manner it pleased them. Simply, he and his Franks stood on the same soil with the Roman population, and seized whatever they coveted, but the royal brigand had no care to govern the people he had fallen amongst. He was, properly speaking, king only of his own army, and his power extended with the range of his sword. He was still a foreign prince to the Gauls. His successors assumed more and more of the function of government; but throughout the Merovingian dynasty, much of the organization of the old Roman society remained, not from its own strength, but from the indifference of the conquerors. Their great notion of government, of power, of monarchy, was to seize upon all they could enjoy. The land, the cattle, gold and jewels, wine, and beautiful captives—these to them were government.

Let us look a little nearer at these Franks—let us picture them to ourselves in war and in peace. The portrait of a Frank warrior is peculiarly savage. His hair, of a light red, was cut close at the back, by the nape of the neck; the front part grew long; and this, after being tied in a knot that glowed upon his forehead, was allowed to fall behind as low as to the shoulder—forming thus a sort of natural helmet. The face was shaven, with the exception of two tremendously long mustaches, which hung down quite perpendicularly at each side of his mouth. His garment of cloth, or of bear's-skin, was made to fit close to his limbs; a broad belt crossed the chest, from which his sword was suspended. The favourite weapon, however, of the Frank, was an axe or hatchet, with a short handle, double-edged, the iron thick in the centre, and the edge very sharp. The Latin chroniclers called it a *francisca*. They began the combat by hurling this axe, which they did with great dexterity and precision, in the face of the enemy. But, besides this *francisca*, they had a weapon still more peculiar. This was a spear of considerable length, surrounded at the point with a number of barbs or hooks, which, being sharpened at the outer surface, were capable of penetrating the substance against which they were thrown, and which, having once penetrated, no ordinary force could extricate. The handle was of wood but covered with plates of iron, so that it could not be broken or cut by the sword. When this pike—this *hang*, as it was called—was hurled at the buckler of an enemy, the sharp hooks having penetrated the

shield rendered all extraction impossible, and it remained dragging on the earth. The Frank then rushing forward would plant his foot on the long handle, and leaning with all the weight of his body, force his adversary to lower his arm, and thus expose his head and body to attack. Sometimes a cord was fastened to the end of this pike, and it was used in the manner of a harpoon. While one of the Franks threw this tremendous javelin his companion held the cord, then both of them pulling together dragged the man's shield from him, or if he would not relinquish his hold, or the weapon got entangled in his dress, they dragged in the man himself. They fished for him; they harpooned him as a whaler does a whale.

Such was the appearance he presented in war. If you would figure to yourself the Frank, or, let us say, the court of a Merovingian prince, in time of peace, you must not carry your imagination to any one of the great towns of Gaul. These barbarians despised the town; they had no relish for a city life. The seat of the court resembled a great farm planted in the open country. The royal habitation, we need hardly say, had nothing of the aspect of the castles of the middle ages. It was a large, low building, built, in general, partly of stone and partly of wood, surrounded with porticoes or piazzas of Roman architecture, and adorned with sculptures, taken no matter whence, and not, we may be sure, very scrupulously arranged. Around this principal structure were disposed the residences of the chief warriors, who were also the great officers of the palace, and of other Franks, the faithful and pledged followers of the king. Next came a circle of houses of still less magnitude, where lived a number of families, mostly Gauls, who were occupied, men and women, in all sorts of manufactures, as of arms and clothing. Beyond this was an outer circle, consisting of barns for grain, stables for the cattle, and cabins for the serfs.

Such a royal farm as this was situate, M. Thierry tells us, at what is now the village of Braine, six leagues from Soissons, and it was the favourite residence of Clothaire, the last of the sons of Clovis. Here it was that he kept, well guarded in a secret apartment, within strong coffers thrice locked and barred, his royal booty, his coined money, his jewels, and his vessels of gold and silver. Here it was that he exercised the rude irregular powers of his government—at one time convoking a synod of bishops from the towns of Gaul, at another, presiding over the great assemblies of his Franks. These last assemblies were followed by downright German feasting; the boar and the deer were roasted whole, and a huge tun of wine or beer, with the top knocked off, stood open in each corner of the room for the ever-thirsty guests to dip their cups into at pleasure. Clothaire, when he was not at war with the Saxons, passed his time progressing from one such royal farm to another, consuming the provisions which in each had been laid up in store for him.

During the Merovingian race, we see living together on the same soil two distinct people—the conquering German, the conquered Gaul. The old Romanized population are compressed and coerced within the walls of their towns—towns which are diminishing in number, and contracting in extent; while a young barbarian sovereignty pitches its tent in the fields, and reigns as it wanders. Slowly the genius of Rome retreats before the spirit of the German woods.

Retreat, however, it does. We lose sight of the Roman world; yet it is not a Frankish people that takes its place, nor a Burgundian, nor a Gothic. A new nation arises. Gaul is extinct, France is born! By a growth almost as mysterious as that of organized life in the plant or the animal, a new people, speaking a new language, is seen to take possession of the soil. Out of many various elements there comes forth a nation distinct from them all, to run its own great career upon the world.

There are who look upon such revolutions, or national transformations, with very different sentiments. Those whose speculations take a cheerful hue, delight to trace, notwithstanding many checks and deviations, a law of progression in human affairs, and to look forward to the realization in the future of some happy model of society, to be elaborated after many ages, and through many painful experiments. It is their custom to compare the course of history to a path which winds round some rugged mountain; occasionally it descends into abrupt and fearful chasms, deserted of the light of day, but still it is the pathway *up* the mountain, and

will ultimately conduct to its illuminated heights. Others regard change, and fluctuation, and an oscillating movement, as the natural law of our world; and if they admit that men may possibly secure a greater *permanency* for national prosperity and civilization, they will not allow that they are capable of attaining any more felicitous condition of existence than that which their predecessors had reached and lost. These are as little alarmed as they are hopeful at the thought of change. Let Roman empires decay and fall; the earth and human nature are left them still.

Michelet relates—but where or for what purpose we have now forgotten—a German legend of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, for which this latter class of reasoners might perhaps find an application. According to the legend, Frederic Barbarossa is not dead, but only sleeps. A peasant who had lost his way in a forest, and who was plunging on in desperation through thorns and brambles, which apparently had never before been disturbed by human being, discovered the cave in which the emperor is slumbering. He was sitting with his elbows resting on a stone table that stood before him, and his brows were buried in the palms of his hands. So long had he slept that his famous beard had grown all over the stone table—had wound nine times round its legs—and then lay extended, and extending itself, upon the floor. The peasant, as he broke away the briers, disturbed the slumbering monarch, who, raising his head—as we may be sure with a beard in such a position—very little and very slowly—asked the peasant, not how politics were going on, ecclesiastical or civil, or what governments or empires were rising or were falling—he asked this very simple question—"Do the birds still fly about the mountains?" The peasant assured him that such was still the case, that the mountains were yet standing, and beast and bird were living on the earth; and thereupon Barbarossa, apparently incurious to learn more, buried his head again within the palm of his hands, and sunk contentedly upon his stone table, where he still continues to slumber, and his beard to grow.

Sluggard Kings—Mayor of the Palace.

Who or what was the mayor of the palace? Before Sismondi wrote his history, the mayor of the palace was, without hesitation, described to be an officer originally appointed by the king to superintend the royal revenues and the internal economy of the palace; an office of great importance, especially at a time when the revenue of kings was derived immediately from their own property, and when, as we have seen, they were in the habit of travelling from place to place to consume the provisions of their several domains. But this historian finds in the mayor of the palace an officer of a quite different description; he considers him to have been not a *High Steward*, but a *High Justiciary*; not to have been appointed by the king, but to have been elected, originally and of right, by the body of the Franks, to administer justice amongst themselves. Instead of being a royal officer, created by the king, whose duty it was to regulate the economy of the palace, he was a judicial officer, the highest magistrate, and popularly elected. The mistake into which previous writers had fallen, M. Sismondi explains thus. This chief justiciary was in the Frank or German language called *Mard-dom*, judge of murder, criminal judge; the Latin chroniclers, either guided by the similarity of the sound, or not knowing how better to Latinize the phrase, wrote for *mard-dom major domus*, a title familiar to their ears, and which we, in our turn, translate *mayor of the palace*. The fact, that this officer was often elected by the Franks, seems to decide that he did not appertain to the king's household.

This opinion, however, has not maintained its ground without dispute. "No doubt," says M. Michelet, "that the mayor of the palace was often elected by the Franks; but without doubt he was also often chosen by the king; the mode of his appointment depending very much on the strength or weakness of the ruling sovereign. It was quite a national custom of the Germans to consider even the most domestic offices about the king as posts of honour, and therefore due to the most eminent amongst them; the government of the palace would be also

a post of great influence; so that it is very conceivable that, under a minority or a weak sovereign, the chief men amongst the Franks might have sought this office, though relating to the king's household, at the hands of their fellow-countrymen."

Whichever view we take of the matter — whether we consider the mayor of the palace to have been originally a magistrate elected by the people, or a royal officer appointed by the king—this, at all events, is certain, that, under either supposition, he would have been one of the leading Franks, and as no celebrity was known amongst these but that of arms, he would be one of their chief warriors, and high in military command. Under either supposition he was in fact the second person in the state, whether we ought to designate him as Lord High Steward or Chief Justiciary of the realm. It was a step quite in the order of things *amongst the Germans*, that he who held such an office should seek to make it hereditary; and this was accomplished. It was a step quite in the order of things *all over the world*, that such an officer should take advantage of the weakness or degeneracy of the reigning family, and advance himself to the throne.

The degeneracy of the Merovingians, who earned for themselves the title of the Sluggard Kings, was indeed most extraordinary. After the third generation, nearly all died in their youth, and yet died of decay and debility. They seem to be a peculiar species of men. Every Merovingian is a father at the age of fifteen, and an old man at the age of thirty. The most part do not attain so great an age. It is a misapplied term to call them the sluggard kings, as if they were deserving our indignation; they are rather objects of pity. They were the victims, in the first instance, of the lawless lives of their ancestors, who, making a booty of a civilized country, sunk down before the temptations it offered them; and they were probably the victims, also, of those whose interest it was to plunge them in precocious pleasures, and retain them in imbecility and lethargy.

The surprise is, not that they were displaced by the mayor of the palace, but that they were allowed to sit so long upon the throne of so warlike a people as the Franks. But there was evidently some superstition connected with this long-haired race of kings—some pagan superstition, of which nothing but a vague intimation has come down to us—which protected them from the assaults of ordinary ambition. That long hair which was preserved untouched from infancy, which no shears approached, and which, as every one knows, was the distinguishing attribute of the reigning family, was a religious symbol, and had some sacred virtue. It was truly by a "right divine," that these sluggard kings retained the throne. To retrench the least part of their hair was to profane their persons; to cut it off was to disinherit—was to cashier them—their title, the throne, was gone; though it seems to have been the indulgent doctrine of the constitution, that, if the hair was allowed to grow again, the right to the throne would revive. Which doctrine we hold to have been a corruption of the early faith—a deviation from the purity of some antique model of legitimate government. What length of hair was sufficient to bring back the royal prerogative, we find nowhere determined; it must have been a nice point to decide. Thus a pagan superstition preserved the Merovingians upon the throne (albeit they were Christians by baptism) after they had lost all real power, and had ceased to exercise the functions of government. The Franks derived a satisfaction from knowing that this species of idol was immured within the palace. On certain days this idol was brought out, elevated on a car, and paraded before them, much in the same manner as the goddess Herthar in the woods of Germany. When, therefore, Pepin assumed the title as well as the substantial power of royalty—when the last of the Merovingian race was shaven and transferred to a monastery, (happy in this that it needed no more deadly instrument than the razor to terminate his royal career)—it was not only a change of dynasty that took place; there must have been a revolution also in the ideas of the people. An old pagan superstition was at length discarded. It is particularly mentioned by the chroniclers of the times, that Pepin was the first king installed with Christian ceremonies.

THE DOOM OF THE MIRROR.

By B. Simmons.

Fair Judith Lee—a harass'd pair
  Were steed and rider weary,
When, winding down from mountains bare,
  By crag and fastness dreary,
I first beheld her—where the path
  Resign'd its sterner traces—
In a green depth of woods, like Wrath
  Subdued by Love's embraces.

By the oak-shadow'd well she stood,
  Her radiant arms uplifted,
To bind the curls whose golden flood
  Had from its fillets drifted.
Whilst stooping o'er the fount to fill
  The rustic urn beside her,
Her face to evening's beauty still
  Imparting beauty wider.

She told me of the road I miss'd—
  Gave me to drink—and even,
At parting, wav'd the hand she kiss'd,
  White as a star in heaven;
But never smiled—though prompt and warm
  I paid, in duteous phrases,
The tribute that so fair a form
  From minstrel ever raises.

The gladness murmur'd to her cheek,
  Unfolded not its roses—
That bluest morn will never break
  That in her eye reposes.
Some gentle woe, with dovelike wings,
  Had o'er her cast a shadow,
Soft as the sky of April flings
  Upon a vernal meadow.

In vain, with venial art, to sound
  The springs of that affliction,
I hinted of my *craft*—renown'd
  For ages in prediction.
In vain assuming mystic power,
  Her fortune to discover,
I guess'd its golden items o'er,
  And closed them with—*a lover*.

It fail'd for once—that final word—
  A maiden's brow to brighten,
The cloud within her soul unstirr'd,
  Refused to flash or lighten.
She felt and thank'd the artifice,
  Beneath whose faint disguising
I would have prompted hope and peace,
  With accents sympathizing.

But no—she said (the while her face
  A summer-wave resembled,

Outsparkling from some leafy place,
  Then back to darkness trembled)—
For her was neither living hope
  Nor loving heart allotted,
Joy had but drawn her horoscope
  For Sorrow's hand to blot it.

Her words made silvery stop—for lo!
  Peals of sweet laughter ringing!
And through the wood's green solitudes
  Glad village-damsels winging!
And though that mirth some feeling jarr'd,
  The maiden, pensive-hearted,
Murmur'd farewell, and through the dell
  In loneliness departed.

With breeze-toss'd locks and gleaming feet
  And store of slender pitchers,
O'er the dim lawns, like rushing fawns,
  Came the fair Water-fetchers;
And there, while round that well's gray oak,
  Cluster'd the sudden glory,
Fair Judith Lee, from guileless lips,
  I heard thy simple story.

Of humble lot—the legends wild
  Believed by that condition,
Had mingled with her spirit mild
  Their haunting superstition,
Which grew to grief, when o'er her youth
  The doom descended, spoken
On those who see beneath their touch
  The fatal Mirror broken.

"Never in life to prosper more,"*
  And so from life sequester'd,
With dim forebodings brooding o'er
  The shafted fate that fester'd
Deep in the white depths of her soul,
  The patient girl awaited
Ill's viewless train—her days to pain
  And duty consecrated.

At times she deem'd the coming woe
  Through others' hearts would reach her,
Till every tie that twined her low,
  Upon the lap of nature
Her once-loved head unwatch'd, unknown
  Should sink in meek dejection,
Hush'd as some Quiet carved in stone
  Above entomb'd affection.

Even her young heart's instinctive want
  To be beloved and loving,
Inexorably vigilant,
  She check'd with cold reproving.

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* The superstition that whoever breaks a looking-glass is destined to misfortune, is widely entertained in Ireland. It is not, however, confined to that country, as I have met with it in England. The little story related in the verses is not altogether imaginative.

For still she saw, should tempests frown,
  That treacherous anchor sever,
And hope's whole priceless freight go down,
  A shipwreck'd thing for ever.

So pined that gracious form away,
  Her bliss-fraught life untasted;
A breeze-harp whose divinest voice
  On lonely winds is wasted.
And such the tale to me convey'd,
  In laughing tones or lowly,
As still that rosy crowd was sway'd
  By mirth or melancholy.

I've seen, since then, the churchyard nook,
  Where Judith Lee lies sleeping;
The wild-ash loves it, and a brook
  Through emerald mosses creeping.
For that lost maiden, ever there
  A low sweet mass is singing,
While all around, like nuns at prayer,
  Pale water-flowers are springing.

Poor girl!—I've thought, as there reclined
  I drank the sunset's glory—
Thy tale to meditative mind
  Is but an allegory.
Once shatter *inborn truth* divine,
  The soul's transparent mirror,
Where Heaven's reflection loved to shine,
  And what remains but terror?

Terror and woe—faith's holy face
  No more our hearts relieving—
Fades from the past each early grace,
  The future brings but grieving.
However fast life's blessings fall
  In lavish sunshine o'er us,
That broken glass distorts them all
  Whose fragments lie before us.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF XENOPHON.*

By B. Simmons.

Scene I.

The day is o'er—the foe has ceased to beat
His mountain thunders on that stern Retreat,
Which since the morning, desolate and grey,
From the cold Caspian rose, has cut its way
Through the dread war that blocks an army's van,
When savage Nature aids more savage Man.
In vain the north wind shot its blinding snow,
Blent with the terrors of Carduchia's bow;
In vain the mountain heaved its marble mass—
Sank the ravine, or spread the wide morass.
The river crush'd them in its coils in vain,
While still, through deep defile or open plain,
Round their vex'd course the stern Barbarian hung,
Tumbled the crag, the missile granite slung;†
With day the terrors of the hills are pass'd,
The out-worn columns win the vale at last;
Yet win not there the supplicated rest
For harass'd limb and javelin-tortur'd breast.
Fiercer than all the horrors of the fight,
Famine, with Winter and descending Night,
Spreads for the sons of bland Ionia's shore,
'Mid icy wilds, a drear encampment floor.
Th' exulting foe has vanish'd from their track,
And left Despair to watch that bivouac!

Mournful reverse!—what keenest eye could see
The gallant bands, whose spear-bright chivalry,
Wheel'd in long files, majestically slow,
From glorious Sardis, one short year ago;

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* To avoid the affectation of appending notes to such trifling text as mine, I shall briefly observe, (what I am aware for the generality of readers is unnecessary,) that the allusions in the following lines are true to the life of Xenophon, and have reference principally to the glimpses of it which he has allowed to appear in the *Anabasis*. Upon the contested point as to his age at the period of the Expedition, I have not hesitated to adopt the opinion of those who consider him to have been a very young man (not more than three or four-and-twenty) at that time; though I think that, amongst their reasons for supposing so, they have omitted one, which with me has had much weight, namely, the anxiety with which Xenophon consulted the opinion of his beloved master Socrates as to the propriety of his going up with Cyrus—a submission not very reconcilable with the mature age that some would assign to him. Add to this, that the bosom friend and companion who induced him to join the Expedition, Proxenus, was but thirty himself at the time of his death.

The severest disasters that befell the Retreat were encountered in the country of the Carduchians, a mountain people of Armenia.

It was in his lovely retirement at Scilus, (in the district of Elis, and two miles from Olympia,) close to the hunting-grounds of Pholoe, which he purchased with that tenth of the spoils he had dedicated to Diana, and where most of the later part of his life was passed, that Xenophon wrote the *Anabasis*, as well as his *History*, *Memorabilia of Socrates*, *Panegyric on Agesilaus*, &c.

† We may form a pretty good notion of what military men would call the "effective force" of the Barbarian slingers, when we hear that at each flight, more than ten cart-loads of stones were discharged—πλέον ἢ δέκα ἁμαξαι πετρων ἀνηλισκοντο.

In yon array of pale dishearten'd men,
Now crowded, tentless, through that desert glen.
In cold battalions stretch'd, where fathom deep
The snow-drift lures them to its numbing sleep;
Or with wild strife, as selfish madness sways,
Battling for quarters by the watch-fire's blaze;
Or throng'd remote, where moodier spirits lay,
Revolt's foul plan against the coming day;
Whilst still—as high through all the discord round,
The groans of war's and famine's victims sound—
Sheer down the dark intolerable heaven,
Sweeps on their heads the heaping snow-storm driven!
Nor hour by hour, as dreary night goes by,
Shall hope look on them with reviving eye;
For, to the onward way, hills, huge as those
That frown behind, their barriers interpose.
Even now, red-flaming through the night, appear
The beacons kindled by the mountaineer.
Sure sign no path by which their march may glide,
One league toward safety lies unoccupied.

Rearward—where deadliest on their rout was pour'd
The unsparing slaughter of Armenia's sword,
Where in dark ranks along the savage fields,
Th' **oplitai* crouch within their wall of shields,
With weary eyes, but watchfulness of heart,
Reclines THE LEADER of that host apart.
What though his cheek is scarce by hastening time
Touch'd with the hues of manhood's golden prime,
Though less of strength his frame's fine outlines speak,
Than of the gracile, beauty-moulded Greek,
Health nerves that frame—indomitable will
Anneals those limbs to warrior purpose still.
Calm on that brow sits sapient thought divine,
In the keen glance, resolve and counsel shine,
Worthy the master at whose awful feet
His spirit early took its raptured seat,
Drinking the words in whose immortal dew
His young soul open'd like the rose, and grew.
Ah, how contrasts the horror round him now,
With that calm life beneath the olive-bough,
In his own land where Athens ever-fair
Lifts her white fanes amid the amber air!
Not now such thoughts!—Up, hero! from thy dream,
(If, in the midnight of dismay, a theme
Lovelier, though less ennobling, has unbent
Thy mind one moment from its grand intent,
Yon host with more than human woes o'ercome,
To lead with more than human wisdom home!)
Up! still the first in danger and distress,
Practise, by deeds of high devotedness,
The immortal precepts of the perish'd sage
Who yet shall speak from thy memorial page.
On through the host!—with mild persuasion quell,
The factious band that morn had seen rebel—
Cheer the worn archer by fatigue subdued,
And with thy bare arms cleave his fagot wood,

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* I have ventured to transfer this word to English characters—"heavy-armed men" (the division of the army Xenophon usually commanded) is an impossible term for verse, or at least a cumbrous one.

Shaming him back to manhood—or repair
Where the sick-quarters sadden all the air,
Prescribe the remedy—lure frenzy's brain,
With tales of Hellas, back to hope again.
And when pale morning wakes the march once more,
To face the fight and mountains as before,
With freshen'd energy thy task renew—
Now turn and charge! now forward and pursue!
Scorn to the meanest in fatigue to yield,
Snatch from the murmuring soldier his huge shield,
And be the laggard's armour-bearer, though
Thy own deserts thee 'mid the swarming foe.
Exhorting, chiding, animating all,
Watch the day struggle to its stormy fall,
Then halt amid the howling waste, and then
The exhaustless battle and the wild again!

SCENE II.

Along OLYMPIA's rosy vale
  The evening hymns to Zeus have died;
And lingering round yon distant sail
  That dots the blue Ionian tide,
So hush'd and breezeless sleeps the air,
The homeward-bearing revellers there
Have caught the closing cadence now,
And hung their garlands on the prow.
Wide through high PHOLOE's piny woods
  The slanting sunset rains its gold,
And down those verdant solitudes
  Where morn the boar-hunt's chorus roll'd,
Each sound of sylvan discord mute,
The shepherd's sweet complaining flute
(While rest around his snow-white flocks)
Calls silvery answers from the rocks.
Below, where olive-thickets cope
The soft and emerald-tinted slope
Of sacred SCILUS, and a fane
  Of modest marble cold, and bright,
Half-screen'd by groves of orient plane,
  Gleams, vow'd to Dian's vestal light,
Round the spread feast a joyous throng
Delays the parting day with song,
And many a wreath from Autumn's bowers
  The maids with glistening eyes shall twine,
And many a chalice crown'd with flowers
  The youths shall quaff of purple wine,
Votive to HIM whose pious care
Provides that annual banquet there,
Yet shunning all their fond applause,
  Or haply cold to crowded joy,
Who still with early step withdraws,
As if unseen but solemn cause
  Beckon'd to some beloved employ.

Half-hid beneath the branching cave
  Built by vast beeches broad and tall,
Where bright SELINUS hurls its wave
  In many a cold and limpid fall,
Down through the solitary dell
With chiming rill and bubbling knell,

The Lord of [illegible]
In [illegible] now [illegible] apart—
The [illegible] RETREAT,
Whose only compass was his heart,
So long ago, life's perils past
Repose and glory finds at last!
He sits with thought-suspended look,
And, lifting oft his brow sublime
From tracing in that open book
His tale for all immortal time,
Hears, in the mellowing distance, wail
Far notes of flute and nightingale,
And silver songs, concerting all
With the near streamlet's tinkling fall.
And while the horrors that he faced,
Of war and wave and desert-waste
Rise on his view, a tenderer green,
Caught from the wood's embowering scene,
Freshens his spirit—with a sigh
He thanks the guardian gods of men,
Then turns with memory-kindled eye
Unto his pleasant toil again.

Historian, soldier, sage, and friend!
At faith's, affection's, duty's call,
Who led the march, the page who penn'd,
And with a master's might through all!
For many an hour, from sorrow's smart
Beguiled and solitary pain,
In which thy pictures fed the heart,
Thy lessons school'd the brain,
Of *One* who ever found it good
To ponder on thy fortitude,
And, sinking under worldly ill,
Has found his courage gather still,
When, bursting all the woes that bound thee,
He saw the shades of SCILUS round thee,
Accept this grateful chaplet, pale
With pansies perishingly frail,
That his weak hand, at twilight's gloom,
Now dares to lay upon thy tomb.

ROAMINGS IN ROME.

Part II.

The Jesuits' "Te Deum," and our Tædium.

"La Romana Epiphania
Ogni festa porta via."

Epiphany is past, and with it the last of the fêtes till St Anthony's, which this year happens on the first of the Carnival; the next page of the *diario* is, we are glad to see, *carte blanche*. We went yesterday to the Jesuits' Church, to hear heaven taken by storm, after a musical siege of three and a-half hours' duration. Weary came we away, with sore eyes, dull ears, and a wish that we might never be induced to assist at any pontifical ceremony again; each seems to us but a repetition of the last, and *all* but a mockery of the intelligence which cannot follow, and of the heart which takes no part in them.

Determined, however, to see and hear every thing, we went early to this musical banquet, and by doing so, contrived to get ourselves comfortably fixed between two marble pilasters, as bright as looking-glasses; (by good-luck we were also placed close to that part of the church destined for the occupation of the Pope himself; it was a curule chair, with a white satin cushion, in front of one of the most gorgeous altars in Rome,) the columns being plated from top to bottom with lapis lazuli, ribbed with gilt metal. Bronze cherubs fluttered on high, with wings weighing whole tons, and fagots of wax candles blazed away amidst well-trimmed lamps, supported on huge silver candelabra. At last the music begins—one or two voices break out finely, and fill the aisles and nave with unsupported melody; then comes the choral chant to sustain them, under cover of which, loud-tongued *Forestiere* may, as usual, be heard all round, when every body is silent; and much-enduring Italians turn round on their knees to look at stout heretics who stand. "Moses' prayer" was sung; a sort of bravura seemed it to our ears, only welcome by giving promise, that at last the Pope's toilet is nearly finished. Ah, we were mistaken there, and the organ's brazen lungs had to be put in requisition again and again. At length, however, there was more stir about the enclosed parterre, and they were evidently beginning to expect him in right earnest. Censers had been in full swing for the last quarter of an hour, and priesthood in abundance had been collecting about the altar, dusting it and rubbing it down, and smoking it according to rubric, and crossing each other's path, and bobbing and bowing, some in short skirts, and some in long; fingering each other's lace, dodging each other's footsteps, chanting a few staves of gibberish, lighting and distributing candles at a great rate; it was, in short, a perfect hive—while the twin organs, like opposing shepherds in an eclogue, peal away, and take wind to blow again. At last, when the vast interior of the church, which we had entered in a brilliant sunshine, no longer received its light from without, and was only brilliant where the candles burned; when the colossal frescos of the high dome had quite disappeared in the deepening shades of evening, and while one of the organs was warbling its most linnet-like notes, we saw the soldiers, who filled the nave as usual with double ranks, begin to turn their huge hairy caps towards the door; for the bells that had hitherto been ringing from without, had suspended their peals, and a great muster of the church might now be seen winding its jesuitical way towards the Pope's position. A priest, bearing a crucifix, precedes the Pope—a plain-looking, vulgar-faced personage is Gregory XVI., with all the accessories of his cardinals, who form a brilliant half-moon of bright scarlet, and put all the gear of the church out of countenance; the very church-hangings look dim beside them, and the robes of bishops are the very rai-

ment of humility before their dazzling red—Oh! such a "function!" it was neither a farce, nor a pantomime, nor an opera, but a monstrous jumble of the three—and so long—so unendurably long—even the imperturbable Swiss guards, worn out with fatigue, became savagely restless, and held their halberds as if they longed to have somebody to poke at to relieve the tedium of their service.

Recollections of the Carnival—1841.

When our carnival commenced last year, the thermometer stood at 70° in the shade; the willows in the *Borghese* were green, and the sward of the Pamfili was flowered with crocuses and anemonies. People had begun even earlier to *talk* about spring, and to dress in spring fashion; nor could a Roman Lent have been ushered in by weather which afforded a greater indemnity for its existence. So soon as the sun had risen on the first day of that carnival, he began to mount the sky with incredible rapidity, as though he feared, by tarrying, to be too late for the horse-race in the Corso at eight that morning. We had already thrown open our windows, and had gone out to breathe midsummer air in April, and, while we voted a hot-tea-and-coffee breakfast a bore, turned listlessly over English newspapers, full of all the miseries of winter, recipes for coughs and chilblains, lives sacrificed to fire, or to the want of it, accidents to skaters on the Serpentine, guards of northern mails frozen to death on their seats, or found in snow-drifts beside their letter-bags! In further token of the warmth of the weather and the forwardness of the season, we remarked that the beggars and the dogs, an almost equal nuisance, swarmed already on the public ways, and beset the Pincian obelisk, (that spot in all Rome where the setting sun lingers latest to warm the chilly invalid,) and haunt at all hours that well-known *scalinata*, where about Christmas-tide and later, the *pifferari* with their pipes, and their goats, and their fawn-like children, amuse themselves with the large unowned curs of the quarter. To-day, none of these occupants except the dogs remain, the thoroughfare is uncontested, and the masks and the dominoes, so dear to the modern Roman, constitute its new population, and make it as lively as Regent Street. At this season, if you live in the Corso, your landlord will take care to remind you, as he reminded us, that by a special clause in your contract, he is entitled to one of the windows, even in your bedroom, for himself, his family, his friends, or any body to whom he can *let* a window on this great occasion. It was scarcely eleven o'clock when our man-servant, a sulky-looking fellow in general, found not only a tongue, but an unwonted fluency of words, as he came into our room, loaded with different bits of faded tapestry or old damask curtains, which he told us would only cost us a crown per window, being supplied to him by a friend, and so on our account, and on his friend's, he was anxious not to lose a moment in *nailing* us to a *bargain*, and the *aulæa* in question to the outside of our windows.

It was scarce past *mezzo-giorno*, when the Corso began to show small detachments of persons, intent on fun, idleness, or mischief. Sand had been thickly strewn over the carriage-way, and dealers in chalk and in sugar-plums were beginning to weigh out their commodities; already had the harmless *mitraille* commenced, and nosegays were tumbling in and out of carriages, while an occasional eggful of mischief marked the well-brushed coat of some unsuspecting Englishman. Masked figures are on the look-out for pretty girls, and dexterously hand up to high balconies, by help of zig-zag tongs of colossal size, the *billet-doux* or the *cornet* of *bonbons* to many a small fair hand, which does not, at this season of permission, scruple to detach the missile. The English are distinguishable already by the jerk with which they return the gentler sprinkling of a handful of *confetti*. "*Ecco fiore*," the cry up and down the street, bearers of baskets full of vio ladies, and of weeds in flower, or sies and grass, for the vulgar Bouquets are now beginning to w about in all directions, and a of ragged boys, not by any

bellished by the recent epidemic variola, scramble in the gutters for these, or any thing else that has missed its destination. But hark! there are steps on our stairs! The door opens! "This way, ladies, if you please," and oh, what a balcony of beauties in a very short space of time was ours! Several pairs of English eyes of the first water were seen in that balcony; and a little crowd of young virgins, as closely packed as moss rosebuds in a Covent-Garden nosegay. Happy us! whose window commands the whole scene in the street, and whose eye commands the nearest approach to that window! The street is already in an uproar, as if they were getting up the *Trois Jours*, and beginning the Barricades. We really must look over those fair shoulders and see what is coming. There goes a long carriage, with a tall tin *cheminez* in the centre, built to look like a steam-boiler; a crew of black dominoes on board look very piratical, and determined to give no quarter; as they pass us they pour in a double volley of a well-aimed cannonade, and of exceeding pungency. *Avocati*, in open barouches, stand up in their carriages, and harangue the crowd on topics which seem to be relished, by the loud laughter which follows—loud-lunged fellows are they, and secure of a hearing any where. Harlequins may caper to-day in beautifully clean streets, and Columbines retire without draggled petticoats. There goes a tooth-drawer, carrying a *whole jar*, of colossal size, in his hand, to show what his *wrench* can do. There goes an apothecary, brandishing a certain hydraulic instrument peculiar to his craft, of six feet long at least. Bears, demons, Don Quixotes, mermaids, and mountebanks succeed; and the hail-storm increases, and the cretaceous *nimbus* scuds athwart you a little too often, and the crowd and the noise are at their height, when, bang!—the report of a cannon is heard; instantly soldiers on horseback start from the corners of the off streets, and curvet away with drawn swords, till every carriage has taken the hint and is gone, and the masques are drawn up in double or treble file. In another quarter of an hour a small detachment rides at full trot up the street, and the people now begin to look towards the *Piazza del Popolo* for the first intimation of a start. An unfortunate dog, who wishes to be an episode in the great epic of the day, has broken the ranks, hooted from side to side, and rushing distractedly along. As on other great occasions, we have one or two false alarms, but soon know that the horses have really started, by the fluctuation of the distant crowd, and in a second or two more the unmounted coursers are upon us. We hear their nearing tramp and the clatter of their hoofs, as, panting, helter-skelter, fluttering in feathers, and goaded with gilt balls, they whizz past under our window; in two minutes more the hubbub of voices is overpowered by a new message from the cannon of St Angelo, which tells you they have reached the goal. The carriages now return upon the Corso, and the pelting is resumed thicker than ever, and so on till near sunset. Then, on the last hour of the last day of carnival, the scene changes, and as night descends, every window breaks out into a small illumination of beautiful effect, and *moccoletti* is the cry! Every pane of every window of every house, has its small taper burning, and in the middle of the street ten thousand of these tapers—carried in the hand, and there is no hand without one—sparkle in morning brightness, and give the appearance of armies of human fire-flies. Another hour, and the tranquil moon is shining upon the spent energies of the carnival.

Pope's Benediction.

A more glorious day never dawned than the 11th of April. Every street sent forth its population, and the city was stirring in its innermost recesses—a thousand different currents all tended one way—and Rome entire seemed forming itself into one vast procession across the Tiber. The castle of St Angelo presented a thick hedge of heads upon heads along its parapet. The back and unfrequented street of *St Spirito* became to-day a useful *diverticulum* from the more central *Via St Angelo*, and fortunately split the swarming populace into streams of unequal breadth; so on we

went, and on, and on—expecting presently to be finally entangled, and fixed for an hour or two, as an element of a mass that was equally before us and behind. At last, however, we reached the object of our wish, and got beyond the obelisk of the piazza, in a line with the two magnificent fountains, whose conduit pipes had been recently cleaned to give full scope to the play of their waters, and from this position we will first tell the reader what we saw. We saw the central window of the Basilica with large coloured awnings hanging over, and a fine canopy, such as thrones have in kings' chambers, and much superb upholstery of silks and velvets. Below and around this spot we saw and heard a buzzing mass of concentrated eagerness, which filled the immense piazza, as far as they were permitted by the armed force of the church, which seems as ready to smite, if it dared, as the irritable apostle himself. Regiments of these heroes gird the whole front of the building, and leave an empty area for bands of music and the manœuvres of the Pope's cavalry. Carriages full of pretension and prettiness are soon obliged to back—so will the soldiers—on a densely compressed crowd in the rear, amongst which you may see the most striking provincial costumes: for *Albano* and *Frascati*, and every village which skirts the Appenine, has its own petticoat—green, scarlet, or amber-coloured—and its own mode of disposing kerchief or riband. These are mixed just as the painter's pallet would desire, with rough-shod *contadini*, in leathern gaiters and sheep-skins with the fleeces upon them, and are further chequered by the various liveries of prince, cardinal, or ambassador. As we seldom see a vast crowd in England looking up in eager anticipation to any thing but a gibbet, the high window to which all eyes are now turned strikes us with an indescribable feeling, and we want no more than that one grand unity of object to repay us for our trouble in assisting at it. The drums and the high-hung bells are all pealing away, and a respectable-looking man of many campaigns rides forth into the midst, in fine regimentals and unsheathed sword, and looks up like the rest, while his horse, which does not look up, careers in front of the *all-important* window, and the band is playing away, and every body is talking of all that is to take place, and quite contented to stand for an hour, expecting to be blessed: for the church knows what she is about, and makes her masses and her girandoles of sufficient *length* to leave no fugitive impression; and so the bells went on, presenting us their open mouths for the thousandth time, and swinging backwards and forwards to show how happy they were on this great occasion. It was only when Attention, tired of her tiptoe attitude, and indeed weary of any one attitude whatever, began to rest herself on the sides of her feet and yawn, that a sudden silence fixed us afresh. The balcony where the Pope is expected, and where a crowd of different subordinate functionaries had hitherto been stationed, is filling fast with white-robed episcopacy and silver tinsel mitres. Then came the officiating cardinals, and then a huge plume is seen surmounting a scarlet uniform, both of which are the property, it seems, of one Captain Pfeffer, the centurion of the Swiss guard—for even in a pageant the church cannot trust itself to its proper empire on the mind and heart, nor, if soldiers there must be, to its *own faithful Romans*—the said Pfeffer comes at present to show himself, and further to give the Romans a notion of the *prosopa* of the Æschylean drama, Violence and Strength. More pontifical upholstery, in silver, in gold, and in satin, is now being attached to the ledge of the balcony, and the Pope will not tarry. He comes!—a louder peal of bells from the melted brass of Agrippa's Pantheon acknowledges his approach. The cannons of St Angelo (more of Agrippa's property, consecrated or desecrated, as the case may be) are unmuzzled, and the match is applied! Scarcely have we time to cast our eye once more on the piazza, around which cohorts of ill-dressed shabby soldiers have stood, shouldering arms and yawning for the long-withheld benediction, when the drums are snatched hastily from the pavement, and a military march of all things is struck up! He comes! That is the Pope! There he is with two tiny gilt crucifixes before him! Off mitres! Off hats, red ones and all! for the pasha of three mitres is at hand. A slowly-approaching chair, bearing a person-

age dressed in flowing robes and backed by a long "tail" of prelacy, arrives at the open space, and is in front of all eyes—a huge white bird seems he at this distance with some strange plumage on its crest—hush! hush!—we bend forward with the multitude, and are half idolaters already! What a silence! the imposing solemn silence of such a multitude, during which the great pontifical bird stirs not a feather! and now a flag is thrown out from the window, to warn the bells in the belfry, who have told it in an instant to the cannon at St Angelo, who are telling it to the people who know it already! The object of all eyes now rises like a large white albatross on a rock, preparing to descend over the sleeping waters below. Erect stands the "Pontifex Maximus" amidst that motley cortege, and having made the sign of the cross, the white sleeves fluttering forth to the breeze at their full extent of inflation. He speaks, and you hear him speak, though you cannot collect the words. He subsides into his arm-chair, and the thing is over! Still not a sound! but when the slowly-receding form has disappeared, then thousands, under the first influence of the *homœopathic* dose of benediction administered to them, *fight* and scramble for the *indulgences* or *bonbons* which are falling profusely and promiscuously among them from the balcony—first come first served! There is luck in *spiritual* as in temporal things. Dogs howl! the sounds of whips and carriages break the silence! and secular affairs are resumed as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

The Girandola.

> "Within that giant mole,
> Scowls the fell bandit; from its towering height
> Old Tiber's flood reflects the Girandole,
> Its rockets, balls, and showers of arrowy light!"

Describe a girandola, indeed! said a friend, as he looked his astonishment at it for the first time, from a window facing the bridge, and saw the dark bronze of Michael and his sword glaring in the rosy light of an artificial aurora. Well! we know that we cannot describe it; but we have just seen it for the second time, and are in such a state of intoxication from the effects of gunpowder, that we are determined to say something about it—and so here goes! We had waited above an hour on the third story of a small dingy house on the bank of the Tiber, opposite St Angelo, in a mere cobbler's garret, (for the hour's rent of which the poor people—glad may they be of Easter—get twelve crowns or more.) The three-nozzled brass lamp—the light of which was included in our contract—refused to burn any longer, without fresh oil and new trimming—with no creature comforts about us, no carpet, no fire, except a pan of wood ashes, which soon gave some of us headache, and compelled us to retreat, and catch cold, as a matter of preference, at the open door or window. The conversation of our party, animated and firework-like at first, began also to burn dim; the squibs of small-talk had been long discharged; the street-noises of hoops, and whips, and soldiers keeping order, and pedestrians resisting, and pushing, and striving towards the scene of action; the commingled discords and perpetual buzz of voices below; the auricular evidence of all that crowds do and suffer, was astounding, and yet had ceased to be noticed—when bang! a booming message from the castle walls bids us be ready—for they were. Anon a second signal! the exploratory rocket cleaves the air, and in one brief moment is a mile over our heads, while 20,000 brains conceiving in that same moment the same act of volition, 20,000 pairs of the muscles appointed to that office, lift up as many pairs of eyes to pursue the rocket and its fortunes, till it falls with its wide spread golden shower, copious enough to baptize half the population of the Borgo. Then came a short pause of silence and darkness, during which the stars had time to peep out to see what was the matter, and what was to happen next. To tell of all that succeeded this signal, one should, indeed, have words that kindle like the things they speak of; in place of which, we, alas! are pro-

vided only with a few lucifer matches, to be applied to the tip of the reader's imagination. The dam then gave way at once, and there was an awful outbursting of fire, as well-ordered and effective as the play and spray of the magnificent fountains on the matchless Piazza of the Vatican itself. All round the castle walls, at once came forth some miracle of pyrotechny; and in the midst, the giant form of Hadrian's mole, till now scarcely visible in the darkness, stood out in all its opaque grandeur, backed by incredible varieties and gradations of coloured light. Streams of liquid amber, and of molten gold and silver, flowed in commingled streams over the battlements, welling forth like water overlapping the tips of the huge granite *tazzas* in the public ways. White sheaves of a fiery harvest-field were projected from the *Solfaterro*, and widening as they rose, burst their bonds at a suitable elevation, and sent down whole cart-loads of the ears of that corn of which they were composed, into the Tiber, which reflected them as they approached, and then quenched and absorbed them for ever.

A few seconds' pause, and but a few, allowed our mouths time for exclamations, and our minds to take up a position for the reception of greater marvels, during which the dark old castle stood again, as it always stands, in silent grandeur over the flood—when crack, crack, crack, crack, the batteries are at it again! and so soon as the rolling cannonade is over, there is an upsend from the mines beneath—a donation from all the demons that are at work there, of strangely configurated bodies that cross each other's paths in all sorts of eccentric and lawless courses, and career away in *surprizes*, which indeed deserve their name. Some send you down a legacy of young serpents, wriggling and zigzagging through the air; some are rapped upwards from you for ever in a loud thunderclap; some rain rubies and emeralds over your hat, but you hold it out in vain—they are too subtile to reach the earth, and dissolve, like soap-bubbles, ere they fall. It is long since it rained riches at Rome; Livy's showers of marvellous things are good in their way, but he never of a surety saw any thing like this, in any year *ab Urbe Conditâ*.

Match me out of the realms of fire itself those incredibly beautiful and surpassing greens, those turquoise and sapphire blues, which oft as the dishevelled meteor shapes her tresses "high o'er the archangel's sword," are flung forth with such prodigality from above! but hark!—a whole volley of rockets has taken eternal leave of this nether world, to announce the conclusion of the act, and another pause of the pyrotechnic storm. Eyes up! you should have had a place in the Nassau balloon to make out which got in first; and if the Nassau balloon had been transfixed, as it would have stood good chance of being, by some of these aerial Lancers, *caro mio*, there is no saying what would have become of you! But neither is there time to think about it, for now the *wheel-work* begins, Ixion's or Catherine's, or by whatever name, wheels of fire prodigiously transcending those of Phaeton in his adventurous day's drive!—wheels with blue ruin round their tires, and empyreal axle-trees to turn upon, revolving too swiftly for their spokes to be seen in motion, and spreading rich kaleidoscopes in all the variety of those concentric colours which please the human eye from infancy to age; whether seen on a revolving card, or the "*volubile buxum*" of the boy's top, which he learns to paint as soon as he can spin it. Roman candles, in this city of candlesticks and long moulds, ought to be worth looking at; and there behold a thousand of them at once, popping up their blue balls as big as oranges, with all the dexterity of Chinese jugglers; while *brillantini* disperse their treasures round the castle moat, and *jasmines* of unearthly growth, and wreathed by fire-proof fingers, invite those that have the *entrée* to the Fire-King's bowers, and fountains all his own irrigate the parterres of the Fire-King's garden. In the midst of all this furious and various and exhaustless ignition, and while you gaze, and gaze, and gaze, your ears are stunned by a last outburst of prodigious violence—10,000 missiles are launched at full speed in the air, and the next moment all is dark and silent, and cold—and Easter is over.

Verily, blue brimstone, and dull-burning charc[illegible] and deflagrating, harmless n[illegible], which we doctors reckon a *coo*[illegible] [illegible] wonders! bu[illegible] [illegible] alone—the rosy [illegible] hills of Argyll,

"*Hope* told a flattering tale" some fifty years ago, must take a trip to Vesuvius, and con a new lesson at the fountain-head; Elba must send us store of iron-filings; the copper-mine must be put under contribution; and even antimony and arsenic dulcified and rendered palatable by gum-lac, and sugar and flour, and what not, must enter into our pastes. The connection of the first of those metals with *throwing up* every thing is a familiar fact, and scarcely less so that an *empoisonneur* at Stafford got people persuaded to take the others in "*drops*," under the pretence that they were *tasteless*. Tasteless indeed! but we should like to know who will venture to apply the invidious epithet to the arsenical or other "drops" prepared by us? We call up our orpiments and realgars from the mine to do us red and yellow service, and barytes in our hands becomes one of the *lightest* bodies in nature, by simply obliging him to contract a suitable marriage. But what is all the *batterie de cuisine* without the cook? the laboratory without the chemist, the forge without Vulcan, the black back-parlour in the *Borgo* without Beppo? There must be genius and inventiveness, or *no Girandole*; you must try, and try, and try, and be disappointed, and begin again; you must burn your fingers and blow them cool again, eat your bread with gunpowder hands, make Harrowgate water of every drop you drink, sleep on a cartridge bolster, and be ready to be blown up at a moment's notice. And why not? surely "*sic itur ad astra*"—surely among the many ways of *getting to the stars* prescribed by poets and other authentic guides, *this* must ever appear to be the least liable to failure.

The art is improving like all others—long since Beppo was a *fuocista*, they had nothing but white lights to show; it is but a few years ago that a man charged eight scudi for a box of red illumination powder, and it is not much later since they had no green; now Titian might as well paint without those colours, as a *fuocista* set up business on white lights for his stock in trade.

And now that we have given the reader the *fire-works* of Rome, why not the *water-works*? and so we will.

THE RIOTS.

At last the storm has broken; the Corn-League traitors *have* done their worst; and the executive power will now show them the impotence of that "worst" towards any one the very least of those objects which it proclaims. If it had become inevitable that sooner or later such a conflict must be weathered, if it was past all deprecation that such an experiment must be fought through—then we rejoice that the explosion has happened at this particular time: at a time when Parliament is not sitting, from one chamber of which issues for ever a voice of encouragement to sedition—that voice, having now no *privilege* to protect its accursed counsels, is seasonably gagged: at a time when the country is disengaged from foreign wars; but above all, at a time when the *universal* revival of prosperous auguries has stripped the insurrection of any specious alliance which else it might have assumed with real distress, has alienated from the insurgents a dangerous sympathy, and has forced them to become odious in the eyes of good citizens, by tempting them into tyranny the foulest over their fellow-labourers, and into mutinous ingratitude towards Providence, in the midst of a harvest the most splendid on record.

The points are striking, in this vast insurrection, which demand earnest notice; for some of them are already misrepresented in the London papers, many are likely to be forgotten, and all are connected with a case of life and death for the welfare of this mighty empire. Is it really come to this, that every order among us—first, midst, and last—are to live under the uplifted rod of colliers and weavers; to be threatened in perpetuity with the "five points of the charter;" and, if standing conspiracies go for any thing, to hold every atom of our freedom—of our civil rights—and of our property, on the sufferance of one sole class, and that the very lowest (except paupers) and the most desperately ignorant amongst us? We know the claims of our country: for our own parts, we carry these claims almost to

an extravagant height. But rather than submit to an indignity and a risk like that which for years back has been offered to the majesty of these ancient nations, the atrocious menace from a knot of delegates begrimed with soot and tarnish—that they, even they, will put an end to our whole polity and civil existence, by placing us all (not their own class, but every class amongst us) under some vile scribbler's pamphlet entitled "a charter" and "five points," as a supreme law for Great Britain,—who would not rather choose to migrate into a land of forests, having yet but few blessings of civilization diffused over its surface?

We write up to the latest moment allowed by the press, and, with such light as the public journals furnish, we will now rapidly review the main features and characteristics of this vast *confluent* tumult—the most formidable, by its example and its tendencies, of any that has ever existed in any region of the earth. We say this advisedly: the distinctions are several which divide this insurrection from any other on record. In England, up to this time, no riots have ever occurred having any, the smallest, connexion with disorganizing plans; in these riots, though often disowned by local mobs, many times over has been hoisted the banner of the people, calling themselves *Chartists;* and we need not to tell any man of reasonable understanding, that this thing calling itself the Charter, would to-morrow, if it were conceded, establish a Parliament of paupers. One of the five points enacts universal suffrage—a second abolishes all property qualification of the simplest kind for Parliamentary candidates—a third, by enacting daily wages for the members, would remove the last shadow of a repulsion such as now exists to the needy, or even destitute, men of clever speechifying talents, for entering, by a vast majority, into the composition of our legislative body. What follows? That within three weeks, were it merely to earn their wages, the new house of legislators would have abolished all funded property, under the showy pretence of remitting to the people that annual thirty millions of taxes requisite for meeting the interest. Their second step would be, what already they parade as an "equitable distribution" of property; and at this point they would first begin to learn the fatal reaction of their first measure. At this moment, we see men notorious for wealth, and so far within the reach of better counsels, as is argued by the fact that they are brothers to members of the present parliament, actually hounding on the people to substitute, for a course of momentary violence which must soon recoil upon themselves, a cool, determined combination for obtaining the five points—which being obtained, we have explained what would be inevitably their first act. And if, by any lucky accident, intestine feuds amongst members of the new parliament should intercept, at the very first opening, this capital measure of destruction, then—because by another of the five points, each parliament is to reach its natural death within the twelve months—of course, the mob electors would return no man to the second parliament but such as would enter into solemn securities for passing their *sine-qua-non* measures. Besides which, a sixth point would soon be added to this "Quinquarticular" code, viz.—that, in respect to all restive members who should presume, after a certain settled warning, to disobey the orders of their constituents, a power should be held in reserve for suspending their wages; being an acknowledged mercenary servant, self-proclaimed to be such by the badge of wages, no member, under such a system, could for a moment resist what would then have become so reasonable a condition of service. A mob-flunky he would have become, and the duties of a mob-flunky he must discharge, or else be committed to a treadmill—though it were Mr Cobden, Mr Hawes, or Mr Marshall himself. Such being the machinery for coercing the House into obedience, and having adverted to its first measure, we now point to the second, viz. the "equitable adjustment." Often, and significantly, has this been mentioned, in the way of hope and consolation, by the Chartists. What is meant, under any mystification of words we need not say, is—one universal partition, amongst the nineteen millions in the island, of the existing property, be its nature what it may, and under whatsoever tenure. Here first the legislators would learn the meaning of *a reaction.* They would be headed b[illegible] in hideous confusion by thei[illegible]

previous act. Those who had been put down in their lists as good for two hundred thousand pounds, would produce their documents as shareholders in societies past all counting, or in obligations upon others holding such property, or in deposits with bankers. The call would travel back upon the banks, and from the banks upon the funds. In the funds, or else in the unfunded debt, [that is, in exchequer bills, which, for a known convenience, are a favourite investment with bankers,] would be found the vast overbalance of all debts owing by banks. But the public debt, funded or unfunded, resting on the very same security, had already by the terms of the case ceased to exist. And we may add this fact, wholly overlooked by the Chartists, that in every highly civilized country an enormous proportion of what is called (and *rightly* called, under the reign of justice) the national property, has its existence in men's good faith, intentions, average prospect of life, and current means of keeping pace with past contracts. Such a man is reputed, nay, he reputes himself, worth fifty thousand pounds. He is so in effect; and the proof of it is seen in the issue at his death, fifteen years hence, when he will leave effectually, and not nominally, the power over fifty thousand to his representatives. But, when you come to plunder him, he will not be found good for five of the fifty. Twenty thousand he held on the security of a mortgage; but the very estate on which this mortgage is secured, has been already partitioned and carried to account. Many thousands will be ultimately traced to the funds; and the attempt to evade that form of bankruptcy by fancied collateral securities on insurance offices, turnpike trusts, or other endless depositories of capital, will be like the vain effort of Frenchmen to escape across the frontiers; now they turned down a bridle-road to the right, and now down a village-lane or a mountain sheep-track to the left; but, alas! all was mockery. The bridle-road—the lane—the sheep-track—all led back eventually to the main royal-road terminating in a fortified city; and at those gates all further hope was extinguished. A larger proportion by much of British property, than of European property, is of that kind which depends upon a word—upon a breath—upon an aerial "understanding." As a subject for plunder, many a *millionaire* would collapse into nothing at all. And yet it would be no true argument to say—"Well, then, if they are such windy bladders as you describe them, the sooner they are probed the better; for thus there is one delusion less." Not so; whilst the law reigns, there is no delusion. The delusion first arises when the empire of Parliamentary confiscation arises. Allow the time, allow the reciprocities of good faith, allow the regular accumulation of the public funds, allow the fulfilment of all contracts, (which can only be fulfilled through the *currency* of their several periods, and would perish violently by a summary demand)—these things allowed, there is no delusion. But if a spoliator attempts to convert such delicate and susceptible property into gold and silver, then in every case it will prove delusive in excess; "not enriching him," the spoliator, "and making us," the owners, "poor indeed." Look at the English funds; can there be a better security at this moment? Is there any known estate in land, houses, or what you please, upon which you have an equally good assurance, that you will be paid up to the last farthing of your claim, at a day and within hours that are assignable? Yet we all know, that there is no real capital corresponding to this enormous annual interest. In that sense, it is a delusion—a huge inflated tympany, which would collapse into nothing when once punctured. But what then? Is it a delusion that thirty millions of pounds sterling are annually enjoyed by individuals and societies, or made over to others in equitable discharge of contracts? What could any proprietor do with an estate in houses or lands that he cannot do with an estate in the funds? The annual interest has never failed for a day since the public debt began; and, if he wishes to use his estate as a capital, he needs only a very short notice—no advertisements—no far-sighted arrangements — no costly deeds of conveyance or public auctions—summarily to convert his nominal into a real capital. This great basis, underdrawn below the vast edifice of mutual faith between private parties—as, in one sense, itself a delusion, (because dependent only upon

taxes conventionally pledged, and pledged only by Parliamentary faith,) so also, in a sense more virtually true, is the great arch of support to incalculable interchanges of good faith. upon which reposes a better half of the public property. The eight or nine hundred millions of the national debt are far below the superstructure of annual debt undertaken and discharged — partly through indirect agency by banking, &c., but partly by the direct aid of that ideal capital; ideal, but performing the functions of capital the most real. The parent interest considered as a capital, and all the derivative interests, become delusions, and the emptiest of delusions, from the moment when the robber handles them; they are the happiest of human devices for promoting an indefinite prosperity, so long as good faith and the steady domination of a known rule are allowed to move on undisturbed and unfettered. How merely dust and ashes are all estates reposing on elaborate interchangeable engagements of good faith, from the instant when they are breathed upon by the foul breath of pillagers, may be judged of by this—that even the *real* estates of a nation, the most real and absolute that can be imagined, the fee-simple of the select parts amongst the national lands, have never fetched a reasonable price when brought into the market by the hands of spoliators. Look at the cases of church property, glebe lands, or tithes, as offered for sale in England, Scotland, France, and recently in Spain and in Portugal. The movement was partly prompted in all these cases by the secret pressure of a growing public necessity; and yet in all, happening to fall in with a spirit of rabid spoliation in the sellers and buyers, the measure proved one of dreadful disappointment to the original promoters and speculators. Here the spoliators were baffled by their own act in overloading the market; against which Spain has vainly endeavoured to take precautions by throwing the sales into successive instalments. But the result has always been—that whilst, in the next generation, it was found that the final purchaser had drawn an excessive prize, the original and summary vendor fared as the owner of a wheat-field in the month of May, who gives it up to the discretion of a cavalry regiment. Containing twenty acres, the field might have yielded sixty quarters of grain—that is, a year's support for every one of sixty men; but grazed so prematurely by the horses, it will barely yield one day's feed. Such is the collapse of property the most absolutely real—property heaven-insured against depreciation, when used for conversion into far less real property —gold, for instance, or silver—by the agitated and trembling robber. His own panic, the panic which he has spread over property in general, reaches himself by a retributive reflux. And if property in this extreme of solidity touches so abject a point of public depression, we may readily imagine how much frailer than frailty must be that tremulous species of property in the other extreme, which depends upon credit, or which abuts finally (by however long a circuit) upon any public incorporations which themselves, in the last resort, abut upon the public funds. Mere credit wavers and oscillates, like a candle out of doors on a windy night, with the breath of a rumour; and as to the public securities—mediate in banks, &c., or immediate in the funds—all of them depend absolutely, and without a chance of retrieval, upon that fiat of a parliament which first created them, and which has all along sustained them.

Why do we go into this discussion at such a moment of hurry? Because, by less than advertising the true meaning, and the dreadful consequences of the "five points"—by less than an exposure of the robber Parliament, which beyond all doubt and all delay the "five points" promise us, it would be impossible to expose the real difference in presumption, in malice, and in evil tendency, by which the present riots radiating from Lancashire, stand distinguished from all former riots at home, and from all foreign riots, (except those of the two French Revolutions.) A *Jacquerie*, it may be said, goes the same length in principle: this sort of insurrection has repeatedly existed on the continent; more than once as to the *thing* in France; in Germany, on several occasi during the middle ages; and p ps for the last time in the Anaba villanies at an early stage of
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ments have had their
bread tumult, (what i

a local peculiarity of the food, was technically known as a *meal mob*;) often in the pressure of a local tax, (as was the case in the brief Neapolitan mutiny under Masaniello the fisherman;) often in the hatred to foreign rulers, (which popular feeling co-operated with the tax in the case last mentioned;) often in just and courageous adherence to ancient laws or privileges wrongfully and abruptly annulled, (as in the very interesting insurrection of the Commons in Castile during the first absence in Germany of the Emperor Charles V.;) but almost uniformly with the excuse of some deep provocation, in long previous oppression by an irresponsible *noblesse*, or in usurpation by the crown. At present there may have been oppressions: there may be that excuse for our rioters: we fear there is: these grievances, for instance, were recently alleged, (meeting at the Crown Inn, Bolton.) Supposing them true, afterwards will come the question—Who was the oppressor, and who is marked out for the victim? The corn-league masters are the oppressors, the nation is marked for the victim. These are grievances: "*Reduction of our wages; unjust and unreasonable abatements; forcing upon us unhealthy and disagreeable houses; charging exorbitant rents; meanly and avariciously employing apprentices to supersede the regular journeymen; curtailing wages by not paying up to the list almost unanimously agreed to; thus proving their* (the masters') *unprincipled meanness and trickery.*" Sticking to this memorial of wrong, proving it, and not, arrogantly beyond all known arrogance, intermeddling with fundamental politics, the working people of Lancashire would have carried along with them the sympathies of all England. "But all have not intermeddled with politics: some have even disclaimed politics by printed bills." We must not too much rely upon that. It is the disease, and oftentime the providential euthanasy of such mobs congregated for riot, that they fall into anarchy; and therefore, if we receive it as a fair condition for pronouncing judgment upon them, that first of all they must be of one mind, that is a condition which never will be realized: with a sufficient motive, as, for instance, with any anxiety for the public judgment on themselves, artificially they could organize such a schism, in preparation beforehand of the plea that all had not agreed to the general counsels, whilst taking good care that no practical loss of strength should thus accrue to their faction. But as to these mobs—they traffic not in excuses; they regard not any pleas in justification; they are reckless of the public judgment. Their present offence, its head and front, is—that they defy and make war upon the public beyond the ring-fence of their own labouring order; their audacity (many times we have reason to repeat, an audacity absolutely without precedent) goes to this length—that they, the men without property, do not demand to be placed on the level of those who have property; do not ask for equal political rights; do not ask for one moiety of the legislating authority: no! this contents them not; they will not even be satisfied with the larger share of the law-making power. No, no: their war-cry is—"We that have hitherto had none, intend now to have all. We will not take a part of the public power in this vast empire; we will not take the larger part; but we, the weavers, tailors, cobblers, and cotton-spinners, insist on having the whole. And not, mark you, as any concession or indulgence, but as our right—too long kept from us by violence." For as to the pretence that they *allow* the men of property to vote, that is the merest fraud, that could never blind any man of reflection. The suffrages of property would be so utterly swamped and engulfed by those of the no-property men, that to struggle at all would be the mere farce of a consciously-impotent protest. Out of nineteen million heads in this island, not three hundred thousand are connected with property sufficient to ensure the conservative instincts and sympathies of properties. This is a subject which at some future opening we design to treat, upon some former experimental enquiries of our own in that direction; we doubted then how far the possession of a comfortable property would act upon the politics of an individual, whether by associating him to the interests of the aristocracy, or by associating him in feeling and habits to the wishes of the democracy. That point we settled satisfactorily, but not to our satisfaction; and the result we shall attempt to

give at a future day. For the present, we content ourselves with throwing the considerate reader upon the simple relation in point of numbers between the property and the no-property classes. Were the first even a million, then the other would be eighteen millions for England and Scotland. Each class must have the same divisor* for ascertaining the number of voters; consequently, the quotients will exhibit the very same relations. But besides the general question arising as to property so circumstanced (by quality or by amount) as to link the holders much more strongly by sympathy with the working class, than by interest with the aristocracy, there is another outstanding fact which tells powerfully against the chances of property in such a fearful struggle. Many of the master manufacturers, of really large and conspicuous properties, have shown themselves base enough to abjure the natural creed and principles of their own order. Some, as mere traitors to principle, in gratification of their own vanity, and as a solitary means of gaining a distinction, have professed themselves Chartists: more, perhaps, have done this as pure simpletons, accustomed to view every thing printed in a book as somehow imaginary and never meant to be realized. But there are cases before us more flagrant than this. There are men both in and out of the House, who, under the notion of a "capital row," or a "famous lark," would cry, "Go it!" to any possible insurrection; as amongst the Bucaniers, from mere monotony and *tædium vitæ*, during their long interspaces of dull inaction, some were always found ready to propose a plot for firing the powder magazine —never alleging any other reason than that thus "they would ride to h—ll on such a glorious blaze." These, it may be hoped, are few: but the numbers of needy people, originally well-educated and well-connected, who have suffered, in the want of suitable employment, a total dissolution of principles not less than has been produced by decay of wages amongst the working orders, are now very great. These people, as a body, are every where to be purchased; they are on sale for ever—they and their abilities for speaking or for writing. But, beside these, conspicuously in Parliament do we not behold members of large property who intrench themselves in Parliamentary privilege as a vile mode to escape the penalties of sedition—sometimes even of treason? And to what other class can we refer that gentleman, brother to a senator, who, in a published letter, addresses the Chartists as a fraternal co-operator, anxious for their prudence, simply because anxious for their final success? So that, upon the whole, we are far wide of the truth if we flatter ourselves, that even upon the aristocracy we are entitled to count in their whole nominal extent. Nay, as respects that last tower of strength and innermost citadel of the constitution—the House of Lords, we heard, on the authority of a venerable and emphatically Conservative peer, such a report of the horrid Radicalism which he himself heard bandied to and fro at the fireplace in the House, as fills us with awe for the approach of any great collision between the Conservative and destroying forces of this country.

So much it was necessary to say, in order to show the real value and purport of what is meant by the Lancashire rioters in threatening us with the "five points." Very many people have never cared to enquire into the nature of these points. Had the points been two, they might have listened to:—but five—all, of course, abstract "rights of man"—that was too much for patience. Far less will be a considerate man's patience, when he does understand them; and when he sees that every one of the five has the sole object of "packing" a pauper and mob-dependent House of Commons, without opening for challenge on the part of property, and under summary orders to do the bidding (as they take the wages) of the sovereign people. This it was necessary to expose, in order to show the difference of this insurrection from all former insurrections, even when they have

* Say that this were five: for in order to have the whole amount of fighting men from any given multitude, including both sexes and all ages, in order, therefore, to intercept all males from sixteen to sixty, it is usual to take four as the divisor. But in this case, when the limits are narrower by twenty-one to sixty-three, and with the exclusion of debtors, malefactors, idiots, and insane, perhaps five would be a

been anti-social, like the *Jacquerie*. Almost universally, indeed, it may be said—that in other ages, where political insurrections have arisen, this irregularity has been due to the want of any natural organ in the political system for expressing the popular voice through a legitimate channel. With the rise of representative governments, all excuse ceases for appeals by direct insurrection. "But," replies the Lancashire mob, "the House of Commons will not receive or discuss our petitions." "No!" we rejoin, "and impossible you yourselves make it that they should. You say at intervals, 'Your honourable House,' and you call yourselves 'petitioners;' but you describe the House as in act and deed the most infamous of confederacies, combined for purposes of oppression; swindlers, though still, by courtesy, all honourable men; and their enactments, for fifty years back, as one series of efforts to help themselves and their connexions, at any cost or sacrifice to what you denominate *the people*. Such petitions you know in your hearts were never meant or shaped to be received; and you had insured beforehand that they never should be received. You hoped in your malice that thus you could gain a double advantage; you would have another self-created grievance to plead—that your petition had not been received; and you would have discharged upon the House, or upon as many as had the curiosity to read it, all the insolence which malice could prompt."

This other point we might add, in which the present riots stand upon a different footing from former riots. Heretofore one district, that in which the supposed grievance spontaneously moved the rising, was the only one concerned. Frame-breakers went only through that district of machinery. The incendiary conspirators were more sporadic; but in that same proportion less gregarious. On this sole occasion, we have seen one county menacing in mass a movement upon another county; Lancashire upon Yorkshire; Staffordshire and Cheshire upon Lancashire; and so on, until, by a resolution passed last week, *every* county, it seems, is to be visited, at least by organizing delegates.

This brings us to the three capital points in the conduct on both sides (the motions and the counter-motions) attending these riots; 1*st*, The circumstances under which the movement began; 2*dly*, The kind of opposition by which it was faced; 3*dly*, The main overt act by which it has been supported.

As to the first, we had collected (but omit from the pressure of time) a series from all the chief trading towns of England in the week of the explosion, and in the week next before the explosion, proclaiming as festal news, with one voice from every county, the certain revival of trade—bursting forth as genially as a Swedish vernal season—and also the sure prospect of a glorious harvest. So much for the excuses urged on the ground of distress!

Secondly. To omit many other neglects, and apparently imbecile compliances with the mob, indignantly we ask, and in one voice will the whole respectability of the land—why was it allowed, that, according to notice previously given, the rioters should be suffered to move in masses from town to town? thus enabling them to assume a strength far beyond what they had, and to prepare excuses for timid magistrates by counterfeit dangers. *But, when boroughreeves and chief magistrates are corn-leaguers*, what else is to be looked for? The soldiers and county magistrates seem uniformly to have behaved with fidelity to their duty; the town magistrates too often with the imbecility of panic, or (sometimes we fear) of collusion.

Thirdly. We suggest to the Chartists this one consideration:—you, the Chartists, rose (you say) for rights; rose as oppressed men; rose on an impulse of natural justice, and with a corresponding motto, implying that, wanting only justice for yourselves, you would respect the rights of all other persons. Fair words! How have you observed them? Fine promises! How were they fulfilled? Let the answer to this be the warning for the rest of your system and its delusions. You began by robbing whole districts; plundering from bakers and sellers of other provisions; levying from casual passengers money, under bodily fear, on the Queen's high-road; every one of you, as a party to the mob, is an accomplice in felonies past counting; all of you that cannot prove personal absence is a debtor, if challenged by any of your plundered victims, to the penalty of transportation—some for fifteen years, some for life;

you and the corn-leaguers next proceeded to arson; from that to murder, many times attempted. But these felonies, you will say, were committed upon those whom you viewed as enemies. How, then, did you treat your friends? Fellow chartists and leaguers, fellow spinners and weavers, you assaulted—drove violently from work—ordered them instantly to plunge their families into destitution; and in the event of their returning without leave, you sent messages to them by express delegates, that you would cudgel them soundly.

Behold the children of liberty—behold the insurgents for the reign of justice! And, if the Chartists reply, "Oh! but we were coerced, we could not act with freedom." Exactly so, we reply; nobody knows at present which felony, out of any particular dozen, was committed by a Chartist, and which by a Corn-Leaguer. Each will state the proportions as nine and three, nine for the other party, three for his own. But is not this the general moral of all such cases? What has now happened will always happen. Always there will be an anarchy; responsibility will cease; and that is made the very excuse, which is the last aggravation of guilt to the offending leaders.

There are other features in these fearful manifestations of anti-social power, which at another time will call for exemplary notice and inquisition, both by the press and by the government. In particular, we observe with horror the aid given and often volunteered by numerous private families. The *Times*, we see, mentions as a special case, that of Haigh Hall, a seat of Lord Balcarras, near Wigan. In this instance we suspend our opinion, because there is a standing presumption in excuse for every lonely house, such as a nobleman's mansion is pretty sure to be, that any act of the sort is extorted by reasonable terror. A small establishment may happen to be in residence at a very great house; and even in a great establishment, such as may be looked for at Trentham, (the Duke of Sutherland's,) which is at the other extreme of the insurgent district, but a small part is likely to be armed; and a still smaller fitted for a service of danger peculiarly terrific: mobs, and especially under any wild persuasion that they are exacting "vengeance," being notoriously under no self-restraint, and capable of savage cruelties unknown amongst men trained to honourable warfare. Generally, it ought not to be expected of those to whose custody are consigned great libraries or galleries of art, that they should risk such priceless property on a very doubtful contest, when by a small bribe they can purchase immunity from hazard. When a network of defence is once thrown over the whole district, it becomes the duty of each private mansion to co-operate, at some risk, with the public system; after that, it would be weakening the hands of the executive power to collude with the robbers by any private treaty: but until the public system of defence is brought into a state of maturity for measuring itself at all points against the insurgent power, each solitary house is remitted to its own discretion for making the best terms it can with an overwhelming superiority of force. No such excuse, however, applies to the case of large towns, who are always, by their professional police, or by a police speedily created for the occasion, presumably equal to the task of maintaining the avenues to their own streets against vagabond intruders from strange places. Even more—it might have been expected of individual houses in such towns, that they should not let down baskets of provisions from their upper windows. All did not adopt this measure. It seems, therefore, in any case to have been adopted not upon a ground of necessity. A mob of many thousands, in their hurried transit, could neither be detained by vengeance before any individual house in a long street, where many houses beside had given the same affront by a refusal; nor could such a mob, with no common officers to connect one part of its vast line with another, be at all propitiated in fact by a loaf given to the leading gang, and refused to all in their rear. The benefit, therefore, to the individual house must be merely imaginary; whilst on the other hand, the injury to the public service is great, and, by its example, unlimited. For the case stands precisely thus:—Against the passive resistance of an insurgent body, confederated on the principle of not working, there would naturally be no remedy whatever open to the government, were it not that mere necessity of food for themselves and food for their families,

surely and swiftly brings round a remedy, thus closing a period of idleness which is else sure, of itself, without inflammatory politics, to prove the mother of infinite mischief. How concisely this remedy acts, and in how brief a number of days it gathers strength, may be seen by the following simple calculation:—Every forty thousand turn-outs will require a thousand pounds a-day to feed them, at sixpence a-day, and their families, as stationary, and able to use more economy, at least the same sum. Here at once arises a demand of L.28,000 for each 40,000 insurgents during one fortnight. It is supposed that 200,000, or five such bodies of 40,000 each, are now self-exiled from work; that is, in other words, a money demand of one hundred and forty thousand pounds will be made on the joint-stock purse of the insurrection by the end of the first fortnight (now nearly accomplished) for the *insufficient* support of the insurgents. Here lies a firm natural curb-chain upon the riotous body; in which overwhelming restraint, let us say for ourselves, that we are far indeed from exulting when we think of the rioters as poor men pleading for natural rights, against cotton masters too often inclined to combine for severe exaction, and sometimes (we doubt not) tyrannically rapacious. If we feel at any moment inclined to exult in such a barrier existing to the progress of a riotous mob, it is when we reflect on the certainty with which an idle mob transmigrates into a cruel and sanguinary mob, fearful even to themselves, as parts bearing a separate interest from the whole; but still more, when we represent to ourselves this mob—not as contending for undoubted rights, or natural equities on the model of all Scriptural justice, (such as the rights of colliers to see their own day's produce of coal fairly weighed in their own presence)—but insolently declaring that they will abrogate the whole constitution, laws, and polity of these imperial kingdoms at one blow; will impose upon us all a new constitution, out of which are to emanate such future laws as may be suitable to such a beginning. Then indeed our hearts grow sterner in contemplating their matchless insolence and criminal folly. But in any case, it is for their own interest that a speedy close should set bounds to their career. Now the contributions of shopkeepers and private families, but much more the system of certain provision shops in the smaller towns, by which they pledge themselves to loans or credit, varying in amount through one fortnight or upwards in time, and most of all the system adopted by a number of shops in Hyde, promising publicly (we quote their own words *literatim*) "to assist pecuniary or otherwise," meaning probably to assist by pecuniary means or any other, seems entitled to the gravest judicial investigation: because this aid and "comfort," as the ancient laws call it, tends violently to prolong the struggle by weakening its natural restraint; and because the Hyde variety of this case tends more effectually to that result, by publishing far and wide the knowledge of so encouraging a faith in the justice and the ultimate success of the rioters. Were it not for these extensive private contributions, the funds of the rioters would be limited to the sums accumulated by the benefit societies, to which multitudes among them have contributed; and where the purpose had been entirely under a private agreement, the money will have been easily diverted into any other channel by an overruling majority; though often we believe that want of work is the very *casus fœderis* contemplated by such societies. These accomplices in higher stations ought, of all concerned, to be the most severely punished, or at least next after the original instigators of the riots, if they should judicially be proved to have been the Corn-Leaguers. And in the rear of these two cold-blooded accomplices *before* the act and *in* the act, as regards scrutiny and punishment, should be ranged all those who have been arrested, or shall be denounced and convicted, as coercers of their own brethren who had wished to pursue their work in quietness.

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EUROPEAN HISTORY.

We have at length arrived at the tenth and closing volume of Mr Alison's able and important work; and, while we congratulate the writer on the intelligence which conceived, the talent which sustained, and the vigour which completed such a performance, we still more congratulate the country on the possession of one of the noblest offerings which our age has laid upon the altar of historic literature.

The choice of the subject itself was highly judicious. It gave great opportunities to a writer capable of employing them. The French Revolution was the most influential event since the Reformation. In its magnitude, its depth of appeal to human opinions, the extent to which it impressed the old European system, and the strong impulse which it has given to the minds of nations, there is a singular resemblance to the prime mover of the sixteenth century. Their principles alone differ, and the difference, in that point, is obviously extreme; but their instrumentality has a remarkable similitude. The same element which sweeps away the harvest and the soil, is the source of all fertility. The furrow torn up by the thunderbolt differs little in appearance from the tillage of the plough. The especial characteristic of both was, that they addressed themselves to a new source of power; that, abandoning the old and formal influences of the state, they adopted influences altogether new; that, abandoning the old official organs of national impression, they spoke directly to the multitude. Leaving thrones and hierarchies to their stately inefficiency, they turned their faces at once to the vast aggregate who stood without the walls of palace and temple, and who answered them with a shout, which in the former instance shook superstition in its strongholds, and in the latter loosened the foundations of all established rule. But here the similitude ends. The Reformation was the greatest gift of Providence since the establishment of Christianity; the French Revolution the most reckless display of human guilt since the supremacy of Rome. The one was an illustrious example of those interpositions by which the Supreme Disposer condescends from time to time to invigorate man, willing, but too weak, for virtue. The latter was an example of that remorseless and precipitate rapidity with which man, left to the guidance of the passions, plunges into public and personal ruin.

But the advantages of the Revolution as a subject of authorship, are more striking than those of the Reformation. It was a complete event,

History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison. Vol. x.

circumscribed within a quarter of a century; an entire action, of the highest interest and most extraordinary variousness of incident and character, compressed into the briefest period of any one great change in history; an action, too, near enough to our time to possess the full excitement of novelty, yet remote enough to supply us with the calmness and strength of ascertained fact. The Revolution has utterly passed away in substance, but still exists in spirit; for no man can rationally look upon the feverish condition of Europe at the present day, the restlessness of the public mind, or the power of popular opinion every where, without tracing their alliance with the convulsions of 1789. Nothing can be clearer, than that the old constitution of European government has been essentially altered, however it may retain its shape, in foreign countries. Like the conjecture of some of our philosophers, that, in the deluge, the axis of the earth sustained a shock which changed its climates; the moral deluge which, in our day, overran the civilized world, did more than sweep its surface—it shifted the position of its governmental poles, and impressed a new character upon the temperament of its nations. Representation, a principle once unheard of but in England, is now the demand or the possession of Europe. What termination it may find is beyond our conjecture; but that it is advancing, and will continue to advance, until it absorbs every other principle, is almost a matter of demonstration. Yet the French Revolution has wholly past away. We have seen its cradle, its maturity, and its grave. Like the double entombment of Napoleon, it was inhumed alike at Marengo and at Waterloo. Or, like that mighty soldier himself, its spirit may be wandering through earth or air, but its body will never reappear before men, at least in the shape in which it descended into the sepulchre. Europe exhibits an almost total suppression of the republican forms; and the first fruits of the Revolution have been a harvest of minor monarchies. France herself is controlled by a powerful throne, using popular forms only to exercise a more resolute authority over popular passions; skilfully using the Revolution to put down the Revolution, extinguishing the flame in its own ashes, and sagaciously and constantly employing at once the splendours of monarchy and the vigilance of despotism, to make the people forget the license of the Republic, or dread a collision with the weight of the sovereignty. At once to dazzle and restrain; to make the populace proud, yet afraid of the sceptre; to indulge the national love of display, and yet keep the national caprices in rigid subordination, is the existing policy. Far be it from us to visit it with blame; it is the only policy for France. Yet this is only the *régime* of Louis XIV., exercised with a more delicate skill, and adapted to a more trying era. The building of Versailles was more a stratagem of state than even an indulgence of royal luxury. The new embellishment of Versailles is in the same spirit; but the king has added to it the fortification of Paris, and the union is only emblematic of the time.

Mr Alison will have achieved another triumph if the success of his work shall excite a taste for historical writing among our authors. In the last century England took the lead in history. It was most unfortunate that Gibbon's irreligious follies should have been transferred to his "Decline and Fall of Rome;" for in all other respects he stands at the head of all the historians of his time. His copiousness of knowledge, his rich though formal style, and his singular power of arrangement, rendered his vast history the first in the world. Its massiveness and magnificence remind us of the architecture of antiquity; one of those great Basilicas, at once a palace, a seat of judgment, and a temple, exhibiting boundless ornament, costliness, and solidity of material; yet degraded by many an impure emblem, filled with false worship, and breathing the incense of the passions.

The other two great historians of this period have been too long fixed in their rank to suffer modern censure. Hume was evidently a man of remarkable skill, and nothing can be more adroit than his general ingenuity, or more graceful than the chief portion of his narrative. But more exact knowledge has gradually diminished his interest, and a true and great history of England is yet to be written.

Robertson's name must always be regarded among the honours of his country. He has sincerity, knowledge, and a serious yet forcible eloquence. It is to be regretted that his temperament does not display more of the glow which reanimates dead transactions, and gives immediate interest to men and things long swept away from the eyes of man; perhaps some consideration of his rank as a divine may have modelled his style as a historian. The most gallant enterprize of patriotism, or the severest sacrifice of piety, is too often recorded with the unimpassioned severity of an inscription on the grave.

Hallam is an exact, laborious, and vigorous writer. But, probably disdaining the graces of style, he naturally loses their captivation. No man more keenly discovers facts, or more rigidly separates truth from fiction, but there he is content. Having quarried the marble, he leaves it to some future hand to bring out the form, and give it those fine touches which constitute beauty. The sternness of his political principles, gives sternness to all his conceptions. His saturnine and formal school is never surprised into sympathy with human actions. He classes the noblest historic recollections like the plants of a *hortus siccus*, or the minerals of a museum, and lectures on them with the coldness of a philosopher in the midst of his shelves. The king, the soldier, and the beauty, are to him merely specimens. In his most glowing moments, he only sits like one of the judges of the dead in the ancient mythology, calmly passes sentence on the departed clay, and coldly dismisses the mighty movers of the earth to the land of shadows.

The later writers of history in England have scarcely risen beyond the rank of compilers. "Memoirs to serve for the use of historians," "Notes," "Dissertations," are in general the highest title which their labours deserve. Their volumes have been chiefly written by Whigs, and of course, for party purposes—this renders them useless for purposes of all higher kinds. Whiggism, in its best points of view, is prejudice that refuses to be enlightened, ignorance that defies instruction, and self-sufficiency that perverts experience. In its worse points, it is hypocrisy boasting of its candour, venality pretending to independence, and perfidy trafficking in principle. A Whig can no more comprehend the constitution than a gambler can honour the tenth commandment.

The modern French historians have the universal vice of their country. All their tastes are theatrical; their language, their conceptions, their judgments are all borrowed from the stage. With the most painful effort for novelty, they have not the power of producing any thing new beyond the smartness of a vaudeville. Where great events come before them, they are marched across their pages as if they were heralded by the trumpets and drums of the "Grande opera;" characters are dressed in tinsel; show and sentiment are borrowed from Corneille and Racine. The *History of the Revolution* from the pen of M. Thiers, might be cut up into scenes, and represented on the *Française* at twenty-four hours' notice.

Germany has yet produced but one man gifted with the true powers of a historian, and that man also her only great dramatist. Schiller's "*Thirty Years' War*" is a noble performance, at once profound and glowing, subtle and substantial; but it is too narrow for the foundation of a historic fame. It has another obstacle. No man can be a great writer without the spirit of a poet. But Schiller has made his history too poetical; it is a gallery of illustrious shades, which he less describes than invocates. It is an epic in prose. The tastes of Germany, though ultra-commonplace in the general things of life, yet swell into unaccountable extravagance wherever the subject belongs to higher scenes. There is an evident consciousness of its earthward tendency in the German mind, which makes it fearful of trusting to the course of nature; it doubts its own limbs, and therefore borrows stilts; it knows the national propensity to creep on the ground, and therefore it strains every effort to spring into the air; the st matter-of-fact of all existing gen tions, it yearns to be the most real; a German genius is non without a rapture, and his rapture reverie; his muse is metaphysi and his metaphysics press as nearly possible to the verge where "i di rules the realm beyond."

more absolute nonsense written under the pretext of the sublime in Germany, than in any other land since the first invention of bedlam.

We have always held, that England has abilities for every thing; that she has no rivalry to fear in the intellectual struggles of Europe; and that to obtain the noblest distinctions, she has only to direct and devote her powers to the noblest objects. We thank the writer of these volumes for having enabled us to realize our boast in one of the high provinces of literature, and to have given the world a history to which the Continent has yet offered no rival.

The present volume begins with a general but impressive view of Europe immediately at the close of the year 1813. It tells us justly, that when the campaign had terminated, the astonishment of mankind was scarcely less excited by the ruin which had befallen the forces of France, than in its beginning it had been by the sudden magnificence of its preparation, and the reviving immensity of its power. Of 400,000 troops on the Elbe, and 200,000 in Spain, scarely more than 80,000 recrossed the Rhine, and about the same number remained to make a feeble and dubious defence of the Pyrenees. But the contrast was stronger still than between the mighty multitude glittering in all the pomp of war, and advancing to the ground of its habitual triumphs, with the double stimulant of ambition and revenge, and the diminished and dilapidated remnant making their hurried march to take refuge behind the Rhine. The fatal distinction was, between the spirit of conquest and the sense of shame. The spell was now consciously broken. The star whose influence had hitherto grown into a kind of gallant and illustrious credulity, a brilliant superstition of soldiership, was now swept from the sky. Even the name of Napoleon was no longer the sound of a trumpet; and the man of France had suddenly sunk down from that exaltation which, whether fictitious or true, makes men soldiers and makes soldiers heroes; into the level in which all things become common-place, and small and personal interests supersede the splendid illusions of our general being. The heart of imperial France was broken, and she was thenceforth to be prepared to meet her share in the common burdens and contempts that belong to the sufferers and strugglers among mankind. Posterity will not believe those things; and in a hundred or a thousand years hence, the philosopher, turning over the eloquent pages of this history, will attribute a large portion of their fervid imagery to the ardour of a contemporaneous mind—the overwrought pressure of the time. But the philosopher will be wrong, and the historian right; the only defect in the describer will be the native weakness of human expression to speak of impulses and causes beyond the resources of language. No speech of man can realize the actual sensation with which the power of France was really regarded in its days of power. No conception of after times can approach the mixture of fear, astonishment, and anxiety, the solemn wonder, and even the mysterious and fearful admiration, with which Europe looked on the throne of Napoleon. Yet, what must be the effect on the general human mind, of living in the perpetual presence of a sovereignty which had concentrated all the powers of the vast French empire on conquest—which had turned every monarch into a vassal; whose armies were poured out by the hundred thousand—whose march was from capital to capital, and whose triumphs had the extent, rapidity, and completeness of something beyond man! Even the language of the time felt the impression of those extraordinary events, and the phrases of "Invincible," "Son of Destiny," "Irresistible," "King-maker," though given in other days in the sycophancy of courtiers or the terror of slaves, were given to the head of this fearful empire and army almost by a natural use of words. The impression is wearing away now even among ourselves, but it was not the less vivid while it existed. In the conquering days of Napoleon there was but one name in the world, and that name was his own. His guilt, his personal vices, his perfidy, and his reckless love of blood, were as fully acknowledged then as at this moment, when we are recounting the causes which brought him to his grave; but success, genius, grandeur of plan, and triumph of execution, had given him an elevation in the eye of Europe to which no man, for a thousand years before him, had been raised, and to

France a power not merely over the frame of nations, but the mind, which almost divested submission of its disgrace, and to which the simple resistance, as it was resisted for many a passive and painful year by England, was a title to glory.

Napoleon returned to Paris from the Rhine on the 9th of November. He was now to begin a new and darker career. Conquest was no more; he was to fight for his throne and life. His first step was to summon his council at St Cloud. The entire finance was acknowledged to be in a state of bankruptcy; but his council, with the readiness of men living on his will, signed the monstrous order for an increase of a third to the three principal taxes of France. The people were indignant, epigrams and caricatures spoke their anger; but they were to feel a still heavier scourge. The losses of the army were the first topic in the mind of the great warrior, and he immediately demanded a new conscription. The population of the military age had been slain; he now demanded a conscription of the youths of seventeen and eighteen. The senate instantly voted this desperate measure, and thus within little more than two months, France was called on to send 600,000 of her rising population to the grave. In reading this narrative, we seem to be reading the judicial condemnation of a mighty criminal, after a long career of impunity—a traitor at length overtaken by justice, and compelled to pay in blood and pangs the price of his criminality. The inflictions of those years are not unlike the successive blows of the Divine hand on the cruelty and pride of the Egyptian king. France, living so long on the plunder of the world, had found herself forced to give up her gold and jewels. But the next blow was heavier still—the death of her first-born. The war, which had once been the source of national vanity, for the last two years had been the source of national terror. But the demand of a new conscription, and the consequent threat of a still more furious conflict on the very soil of France, stirred universal horror. "There arose a great cry in Egypt. There was not a house in which there was not one dead"—or one whom every feeling of paternity and friendship regarded as consigned to slaughter. Enormous sums were given to save their sons from the conscription. But in general the purchase was not to be made, and the youths of the best families were forced to march as common soldiers. Since the terrible retreat from Moscow, no suffering had struck deeper to the bosom of the nation. The tears and agonies of individuals escape the notice of history; but to an eye which could note the misery of the time, perhaps a darker mass of sorrow never oppressed a people. Napoleon's address to his council is one of the fragments of an eloquence, as characteristic as his career in battle.

"Why," cried he, "should we hesitate to speak the truth? Has not Wellington invaded the south? Do not the Russians menace the north? What shame! and the nation does not rise in a mass to drive them away!

"All my allies have abandoned me. The Saxons betrayed me on the field of battle; the Bavarians endeavoured to cut off my retreat. Never talk of peace till I have burned Munich. The same triumvirate which partitioned Poland, has arrayed itself against France. We can have no truce until it is defeated. I demand 300,000 men. With what remains of my armies, I shall have a million of soldiers. Councillors, what we require is energy. Every one should march. You are the chiefs of the nation. Every one speaks of peace. That word alone strikes my ear; while every thing around us should resound with the cry of war."

A glance at the preparations of England for the coming collision, gives a memorable instance of the force with which true freedom, arising from moral honesty and sound religion, arms a people. Her naval force now consisted of 109,000 seamen, and 31,000 marines; 1003 ships of war, of which 664 were in commission. The regular troops were 237,000, the militia 87,000; the local militia 288,000. The land forces in India were 200,000. The militia in Canada were 40,000—the total 1,053,000. The expense of the army was thirty-three millions; four millions and a half for the ordnance; the navy twenty-two millions; the interest of the national debt, &c., was forty-three millions, conti loans ten millions, Ireland

millions, making in all 117 millions sterling.

Mr Alison doubts the theory, that the power of sustaining this extraordinary expenditure arose from the sudden existence of the cotton trade. We agree with him, that nothing could be more absurd than to suppose, as was said, that "James Watt was the real conqueror of Napoleon;" the notion itself belongs to that presumptuous and pert school which employs itself in flattering the mechanic to make a tool of him, and substitutes mechanism and "the schoolmaster" for the higher agencies of Providence. Still we cannot overlook the singular coincidence of the origin of the cotton manufacture in England with the commencement of a period of the most severe financial strain; the rapid development of that manufacture; the surprising inventions which gave its monopoly to England; and the flood of wealth which it poured into the country at the moment when it was most necessary, and when, in fact, without it the finance of England must have broken down.

Without encouraging the superstitious folly which sees Providence in every trifle, no man of rational observation ever doubted that it regulates visibly many of the greater changes of human things. Who can rationally doubt, for instance, that the discoveries of the fifteenth century, and those immediately preceding it, gunpowder, printing, the mariner's compass, &c., had a direct reference to the change which was to be effected in the century following by the Reformation, and the new political position of the European kingdoms? The cause of England will be admitted to have been an object on a smaller scale; yet such extensive interests were dependent on its success; the ultimate overthrow of the Revolution with all its evils, the restoration of European order, and the palpable triumph of sound principles in government and religion, were so closely connected with this country; that we, at least, should not be surprised to find that its success had been provided for by the great Protector of all human happiness. The war was unquestionably one of finance. It could not have been carried on in Europe without an enormous and wholly unexampled expenditure. It was necessary to pay the thrones of the whole continent even to fight for themselves. Without our loans they must have submitted, and increased the vassals and the armies of France. The power of lending is not unlimited, and England had long felt that she had reached the natural limit of her taxation. To avoid this pressure, by sharing it with America, she had even hazarded and suffered the loss of her colonies. And just then, as the very crisis was approaching which was to lay upon her a burden which she had never calculated on bearing, or being able to bear—a crisis too, which, near as it was, no man had been able to foresee, an extraordinary means of wealth was put into her hands; sustained and followed by the sudden discovery of the most powerful instrument of skill and labour ever given to man; and the combined effect *did* enable England to subsidize all Europe, to fight the universal tyrant in defence of the universal cause, to pour out millions on millions in the midst of an universal bankruptcy, and finally achieve an universal deliverance. What can be more complete than the proof, except the actual pouring down of a stream of gold from heaven before our eyes? The stream of gold *was* actually poured; and though it did not come in the shape of miracle, yet its source might not be the less providential for its winding its way through the ten thousand channels of society, to issue in the noblest use of the wealth of nations.

It is remarkable that the imperial throne, though despotic in the highest degree, was jacobinical to the last. Thus extremes meet in all things. Napoleon was a jacobin until the hour he died. He had the same contempt for all established things—the same reliance on his personal will—the same habit of appeal to popular passion—and the same dependence on the madness of the popular mind, as a regular resource against the natural pressures of a struggling and sinking empire. On his first reception of the public authorities in the Tuileries, he burst upon them in language exactly of the order which he would have used to one of the mobs of the Palais-Royal twenty years before:—"You have it in your power to do much good. You have done nothing but mischief. * * * Are *you* the representatives of the people? I am so. Four times I have been in-

voked by the nation, and four times I have had the votes of four millions of men for me. *I* have a title to supreme authority which *you* have not. *You* are nothing but the representatives of the departments of the nation." This was insolent enough as an address to the principal personages of the state. But what follows was still more jacobinical:—

"What is the throne? *Four pieces of gilded wood covered with a piece of velvet!* The real throne has its seat in the nation; you cannot separate the two without mutual injury; for the nation has more need of me than I have of the nation. * * * * You wish to imitate the Constituent Assembly, and commence a revolution. Be it so. You will find that I shall not imitate Louis XVI. I should rather abandon the throne. I should prefer making a part of the *sovereign people*, to being an enslaved king." The subject then changed; and thus spoke the haughty and despotic soldier:—

"In three months we shall have peace. The enemy will be chased from our territory, or I shall be dead; we have greater resources than you imagine; our enemies never have conquered us, never will. They will be chased across the frontier quicker than they have entered it."

Speech never gave a truer transcript of the speaker. This was Napoleon to the life; rage and subtlety, sacrifice and selfishness, vast views and bitter personalities; reliance on his own genius, contempt for the abilities of all others; lofty memory of his own services, open disdain of the merits of even his own ministers; boasting and fear, an arrogant estimate of the powers of the empire, yet a palpable alarm at the approach of the invader. The harangue was certainly wholly unlike a "king's" speech; but nothing could be more characteristic of the keen, furious, arrogant, and wild spirit of Napoleon.

The Emperor now began his preparations for the final struggle. France was instantly turned into an immense camp. Every sight and sound was war. The roads were covered with commissioners flying to raise the people. The walls were filled with proclamations to shed the last drop of their blood for France. Requisitions seized the property and provisions of the peasantry, to be sent to the frontier. The conscription was mercilessly raised, amid the general groan and gnashing of teeth of all men. The taxes doubled, were forced out of the last resources of the population. All was terror, misery, plunder, and penalty. To heighten this tremendous confusion, the progress of the Allies was already crushing the whole east and south of the realm. Nothing short of Pandemonium could be fuller of all that strikes, perplexes, and tortures the mind of nations.

Napoleon first disengaged himself from his two diplomatic encumbrances, the Pope and Ferdinand of Spain. The seizure of either had been an act of gross perfidy, or, in Fouché's republican dialect, that "much worse thing, a blunder." The Pope, left idling according to the papal way of life in Rome, would have been a cheap vassal—in France he was only an expensive prisoner. In Rome he might have assisted in giving Napoleon at least the pretence of a champion of the church—in Fontainbleau he exhibited only the scandal of the head of the Papacy in chains. The imprisonment of Ferdinand was still more impolitic. His seizure had produced a bloody war, and his imprisonment prevented all hope of its extinction. Ferdinand at Valençay was a martyr in the eyes of the Spanish church, and a hero in the eyes of the Spanish people; his prison bars kept the nation from approaching close enough to see the native deficiencies of one of the poorest substitutes for royalty that ever humiliated the diadem. If Napoleon had followed the dictates of common sense, he would have sent back Ferdinand to Madrid on the first sound of insurrection—fed his foolish spirit with alternate hopes and fears of French alliance or French punishment—startled him with alarms at the popular feeling which had awoke even in defence of his throne—made him an impassable obstacle in the path of the national progress to independence; and finally, by a French marriage or a French pension, moulded him into a tool, or corrupted him into a slave. Ferdinand, on the Spanish throne, would have governed the kingdom for Napoleon, with still more submissiveness than the Bourbons had ever governed it for France. The puppet king would have been the cheapest of all viceroys. But the emperor, by moving the whole lumber of the

archy from Spain, only gave the public feeling room to expand, relieved the national vigour from the lazy, loose, and formal impediments of a court without honour, and a monarch without understanding—virtually transferred the government to Wellington, and the war into the hands of the British army—told the Spaniards that they were to depend on their own swords and sinews for safety; and finished a war in which France lost all glory, by a catastrophe in which her master lost all empire. Such is the retribution by which treachery prepares the poison for its own lips, and great crimes are compelled to give their moral to the world.

The most gigantic contest which Europe had ever seen was now approaching, and the forces of the Allies, all converging to the fields of France, were worthy of its decision. The question was of European liberty; and upon the conduct and courage of those combatants during the next few months might turn the fate of every throne in the civilized world. In the beginning of the memorable year 1814, the frontier which Napoleon had so loftily pronounced "sacred," and which had so long presented a barrier of almost superstitious awe to mankind, was suddenly broken down, and four armies of immense power were at once in march through France; the grand army, under Schwartzenberg, of 261,000 men; the Prussians, under Blucher, of 137,000; the army under Bernadotte, of 174,000; and most formidable, brilliant, and triumphant of all, the British, Spanish, and Portuguese force, under Wellington, of 78,000 men—a force which had marched to the frontier over the French armies of the Peninsula, and was destined yet to crown the war by the greatest victory of the age. To this advancing multitude must be added the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian reserves, the Austrians in Italy, and the Spanish and English in Catalonia—the whole amounting to a million and twenty-eight thousand soldiers! Behind them, again, were the Landwehrs of the different German states, scarcely less than another million, and ready to be poured into the field.

The preparations on the side of Napoleon were urged with still greater activity, but the land was already exhausted—the drain on the population had been terrible. Within sixteen months from 1812, he had compelled the reluctant yet time-serving Senate to issue decrees for raising 1,260,000 men. But desertion, disease, the sword, and the popular abhorrence of those ruinous hostilities, had thinned the French ranks, until their whole force amounted to scarcely more than 200,000, and even of those Napoleon was never able to concentrate more than 60,000 in one field. Even as if infatuation was added to the overwhelming difficulties of his last struggle, he left not less than 100,000 of his veterans shut up in the fortresses of Germany, where they were totally cut off from him, were blockaded by peasants, and were finally forced to surrender without striking a blow. But Napoleon was now hastening to his ruin. His inferiority of force precluded all permanent success; and, except frenzy should seize the allied councils, or a general deluge sweep away their advancing armies, his days were numbered. Disaffection, too, in his cabinet, his military council, and his troops, seconded the growing disgust of the nation. They felt that peace was within his power if it was not repelled by his pride; that his defeats rankled so deeply in his heart, that he was determined to wash them away, if the last blood of France were to be wasted in the effort; and that the man who had so long trampled on the feelings of Europe, was now ready to trample on the last hopes of his country, if he could build up for himself a renewal of his shattered renown. All popular affection had long since abandoned him; the happiest tidings even for his ministers and marshals would have been, that some great defeat had deprived him of the power of ever going to war again; and no triumph would have visited the national ear with such a sense of joy, as the sound of the volley fired over his grave.

Napoleon commenced his campaigns by a succession of daring attacks on the vast array of the Allies, advancing over a line of 200 miles, and, of course, liable to be penetrated in various points by an active assailant. His fortunes alternated, but his soldiership was never more conspicuously displayed. We have already observed that Mr Alison is peculiarly graphic in his descriptions of those formidable

encounters; much more so than those writers who turn every battle into a melodrama, elaborate war into a study for the picturesque, and fatigue themselves in detailing "the sparkling of musketry, the clash of sabres, and the *dark-flashing eyes!*" of her majesty's horse, foot, and dragoons. Mr Alison is more rational, and he gives us a portraiture of the event, unheightened by those touches of the scene-painter; he avoids the gaudiness of the brush, and we infinitely prefer his strength and simplicity to the "decorative style" of his dashing competitors.

The battle of Vauchamps, fought on the 14th of February, was the first in which the army of Blucher distinguished itself; and the achievement was worthy of the veteran and his heroes. Napoleon had just fought an extraordinary action at Montmirail; and the retreat of the defeated troops of Sacken allowed him to throw himself, unexpectedly, on the corps of Blucher, which had previously been pressing on Marmont. The French marshal had just retired, after some fighting, from the village of Vauchamps, when the well-known ensigns of the Guard were seen on the highway, and the advance of a powerful body of cuirassiers announced the presence of "the Emperor!"

"Instantaneous was the effect of this intelligence upon the spirit of the troops. The retreat was immediately suspended; the cavalry, hurrying to the front, charged with boldness, the skirmishers fell back, and gave place to columns of infantry. The batteries were reinforced, and fired with fresh vivacity; aides-de-camp were seen galloping in all directions, and the air resounded with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

Blucher now felt the necessity of a retreat, and began his movement in squares, with the artillery in the intervals, and two powerful corps on his right and left. The moment was critical.

"Now commenced a combat which has shed an immortal lustre on the steadiness of the Prussian and Russian troops. The retreat was conducted along the high-road, which traverses a flat and open country, running in a straight line, as is usual in that part of France, between rows of lofty elms. On this *chaussée* the artillery retired, firing incessantly on the pursuers, while the squares of infantry marched abreast of it in the fields on either side. Slowly, and in perfect order, the Russian squares fell back, as on a field-day at St Petersburg, and truly then appeared in their highest lustre the marvels of military discipline. In vain the French cuirassiers, animated by the presence of their Emperor, swept round the steady walls of steel, and, approaching to the very point of the bayonet, strove to force their way in, wherever the discharge of their cannon tore up a chasm. Instantly closing to the centre, those noble veterans preserved their array unbroken, and the squares, though sorely diminished, presented an undaunted front to the enemy. Entranced with the spectacle, Blucher, forgetting his own danger, gazed on the scene, and halting his horse, exclaimed—'See how my brave Russians fight!' Thus combating, they reached Champaubert; but after passing through that town, the danger thickened; and such were the perils with which they were beset, that the bravest almost gave themselves up to despair."

While Blucher was defiling slowly through the narrow streets of the town, Napoleon had sent 3000 cavalry, under Grouchy, to cut off his retreat. On emerging from the town, the Prussian and Russian columns were still pressed by the French, and the march was a succession of charges, boldly made, and repulsed. But when they had thus fought to within half a mile of Etoges, where, from the nature of the country, they would be free from the pursuit of cavalry—"all at once, on surmounting an eminence, just as the sun set, they saw Grouchy's horsemen drawn up in battle array before them, and its last rays glanced on a long line of cuirasses, which, stretching far across the road on either side, seemed to present an impenetrable barrier to their further advance. At this appalling sight, total defeat seemed to be inevitable; even the heart of Blucher shuddered at the thought, that not himself only, but the whole corps, with Prince Augustus of Prussia, were on the point of being made prisoners. 'Let us die rather,' said this gallant Prince, drawing his sword and preparing to charge. With mournful resolution, Blucher stood in front of the squares, in hopes of falling before he witnessed the disgrace of his country. 'If you should be killed now,' interrupted his aide-de-c Nostitz, 'do you really think h will praise you for it?' Stru

the words, the Field-Marshal turned his horse's head, and said to Gneisenau, 'If I do not perish to-day, I am destined to live long; and I still hope to repair all.'"

This was evidently the decisive moment, and such moments show how much depends on the leader. If the commander of that army had been either feeble in body or fluctuating in mind, he would have thought that he had done enough, and the army would have piled their muskets on the spot. But Blucher was of a different calibre—he was a bold, firm, and high-minded man, a true soldier, who felt that nothing was to be left undone while he had life—that the duty of an army is, always to fight to the last, and the duty of an officer is, to lead while it can follow. He now determined to charge the mass of cavalry with the bayonet. Knowing the effect of sudden excitement on all troops, he ordered the colours to be unfurled, the bands to play, and the columns to advance upon the enemy, as if they were marching to a victory. After one general and heavy discharge of their artillery, they rushed with a shout upon Grouchy's horsemen. Cavalry, however formidable against broken troops, are generally feeble against resolute men in a solid formation. The columns burst into the squadrons; the bayonet was too strong for the sabre, as it always has been when fairly brought into contact; and after a brief struggle the horsemen were seen flying on either side, and the Russian and Prussian shakos making their way among the helmets. Fortunately, Grouchy had been compelled by the badness of the cross-roads to leave his guns behind, while the artillery of Blucher, well served and in force, had the highway to move upon. Grouchy was beaten, and the allied columns, still fighting, and forcing their way till nightfall, at length reached Etoges. But the French, still eager to crush those gallant troops, attacked them again when it was almost midnight. Exhausted as they were with a whole day's fighting, the Russians and Prussians started from their bivouac, and rushed on the enemy. The French were gallantly met; after some desperate struggles all was still again, the army moved (the night, and by morn it reached Chalons, where it was pursued no more.

This was perhaps the most gallant action fought during the campaign. It was clearly the most dependent for its success on the character of the officer in command, and the character of his troops. All the advantages of the field were on the side of the enemy; surprise, superiority of numbers, high condition of the troops, and high reputation of the general. Blucher had but 20,000 men; yet by his steadiness, his system, and by his determination under no circumstance to yield while it was possible to resist, this brave man, though nearly seventy years old, baffled every attack with unwearied energy, saved his honour, saved his army, and probably saved the whole campaign. But his loss was formidable—it amounted in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to 7000, a third of his whole corps. The French estimated their own loss at but 1200 men—a palpably untrue return, for their troops had fallen in great numbers under the incessant fire, and the frequent charges of this long and desperate day; but falsehood was always the spirit of an imperial bulletin. Their loss could scarcely have been under 3000 men.

Yet the immensity of the allied force was not to be counteracted by partial successes. While Napoleon was thus dubiously contending against his daring adversary, Schwartzenberg with the grand army was moving, almost unopposed, to the walls of Paris. Then first the haughty capital began to learn terror. Crowds of peasants pouring in from the country in possession of the enemy's light troops, filled the streets with lamentations, complaints, and extravagant reports of their numbers and their ferocity. The name of Cossack was a sound of consternation, the old ravages of the Tartar were revived in the popular imagination, and Paris seemed about to share the fate of Moscow.

During this entire eventful period, Napoleon was in constant action. His whole empire depended on himself. The danger of Paris now caught his eye, and he rushed forward to throw his army between it and Schwartzenberg; his vividness was irresistible.

"At the head of his indefatigable guards and cuirassiers, the Emperor now came across the valley of the Seine. The

advanced guard found the roads covered with waggons, converging from all points towards the capital, filled with the trembling inhabitants, who were flying before the Cossacks. Instantly they were disburdened of their living loads, the waggons were filled with soldiers, or laid aside and their horses harnessed to the guns; and every horse and man that could be pressed from the adjacent villages was attached to the vehicles to hurry them forward. It was full time. The plain of La Brie was covered with fire and smoke, the retiring columns of Victor and Oudinot were straining every nerve to hold the cross-road to Chalons, by which Napoleon had promised to arrive; but, so great was the superiority of the enemy, that it was doubtful whether they could maintain their ground for another hour, while, in the event of losing it, the junction would have become impossible. But no sooner were the well-known standards of the cuirassiers seen, than a loud shout announced the arrival of the Emperor; his name ran like an electric shock along the line, the retreat was stopped at all points. In the course of the night, and early on the following morning, large reinforcements joined too, the French head-quarters from the army in Spain. And the arrival of these veterans enabled Napoleon to resume the offensive at the head of 55,000 men."

Suffering nothing to be lost by delay, on the next morning he attacked Wittgenstein's advanced guard of 3000 foot and 1800 horse under Count Pahlen, and fell on them with such a weight of force, that, after a vigorous resistance, they were utterly broken, and the results of the action were 2100 prisoners and eleven guns, besides 900 killed.

Those successes shook the confidence of the Allies, the negotiations for peace were renewed, and Napoleon was once more within sight of supremacy. But it is remarkable, that even those instances of success were the true sources of his ultimate ruin. He might, at that period, have made peace, on terms which would have still left him dangerous to Europe. But those successes again inflamed his pride, and he commenced a course of equivocation and chicanery which at length convinced the Allies that good faith was thrown away upon him. On the very night after the first defeat of the Allies, he wrote to Caulaincourt, his envoy at Chatillon, "sign nothing;" in other words, carry on a mock negotiation. He subsequently wrote to recall his full powers, saying, that the *carte blanche* which he had given to him was "*merely to save Paris.*" If he had been beaten, he would have "signed" and saved his crown; but this success only tempted him to show the perfidy of his nature, and it was the proof that reliance in him was impossible, which ultimately outlawed this great king and soldier, and sent him to die at St Helena.

In those comprehensive transactions we constantly find a proof of the principle, that all the great events, all the great impulses, all the pivots on which the fates of nations turn, are to be found in individual character. At this period the councils of the Allies had become singularly perplexed. The sword of Napoleon had nearly cut asunder the grand alliance; while the family interests of Austria, and the personal views of the Prince-Royal of Sweden, paralyzed the army. The Czar was firm, but he was surrounded by men alarmed at their own responsibility, and a retreat to the Rhine was openly discussed in council. Nothing could be more ruinous; yet the ruin would have been tempted, but for the fortunate presence of the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs. "What hinders your marching to Paris?" was the direct question of Lord Castlereagh to the council in this emergency.

"The want of troops. But we cannot take them from the Grand Army; and Blucher has not force enough, unless he should be joined by the corps of Winzingerode and Bulow, which are under the command of Bernadotte."

"Are they essential to the operation?" asked the English minister.

"Undoubtedly; but there is an insurmountable difficulty in withdrawing them from the Prince-Royal's command without his consent, and that must rec[illegible] a long negotiation."

[illegible] y are essential, they be v[illegible] wn. And if the P[illegible] ce-Ro[illegible] l r[illegible], E[illegible] nd v[illegible] y stop [illegible] tl [illegible] ly. [illegible] rous [illegible] tion [illegible] nis [illegible] In [illegible] se v[illegible] s, or with [illegible] v [illegible] u [illegible] v [illegible] [illegible] pt [illegible] [illegible] gain [illegible] two [illegible] v [illegible] u. act o[illegible] rd

menced those triumphs which were to be so soon consummated in the capitulation of Paris.

The renewed activity of the Allies rapidly shook the strength, and even threw a gloom over the haughty and self-confident courage, of Napoleon. On the eve of the battle of Laon, he felt that he was about to more than risk the fate of his empire. He clearly foresaw his approaching ruin. "I see," said he, "that this war is an abyss; but I will be the last to bury myself in it. If we must wear the fetters, it is not I who will stretch out my hands to receive them."

He did not keep his word. But he became furious, insulted his marshals, railed at his troops, and began to shoot his prisoners!

The omen was fulfilled. At Laon he was defeated with immense loss, and his thinned ranks had evidently become wholly inadequate to victory. But he still fought with alternate success and discomfiture, until at Rheims he held his last review of his last army. The description is forcibly given.

"How different was this from the splendid military spectacles of the Tuileries or Chamartin, which had so often dazzled his sight with the pomp of apparently irresistible power! Wasted away to half the numbers which they possessed when they crossed the Marne a fortnight before, the greater part of the regiments exhibited only the skeletons of a military force; in several, more officers than privates were to be seen in the ranks; in all, the appearance of the troops, the haggard air of the men, their worn out dresses, and the strange motley of which they were composed, bespoke the total exhaustion of the empire. It was evident to all that Napoleon was spending his last resources. Beside the veterans of the Guard, the iron men whom nothing could daunt, but whose tattered garments and soiled accoutrements bespoke the dreadful fatigues to which they had been subjected—were to be seen young conscripts but recently torn from the embraces of maternal love, and whose wan visages and faltering steps told but too clearly that they were unequal to the weight of the arms which they bore. The gaunt figures of the horses, the broken carriages of the guns, the crazy and fractured artillery waggons which defiled past, the general confusion of arms, battalions, and uniforms, even in the best appointed corps, marked the melted-down remains of the vast military array which had so long stood triumphant against the world in arms. The soldiers exhibited none of their ancient enthusiasm as they defiled past the Emperor: silent and sad they took their way before him; the stern realities of war had chased away its enthusiastic ardour; all felt that, in the dreadful conflict, they themselves would perish—happy if they had not previously witnessed the degradation of France."

England now prepared to take a direct part in this general attack upon the falling empire, and she directed an armament of about 6000 men to the Scheldt. This armament only shows how difficult it is to get rid of previous habits, and how slowly nations acquire just principles of action. To attack France in Flanders was to attack her where she was most inassailable, where success would have been least influential on the general result of the campaign, and where, if Paris was taken, the country must follow. The result was natural and unfortunate. The expedition failed on all points; and the troops which, in the peninsula, fighting for the independence of Spain, were irresistible, were baffled fighting in the swamps of the Scheldt to burn a few ships, which could never have put to sea, and which common sense would have regarded as objects of preservation, as prizes at the peace. The British troops were baffled, too, not by soldiers in the field, but by boys, invalids, and burghers, behind walls; and their bombardment was repelled not by batteries, but by wet blankets, turf-baskets, and sand-bags. The fleet, fixed in the docks, defied the British balls; and the rabble of a Flemish town had the singular and improbable honour of resisting the stormers of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo. Carnot's last service was as commandant of Antwerp, and he thus finds a final niche in this eventful history.

When Mr Alison adopts a favourite, he adorns him with such eloquent dexterity, that it is difficult to disrobe him of his panegyric. In this spirit he praises Carnot.

"This stern republican," he strikingly tells us, "who had lived in retirement since the fall of Robespierre, resisted all the efforts of Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, to lure him from his retreat, and almost singly voted against his being made First Consul and Emperor, now came forward, with true patriotic devotion, to

offer him, in his adversity, what remained of strength at sixty-four years of age, for the defence of his country."

We have strong doubts whether any man who has lived under the actual operation of a republic, must not feel that it is impossible to be a republican and an honest man; and still stronger of all, whether the republicans of France were not uniformly the tramplers and scorners of every moral obligation. If Mr Alison's history were an ephemeral production, we should not take the trouble of discussing its opinions; but it is a work which will exist, which will be appealed to in other times, and which undoubtedly has every claim to public confidence, that can be founded on the love of truth and the power of animated expression. Thus it becomes of importance to examine the right of a man like Carnot to the praise which posterity gives to persevering virtue and principled dignity of character. These are the facts.

Carnot entered life as an officer of engineers in the service of Louis XVI. He received a royal mark of favour, and was made a Knight of St Louis. Yet on the first confusion of the country, he became a conspirator against his unfortunate and innocent king, and made himself so conspicuous in his hostility to the throne, that he was sent as a deputy to the National Convention. We believe that he was even one of those who sat on the king's trial and voted for his death! It is now idle to speak of that stage of the Revolution as any thing else than a furious outburst of blood and treason. Yet in this depth there was still a "lower depth," and Carnot became a member of that "Committee of Public Safety," whose true name would have been a committee of public massacre. If character is to be judged of by its association, it is enough to say that the fellows of Carnot in this dreadful cabinet were Robespierre, Barrere, St Just, Couthon, Billaud de Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois, notorious blasphemers, atheists, robbers, and murderers. On the fall of Robespierre, Carnot still clung to power, and was one of the Directory of 1795. He next shared the common fluctuations of republics, and was banished with sixty-five others to Cayenne. On the seizure of the government by Napoleon in 1799, a military revolution, a step which every man in France knew to be only the first step to a military tyranny, Carnot the republican took office under Napoleon the dictator, as Minister at War. It is admitted that, on the proposal of giving the diadem to the First Consul, he voted against monarchy. But Napoleon was strong enough then to despise such opposition, and he soon showed how justly he estimated his republican rigour, by giving him the appointment of "Inspector of Reviews," a place which was only preliminary to getting rid of him by a sinecure of 20,000 francs a-year! Living thus for ten years a pensioner on a despot, Carnot offered himself for the government of Antwerp in 1814, and was accepted. On the return of Napoleon from Elba this rigid republican offered himself again for office, and this under an emperor, and was made Minister of the Interior. On the fall of his master he still clung to power, was a member of the Provisional Government, and after so long a succession of servitude under the most violent, haughty, and liberticide of all despotisms, this gilded courtier, who had stooped to be made a Count in the moment of Napoleon's expiring sovereignty, proclaimed himself a republican once more! Pension, place, and title, no longer existed for him, and he made a last effort for a ridiculous reputation by an act of cheap virtue. But his game was at an end; he fled from France and died in exile in 1823.

Carnot was unquestionably a man of talent, though Napoleon made a point of always speaking of him with singular contempt, both as a military authority and as a minister. He said of him, as a tactician, "that he knew nothing of war, and but little even of his own part of it, fortification." And as a minister, that "he quarrelled with all the other ministers, and was always in the wrong." If sternness of manners, and assertions of his own purity, are to constitute a hero, Carnot was a republican of the heroic times. But, if the acceptance of power in times when power was in the hands of Robespierre, if the acceptance of a pension when it was given by Napoleon, and if the reception of a title from the dying tyranny, constitute a worldly

and worthless spirit, Carnot was a slave.

That the historian, when looking to the larger scale of things, can give a full and decisive testimony to the utter iniquity of revolution, we may justly adduce the following expressive and high-minded evidence.

"A revolution, being founded in general on the triumph of violence, robbery, and treason, over fidelity, order, and loyalty, and almost always accompanied in its progress by hideous effusion of blood and spoliation of property, its leaders, if successful, have no means of rousing or retaining the attachment of their followers, but by constantly appealing to the passions of the world. Equality, patriotism, liberty, glory, constitute the successive and brilliant meteors which they launch forth to dazzle and inspire mankind. They have an instinctive dread of the influences of heaven; all allusion to a supreme being appears to them fanaticism; they would willingly bury all thoughts of another world in oblivion. As long as success attends their efforts, the powerful bond of worldly interest or temporary passions binds together the unholy alliance, and its force proves for a long period irresistible. But the very principle which constitutes its strength in prosperity affords the measure of its weakness in adversity; its idol being worldly success, when this idol is pierced to the heart by the destroyer, 'the ocean vault falls in, and all are crushed.' The same motives of action, the same principles of conduct, which make them unanimously rally round the eagles of the conqueror, necessarily lead them to abandon the standards of the unfortunate. The enthusiasm of Austerlitz, however different in its aspect, sprang from the same source as the defections of Fontainbleau; in both instances they were true to one and the same principle, self-interest."

Nothing can be more *real* than this whole theory. It contains the substance of every revolution made by the mob since the world began. It is the faithful image of democracy in every region of mankind, where this Moloch has been erected by the insanity of man. But revolutions have another spell; they allow men to [illegible] e in fortune with the smallest [illegible] conceivable.

[illegible] et, noctes diesque, atri janua Ditis."

[illegible] ate mind, a reckless con- [illegible] a dagger, will equip any [illegible] for the [illegible] s of faction. Revolution is a vast lottery, in which the simplest ticket may obtain the highest prize in the wheel. It is a fathomless whirlpool, in which all may move without an effort, and the violence of the eddy makes the heaviest buoyant. It is a conflagration, in which the flame throws into equal light those who would raise and those who would extinguish the blaze: a scene of plunder, in which its very excess confers something of a character of right, a rapine legitimating robbery, and a violence by habit adopted as a privilege of nature: the whole, a vast general convulsion of morals, in which, like the convulsions of the soil, the strongest fabrics are the first stricken, and men begin at once to believe that nothing is to be built for posterity, and that a power of such irresistible force is let loose, that all defence is presumptuous and impracticable. That those things may be, we have had fearful experience; that those things may be again, we see palpable proof in the eager perversions of the multitude. But if they shall be suffered, it must be by our own fault, by the willing corruption of the popular mind, seconded by the indolence, the obstinacy, or the selfishness of the leading men of the country. But the course of safety is as plain as the course of danger. *Democracy must not be tampered with;* it must be trampled on. It must be met by an open, unhesitating, uncompromising resistance. The man who in Parliament avows himself a democrat, ought to be instantly driven out by impeachment: the man who in print dares to insult the ears of England with the doctrine, ought to be instantly sent to take his trial at the Old Bailey; the man who attempts to poison the rabble with this most deadly of all nostrums, ought to be instantly sent to work out his guilty life, in chains, at the antipodes. The doctrine should be declared to be treason, and the teacher punished as a traitor. If there ever was a period when the very principle of evil was suffered to ascend embodied on earth, to bewilder the human brain with his blackest treacheries, and make the tremendous experiment how far man is capable of imbibing a malignity, and inflicting a misery, and incurring a guilt like his own, it is in the passions, the profligacy, and

the havoc of a democratic revolution.

Mr Alison decides, in language of equal vigour and truth, that the fall of Napoleon was the effect of the general selfishness, the decay of all principle, a torpidity of all moral feeling, and that this was the fruit of the Revolution.

"It is in vain," he observes, "to attempt to shelter the tergiversations of Fontainbleau under any peculiarity of national character, or to ascribe to human nature what is true only of its baseness under the vices of a revolution. It is equally vain to allege that necessity drove the French leaders to this measure; that they had no alternative, and that desertion of Napoleon or national ruin, stared them in the face. If that were the case, what condemnation so severe could be passed on the revolutionary system as the admission, that it had brought matters, under chiefs and leaders of the nation's own appointment, to such a pass, that nothing remained but to ruin their country or betray the hero whom they had placed upon the throne? But in truth, it was misfortune, and the stoppage of the robbery of Europe, which alone rendered Napoleon unpopular, and undermined the colossal power which the Revolution had reared up. Not a whisper was heard against his system of government as long as it was victorious; it was at the zenith of its popularity, when, after twelve years' continuance, he crossed the Niemen; it was when it became unfortunate alone that it was felt to be insupportable. If the French eagles had gone on from conquest to conquest, France would have yielded up the last drop of its blood to his ambition, and he would have lived and died surrounded by the adulation of its whole inhabitants, though it had deprived all its mothers of their sons, and all the civilized world of its possessions.

"No position is more frequently maintained by the French writers of the liberal school, than that Napoleon perished because he departed from the principles of the Revolution—that the monarch forgot the maxims of the citizen—the emperor the simplicity of the general; that he stifled the national voice till it had become extinct, and curbed the popular energies till they had been forgotten; that he fell at last, less under the bayonets of banded Europe, than in consequence of his despotic terror at putting arms into the hands of his own people; and that, if he had revived in 1814 the revolutionary energy of 1793, he would have proved equally victorious. They might as well say, that if the old worn-out debauchee of sixty would only resume the vigour and the passions of twenty-five, he would recover from all his ailments. Doubtless he would succeed in so doing by such a miracle for a time, and he might, if so renovated, run again for twenty years the career of pleasure, licentiousness, suffering, and decay. But is such a restoration in the last stages of excitement, whether individual or national, possible? Is it desirable? Was there ever such a thing heard of, as a nation, after twenty five years suffering and exhaustion from the indulgence of its social or convulsive passions, again commencing the career of delusion and ruin? Never. Men are hardly ever warned by the sufferings of preceding generations, but they are never insensible to the agonies of their own."

There is something so dazzling to the multitude in the first aspect of a revolution, that we cannot restrain ourselves from giving such additional publicity as our pages may offer to the language of this principled and intelligent defender of the laws. The exterior of national revolution is all brightness. It goes through the land like a descended spirit of peace and power. Irresistible in strength, it exercises that strength only in overthrowing the obstacles to national justice; inexhaustible in benevolence, it pours out that benevolence only on the wants of the suffering, supplicating multitude. Its lips glow with the eloquence of humanity, its heart swells with the living circulation of courage and charity. It at length ascends a throne built by the hands of a regenerated people. But it is soon not contented with sovereignty, it requires adoration. It demands the erection of an altar, and on that altar the sacrifices must be supplied by human victims. Its nostrils must now inhale the constant vapour of blood. Its ears must be fed with outcries and agonies. The angel is now a demon, and its triumph is to torture mankind.

To the hollowness of heart produced by democracy, Mr Alison attributes the downfall of the French emperor:—

"That this, and not any peculiar fickleness or proneness to change, was the real cause of the universal and disgraceful desertion by France of its revolutionary chief when he became unfortunate, is decisively proved by the consideration, that in other times, even in France itself, in those parts of the country, or among those classes where the old influences still sur-

vived, the most glorious examples of constancy and fidelity had been found. In the course of the wars with England, Paris was not only taken, but occupied eighteen years by the English armies; an English King was crowned King of France at Rheims; and so complete was the prostration of the country, that an English corps, not ten thousand strong, marched right through the heart of France from Calais to Bayonne without encountering any opposition. But that did not subjugate the French people, nor hinder them from gloriously rallying behind the Loire, and twice expelling the English from their territory. The League long held Paris; but that did not prevent Henry IV., at the head of the forces of the provinces, from laying siege to it, and placing himself, a Protestant chief, on the throne of France. Where, in the annals of the world, shall we find more touching examples of heroism in misfortune, or constancy in adversity, than in La Vendée under the republican massacre, or in Lyons under the *mitraillades* of Fouché and Collot d'Herbois? Even in Paris, stripped as it had been of almost the whole of the nobility by the previous emigration, five hundred devoted gentlemen hastened to the Tuileries, on the 10th of August 1792, to meet death with the royal family; but not one went thence to Fontainbleau, to share exile with Napoleon on the eve of his overthrow."

Nothing can be more true than all this, and nothing more instructive to both kings and people. The French in deserting Napoleon were but practising the lesson which they had learned from their whole succession of revolutionary teachers. The entire progress of the Revolution had been a downward march from the natural light of the heart and understanding. At every step of that fearful and guilty descent, they more and more lost sight of the natural illumination of the world. There multitudes, wild with new passions, and filled with impulses at once furious and fantastic, followed a light of their own, and in following that strange, gaudy, glaring, and artificial lustre, saw every thing round them distorted, saw new shapes of misery, shame and crime,

"Terribiles visu formæ Letumque, Laborque;"

and, when the light was at last let in upon them by the shattering of the vault above their heads, were seen blinded and bewildered, unfit to be nu ered among the nations of the ear and incapable of the day.

Napoleon himself was one of those teachers. He was a Jacobin to the last. The successive changes of his rank never affected the inner man. Like the Indian Avatars, the variety of names was virtually one, the variety of transformations covered only the same substantial being; and whether, as a son of earth or the dweller in a region of power and brilliancy, above the reach of all others of mankind; whether, wearing the robes of the common sojourner, or putting them off for the habiliments of the sovereign, or ascending, like Vishnu, "to the third heaven" of supremacy, which seemed beyond the hope of man—he was still the same. He began in selfishness, the especial characteristic of all revolutionary times; he triumphed by selfishness, and by selfishness also he was undone. During his whole career we cannot discover a single instance of that postponement of self, in which are founded all the noblest qualities of our nature—generosity, clemency, benevolence, justice. The only balance in which Napoleon seems ever to have weighed right and wrong, was his own interest. When it was for that interest to be mean, cold, perfidious, and even cowardly, he was them all; when it was for that interest to seem liberal, lofty, and heroic, none could speak the language of magnanimity with a louder tone. It was this sense of interest which induced him to fly from Egypt, and leave his indignant troops to capture. It was this which induced him to leave his army perishing on the roads of Russia. It was this base and personal interest which tempted him to escape from his army, struggling back through its own blood from the field of Waterloo—a temptation which avenged all the rest, for that flight ruined him. Nothing can be clearer, than that if Napoleon had bravely remained to gather up his broken force in the field—for he had still more than half his army untouched, while Grouchy had under him 30,000 men—the senate would never have dared to dethrone him. Even when the Allies arrived under the walls of Paris, they found little less than 100,000 men ready to dispute their entrance; and whether they fought or not, it is impossible to doubt that Napoleon, at their head,

would have commanded terms altogether different from a captivity at St Helena. It was his sullen and degrading selfishness, his habit of regarding only his personal advantage, that sent him a fugitive from the field—a supplicant to Paris—a *détenu* to Malmaison, and a prisoner to St Helena.

We may well exult in the justice which thus returns the chalice to the lip of the poisoner. We may gladly acknowledge the retribution by which the man, who has no fellow feeling for human nature, is necessarily abandoned in the day of his adversity. We may amply rejoice in the severity of the lesson which thus inculcates the value of the gentler sympathies, even to the highest conditions of human power—which tells us, that however deep and strong the imperial tree may strike its main root, it yet cannot live without those thousand almost invisible ramifications and fibres which collect its subsistence from the soil. That the more colossal and massive is the imperial statue, the less it can stand without those supports which, though they may seem to deform its independent greatness, are yet essential to its solidity; that the attempt to exclude mankind from all share in our feelings, succeeds only in excluding us from theirs, turns the palace virtually into a cell or a dungeon, and its chilled and arrogant inmate into a hermit or a prisoner, and in both cases shuts him up for ever *alone*.

Mr Alison's volumes have one distinguishing characteristic, to which we have always adverted with honour. It is his continual admission of a power above man, regulating the affairs of this troubled world, and by a process, at once of measureless power and unwearied mercy, bringing good out of evil. The principle casually forced on other historians, with him is a willing and high-minded adoption. But the hazard of this adoption is its tendency to give a necessarian colour to all human transactions, and urge the mind, and we admit the temptation to be a most exciting one, into the search for irresistible impulses, direct operations of Providence, and absolute and original impressions moulding the whole devious career even of a thing so capricious as the will of man. We certainly are not believers in the necessity of war to either France or Napoleon. It is wholly against our conceptions of Providence or of man, to suppose that the continual havoc of the French wars was sanctioned in any degree by a law of nature, or was even palliated by a necessity of man. We are perfectly aware that such was the excuse of Napoleon when his chains taught him that his power was but transitory, and the solitude of his dungeon gave him leisure to play the advocate. But it is our firm belief that if, from the period of his ascending the throne, he had desired peace with Europe, he might have had peace down to the day when he sank into the tomb; and that, if he desired to see the vigour of France turned from war to the arts of peace, he had only to speak the word. Of course, if a monarch resolves to turn his whole empire into a camp, if he breaks down all manufacture, extinguishes all commerce, destroys nearly all the common resources of civil life, and offers no resource to the rising population but the military life, he must find employment for his armies, or see them mutinous or mouldering away. But whose was the act? By whom were the pastures of the sheep and the goat filled with the lion and tiger? By whom were the workmen and the peasantry forced to take the sabre and musket, and be the unwilling soldiers of France, only to be the willing ravagers of Europe? The man who did this could have no right to complain of the necessity which forced him to war. Habitual success always generates this language. Our long series of triumphs in the East had begun to intoxicate our national good sense. Our English functionaries had learned this language. Every official from the Ganges to the Indus had adopted the "theory of progress." England must go on—it was impossible for her to stop; the current of events was not to be stemmed. She must by an invincible necessity gradually extend her empire over all the bordering states. Birmah must be only a stepping-stone on one side, Persia on the other. The question was, where was this to end? This was answered by, No man knows where; but in the mean time it must go on. Such is the peril of a principle. The theory has since b

grievously convicted of unsoundness. The melancholy mementos of the Affghan war stand in rebuke of the dreams of our sanguine and short-sighted officials. It is as impossible to read their presumptuous and frivolous pages without seeing that universal empire was familiar to their minds, as it is to read the disheartening despatches of our gallant soldiers without feeling that this arrogance has been distinctly and fearfully scourged. Yet even our calamity will be the source of national good, if it converts our ambition of conquest, and teaches us the higher wisdom of strengthening, purifying, and enlightening the mighty territory which is already our own.

One of the remarkable advantages of this history is the extent of its subject. Recording a war which spread over the principal portions of the globe, it gives the historian the command of all the shapes and colours of description. The privilege which the Roman poet ascribes to the dramatist, of placing the spectator at will in Thebes or in Athens, is feeble and narrow to a privilege which in a moment carries the reader to regions the most remote, and through scenes the most dissimilar — like the Homeric Jove, sometimes gazing on the conflicts of warriors of imperishable name, sometimes resting in calm contemplation of human destinies, wrapped in clouds and reposing on the flowers of Ida, and sometimes passing away from the region of storm and strife, and floating to skies unsullied with a cloud, and scenes of perpetual splendour and unfading spring.

The hostilities which occurred with America in the latter part of the war, are detailed with that clearness of pen which constitutes the chief merit of all history, and this portion of the work is prefaced by some admirable and graphic descriptions. He thus commences his sketch of the chief features of the New World :—

"If the friends of freedom are often led to despair of its fortunes amid the dense population, aged monarchies, and corrupted passions of the Old World, the Aurora appears to rise in a purer sky, and with brighter colours, in the other hemisphere. In those immense regions which the genius of Columbus first laid open to European enterprize, where vice had not spread its snares, nor wealth its seductions, the free spirit and persevering industry of England have penetrated a continent, and laid in the wilderness the foundations of a vaster monument of civilization than was ever yet raised by the hand of man. Nor has the hand of Nature been wanting to prepare a fitting receptacle for this august structure. Far beyond the Atlantic, amid forests trod only by the casual passage of the savage, her creative powers have been for ages in activity. In the solitudes of the Far West, the garden of the human race has been for ages in preparation; and amid the ceaseless and expanding energies of the Old World, her prophetic hand has silently prepared, in the solitude of the New, unbounded resources for the future increase of man."

After a striking description of the West Indies — a part of the world whose purpose has always seemed to us an unsolved problem—he turns to the United States. He has just painted the luxuriance of the Antilles :—

"There is a land in the same hemisphere of another character. Washed by the waves of a stormy ocean, granite rocks and sandy promontories constitute its sea front, and a sterile inhospitable tract, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles broad, and eleven hundred long, presents itself to the labours of the colonist. It was there that the British exiles first set their feet, and sought, amid hardships and suffering, the freedom of which England had become unworthy. Dark and melancholy woods cover the greater part of this expanse; the fir, the beech, the laurel, and the wild olive, are chiefly to be found on the sea-coast, but in such profusion do they grow, and so strongly characterize the country, that even now, after two hundred years of laborious industry, the spaces cleared by man appear but as spots amid the gloomy immensity of the primitive forest.

"Further inland, the shapeless swell of the Alleghany mountains rises, to separate the sea-coast from the vast plains in the interior. The forests become loftier, and are composed of noble trees, sown by the hand of nature in every variety. The ceaseless activity of nature is seen without intermission in these pathless solitudes—the great work of creation is every where followed by destruction, that of destruction by creation."

The extent of this region is immense; to all actual purposes of possession it may be almost called boundless; for no human progress could

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"The United States of North America extend from 70° to 127° west longitude, and from 25° to 52° north latitude. They embrace, in the territories of the separate states, 1,535,000 square miles—about ten times the area of France, which contains 156,000, and seventeen times the British islands, which contain 91,000; besides about 500,000 more in the unappropriated western wilds, not yet allotted to any separate state—in all, 2,076,000 square miles, or 1,328,896,000 acres, upwards of twenty-two times the area of the British islands. Two vast chains of mountains extend from north to south. The Alleghany stretching from Canada to Florida, 1400 miles. The Rocky Mountains from Icy Cape to the Isthmus of Darien. The Alleghany seldom rise above 5000 feet high; the Rocky Mountains sometimes 15,000."

The whole territory of the United States is regarded by Mr Alison as a vast centre with two wings. All is vast indeed. The ocean border, a space between the sea and the Alleghany, is a comparatively sterile tract, containing 200,000 square miles. The central tract, or great valley between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, is the garden of America; two-thirds of it one of the most fertile tracts in the world. It contains 1,000,000 of square miles, or six times the extent of France, and eleven times the British islands. Beyond the Rocky Mountains a broken and irregular plain descends to the Pacific, containing 300,000 square miles, full of ravines, full of rivers, and rich in mines.

Yet this is not all the provision for the future multitudes of mankind. To the south Mexico contains 1,000,000 of square miles, now peopled only by 8,000,000, or eight to the square mile, the proportion in England being 300.

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whole land of the globe! The two Canadas contain about 300,000 square miles, of which 95,000 are in the upper province—of the whole, about 130,000 are surveyed, or under cultivation. About 500,000 are capable of being settled—a space more than six times the surface of the entire of the British isles. But the most singular feature of the country is its lakes; six vast inland fresh-water seas, connected by the majestic St Lawrence, and extending from the St Louis to the ocean. The whole amount of the British North American territory is 4,109,630 geographical square miles, besides 1,340,000 square miles of water. The entire globe contains, in land, 37,000,000.

Some ingenious and striking dissertation is devoted to the origin of the native American, and the great continent is conceived to be peopled from Behring's Straits, which we are told, having served as the passage to the original settlers, had gradually transmitted them over the whole extent of the American continent in both hemispheres, from Icy Cape to Cape Horn. That the North American Indian is a descendant of the Tartar, is evident from his physiognomy; but it is equally true that there are two distinct races in the continent, and that the Peruvian and Southern Indian is of a wholly distinct race, in both physiognomy and character, from the northern. He has the colour, countenance, air, and even the habits of the Southern Asiatic. He is evidently an offset from Siam, Pegu, and the coasts east of the Bay of Bengal. The Northern Indian has the brown skin, the narrow eye, the high cheekbones, and the hard countenance of the Tartar. Like the Tartar, too, he is predatory, roving, feroci ...
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through the vast deserts of Northern Asia. A Siamese sloop, driven out of her course by a storm, might, without much difficulty, reach the western shore. It is not two years since a Chinese junk, driven out of her course by a storm, arrived on the west coast, the crew much exhausted by privation, but still capable of settlement. A single incident of this nature might have sufficed to plant man in the country; and there might have been many in the lapse of the four thousand years, since nature threw open this vast region to the industry of man.

We doubt that either of those races has changed its character in any considerable degree, or "that, in the North American savage, the world has here presented a different speciman of the race of man from what it had hitherto exhibited." His exterior is unquestionably Tartar, and his habits are those of the hunter in every primitive country of Europe; indolent when not roused by necessity, indefatigable with an object in pursuit; crafty where he can gain his point by stratagem, desperately brave where he is compelled at last to expose himself; hating exertion, and yet capable of vast fatigue; exhibiting singular abstinence, yet fond of intoxication.

The South American native exhibits similarly the stamp of his origin. At the time of the Spanish invasion, he was found living under an extensive system of civilization, not in small clusters, or clans, but in large communities, gathering into cities, constructing temples, possessing a regular worship; skilled in weaving, in the working of metals, and several of the arts of life, even of luxury; keeping records of the chief events of the time, and making even a kind of pictorial history of all remarkable things. Nothing can be more like the habits of South Asiatic life than all this, and nothing less like those of the Tartar; while the North American Indian is the Tartar in every thing but his possession of the horse, and his use of pasturage. The latter evidently accounted for by his lot having fallen into a region of forests, offering him a ready subsistence in its deer and buffaloes, and the former probably resulting from the natural disregard of savage life for any thing which requires constant care, and whose service may be easily dispensed with. Even if they had originally transported the horse with them across the strait which separates Asia from America, it is probable that an animal would be neglected which was so useless to the hunter in the forest. In the prairie, the Indian now has the horse, which, however, he generally steals from the Spaniards. He uses it for the Tartar purposes of predatory expeditions, and differs from his northern ancestor in little more than a complexion unbleached by the winds and snows of the pole.

The ease with which land is acquired, employment found, and children are provided for, in America, has given the principle of population its full development. The rate of increase is that of *doubling* in every twenty-three years and a half; and this rate has continued during the two hundred years since its first settlement by the British, under the colonial and monarchial government as well as the republican. It is thus evidently the natural law of increase, unimpeded by difficulties of subsistence. The United States now contain a population of 17,000,000, of whom 14,000,000 are of the Anglo-Saxon race. The negroes are 2,874,378, who, with the exception of about 350,000, are slaves. If this rate should not be checked for another century, America in 1940 will contain 270,000,000, or 30,000,000 more than Europe west of the Ural mountains. Mr Alison doubts the continuance of this increase, chiefly from the future difficulties of emigration from Europe—"As the sea-coast becomes an old established and densely peopled country, the expense of transporting a family from the shores of the ocean to the west, will exceed that of conveying it across the Atlantic; the stream of European settlement will take another direction, and the hundred thousand emigrants who now annually land on the American shores from the states of the Old World, will disappear." But America may fairly disregard such a fraction as 100,000 in the vast sum of 17,000,000, doubling itself every twenty-three years and a half. If the current is to be stopped, it must be by larger obstacles—wars between states growing

too strong for dependence—the separation of the southern states from the northern, a separation which can scarcely be effected or sustained but by war—or that struggle which is all but inevitable, between the mighty multitudes of the valley of the Mississippi and the states of the western coasts of the ocean. Burke, the unrivalled prophet of politics, described, fifty years ago, the growth of a population of "American Tartars," armed with the pike and the sabre, pouring over the Alleghanies, and sweeping away the wealth, the population, and the existence of a long line of cities grown indolent, avaricious, and defenceless, by the natural course of popular government and profligate prosperity. But we shall hope that the good sense or the good fortune, the improved morality or the purified government of America, will at least qualify those natural tendencies of uncontrolled power and an unlimited population.

The historian appeals to more than our imagination, when he describes the incessant advance of this great stream of civilization, as something solemn and most awful. "Vast as were the savage multitudes which ambition or the lust of plunder attracted to the standards of Timour or Genghis Khan, to oppress and overwhelm the opulent regions of the earth; immense as were the swarms which for centuries issued from the cheerless plains of Scythia, to insult or devastate the decaying provinces of the Roman empire; they were as nothing compared to the ceaseless flood of human beings which is now, in its turn, sent forth from the abodes of civilized men into the desert parts of the world." The valley of the Mississippi is now the grand place of gathering, and the settlers there amount to little less than 300,000 a-year. This is certainly not so great a multitude as the invasions of those showy chieftains have sometimes exhibited, nor so picturesque as the horsemen of the Indian or the Mogul. But they have a moral better than sithe or steel.

"They do not pass through, as the Tartar hordes, like a desolating fire or a raging torrent; they settle where they take up their abode, never to r . Their war is with the forest and the m- Spreading themselves over an er nearly 1200 miles in length, these advanced posts of civilization commence the incessant war with the hatchet and the plough; and at the sound of their strokes resounding through the solitudes of the forest, the wild animals and the Indians retire to more undisturbed retreats. Along this frontier tract, the average advance of cultivation is about seventeen miles a-year. The ground is imperfectly cleared indeed, by those pioneers; but still the forest has disappeared, the green field, the wooden cottage, the signs of infant improvement, have arisen, and behind them another wave of more wealthy and skilful settlers succeeds, who complete the work of agricultural improvement.

America seems to have been reserved, as a land of experiment for these latter times, a vast field in which all the lessons essential to the prosperity of Europe may be exhibited to the eye of nations. The first lesson is given in its agriculture. The husbandman of America is shown to be the true strength of the country—it is the culture of the earth that the state falls back upon in all its difficulties. All the showy expedients for fabricating wealth out of nothing, which are so familiar in Europe, are there proved to be fallacies on the largest scale of demonstration. Trading without capital, and currency without specie, are the two grand charlataneries of the world. America tries them both on a larger scale than was ever known before, and she is bankrupt every half dozen years; the paper coined by millions, becomes not worth its weight in wind. Thousands are utterly ruined, tens of thousands are reduced to poverty. Yet she has such a mine of wealth in the soil, such facilities of recovery in the plough and the spade, such endless storehouses of national wealth in the forest, the prairie, and the mountain, that the national ruin is no more felt than the peasant feels the mouldering of the leaves which fell in the last autumn, and which are at that moment preparing a new fertility for soil. In 1814, it is said that at le two-thirds of the traders of the U States became at once insolvent. 1837, nearly all the cotton-growers the south became bankrupt t . In 1839, almost every bank o leadi s stopped in a mome . national bank of s. hour, we

thing but cries of ruin, or of what is much more disgraceful, impudent protestations against paying any debt whatever, and base and insulting ridicule of the dupes in this country, who could expect any compensation for money lent on the faith of America. Yet all this passes by; men distrust for a while, and despise for ever, but the land again brings forth her produce; the strong husbandman props up the shattered merchant; the sale of lands recruits the empty treasury; the spirit of the market restores the activity of the counting-house; and the State, like a sickly patient, recovers by the diet of the farm, or, like a drowned suicide, is restored by the rough rubbing of peasant hands; opens its eyes to be astonished at its own folly, and to be glad of its escape; struggles for a while against its old temptation, and finally enters the gaming-house, and is ruined again, only to undergo the same process of recovery.

It is obvious that all the peculiarities of the American character arise from two sources, neither of them of a very lofty nature—the love of wealth, and the hatred of all other superiority. The love of wealth belongs to man, but in Europe it is softened by education, by local sympathies, by the love of our kind, and the elevation of our philosophy. "Godliness, with contentment, is great gain," is a truth declared on the highest authority, and experience amply coincides with the precept, in assigning the inordinate love of gain as the cause of every conceivable degradation of the heart, and every moral obstacle to the happiness of man. In America, the inordinate love of wealth is evidently the national passion. To make money to the largest possible amount, to make it with the greatest possible rapidity, and make it in every possible way, is the grand object of existence. Of course, we cannot doubt that, within the confines of the United States, there are many virtuous, many self-denying, and many altogether superior to the mere mammonish idolatry of gold. But like national countenance, taken not from a few faces of beauty, but from the physiognomy of the population, character must be taken from the multitude. Successful swindling appears to be the triumph of the Yankee. They follow, by instinct, the doctrine which was enforced on the Spartan by discipline. The robbery which is undetected, is a mere exertion of native ingenuity; the robbery which is found out, is the only crime. The little pupil of Lycurgus was flogged only for want of adroitness in pilfering; the mature pupil of Franklin would acknowledge himself worthy of the scourge, if he lost an opportunity of chicaning mankind. And this is not the exaggeration of a stranger, but the language of the most popular writer in America—the man by whom alone its literature communicates with that of Europe; and the only individual, whether lay or clerical, who has had the manliness to combat the ferocious tyranny of rabble opinion, and vindicate the cause of common sense among a nation proclaiming itself the wisest in the world.

"Our present civilization," says Channing, "is characterized and tainted by a devouring greediness of wealth. The passion for gain is every where sapping pure and generous feeling, and raising up bitter foes against any reform which may threaten to turn aside the stream of wealth. I sometimes feel as if a great reform were necessary to break up our present mercenary civilization, in order that Christianity, now repelled by the universal worldliness, may come into near contact with the soul, and reconstruct society after its own pure and disinterested principles."

The state of religion in America furnishes Europe with another lesson of the very first importance. There the experiment has been completely tried, of a church separated from all that protection of the state which is found necessary to regulate, promote, and sustain every other great institution of society. Nothing can be clearer, than that every state has a most intimate interest in the religion of the people; because, while a true religion is the best pledge of public peace, a false religion may utterly destroy it, by corrupting popular morals, and making the subject licentious, lawless, and intractable. Even the political bias of a church may be a matter of high importance to the state; for a republican clergy would be dangerous to a monarchy, as a monarchial clergy would be dangerous to a republic. The constant agency of fifteen or twenty thousand educated men, combined by the spirit of a great and learned profes-

sion, and acting in every quarter, and in every rush of the community at once, must be universally influential. In England, for example, with all its popular independence, all its stimulants to resist the opinions of a class, and all the activity of all its Dissenters, Radicals, and Papists, arrayed against the Established Church, still the opinion of the church remains the master-key to the opinion of the empire. The church may be tardy in its adoption of a side; calm in its resistance, or even timid in its language. Yet it is not the less the leader of the public mind. There is no instance, since the Great Rebellion, in which the decided sentiment of the established clergy has not gradually become the sentiment of the nation. It was the church which overthrew the Whig cabinet, and it will overthrow a hundred acting on the same principles. There is no instance of a cabinet able to retain its power after it had once thoroughly excited the disgust of the Establishment. And this influence is not a capricious or insolent assumption of authority;—it is powerful because it is pure; it is obeyed because it is rational; it is permanent because it is sincere. The established *property* of the British clergy renders them as a body not less independent in politics than in doctrine. If they were sycophants of the people they would lose their power—if they were sycophants of the crown they would equally lose their power; but, standing now in a position of secure office and secure property, they are felt to judge of public things only on their merits, and the nation follows, with willing acquiescence, a judgment which it acknowledges to be formed with unimpeachable impartiality.

In America, the pride of the rabble, which hates all that is placed above itself by learning, talent, or the veneration due to virtue, refused an established provision to Christianity. The consequence is, that religion is wholly unregulated; and thus a great impulse of the mind, the most open to enthusiasm and hypocrisy, is delivered over to the zealot and the impostor. Thus doctrines of the most essential importance to society, are left to the rudest handling of ignorance and self-interest; and thus the highest of all professions is sunk into the lowest of all trades. The result is, that religion is in general a matter of popular fancy; that to keep it in existence those monstrous performances called "Revivals" are deemed necessary; that, in default of an appeal to the understanding, the appeal is made to the fears, the follies, and even the infirmities of the popular being. In this system, hysterics are the substitute for holiness, fainting fits for conviction, and the nightmare for all the virtues. There are even worse displays than those in their forest meetings, which are alternate exhibitions of hypochondriac agony and backwood festivity; gnashing of teeth followed by dancing and drinking; and the noisy abjuration of a too evil world ending in effects with which we shall not trust our pages.

In America there are perhaps a hundred sects, and yet the religious provision of the people is more neglected than in any other country of the Christian world. There are computed to be not less than five millions almost totally without divine worship. There are of course vast multitudes who have not been even baptized. We have heard, upon high authority, that among the prisoners taken in the late incursions into Canada, a very considerable proportion had never been at the font, and thus were not even Christians in name. But the cause of this melancholy destitution is obvious. Sectaries love cities, where they can have popularity, profit, and influence. In the scattered population of the remote and solitary province, they can neither stir up political strife nor obtain personal power. In all instances we shall find the sectary clinging to the towns; in all instances mingling popular intrigue with his public teaching, alternating between the hustings and the pulpit, and propping up the natural insecurity of his official position, by the unsparing dexterity of his canvass. If we find this consequence in England, where Sectarian is c
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of religious opinion? It is only an Established Church which provides for the education of the people at all distances and under all circumstances.

There is a small Episcopal church in America, consisting of about six hundred clergy and bishops; a number increasing year by year, and including in their congregations the principal people. To this church we must look for the chief learning and the purest doctrines of Christianity. But this church can never effect its salutary operation on a national scale without a national provision; it must have a property protected by the laws, and utterly inalienable by legislative caprice, or exposed to popular plunder. A clergy dependent on pew-rents and subscriptions is necessarily a hireling, and what hireling can be a teacher? That there are men among the American clergy who would resist error at all risks, we have no doubt; but heroic characters are not to be counted on in the multitude of mankind. The sense of dependency must influence the majority, and doctrine must be suited to the taste of the imperious congregation, instead of the ignorant congregation being trained to the truths of the intelligent and inflexible teacher.

"Already," says the historian, "the ruinous effect of this dependence of the ministers of all denominations on the voluntary support of their flocks, has become painfully conspicuous. Religion has descended from its function of denouncing and correcting the national vices, and become little more than the echo of public opinion." He then quotes Miss Martineau. We have no respect whatever for this woman's opinion on any of the subjects on which her shallowness presumes to theorize. But as a bustling advocate of the "Voluntary system," we may take her facts in refutation of her follies. "The American clergy," she tells us, "are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live; self-exiled from the great moral questions of the time, the least informed with true knowledge, the least conscious of that Christian and republican freedom, which, as the natural atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse. * * * * * * The fearful and aceful mistake which occasions this, is the supposition that the clerical office consists in adapting the truth to the minds of their hearers." All this is true, though told by one of a school of declaimers; and in this most debasing and corrupting symptom we see the advance of a disease, which, unless checked by a total change of constitution, must be consummated in national infidelity.

Republicanism is the boast of America. The experiment is decisive. No country has ever possessed a more favourable opportunity for exhibiting republicanism in its highest point of view. Instead of a government formed by the rude efforts of struggling civilization, like the log huts of its early settlers, the Revolution found a government complete in all its forms, modelled a hundred years by England—a noble fabric, furnished with all the inventions and wealth of national experience. Instead of the hazards which threaten the early existence of all republics, from the jealousy of powerful neighbours, or their own factions, before the government has had time to intrench itself in custom and law, America had nothing to contend with but mighty solitudes, promising an unbounded expansion of power.

Instead of an European population compressed by surrounding states, and forced continually back on itself, stimulated and fevered with all the passions and impurities of a too condensed society, the surrounding world of the west offered an unlimited expanse for the tranquil diffusion of man—a vast region for the employment of his superfluous vigour, with that vigour rewarded by rapid competence; and by perhaps a still happier result, the teaching of those gentler habits and moderated desires, which are impressed, however unconsciously and slowly, by the pursuit of agriculture in every age and country of mankind. Thus, in America, republicanism has enjoyed opportunities of good, and obtained exemptions from evil, which it never possessed before, and can never possess again; which even beyond the Atlantic it must speedily lose, and which in Europe it would be totally impossible for it to acquire. Yet in America it has failed. If the merit of government is to be decided by the happiness of the people, and if that happiness con-

sists in its [illegible] its virtue, republi[illegible] and irrecoverably failed. For, of all the communities of earth, the United States exhibit the most continued, extensive, and inexorable discontent.

"All classes and ranks," says Mr Alison, "are dissatisfied with their condition, and plod on in sullen discontent, which is so strong as to be apparent in their habits, their manners, and even the expression of their countenances. The scholars are dissatisfied: they complain of the superficial character of literature, and lament that its tone, instead of rising, is progressively sinking with the extension of the power of reading to the working orders of society. The professional men are dissatisfied: they allege that their rank is lower than in Europe; that they are overshadowed by commercial wealth, and find no compensation in the esteem or respect in which their avocations are held, or the society, often imperfectly educated and ill-mannered, of which it is composed. The merchants are dissatisfied: they declare that they are worn to death by excessive toil, and are surrounded by such a multitude of competitors, and slippery undertakings, that it is seldom that they can preserve their fortunes during their lives, and still more rarely that they can preserve them in safety to their children. Even the mechanics and cultivators are dissatisfied; outwardly blessed beyond any other class that society has ever contained, they are ground down by the pressure of competition and *incessant thirst for riches and advancement*—a thirst which not even the boundless capabilities of the basin of the Mississippi has been able to slake."

In quoting passages like these, our purpose is much more to impress their truth on our own country, than to indulge in spleen against America. The tendencies of faction in England are too strongly towards republicanism, to suffer a lover of the national peace, power, or honour, to overlook the stern lesson given by a kindred nation beyond the seas; and the fallacies in which this desperate faction has laboured to invest the question, justify the fullest development of the evil wrought by democracy, the most pernicious shape of pretended liberty and real oppression ever invented by the caprices and vices of man. One word more on this subject, and it is demonstrative.

We are told in the harangues of our disturbers, that with all her vexa- [illegible] of private life, America is the [illegible] of liberty. But we have autho- [illegible] every kind on the spot, as- [illegible] the direct contrary. What says [illegible] Tocqueville, a *Liberal?*

"The all-powerful sway of the majority is the most formidable evil in the United States. What I feel repugnance to in America, is not the extreme liberty which reigns in it, but the slender guarantee which is to be found against tyranny."

What says Miss Martineau, an *Ultra*-Liberal?—"Liberty of opinion is strenuously maintained in words in America, it has become almost a wearisome declamation; but it is a sad and deplorable fact, that in no country on earth is the mind more fettered than it is here. What is called public opinion sets up a despotism such as exists nowhere else."

What says Jefferson, a revolutionist, a rebel, and an *Ultra*-Republican?—"This country, which has given the world the example of physical liberty, owes it that of moral emancipation also, for as yet it is but nominal with us. The inquisition of public opinion overwhelms in practice the freedom asserted by the laws in theory."

In such a country nothing violent, unjust, or remorseless, can astonish us. It is the natural seat of a perpetual slave trade, Lynch-law, and of that new mode of paying debts which consists in scoffing at the debtor, and is distinguished by the name of "Repudiation."

With respect to our own transatlantic provinces, the historian in a few sentences lays down the principles on which all productive legislation must be formed. "It is simply to do as we would be done by: consider the colonies as distant provinces of the empire, regard them in the same light as Yorkshire or Middlesex, and treat them accordingly; legislate for them as we would they should legislate for us, if Quebec or Calcutta were the seat of the central government, and Great Britain and Ireland the remote dependencies; seek no profit of them which we are not willing they should make of us; subject them to no burdens for our advantage which we are not willing to bear for theirs; give them, so far as distance and circumstances will permit, the s[illegible] privileges which we [illegible]

This is valuable advice, and to this we shall venture to add—the distribution of all local office and patronage among the colonists, except those of the highest rank, which are palpably necessary to connect the local government with that of the mother country, and which, as being essentially temporary, would be less the objects of colonial ambition. Another most important provision for perpetuating the alliance, we have no hesitation in saying, would be, to give additional strength to the Established Church in the colonies. If a great empire is to be sustained, it must be by the virtue of the people; that virtue must be inspired by Christianity, and how can Christianity be more securely propagated than by the learning, the character, and the responsibility of an Established Church? It is a minor consideration, but certainly an interesting one, that the Church of England naturally connects itself with a free monarchy, while sectarianism as naturally connects itself with democracy.

Generally agreeing with Mr Alison on those topics, we yet doubt the opinion that it was neglect of justice or generosity which lost the United States to England. From all the consideration which we have been ever able to give to the subject, we are *convinced* that the American war was a revolt equally gratuitous, ungrateful, and unjustifiable; that it was *not* a war to obtain rights but to justify wrongs, and that its origin was not in a sense of injury but in a thirst of power; that it was a REBELLION, and further, that it was a rebellion created, fomented, and carried through by the bitterness of a sectarianism which then corrupted the loyalty, and is now proceeding only on its natural course, in corrupting the constitution, of America. On this head we have the testimony of Burke, who, though by the bands of Whiggism an advocate of the American rebellion, yet could clearly see, as he at length acquired the manliness to state, the facts of its origin. He pronounced it to be, in a great degree, owing to the spirit sowed in the popular mind by the Independent preachers in the colonies.

The transatlantic Prices and Priestleys were the true incendiaries. In his days of maturer experience, he scourged the Prices and Priestleys of England, and by this good service he contributed largely to save England from the bloodshed and democracy of America. England is now learning the slow wisdom of experience, and fixing her religion on solid foundations in her colonies. And all other expedients, government, law, self-interest, freedom, have been tried in turn, and failed. By trusting to them, we lost the United States—by trusting to them, we shall lose Canada. To make allegiance immortal, there is but one resource—religion. The Church alone can conduct the lightning from our supremacy.

We now return to Europe, and to the close of its greatest convulsion. The war had been virtually decided in 1814. The return of the Bourbons was the true termination of the empire; yet there was to be one scene of splendour and terror still. The funeral pile, which had been erected by the hands of Europe, and on which the imperial tyranny had been flung with such universal rejoicing, was to have one terrible ceremonial more; and, like the obsequies of a Scythian monarch, its embers were to be slaked with the blood of its chieftains and slaves.

The choice of Elba as a residence exhibited the most singular disregard to the hazards of the Bourbons, and the most headlong forgetfulness of the character of Napoleon. This choice was attributed to the Russian emperor, a generous prince, but too much elated with his share in the triumph, and tempted by the flatteries of France to display himself as the protector of his fallen foe. The result was, that Elba became the centre of French intrigue; that insurrection was restlessly prepared in both Italy and France; and that a war burst out which, though of all wars the briefest, cost millions of money and thousands of lives. Such is the rashness of romance.

On the 7th of March 1815, the startling intelligence was brought to Vienna, where it reached Prince Metternich in the midst of a court ball, that "Napoleon had landed in France!" Vast as the space was which the Emperor had filled in the eyes of the world, his career had been so much marked by finesse, that he could never escape the character of the most splendid of swindlers. It is said that the first

impulse among the showy circle of princes and diplomatists at the ball, was to burst into general laughter. The whole transaction was looked on as a display of sleight-of-hand—a dexterous outwitting of all the grave heads of the congress, by the grand "Corsican juggler."

But when the burlesque had passed away, more serious feelings told them that they had committed a capital error in relying upon his good faith, and that nothing would save the world from continual hazard but his extinction. The combined armies were instantly ordered to prepare for a final march to Paris. The power now put in movement was immense. Russia, indignant at the deception, offered 300,000 men; Prussia, remembering the years of her oppression, offered 150,000. The Rhenish contingents took up arms by acclamation. The troops of Spain and Portugal were preparing to pour into the southern provinces of France; while England, on whom the weight of the war had lain for twenty years, and who, from the peninsula, had struck blows that went direct to the heart of France, threw her army into Belgium, and, with Wellington at its head, was destined to add the last laurel to her renown, and give deliverance to the world.

The history grows animated with the animation of its subject. Napoleon's rapid march through the south, the sudden treachery of the troops, the feebleness and flight of the Bourbons, and the astonishing preparations for the campaign, in which the diadem was to be suspended from the sword, are all brought before the eye with singular force and fire. We are not gazing wildly over a plan; we are glowing over a noble picture. History, since the days of Herodotus, has no finer skill than this power of engaging our living sympathies in the events long since dead and past away. Who now reads the record of the battle of Platæa, or the brilliant tactics of Salamis, without feeling almost the interest of a spectator? The narrative in the pages before us brings up to the spot, mingles us in the excited multitude, and fills the eye with the struggles of empire in the last moment of its magnificent ruin, and the ear with the sounds of the great battle—"the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Waterloo, the crowning triumph of a war of triumphs, is admirably described. Distinct without minuteness, and vivid without any tasteless toil of the picturesque, all the greater features are graphically seized, and the whole forms a narrative which whoever commences will feel himsef carried through the "current of the heady fight" without the power of stopping till its close.

In giving a last look to this mighty period, one principle especially strikes us, its unanswerable proof of a particular Providence. The Divine hand holds the sword and the balance from its clouds, almost distinctly, before our eyes. The fall of the French monarchy for its corruption, of the French republic for its atheism, and of the French empire for its ambition, are scarcely less palpable than if we saw the angels, as in the vision of the Apostle, coming from the sanctuary with the vials of wrath in their hands. Even the magnitude of those transactions separates us more from the agency of man, and transfers us more to the agency of the great Disposer. We stand, like the traveller at evening, overlooking from some commanding eminence the space which it has cost him the day to traverse; and standing, at once subdued by its beauty and elevated by its grandeur. But at that height man and his works have disappeared, and he sees but the broad outlines of the land, the boundless vaults of the skies—the sun flooding heaven and earth with evening glory. He sees man no more, in midst of the grandeur of nature; he has no images but of the Creator before him; and he involuntarily worships the power and beneficence of Him who alone has produced all, and governs all.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. II.

The Alp Hunter.

"Wilt thou not, thy lamblings heeding,
(Soft and innocent are they!)
Watch them on the herbage feeding,
Or beside the brooklet play?"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the mount to chase the roe."

"Wilt thou not, around thee bringing,
Lure the herds with lively horn?—
Gaily go the clear bells ringing,
Through the echoing forest borne!"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe."

"Wilt thou not (their blushes woo thee!)
In their sweet beds tend thy flowers;
Smiles so fair a garden to thee,
Where the savage mountain lowers?"
"Leave the flowers in peace to blow;
Mother, mother, let me go!"

On and ever onwards bounding,
Scours the hunter to the chase,
On and ever onwards hounding
To the mountain's wildest space.—
Swift, as footed by the wind,
Flies before the trembling hind.

Light and limber, upwards driven,
On the hoar crag quivering,
Or through gorges thunder-riven
Leaps she with her airy spring!
But behind her still the Foe—
Near, and near the deadly bow!

Fast and faster on—unslack'ning;
Now she hangs above the brink,
Where the last rocks, grim and black'ning,
Down the gulf abruptly sink.
Never pathway there may wind,
Chasms below—the death behind!

To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns she with her look of woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow.—
Sudden—from the darksome deep,
Rose the Spectre of the Steep!—

Stricken by no human arrow
Fell the *Human* Beast of prey!
"Must the slaughter and the sorrow
Reach my solitary sway—
Why should my herds before thee fall?—
There's room upon the Earth for all!"

The Maiden's Lament.

The wind rocks the forest,
  The clouds gather o'er;
The girl sitteth lonely
  Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might.
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
  And her eyes are hot with tears.

"The dead heart is broken,
  And empty the Earth;—
To the Wish never more can
  The Sorrow give birth.
To her Father in Heaven may the Daughter now go;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
    I have lived—I have loved"—

In vain, oh! how vainly,
  Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
  Dull Death's heavy ear!—
Yet I, the Celestial, what comforts will say,
When the Heart in the cell of its grief pines away
    For the sweet vanish'd love.

Let ever, though vainly,
  Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
  Dull Death's heavy ear;
But still all the joy that the world can convey,
When the heart for the sweet vanish'd love pines away,
    Dwells in the grief of love!

The Pilgrim.

Youth's gay spring-time scarcely knowing,
  Went I forth the world to roam—
And the dance of youth, the glowing,
  Left I in my Father's home.
Of my birthright, glad-believing,
  Of my world-gear took I none,
Careless as an infant, cleaving
  To my pilgrim staff alone.
For I placed my mighty hope in
  Dim and holy words of Faith,
"Wander forth—the way is open,
  Ever on the upward path—
Till thou gain the Golden Portal,
  Till its gates unclose to thee.
There the Earthly and the Mortal,
  Deathless and Divine shall be!"—
Night on Morning stole and stealeth,
  Never, never stand I still,
And the Future yet concealeth,
  What I seek, and what I will!

Rose before the mountain-ridges,
  Torrents hemm'd me every side,
On the fallen trunk, that bridges
  O'er the rent abyss I glide—
Where the day breaks—lo! a river,
  And I halt not by the shore;
Faith from danger can deliver,
  And the wave shall waft me o'er.
Drifted in the whirling motion,
  Seas themselves around me roll—
Wide and wider spreads the ocean,
  Far and farther flies the goal.
While I live, is never given
  Bridge or wave the goal to near—
Earth will never meet the Heaven,
  Never can the THERE be HERE!

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS.

A youth, whom wisdom's warm desire had lured
To learn the secret lore of Egypt's priests,
To Sais came. And soon, from step to step
Of upward mystery, swept his rapid soul!
Still ever sped the glorious Hope along,
Nor could the parch'd Impatience halt, appeased
By the calm answer of the Hierophant—
"What have I, if I have not all," he sigh'd;
"And givest thou but the little and the more?
Does thy truth dwindle to the gauge of gold,
A sum that man may smaller or less small
Possess and count—substract or add to—still?
Is not TRUTH *one* and indivisible?
Take from the Harmony a single tone—
A single tint take from the Iris bow,
And lo! what once was all, is nothing—while
Fails to the lovely whole one tint or tone!"

They stood within the temple's silent dome,
And, as the young man paused abrupt, his gaze
Upon a veil'd and giant IMAGE fell:
Amazed he turn'd unto his guide—"And what
Towers, yonder, vast beneath the veil?"
"THE TRUTH,"
Answered the Priest. "And have I for the truth
Panted and struggled with a lonely soul,
And yon the thin and ceremonial robe
That wraps her from mine eyes?"
Replied the priest,
"There shrouds herself the still Divinity.
Hear, and revere her best: 'Till I this veil
Lift—may no mortal-born presume to raise;
And who with guilty and unhallow'd hand
Too soon profanes the Holy and Forbidden—
He,' says the goddess"——
"Well?"
—"'SHALL SEE THE TRUTH!'"

"A wond'rous oracle; and hast *thou* never
Lifted the veil?"
"No! nor desired to raise!"
"What! nor desired? O strange incurious heart,

Here the thin barrier—there reveal'd the truth!"
Mildly return'd the priestly master, "Son,
More mighty than thou dream'st of, Holy Law
Spreads interwoven in yon slender web,
Air-light to touch—lead-heavy to the soul!"

The young man, thoughtful, turn'd him to his home,
And the sharp fever of the Wish to Know
Robb'd night of sleep. Around his couch he roll'd,
Till midnight hatch'd resolve—
"Unto the shrine!"

Stealthily on, the involuntary tread
Bears him—he gains the boundary, scales the wall,
And midway in the inmost, holiest dome,
Strides with adventurous step the daring man.

Now halts he where the lifeless Silence sleeps
In the embrace of mournful Solitude;—
Silence unstirr'd,—save where the guilty tread
Call'd the dull echo from mysterious vaults!
High from the opening of the dome above,
Came with wan smile the silver-shining moon.
And, awful as some pale presiding god,
Dim-gleaming through the hush of that large gloom,
In its wan veil the Giant Image stood.

With an unsteady step, he onwards past,
Already touch'd the violating hand
The Holy—and recoil'd! a shudder thrill'd
His limbs, fire-hot and icy-cold in turns,
As if invisible arms would pluck the soul
Back from the deed.
"O miserable man!

What would'st thou?" (Thus within the inmost heart
Murmur'd the warning whisper.) "Wilt thou dare
The All-hallow'd to profane? No mortal-born
(So spake the oracular word) may lift the veil
Till I myself shall raise!"
"Yet said it not,
The same oracular word—'who lifts the veil
Shall see the truth?' Behind, be what there may,
I dare the hazard—I will lift the veil—"
Loud rang his shouting voice—"and I will see!"

"See!"
A lengthen'd echo, mocking, shrill'd again!
He spoke and raised the veil! And ask'st thou what
Unto the sacrilegious gaze lay bare?
I know not—pale and senseless, stretch'd before
The statue of the great Egyptian queen,
The priests beheld him at the dawn of day;
But what he saw, or what did there befall,
His lips reveal'd not. Ever from his heart
Was fled the sweet serenity of life,
And the deep anguish dug the early grave:
"Woe—woe to him"—such were his warning words,
Answering some curious and impetuous brain,
"Woe—for her face shall charm him never more!
Woe—woe to him who treads through Guilt to Truth!"

The Ring of Polycrates.

A Ballad.

Upon his battlements he stands—
And proudly looks along the lands—
His Samos and the Sea!
"And all," he said, "that we survey,
Egyptian king, my power obey—
Own, Fortune favours me!"

"With thee the gods their favour share,
And they who once thine equals were,
In thee a monarch know!
But vengeance yet can life assail,
Nor can my lips thy fortune hail,
While one eye gleams—thy foe."

He spoke, and from Miletus sent,
There came a breathless man, and bent
Before the tyrant there.
"Let incense smoke upon the shrine,
And with the lively laurel twine,
Victor, thy godlike hair!

"The foe sunk, smote before the spear;
With the glad tidings sends me here,
Thy faithful Polydore."
And from the griesly bowl he drew
(Grim sight they well might start to view!)
A head that dripp'd with gore.

The Egyptian king recoil'd in fear,
"Hold not thy fortune yet too dear"—
He said with boding brow;
"Bethink! Thy fleets on faithless seas,
(Swift breaks the storm from out the breeze,)
May wreck what prospers now!"

Ere yet the warning word was spoken—
Below, the choral joy has broken—
Shouts ring from street to street!
Home-veering to the crowded shore—
Their freight of richest booty bore
The Forests of the Fleet.

Astounded stood that kingly guest,
"Thy luck this day must be confest,
Yet trust not the Unsteady!
The banners of the Cretan foe
Wave war, and bode thine overthrow—
They near thy sands already!"

And ere the king the speech let fall,
Loud from the neighbouring ships they call,
In thousands—"Victory!"
Escaped the foe and fate that lower'd,
Swift storm the Cretan hath devour'd,
War lies beneath the sea!

Shudder'd the guest.—"In sooth," he falter'd,
"To-day thy fortune smiles unalter'd,
Yet more thy fate I dread—

The gods oft grudge what they have given,
And ne'er unmix'd with grief has heaven
Its joys on mortals shed!

"No less than thine my rule has thriven,
And o'er each deed the gracious heaven
Has, favouring, smiled as yet.
But one beloved heir had I—
God took him!—I beheld him die,
His life paid fortune's debt.

"So, would'st *thou* 'scape the coming ill—
Implore the dread Invisible
Thy sweets themselves to sour!
Well ends his life, believe me, never,
On whom, with hands thus full for ever,
The gods their bounty shower.

"And if thy prayer the gods can gain not,
This counsel of thy friend disdain not—
Thine own afflictor be!
And what of all thy worldly gear
Thy deepest heart esteems most dear,
Cast into yonder sea!"

The Samian thrill'd to hear the king—
"No gems so rich as deck this ring,
The wealth of Samos gave:
By this—O may the Fatal Three
My glut of fortune pardon me!"—
He cast it on the wave—

And when the morrow's dawn began,
All joyous came a fisherman
Before the prince.—Quoth he,
"Behold this fish—so fair a spoil
Ne'er yet repaid the snarer's toil,
I bring my best to thee!"

The cook to dress the fish begun—
The cook ran fast as cook could run—
"Look, look!—O master mine—
The ring—the ring the sea did win,
I found the fish's maw within—
Was ever luck like thine!"

In horror turns the kingly guest—
"Then longer here I may not rest,
I'll have no friend in thee!
This last worst luck thy doom I view in—
I will not stay to share thy ruin!"
He spoke—and put to sea.

NOTE.—This story is taken from the well-known correspondence between Amasis and Polycrates, in the third book of Herodotus. Polycrates—one of the ablest of that most able race, the Greek tyrants—was afterwards decoyed into the power of Orœtes, governor of Sardis, and died on the cross. Herodotus informs us, that the ring Polycrates so prized, was an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodorus the Samian. Pliny, on the contrary, affirms it to have been a sardonyx, and in his time it was supposed still to exist among the treasures in the Temple of Concord. It is worth while to turn to Herodotus, (c. 40—43, book 3,) to notice the admirable art with which Schiller has adapted the narrative, and heightened its effect.

Hope.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
  Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
  Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "*The Better*" 's for ever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
  Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
  Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why, the grave has scope,
And over the coffin Man planteth—Hope!

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
  With a Fool for its dull begetter;
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud—
  "*Ye were born to possess the Better!*"
And that Voice of the Heart, O ye may believe,
Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive!

The Sexes.

See, in the tender infant, see two loveliest flowers united,
Virgin and youth, within the bud the one to one seems plighted;
But loosen'd is the gentle bond, no longer side by side—
From holy Shame the fiery Strength will soon itself divide.
Permit the youth to sport, and still the wild desire to chase,
For, but when sated, weary strength returns to seek the grace.
Yet in the bud, the double flowers the future strife begin,
How precious all—yet nought can still the longing heart within.
In ripening charms the virgin bloom to woman shape hath grown,
But round the ripening charms the pride hath clasp'd its guardian zone;
Shy, as before the hunter's horn the doe all trembling moves,
She flies from man as from a foe, and hates before she loves!

From lowering brows this struggling world the fearless youth observes,
And, harden'd for the strife betimes, he strains the willing nerves;
Far to the armèd throng and to the race prepared to start,
Inviting glory calls him forth, and grasps the troubled heart.
Protect thy work, O Nature now! one from the other flies,
Till thou unitest each at last that for the other sighs.
There art thou, mighty one! where'er the discord darkest frown,
Thou call'st the meek harmonious peace, the godlike soother, down.

The noisy chase is lull'd asleep, day's clamour dies afar,
And through the sweet and veilèd air in beauty comes the star.
Soft-sighing through the crispèd reeds, the brooklet glides along,
And every wood the nightingale melodious fills with song.
O virgin! now what instinct heaves thy bosom with the sigh?
O youth! and wherefore steals the tear into thy dreaming eye?
Alas! they seek in vain within the charm around bestow'd,
The tender fruit is ripen'd now, and bows to earth its load.
And restless goes the youth to feed his heart upon its fire,
Ah, where the gentle breath to cool the flame of young desire!
And now they meet—the holy love that leads them lights their eyes,
And still behind the wingèd god the wingèd victory flies.
O heavenly love! thou can'st alone the human flowers unite,
For aye apart, till thou for aye can'st join them in delight.

Honours.

When the column of light on the waters is glass'd,
As blent in one glow seem the shine and the stream;
But wave after wave through the glory has pass'd,
Just catches, and flies as it catches, the beam.
So Honour but mirrors on mortals its light;
Not the Man but the Place that he passes is bright.

The Child in the Cradle.

Within that narrow bed, glad babe, to thee
A boundless world is spread!
Unto thy soul, the boundless world shall be
When man, a narrow bed!

The Immutable.

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.

Wisdom and Prudence.

Would'st thou the loftiest height of Wisdom gain?
On to the rashness Prudence would disdain.
The purblind sees but the receding shore,
Not that to which the bold wave wafts him o'er!

Light and Colour.

Dwell, Light, beside the changeless God who spoke, and Light began—
Come thou, the ever-changing one—come, Colour, down to man.

My Belief.

"What thy religion—those thou namest?"—"None."
"None—why?"—"Because I have Religion!"

To the Astronomer.

Prithee babble not so loud
Of the planet and the cloud:
What! is nature then so bounded
That thine art her depth has sounded?
Though sublimest space thou climbest—
Dwells in space,—man, The Sublimest?

The Key.

If thou wouldst know thyself—thyself as others see;
If others—on thyself thy searching eyes must be.

The Philosophical Egoist.

Hast thou the infant seen that yet, unknowing of the love
Which warms and cradles, calmly sleeps the mother's heart above—
Wandering from arm to arm, until the call of passion wakes,
And glimmering on the conscious eye—the world in glory breaks?—

And hast thou seen the mother there her anxious vigil keep,
Buying with love that never sleeps the darling's happy sleep:
With her own life she fans and feeds that weak life's trembling rays,
And with the sweetness of the care, the care itself repays.

And dost thou Nature then blaspheme—that both the child and mother
Each unto each unites the while, the one can want the other?—
All self-sufficing wilt thou from that lovely circle stand—
That creature still to creature links in faith's familiar band?

Ah! darest thou, poor one, from the rest thy lonely self estrange?
Eternal Power itself is but all powers in interchange!

Wisdom.

To some she is the goddess great;
  To some the milch-cow of the field—
Their worship is to calculate
  The butter she will yield.

The Alternative.

If what thou writ'st, or what thou seek'st to do,
  Cannot obtain a common approbation,
Make it at least accepted by the few—
  Fools have majorities in every nation.

Kant and his Interpreters.

On one rich man feeds many a starving rogue;
When monarchs build—the dustmen are in vogue.

RICARDO MADE EASY; OR, WHAT IS THE RADICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RICARDO AND ADAM SMITH?

With an Occasional Notice of Ricardo's Oversights.

Part II.

Thus, it appears that rent in this sense (the ordinary sense) is an evil, or rather the indication of an evil, which could not be exterminated by exterminating landlords. For rent cannot inflame prices, since it does not take place until a high price has actually occurred; and then it does not enter at all into that price which gives the law to the market. If all rent were abolished by law, not the less the lowest soil would rule the price; and that soil already, by the case, yields only profit and wages. The substance of rent, that is, the money paid for *difference* of soil, would continue to exist, howsoever it might lose its name. Things it is, and not names, which in such a case must govern the world. The increments of cost might be continually retarded, (or partially retarded,) with the effects which we have explained at the latter end of the chapter on *accumulation*. But the *differences* of soil would remain; therefore the differential prices; and consequently the complements of those differences. Those complements must exist. There cannot be two prices in the same market, far less a scale of prices. It is nonsense. The complements, therefore, which fill up the differences, which equate the prices, must be received by somebody. And, let that "somebody" be who he may, those complements—those differential increments—are Rent.

There is nothing else to explain on the subject of rent, except these three points, hardly essential to a beginner:—

1. That the doctrine of rent is not evaded by stating cases where the interest upon money lent by the landlord, or upon improvements of certain kinds, is confounded with rent proper. On the *metayer* system, so much practised in poor countries, where the landlord advances seed-corn, implements, or any thing else he pleases, of course a large interest is paid. We have elsewhere (Rent of mines) stated such cases, and one where something like true rent was paid by wages. But the short answer in all such cases is this: if you think to upset Ricardo, by showing that rent in such nominal cases, follows a law differing from that laid down by him, you justify him most; for it ought to do so: being false rent, it ought not to follow the law of true rent.

2. That the doctrine of rent is not evaded by showing, that oftentimes there has been no real descent upon worse soils, and yet for all that an increasing rent. *Answer*—The same effects precisely follow upon the repeated applications of fresh capital to excellent land, with returns continually less, as from carrying forward culture upon continually worse soils. The *differences* are the thing.

3. That a distinction occurs at some stages of the advance between the proportions of corn and of money returns allotted to each of the three dividends upon land—that of the landlord, of the labourer, and of the farmer (or capitalist.) But this, as likely to perplex the student at first, we have not thought right to introduce into so elementary an abstract.

Chap. III.—On the Rent of Mines.

This brief chapter, occupying only five pages, (viz. 77—8—9—80—81,) is not of much use. It cannot be called a working chapter; for it is nearly a cipher in the series.

"If," says Ricardo, "there were abundance of equally fertile mines, *which any man might appropriate*, they could yield no rent." Why, no: certainly they could not; and it requires no ghost to tell us *that*. But how, if there were abundance of such mines, which any man might *not* appropriate? That makes an ugly difference for "any man." And usually it happens—that, long before a community can have reached the point of development which requires the produce from "abundance of mines every stick and stone has been priated. In such things there

no absolute derelict; some lord of a manor, some sovereign, or analogous character, is always on the spot, by proxy, to claim it. And the present fashion, in new colonies, is—that, even previously to occupation, the sovereign at home sequesters into his private keeping every thing above ground and below ground; afterwards selling off, at such prices as the circumstances will allow, creating legal titles, and forestalling the feuds with "squatters." Even supposing the case assumed in this place by Ricardo merely as a basis for argument, still it is bad; mines, beyond all other modes of productive power, presuppose advancing manufactures to stimulate the process of working, science to direct it, and capital to support it. And in such a condition of public advance, to reason upon the basis of non-appropriated mines would be something like adopting the old French *fabliau* of fowls self-roasted, who call aloud upon complaisant passengers to eat them; and then, upon that *datum*, to enquire after the profits, in such a land, from keeping a cook's shop.

There is the less reason to intermingle any *extra* puzzle of this alien nature in the question, seeing that already in itself it must be a difficult problem under *any* theory of Rent—What would happen in the case imagined of mines "equally fertile" and "abundant" as to number? The society is young. And amongst many mines having equal advantages, what would happen if several mine-owners should themselves be the openers and workers of the mines? Such people would not levy rent upon themselves: they would be contented with the ordinary profits of productive industry, especially in a case where the current rate of profit (from the slight progress of the entire society) would be exceedingly high; consequently they would undersell those who had a rent to pay in addition to wages and profits, so decidedly as to expel them from the market. The reader is prepared for such a struggle by what he finds to be the case in old countries as to corn. There it happens uniformly that multitudes who are open to the same possibility of being undersold, keep their ground notwithstanding. And in all rich countries having a com-
-ate population, not the under-
finally rule the price, but the very dearest of those who might be regarded as the undersold. This remarkable phenomenon is exhibited for ever in corn-markets as great as our own. Soils, that could at this moment furnish the best and heaviest wheat at thirty-five to forty shillings a quarter, are quite powerless in fixing the price; this is fixed by the very worst soils, which cannot enter the market at a less price than three guineas, although liberated from rent. But why? Simply because *all* are wanted; from the richest soil producing at forty shillings, down to the poorest producing at sixty shillings—any thing short of *all* would not meet our demand. And the *differential* sums, arising on the various stages between these extremes, are precisely the fund which pays rent. That, as the reader knows, is the new doctrine. The farmer who holds the rich forty shilling land does not pocket the difference between this and poorer land as a *bonus* to himself; he pays it in rent. But, in the case supposed, there could be no rent, because there is no difference in the mines. That is a part of Ricardo's case: he says that the mines are "equally fertile," and thus it would appear in theory, which in practice the reader is slow to believe, that no mine could be worked unless by its own proprietors.

Theory meantime can never really be opposed to practice: it must be a false theory where it seems to be opposed. And the solution is evidently this:—

1. That mines never *can* be equal to each other. Merely the different relations in point of distance, of roads that can be travelled, of rivers that are navigable, to the main markets of demand, from the very first introduce large variations of cost, and variations which are variable again with respect to different places. Coal-mines at Whitehaven and Workington, or in Lancashire, though advantageously situated as regards the sea, and though cheap, have no chance at all in the markets of Warwickshire, nor the Warwickshire at Manchester; nor the much richer coal of the Durham districts in the markets of either. Again, it will often occur that the same fertility cannot be made equally available under the same cost. Depth of mines is very variable; accumulation of water not less so: circumjacent population, disposable for work-

ing them, most so of all: and thus, upon these and other grounds, five mines beginning in apparent equality, would exhibit, after six months' experience, the greatest difference of cost, consequently the greatest inequalities of price; and exactly upon these inequalities reposes the possibility of rent. The mine which gives iron at L.8 a ton, or coal at seven shillings, invites a rent as against the worse-conditioned mines, which deliver iron of the same quality at L.10, or coal at fourteen shillings.

2. Supposing the very rare case realized, that in a new colony, two or more mines in competition with each other, (for in some vast countries no competition exists practically between remote mines,) should run together neck and neck in point of prices, so as to furnish no colourable ground for rent in the true technical sense. Rent, in that sense, must always stand upon the differences in cost of working; but, if there *are* no differences, then there is no room for rent. Now imagine that, even under such circumstances, the owner of the mine should let it to a company; undoubtedly he will not suffer political economy to prevent him from asking a rent. This he will ask, and this he will have; or else, what motive has he for suffering an alien company to profit by his own property, that brings himself no profit at all? What is to be said in this case? Does not Ricardo appear to be in peril? There are two things to be said; and one is a defence to Ricardo, the other is rather against him.

The first thing is *for* Ricardo, and sufficiently meets the general logic of all such cases. A company, working the mine under the circumstances supposed, may certainly pay a consideration to the owner; and, because the country is young, with great commercial advantages, the company may pay it easily. *But it will be paid out of profits.* Profits, in so early a stage of industry, may range at sixty per cent; and from this large *per centage* a large consideration may be deducted without embarrassment, and it may take the name of *rent.* And there is no doubt at all, that in Ireland rents for small allotments of potato land *are paid largely out of wages.* The little farmer throws a weight of labour upon the land—(in certain seasons, that of a numerous family:) and the rent, which is any thing but a rent grounded on the differential qualities of soil, which often is a high monopoly rent, can be paid even by so poor a tenant, because it is charged upon two funds—upon the fund properly disposable for rent out of the differential produce due to that quality of soil, and secondly upon the fund really disposable for labour; profits remaining as the fund disposable for the labourer's own maintenance. This is the answer which *justifies* Ricardo. Rent, under a verbal trick, has been paid; but by a sacrifice from the customary rate of profits. It is no refutation of a man denying the capabilities of a commercial speculation, that ultimately you pay the debts of the concern out of your private fortune. The debts have been paid out of an alien fund: but what the economist denied was, the power of the speculation to pay the debts out of its own proper and responsible fund.

The other thing is *against* Ricardo: and we are sorry that he should not have looked it in the face; or more truly, that he should have overlooked it altogether as a mere possibility. A case may easily be realized in a small colony, that all the estates had been gradually brought to the same level of producing powers: more skill applied to one, better roads to a second, and a better situation as regards a great town or a shipping port in favour of a third, may have neutralized for this or that the original advantage of superior fertility. Under these circumstances, and in a district wholly cut off from the modifying action of other districts, that is, where the corn does not enter a market previously influenced, suppose the estates all farmed out to men *not* the owners: in that case, a rent will be asked, and undoubtedly will be obtained. Why not? It will not be rent in the modern technical sense; because it is not derived from the differential scale of qualities. That scale has been extinguished by the terms of the case. But what then? Call it a tax: and in that form it will be paid as readily as another. There will certainly be no scale in the tax, no graduated ascent, such as takes place in rent proper; how *can* there, when the graduated scale of costs in coming to market has been destroyed? The rent tax will be alike on all;

it will be paid by the consumer: like any other indirect tax, such as English land-tax, poor-rate, road-rate, it will be hidden and involved in the price of the commodity: few people will know any thing about it; but it will be paid for all that, and will operate to its full extent upon the purchaser.

Why should Ricardo have turned away his eyes from a case like this? There is no danger to himself from facing the fact: the danger is from evading it. The consequences of rent in *his* sense will not take place; but neither ought they to do so. There will certainly be no graduations of rent corresponding to the increments of fertility in the soils—for, by the case itself, there *are* no such increments. But the considerations which will justify Ricardo, are—

1. That, *given* such increments, rent will always take place in *his* sense; viz. on a scale corresponding to those differences of soil: and, if *not* given, then the case is not that which he is discussing.

2. That, *given* a true or differential rent, it will always follow the laws exposed by Ricardo. For instance, the whole effects upon wages, upon profits, upon the divergencies of corn rent and money rent, will follow in the order assigned by him.

So far, in short, from being a weak place in Ricardo's theory—that pseudo-rent might take place under circumstances opposite to those postulated by rent in *his* sense; on the contrary, it is a collateral voucher for him, that, so soon as it *does* take place, all the consequences are different from those which he has ascribed to rent proper and technical. Whilst to those persons who fancy a reply by muttering something about verbal disputes, we observe that there *is* a verbalism concerned, viz. their own: for they would wish to upset Ricardo by a term which, being only verbally the same as his, but not answering to his definition, ought not to square with his laws. But in Ricardo there can be nothing verbal: he affirms the real and not verbal importance of holding the word "rent" to a special definition laid down—viz. that it shall be the index or exponent to a set of differences mounting *seriatim* upon soils; and the proof that he is right lies in this—that, when his definition is upheld in rigour, all *his* effects follow: when it is relaxed, no such effects follow.

Lastly, it may be demanded—If in this Australian case, where pseudo-rent is charged upon non-differential lands, the charge settled upon prices; why might it not do so in the previous case of mines, where, however, we have supposed it to settle upon profits?

We answer—that, under the same circumstances, it certainly would do so. But, in the case of the mines, we presumed (from the juvenile condition of the country) that all would not be in full requisition. A large general demand might ensure a respectable share to each mine in particular; but this might still be so far liable to active rivalship—that, where none was strictly indispensable, the competition might avail to fix the charge upon profits. On the other hand, in the case of the Australian wheat, we have supposed the colony as much dependent upon the corn farms as the corn farms upon the colony. *All* the corn is in requisition. But, accordingly, as that is or is not supposed to be the situation it is, that false rent might settle upon price in the one case, upon profits in the other.

Profits and Wages.—Chaps. V. and V*.

Profits are simply the leavings of wages. That one remark makes it needless to say one word upon *them*: they are concluded by the wages. Whatever wages may leave, that goes to profits. And the sole question is, therefore, as to the law which governs wages. It cannot be said that wages are at all governed by rent: on the contrary, rent depends upon *them*. And in the earliest stage, often there is but one fund arising on the culture of land, which a man may call at his own pleasure profits or wages, but not rent; for that must ever depend upon differential qualities. Afterwards, when society has advanced, the following is the invariable law of wages; and as this fund determines the other two, it is most important to

understand it. We abstract it therefore purposely from all details and modifications, small or great.

On the very first occasion when agriculture, in obedience to a growing population, descends on a worse soil, more labour is required; more in quantity: else how is it worse? This being so, and the great law of value being—that as the quantity of labour (*not* the wages or price, but the quantity of labour) increases, just so does the value of the product increase; it follows from this descent upon a worse soil, that the price of corn will increase. That is the first of two changes. There is another to follow. And here it is, at this point, that we cry —"Steady, men! keep a good lookout!" For, according to the common idle notions afloat, all things change—prices, wages, profits—agreeably to any powerful man's pleasure. The price, then, of corn has altered, and the reason has been shown; but as yet no change has followed to the receiver of wages. The payer of wages, mean time, has already experienced a change. He, on account of the inferior soil, (inferior as exacting more labour for an equal product, or with equal labour giving a less product,) has been summoned to pay an additional labourer. But for this added cost he has been reimbursed in the price of corn. The price has risen; and, as already we have observed, the price was enabled to rise, simply because the *quantity* of producing labour has altered. Had it been any thing else, as wages for instance, that had altered, vainly would the cultivator have clamoured for reimbursement. Now, secondly, because price of corn has altered, wages must alter; for the sole cause (apart from the slow fluctuations in the labour market) which fixes the rate of wages is the price of necessaries. The increase of price in wheat will affect, perhaps, one-half of the workmen's wages; it may affect them, suppose, to the extent of ten per cent. Ten per cent on half the wages is five per cent on the whole. But this increase of five per cent will alight not only on the wages of the one new labourer, but of all the old ones. Say that these were five; then upon six men's wages occurs a rise of five per cent, or one-twentieth. For this there will be no reimbursement. It is quite impossible. On what does it fall? On profits without resource. And here is the total law of wages and of profits.

Profits always remain at that rate which the deduction on account of wages allows; and wages always advance in that way and on that cause stated. *First*, there must always be a call for more labour, for labour more in quantity. This will always, in the *second* place, produce a corresponding rise of price in the product; and *thirdly*, always that rise of price will communicate itself to wages: not as though all rise in prices would affect wages, rarely will it do so; but always when it occurs on a necessary of life. *Fourthly*, this rise will not (for it cannot) reimburse itself in the price of wheat, but in profits. And this is the cycle pursued. And hence the necessity (as explained in the chapter on Accumulation) that an eternal series of changes in population, and consequently in quality of soils; consequently in quantity of labour; consequently in price of raw products; consequently in wages; consequently in profits, must run their round. This series, these changes, may be continually retarded by human improvements, (as explained in the above chapter on accumulation;) but this is the tendency.

Finally, as a last evasion, you fancy that the cultivator or capitalist might surely raise his produce to meet the rise in wages. *Answer*—The rise of wages has been universal. It commenced on the land indeed, because there it was that the initial change occurred. But there was nothing peculiar in the situation of the landed labourer. He was no more affected, and no less, than all other labourers. His wages rose, because one of his chief necessaries rose. But for the same reason *all* wages alike will rise. Consequently *all* profits will fall. For, if one employer of labour could indemnify himself, then, as the motive and the power is alike to others, it is certain that all would do so. In this case, as the rise on wages has been supposed 10 per cent on the half consumption of the labourer, *ergo* 5 per cent on the whole wages, it follows that all manufacturers will, by your supposition, charge L.105 for what formerly cost L.100. But in that event, the whole attempt is evaded—L.105 being universally worth no more in power of purchasing than L.1

before the change; effectually, the whole diminution of profits has taken place without the slightest abatement. Indeed, it is enough to ask yourself this question—How could profits *ever* fall, if the fall could be evaded by raising prices in compensation?

Chap. VI. (but really Chap. VII.)—On Foreign Trade.

There are two sentences in this chapter which have caused a needless but excessive trouble to students. One stands at the head of the second paragraph on p. 165, and is totally unintelligible from some press error. The alternative case, "or by the person who sold him his bill," as it makes the Portuguese seller and the Portuguese purchaser of the same bill on England to be the same person, *must* be nonsense. And fortunately it is of no consequence; as the whole of the chapter, except in its very first movement, is occupied with commonplaces. In particular, from p. 162, but still more prominently from p. 170 to p. 185, (which is the last,) Ricardo will be found engaged with the subject of money. And the reasons for dismissing that part of Ricardo's speculations, together with all that he has written upon currency and banks, are these:—1st, That doctrines of any kind upon this subject are not essentially connected with the *general* science; 2dly, That Ricardo's opinions on this subject are not always novel; 3dly, That, where they are so, undoubtedly they are often false; 4thly, That even now, twenty-five years later, after some further light obtained by Parliamentary committees, the subject is undeniably in arrear: it is not fully developed: and the want of uniformity in the opinions prevailing amongst the most enlightened men, (for proof of which see the able commercial articles in the daily papers, and the Parliamentary examinations of the leading bankers, &c.,) demonstrates that such is the fact.

With respect to the other mysterious sentence, it is the very first in the chapter. These are the words—"No extension of foreign trade will immediately increase the amount of value in a country, although it will very powerfully contribute to increase the mass of commodities, and therefore the sum of enjoyments." We have [illegible] in a man become all but comatose on this passage; apoplexy was looked for. But why? Simply because he surrendered himself to his old absurd sense of the word *value*, in total oblivion of the sense employed by the writer before him. Look, *attendez!* A distant market has opened; and in the prospect of purchasing, perhaps, the total produce, (say that the market were the little island of Tongataboo,) you send a ship with a known cargo. This cargo has been the product of so many days' labour, paid for at a known rate. Suppose the cargo to have cost £5000; and suppose the *whole* to have been sold for as much Tonga produce as could be obtained under the circumstances. That return cargo, that Tonga cargo, is worth £5000. And it matters not one straw, as indicating *value*, how much numerically, or by weight, this return cargo may amount to. That will make a vast difference in the enjoyments of English people; two thousand, three thousand, ten thousand, may happen to be the varying numbers of those who will taste of these Tonga luxuries. But that makes no difference at all as to the value. The value of every thing, neglecting its affirmative worth—its esteem—is the amount of resistance to its being obtained, viz. its cost. The English cargo, being worth £5000 (as having cost that sum) *pre*determines, settles *à priori*, what shall be the value of the return cargo, before it is ever known of what it will consist. Let the captain get 10,000 given articles in return, they are worth £5000. Let him get 50,000 in return, they are still worth £5000. Let him buy the fee-simple of the island with his English cargo, and haul it after him by a towing-rope, together with all the clean and unclean cattle upon it, still the whole "lot" will bear the value only of £5000. Riches, indeed, wealth, affirmative value, will vary exceedingly under these several hypothesis, but not value—not exchangeable value—not resistance value—not value as it is used all day long by rational men. And this last sentence, by the way,

contains the whole sum and substance of Ricardo's eighteenth chapter, entitled "*On Value and Riches.*" This distinction has been thought to argue a dialectic incapacity in Ricardo, as though he had contradistinguished two ideas incapable alike of confusion, or of serious antithesis; or, as though he had placed in opposition the ideas of *gratitude* and *attention;* or, according to Otway's miserable attempt at counterfeiting mania, *lutes* and *lobsters*. But Ricardo knew what he was about. The terms which he distinguishes, *are* confounded eternally. And in this very instance they were confounded by the students who suffered so much misery on occasion of the sentence quoted. They had fluctuating before their minds a return infinitely variable, (considered as wealth, as enjoyment;) and being dazzled, could not understand how the return (in value) should be absolutely invariable. But it *is* so: and, in denying it, a man only betrays the unmeaning nature of all that he has ever been accustomed to hold and to defend, as principles of value. He swears to a rule: he thinks he will always adhere to it: and he only resigns it at the first summons of a sound.

This case of Ricardo's is good to any extent. *All* foreign returns in one year are purchased by a given export. Whatever that may be, it determines from the first what shall be the *value* of the foreign articles. The total import, little or much, *must* bear the value indicated by the total export. The quantity of returns may vary enormously, but not the value.

Foreign trade, therefore, is good for extending the *quantity* of our enjoyments, as where we can produce the same commodity, but in a far lower ratio to the labour employed; and, secondly, it is good for extending the *variety* of our enjoyments, as when no labour whatsoever would produce the same in our climate. Rice may illustrate the latter case: wines or timber the first. But also, according to the explanation here made, Ricardo is perfectly right in saying that, as concerns absolute value, we never can have any increase from foreign commerce.

But virtually, but indirectly, we can: and here steps in the famous enigma equally insoluble to Cicero and to the French economists—how it was that any seller, man or nation, should gain any thing, unless by prodigious lying—"*Nisi admodum mentiatur.*" It is quite a mistake to suppose that this enigma has not equally existed for modern minds. Spence, F.R.S., made precisely that blunder: so did the *Economistes;* so do most writers. Many indeed disown the conclusion; but they cannot show the vice in the premises. Here is the case: we send cloth to Portugal, and receive port-wine. The cloth has cost, suppose, sixty days' labour. That is its value. Well: what shall the port-wine have cost? If it has cost much more, we English (says Cicero, and truly) shall have been lying. If it costs less, what shall we have gained? It costs suppose sixty days: the wine as much as the cloth. Then, what shall we have gained? Why, nothing at all, says the universal mind. No, no! That sixty days of Portugal is worth to us 100. That sixty days of England is worth to Portugal 100 days. Each country has exchanged sixty for sixty: yet each has received 100. *Virtually*, the cost to England of the wine is *that which it would have cost* in England. *Virtually*, the cost to Portugal of the vicarious cloth is that which it *would* have cost in Portugal. Each has obtained a bare equivalent, sixty days for sixty: and yet the astonishing result, so inconceivable to Cicero, is accomplished—that each has secured a profit of fort , or sixty-six per cent.* Each in fact has given sixty days and received 100.

This illustration we have added

* A man will object. But may not the importer fix his own prices upon monopolized articles: and, in that case, will he not have a far greater value, according as the number of such articles increases? *Answer*—That is not the case supposed, nor a case which it can answer any purpose to discuss. A lieutenant in Affghanistan buys a gold watch (stolen by Akhbar Khan from Sir W. Macnaghten) of a camp follower, for 22 rupees, and sells it for 600, *i. e.*, for L.60. What has *that* to do with the *law* of value as governed by the *law* of regular commerce? On a virgin soil the wealth in corn, the abundance, will be enormous: the value will be next to nothing.

e nostro peculio. The rest of the chapter, except the twenty-three pages on the irrelevant topic of money, is occupied with showing that profits do not decline in consequence of competition. This is an old and crazy idea. It is certain, and now we often see the case realized, that the activity of competition, which for thirty years has somewhat overstocked the liberal professions, will sooner or later begin to work fiercely. Can a baker, or a druggist, in any possible way intercalate his own establishment edgeways into a decent neighbourhood? he does so. He must often content himself, and so must his brethren, with an insufficient partition of the public business: but *that* is any thing rather than a reason for accepting lower profits. To cut away from him at both ends, would be monstrous. However, in such cases individual choice goes for nothing. And, if it did, the lowering of profits is not the way to lower prices.

Chap. XIX. (But, according to its true place in the series, Chap. XXI.)—Effects of Accumulation on Profits and Interest.

This chapter occupies eighteen pages, extending from p. 398 to p. 416; and it treats a question which has often embarrassed the speculator. The question is this—Does the accumulation of capital tend ultimately to defeat itself? The first appearances would lead us to suppose that it did: but in fact this consummation, though menacing us eternally, may eternally be repelled. In all old countries, moving for centuries under a high civilization, we observe the same general tendencies—vast profits in the early stages of trade or manufacturing industry, and consequently large interest; from which follows an inordinate stimulation to all the casual possessors of small funds, who might otherwise have dissipated such funds in aid of their current expenditure, for throwing them back into the new channels of reproductions. Very early, perhaps, this growth of capital and population at home would be liable to sudden checks; but sooner or later they reach the point where they fall into combination with a growing demand from abroad. And in countries hiding as it were, in vast mineral cellars, inexhaustible magazines of coal and metals, capable of giving effect to corresponding resources above ground, provided also these advantages repose upon just laws, and a national character of Teutonic energy, there is no doubt that the expansions will go on by a ratio for some time accelerated: not only the positive accumulations will be greater, but the *rate* of advance will be greater. Were there any official means of measuring the scale of profits by the scale of interest current at different epochs, we doubt not that English commerce, through some centuries after its first feeble movements, would appear to have yielded profits continually ascending. At length, however, in all cases a *maximum* is reached; not a *maximum* as to the absolute amount of the national profits, but a *maximum* as to the proportion borne by profits to the capital employed. The nation may subsequently advance from 1 million of profits to 2, 5, 10, 20, 30; but the rate of profits will have declined from 80 per cent to 70, to 60, and so on through all gradations to 18 or 15. This has been the experience of nations hitherto; and, upon reverting to the laws which govern profits, must be so by an *à priori* necessity, unless in the case of some great discovery operating upon human food. The tendencies of the *principle* which governs profit are undeniably in this direction—undeniably downwards. But the *degree* in which the tendencies may be allowed to operate, seems open to indefinite modification; and for a century we are satisfied that the *maximum*, if not quite stationary, may oscillate to and fro. Look at Holland, that case so often alleged in the way of warning to ourselves; it is said that already, in the seventeenth century, full 180 years since, profits had descended in that country to 7 or 6 per cent; interest to 2½ per cent. The precise facts of the case are not important, because neither the regress of profits, nor the rapidity of this regress, has ever been denied. On the other hand, look to England: it may be said that her career was of later birth than that of the Low Countries in general, and therefore that, in com-

pensation, this career should stretch further into modern times. But we speak of the *rate* maintained in descending, not of the absolute descent. And, in this view, we very much doubt whether, between 1715 on the one hand—which may be taken for the terminal year of the system connecting Louis XIV., Queen Anne, the English Revolution, &c.—and on the other hand, 1815, the terminal year for Napoleon's system, any fixed declension of profits can be traced amongst ourselves. Oscillations there may have been, but such as to leave the prevailing tendency doubtful. Subsequently to Waterloo, it is true that British commerce, though vastly expanding on the positive scale, has been perhaps slowly descending in the *proportion* of its returns. Profits, by repute, have been declining, an opinion mean time which elsewhere we shall show reason for doubting. But, supposing it true, the causes of this declension have been aided powerfully from without—as, 1st, by a sudden start forward in the manufacturing industry of Western Europe; 2d, by large measures of most equivocal policy, in our own as well as foreign exchequers; and 3d, by vast commercial agitations in the United States.

Mr Ricardo himself notices, in this very chapter, the case of Holland. And it must be held to argue either some want of ingenuousness on his part, or a strange forgetfulness, that he accounts for the case in a way which concerns other nations besides the Dutch, and which disturbs a doctrine of his own. After stating Adam Smith's opinion of the decline in Dutch profits, with its proximate causes in the accumulation of capital, and the general overcharge pressing upon "*every* employment," Ricardo states the result in these words of Smith, about 1775, that "the government there borrow at 2 per cent, and private people of good credit at 3 per cent." And this result he admits. But, considered as a general moral belonging to Political Economy, he depresses the value of the example by alleging, in fact, that it was anomalous. "It should be remembered," he says, "that Holland was *obliged to import almost all the corn which she consumed;* and, by imposing heavy taxes on the necessaries of the labourer, she further raised the wages of labour. These facts will sufficiently account for the low rates of profits and interest in Holland."

True, they will so: or, if not sufficiently, in great part. But let us understand one another. By "raising the wages of labour" Ricardo does not mean—raising them as against the employers of labour, or so as to benefit the labourer by larger corn wages, or even larger money wages; but as against the consumer. Food, &c., having been severely taxed, it became necessary, towards any profit at all, to fetch back these taxes pressing upon *every* application of labour in the price of *all* its products. High wages would not have raised the prices of Dutch commodities. That cause would not have operated upon Dutch prices, but upon Dutch profits: and the general consumer, whether Dutch or foreign, would not have been touched. Nobody knows *that* so well as Ricardo; and consequently *that* cannot be what he means by raising wages. He means raising them upon the purchaser. A tax cannot be thrown off by the labourer upon capital, or by the capitalist upon wages: it must alight upon the commodity produced; and must reach every individual who consumes that commodity, without allowing him any evasion or deduction. Even the capitalist and the labourer, *as* consumers, must pay the tax—though not in their character of producers. This is what Ricardo means as to wages. But as to the dependence on foreign corn, let us pause for one moment upon so startling a confession from Ricardo.

Here we have him, here we have the great master, caught in *flagrante delicto*, (hot foot, red hand, as the ancient law expresses it)—absolutely charging upon this ruinous system of importing foreign corn, all the commercial decline of Holland. Upon this foreign dependency for grain, it is a fact that Ricardo peremptorily charges the Dutch ruin. "It should be remembered," he says in a deprecating tone, "that these poor Dutchmen imported their grain." Well, we *do* remember it: and what then? Why then, he says, "*that* excuses them for being ruined." And we British, it seems, shall *not* be ruined, because we have a vast area of land and the Dutch had a small r Well, most excellent David, but

being interpreted means—that, whilst the Dutch decayed under a certain constraint to which their poverty in land and not their will consented, we British (liberated from this Dutch constraint of alien dependency) are liberated from the Dutch consequences of galloping consumption. We never doubted it. But thou, David, ringleader of the wicked anti-corn-law mutineers, how is it (to speak in Chaucer's nervous language) that "very filth and shame" did not check thee in thus calling for aid upon that honest truth which thy whole faction had so deeply foresworn? Elsewhere Ricardo tells us, sneeringly, by all means to follow our own devil, and go to the dogs in our own enlightened way, since we are so mulishly resolved to defy the temptations of foreign grain, and in so capital an interest to anchor our dependence upon native resources. But here we catch him, consoling us under a situation tending apparently to Dutch results, "because," in effect he says, "we hold a birthright that will evade such results—an original privilege from nature, which the Dutch did *not*." True; no comfort can be sounder. But a privilege, not to be improved, might as well not exist; a natural advantage which, upon Ricardo lore, we must not turn to account, might as well be at the bottom of the Zuyder Zee. We are, on Ricardo doctrines, to do that which ruined the Dutch; yet, again, in this place we are told *not* to do it. However, we do not wish to insult over the lapses of a truly able man; and if we did, the reader will find, before either of us is many minutes older, that we shall again have to take Mr David into custody upon a second offence of the same nature in a more aggravated form.

Meantime it is our wish to bring forward a new suggestion upon this subject of accumulation, which Mr Ricardo would blankly have negatived; but for all that it is true at times, and in principle it is always true. The reader has perhaps heard of Mr Coleridge's idea upon taxation—that it is like the earth's moisture, raised in exhalations, but returned in showers; so that the momentary loss is made good before it is missed. Now Mr C. fancied, that on the same theory, and with the same effect of reimbursement, government took from a clothier £100 in taxes; but long before the clothier had finished an elegy to the memory of his departed bank-note, government had, *perhaps*, returned it to him in an order for "regimental small clothes." The idea was by no means new, as Mr C. imagined, but very ancient and venerable; and (to borrow a term from the learned) it may be thus "squabashed." That £100, taken from the clothier, was his own without a rival; but, from the £100 returned to him, he will have to pay £80 upon raw material and wages. And then remains the case of those many other clothiers who paid the same annual £100, but received back no share at all in the regimental contract—not even the sad dividend of one-fifth.

Pretty much the same odour of ill fame which rests upon that idea of taxes "fructifying" in the exchequer for the benefit of those who pay them, rests also upon all attempts to represent national debts as advantages. Politically they may be such by knitting together a vast body of private interest to the support of the commonwealth, but not economically. It is impossible to deny that every national debt represents a capital, or a potential capital, destroyed. Thence it has been uniformly inferred, that a national debt is essentially an evil. But the very cause which makes it an evil at all, must often make it an advantage in the way of compensation. Many undeniable evils, which are such *per se*, assume the office and effect of blessings from the moment when they become antagonist forces to opposite evils. And, on consideration, the reader will perceive the mere impossibility of refusing the two propositions which follow: 1*st*, That the consumption of a nation must be maintained in some sufficient *ratio* to its scale of production; precisely because it was *not* in Holland of the seventeenth century, did accumulation proceed too rapidly; and the whole watchwork of prosperous commerce was violently hurrying to run down. 2*dly*, That loans and taxes, which enable the state to become large consumers, and national debts, which produce a class of non-producing consumers, are inevitably useful in maintaining this balance, as often as profits, by descending rapidly, argue that accumulation is in excess. In itself a public loan, and by consequence a public debt, is an evil;

it argues a capital destroyed—a fund which might have supported productive industry, converted to a fund of expenditure, dissipated in a few months. That is one evil in a growing society. A second is—that in the following year commences an annual burden in the shape of a tax for meeting the interest on this loan. These are evils, as Ricardo says, and so many beside angrily affirm; but they are evils *quoad hoc*—προς τι, as Aristotle would say—in relation to a given state of things. They are not evils when they act as *sufflamina* upon a Dutch direction of capital; when they form a weighty drag-chain upon the ruinous motion downwards of Dutch industry. What is the ultimate cause of profits lowering until the very motive to accumulation ceases to be a hope, and passes into a fear? It is simply the limitation of land. Continually, the national culture, spreading to meet the growing population, descends upon worse soils. Being worse, they demand more labour; demanding more labour, they demand more wages. *That*, you say, is reimbursed in the augmented price of corn. True; the fresh quantity of labour is so. But there is another increase. That augmented price of corn, which you yourself allege as the sole resource for meeting the new addition of labour, will render it necessary to augment wages. Not only the new additional labourer must be paid on the old footing, but the old and new alike must now receive an addition of pay; or they cannot meet the new price of wheat. The former increase was thrown off upon price. This latter cannot. It must be paid out of profits; there is no other fund available. Profits, therefore, will decline. And this effect will be repeated at every motion forward, unless in so far as worse qualities of soil are continually neutralized by improved skill or science in agriculture.

Such being the eternal course along which nations travel, is it not evident that the precipitation of this course must be greatly promoted by whatever throws the balance of production too much upon mere necessaries? The development of those neutralizing agencies which continually retard, sometimes violently hurl back, the rising cost of raw products—inevitably is prevented and intercepted when time sufficient is not allowed for the expansion of science and of other national advantages. The Dutch were in their habits the most sordid of nations—the British by many degrees the most splendid. In Holland of the seventeenth century, there was no splendid hospitality; no splendid scale of education for the gentry, if such you can call the richer class; no splendid patronage of arts;* no personal ornaments of dress, &c.; no books; no

* At this particular *item* in the account, it is probable that the reader will turn restive. The general fact of a "huggermugger" standard existing for the ordinary life and hospitality prevalent amongst the Dutch gentry, (the lowest descent, in short, of what is understood by an illiberal "*smugness*,") is too notorious to invite much disputation. In reality, the low scale of public salaries and allowances to Dutch naval officers, Dutch governors, Dutch civil administrators, the constant local obstacles to horses, equipages, &c., in so water-logged a region, (which Cleavland, Butler, and other English wits from 1650 to 1680, used to describe as a counting-house afloat—moored, perhaps, by strong hawsers to a side of Europe, but liable to be carried out to sea by a high tide or a stiff breeze;) and, finally, the base felonious diet of the unenjoying working orders, viz., salt herrings or ling combined with pimpernickel, or "devil's biscuit," i. e. bread black as soot, and made from the refuse of European rye, flour, &c.;—these features of Dutch life are too scandalously familiar to allow of much cavilling as to Dutch habits in general. Amsterdam or Rotterdam offered no tolerable abode to the polished visiters of Holland—the *corps diplomatique*, for instance. These formed a society apart for themselves at the Hague. And even the supreme magistrate in the Dutch republic, the Stadtholder, had little or no influence upon the tone of Dutch society. Between his highness and the wealthiest burgomasters there lay a chasm of impassable separation. A Prince of Orange even, when popular, might be a little vulgarized by his commercial dependants; they might act upon *him*; rarely and superficially could he refine *them*. Still, as regards one at least of the fine arts, the reader sturdily replies, that facts *are* facts; and brings up to remembrance a crowd of such names as Wouvermans, Teniers, Ostade, Cuyp, Mieris, Vandevelde, Hobbima, Backhuysen, and so forth. These artists, he

reading; no theatres; no splendid household retinues; no locomotion, except for filthy purposes upon filthy ditches. Where could any vent be found for luxuries at home? Few, therefore, were produced. Coarse food, and coarse clothing, and coarse implements, boats and nets, vats and barrels, pots and pans, were the main productions of the national industry. What could you expect in a condition of society where an ambassador, the most accomplished gentleman of his times, in paying a visit to a chief burgomaster, found himself obliged (as he has himself recorded) to ride up-stairs on the brawny shoulders of a Dutch female servant into the drawing-room of the Frow; and all for no reason whatever, but the base one that the ambassador's boots might have soiled the wax-polished stairs. The same composition of society, consuming little beyond the requisitions of physical necessity, might be found in the northern states of America seventy years ago—[Consult Mrs Grant of Laggan.] But in that instance the natural effects did not follow: accumulation did not proceed in any self-confounding ratio: the eternal fund of fresh land close at their doors forbade it. Holland, on the other hand, was perishing from mere want of a healthy consumption corresponding to the production. And, had it not been for the carrying trade, the Dutch nationality would have expired in the seventeenth century like a farthing rushlight.

Doubtless, it will be said—that always the base of consumption must correspond to that of production: for else what motive to production? True, but the difference lies here: all luxuries, if you except such rarities as jewels, arise by manufacturing industry; and the products of *that* are always growing cheaper—because always ascending from good machines to better. But necessaries, food and clothing of coarse qualities, are always growing dearer for the inverse reason; and this tendency can only be retarded by throwing much of the production upon luxuries, which again acts in a secondary way by allowing *time* for the expansion of skill, &c., towards the continual beating back of the ever mounting costs on corn, cotton, flax, leather, wool, or universally on raw products. Wherever these compose most of the price, as always they do on the coarsest necessaries, production must become rapidly more difficult—and therefore more costly. And this result, towards which every nation travels, is retarded only by diffusing a taste for luxurious indulgences, and thus extensively breaking into more just proportions the two orders of production.

It follows therefore, that, in whatever country accumulation is going on too rapidly, (as indicated by falling interest upon money,) it must be salutary to extend the base of consumption in the enjoying classes; and therefore (so far as possible) to make the poor an enjoying class. Not that

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thinks, imply in their compatriots some sensibility to that sort of merit, and of necessity some patronage, for without it they could not have been evoked. ANSWER—*First*, This whole class of painting presumes a far narrower canvass than the class of grand ideal art as previously practised in Italy; much less labour, and consequently a far lower range of prices. *Secondly*, Amongst the names current, how many were Dutch? Not Batavians, we believe, but Belgians, were the majority. *Thirdly*, Without, however, stopping to settle the proportions under that distinction, *whence* came the encouraging impulse to this Flemish talent—the support, the effectual patronage? From Brussels, we believe—from splendid Brussels and its princely court; from the ten Catholic provinces—not the seven Protestant; and from the great potentates Spain or Austria indirectly brought into the market as purchasers by the resident lieutenant at Brussels: from England, again, indirectly interested in Flemish art through the princes of Orange, ever after the accession of Charles I. Vandyke, we will consent to assume for a native Dutchman; our impression is that he really *was* such. But this great portrait-painter, we believe, owed little of his ample fortune to Holland, and very much to the English nobility. We do not deny that a Dutch burgomaster may now and then have "cheapened" a picture; but the original commissions—the orders—the princely prices, came from kingdoms that were magnificent—not from costermongering republics; and from aristocracies moulded in regal courts—not from illiberal guilds of salt-butter firkineers.

this will diminish production, for consumption of any kind implies it; but it will throw the balance more and more on the side of that production which may go on *ad infinitum;* whereas the production of coarse necessaries, if too rapidly increased, soon reaches a natural limit. Every body must perceive that muslins might be increased without end; the sole check being on the raw material of cotton, which is already making a new leap forward by its transfer to Hindostan. But corn is in conflict with a natural difficulty: there is a boundary set by nature. This, indeed, can be shifted back further and further for ages. But how? By continual improvements, by higher skill, economy, science. A single new manure more fertilizing, a single process of economy applied to labour, may raise the sixth-rate soil of 1842 to the powers of the third-rate soil in 1742; and so on, almost for ever, where time is obtained for expansion of agencies.

This time is obtained only by a luxurious consumption continually increasing. Spendthrifts, even, are not the nuisances which they are supposed to be, when they pull violently against an accumulation too rapid. Governments become spendthrifts by means of loans. Much of their demand is for luxuries. Ammunition, arms, regimental appointments, are all luxuries in the sense here considered: they press, that is to say, upon the illimitable, not upon the limited modes of production. The class also, who are created by the interest upon national debts, is a class of luxurious consumers. And, for a similar reason, in a state manifestly tending to go down hill too fast by accumulations palpably in excess, they ease and *inflaminate* the descent. It depends on the circumstances—whether such a class is to be viewed as mischievous or salutary.

For these reasons, partly agreeing with Ricardo's, but partly contradicting them, we agree with Ricardo's conclusion—that, although a physical limit to the advance of nations does seem undeniably fixed in the original degradations of soil; yet on the other hand these degradations are from time to time so effectually compensated by human activities, that virtually, on seeing our total soil more productive by far at this moment on any equal number of acres than it was five centuries ago, the progress seems as illimitable virtually upon the limited field of raw products as upon the unlimited field of manufactures. In fact, that truth has been slowly revealing itself in this discussion, which suddenly revealed itself in steam navigation: it was supposed that fifteen miles an hour was the *maximum* of speed attainable: after *that* you might increase the power as you would; no use; the resistance increased in a corresponding degree. Here was a limit, as it seemed, and fixed in natural causes. But suddenly it flashed upon the experience of an individual, that under given circumstances, when the power was increased, the vessel rose into a higher *stratum* of the water: it *tended* to run along the surface: the resistance diminished: and once again the imaginary limit disappeared.

RIPLY HALL.

Riply Hall was a tall white house, in one of the midland counties of England, with some trees on a little hillock above it, and a little brook in a meadow before it. It had a great number of little windows and long thin chimneys, and in fact, in all respects except that it called itself a Hall, it was a very common-place, ordinary-looking dwelling. But, luckily for the contentment of its inhabitants, they were by no means of this opinion. Whether the word "hall," as I suspect, was the enchanter's wand that made it into a palace, or the feeling of proprietorship, or sheer want of knowing better—I do not know; but the usually placid countenance of Mr Willock would have assumed a very unplacid expression, if any one had hinted in his hearing that there was any mansion to be compared to it—except, perhaps, the Royal Castle of Windsor—for Mr Willock was loyal, even to the article of stone and mortar. But if a depreciatory remark on Riply Hall would have caused a great alteration on the countenance of Mr Willock, I am afraid that if a similar observation had been made in the hearing of the high-spirited lady who owned the mansion, the alteration would probably have taken place on the countenance of the person indulging in the sneer—as, in all human probability, her fingers (and they were strong and wiry) and her nails (and they were long and sharp) would have supplied the place of language in expressing her appreciation of his judgment. She was a dangerous woman to argue with, for she always seemed on the very point of hitting you a slap in the face; nor was it less dangerous to agree with her, for she always seemed almost as ready to throw her arms round your neck—a creature of impulse, as she herself assured you, who found great difficulty in resisting the inclination to give way to her feelings on all occasions. How she came to marry Mr Willock puzzled every body who knew them, and none more than Mr Willock himself. It is quite certain that he had no recollection of courtship, or flirtation, or any premonitory symptom whatever, but one fine morning awoke, and found himself the contented husband of the dashing and intellectual Mrs Captain Goldsworthy; and in a few months afterwards, at an outlay of fifteen thousand pounds, he discovered that he was a real *bonâ fide* country gentleman, and owner of Riply Hall. It was delightful to see Mrs Willock in her new position; you would have sworn she had been the great lady of a small neighbourhood all her life. Such quantities of white feathers swailed from her bonnet, and her parasol was of so bright a pink, and her pelisse so prodigiously brilliant, that she might have passed for the lady of a captain of the militia at a review, or a flourishing attorney's wife at the assizes, or a mayoress holding a stall at a charity bazar. She had great taste in dress, and always chose the showiest colours; and that was perhaps to make up for the seven or eight months she had spent in mourning. Her first husband had died in the honourable post of ensign and adjutant of the Negro Rangers. He had disappeared in a swamp which suddenly broke out in the parade ground at Honduras; and after several ineffectual attempts to save himself by clinging to a log of mahogany which happened to be near, he had sunk to rise no more, covered with mud and glory. His comrade and successor drank a bumper to his memory every night for a week; and his widow, in reward of his merit, raised him to the rank of captain, and endowed him with every good quality under heaven. But the pension of the widow of an ensign of the Negro Rangers does not rise in proportion to the good qualities discovered in the defunct; and there can be no doubt that Riply Hall was a much more agreeable home than the upper room over a grocer's shop in the town of——but no, I will not mention the name of the town where she madethe acquaintance of Mr Willock; so, as seven places contended for the honour of Homer's birth, let Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Worcester, and Warwick, divide between them the glory of having been the scene where her masculine Desdemona, in so unprecedented a style, was wooed and won. In a very few months (as I have

told you) after the marriage, neither of the seven cities enumerated above could boast of possessing him any longer; business was thrown to the dogs—and they probably got fat on it, for it was a very flourishing business indeed, and might have made him a Rothschild, if she had not determined on making him a Sutherland instead; —and gradually a film spread itself over his memory of the past, and he found it very difficult to remember the dingy counting-house and three-legged stool, the dirty paper of prices-current over the mantelpiece, and well-thumbed copy of the Ready Reckoner on the upper ledge of his desk. But in spite of his very lethargic temperament, and his deficient memory, and total want of the enthusiasm on which his wife prided herself, he did by no means forget the nice clean house in the main street of his native town, with its green railings and green door, its small garden behind, with the arbour at the further end, and the little stable at one side, which contained the fat dumpy little punchy pony, which carried him at an easy amble, and would not have shied in any dangerous or obstreperous manner if it had found itself all of a sudden in the midst of the battle of Waterloo. Nor did he forget a nice, mild-eyed, round-cheeked, rosy-mouthed little girl that used to hang about his neck when he came home from business, and kiss his round glossy cheek as if he had been an Adonis, and take his hat and gloves, and read to him all the best part of the newspapers till he fell asleep in his chair, and then play the piano, and sing to him till he wakened again. And no wonder he did not forget her—for nobody else forgot her that knew her ever so little; and therefore her own father would have been a most unconscionable blockhead—or worse—to have forgotten for a single moment such a beautiful little creature as Betty Willock. Her mother would not have forgotten her, nor her grandfather, nor her uncle, nor any of her relations—but they were all dead. Betsy had nobody but her father—and the stupid old body went and married Mrs Captain Goldsworthy!! I should like to have broken my stick on his head—the silly, easy-minded, pusillanimous vegetable! For Betsy was eighteen, and worth a hundred and fifty Mrs Goldsworthys, and shone about his house in the rainiest and darkest days of winter, like a little piece of fine weather, till the little grey parlour was a perpetual June, and people felt, when they came into it, as if they were sitting in some pleasant garden and listening to summer birds. I feel in love with that girl yet, though I'm an old fellow myself, and might be mistaken, my wife and I, when we go with the children to church on a Sunday, for the master and matron of a foundling hospital. And therefore the next piece of information I am going to communicate will probably not surprise you; and that is, that there was another person besides her father and me, by whom Betsy Willock was very far indeed from being forgotten. If you had seen Charles Burrell in his chambers in Plowden Buildings, with a great many law-books in his shelves, and one or two on his table, and a file of long foolscap paper tied up with red tape, and five or six dirty pens sticking up through the holes of an immense pewter inkstand, you would very likely suppose he was studying the law, and consulting Chitty, or Blackstone, or some other recondite authorities—but you would be prodigiously mistaken if you supposed any thing of the sort. He was thinking at that very moment of Betsy Willock —there's a smile, you will observe, about his lips, and a liveliness about his eyes, as if he would never throw himself off the Monument if there were no anti-suicide railings on it at all. And at this present opening of this narrative, I don't think he has much ground for despair; for though Betsy has never distinctly told him that she likes him, she has also most decidedly never told him she hates him; his prospects are pretty good, he is a great favourite of her father, he has known them all from childhood; and for my own part, I see nothing unnatural in his being desperately in love with the prettiest girl he ever saw in his life, and in her not being at all displeased with the attentions of one of the handsomest young men in the country, or—as Betsy herself would probably have said—in the world. I am no great hand at describing peoples' looks, so you need not expect any particular account of the beauties that all the old maids in

our town pretended to discover in Charles Burrell. He had two eyes, which were very dark and expressive —one mouth, filled with shining white teeth—one nose, which was rather high, and finely cut, as if by the chisel of the sculptor that carved the Grecian statues—one chin, (in that respect only being inferior to Mr Willock, who rejoiced in three,) in which there was a faint dimple, which some rigid critics said was a blemish—but I believe Betsy was not in the number of those critics—and his figure was a capital one if he had wished to insure his life, for he was tall and strong, and, if he had lived before the flood, would very likely have beat Methuselah. I wish I had an annuity of a thousand a-year on his life even now, and he is three years older than at the beginning of this story, in which, by the way, I see no chance of making any progress, if I am to stop every moment and give a catalogue of peoples' features, as if I were a mere auctioneer, and not a successor of Shakspeare and Walter Scott. And yet, for my own part, when I am reading a book instead of writing one, I confess I always like to know something about the appearance of the personages of the tale. It is impossible to get interested about a squinting fellow with red hair, or a meagre scarecrow young woman with no waist and flat splay feet; and besides, it saves a poor author a great deal of work in inventing clever speeches for his hero and heroine; for it is only necessary for people to be good-looking, and any stupidity you may detect in their conversation is immediately forgiven in consideration of their external graces. An ugly wretch, on the other hand, needs to be very bright—which was the reason that Mrs Willock was eternally saying finer things than Madame De Staël. Two very small eyes gave a very peculiar expression of cleverness and sagacity to her face, the other chief ornament of which was a thin prominent nose, 'celestial rosy red, love's proper hue;' but her manners were so *distingué*—a French word, which I understand means out-of-the-common-wayish—and she smiled so tremendously, and curtsied and sidled into a room so laboriously, that you forgot the smaller details of feature and form in the grand totality of the regular bred lady, with uncles and cousins in every page of the Red Book.

The little foot-boy came into the parlour one day and said to Mr Willock, "Missus wants to see you in the boudoir immediately." Mr Willock turned on the messenger one of those peculiar looks for which he was distinguished, consisting of a total want of all expression, and a vast expanse of countenance, as if it gained in breadth what it lost in sharpness.

"What do you say?" he at last enquired.

"Missus wants to see you in her boudoir, sir," said the little boy, pulling the forelock of his hair.

Some faint glimmering of an idea at last began to shed itself over the surface of Mr Willock's face, and the boy, seeing that his communication was in a fair way of being comprehended, gave his forelock another pull, and evaporated.

"In her *bood war!*" said Mr Willock; "I've heard of a bude light, but never of a bood war before—perhaps it is a new name for her dressing-room. I wonder what she can want with me!" he continued—and he mused so deeply on the subject that in about three minutes he forgot it altogether, and his countenance, which had retained some gleams of illumination, settled into the sunlessness in which it had been enveloped before the message was delivered.

After a pause of pleasing vacuity, his face brightened up once more, for a clear sweet voice said, just at his ear, "Mamma wants to see you in her dressing-room, papa, and ordered me to send you up." Before Mr Willock had time fully to understand the meaning of the words, or bring his eyes into a focus so as to command a view of the messenger, the owner of the clear sweet voice had shut the door and disappeared. It was evident she was in a hurry, from the rapidity of her movements, and that she was going out to walk, for she had a thin scarf on her shoulders and a pretty little cottage bonnet on her head; and as it is a great deal pleasanter to saunter by a pretty girl's side than to visit a middle-aged Jezebel in her boudoir, I think I shall accompany Betsy Willock, and leave her relatives to themselves for half an hour.

There was a summer arbour at the end of one of the shrubbery walks—a

very slight tasteful little retreat, with trellis-work sides, and no roof—and all round it and over it there grew long creeping flowers, which Betsy had trained with her own fair hands, and now in the middle of July it was certainly a very nice Parasina-looking arbour indeed. How lightly Betsy tripped along the walk, and how beautiful she is now with the flush of exercise on her cheek!—Her bright eyes grow brighter—her beautiful cheek grows redder—and yet the exertion of tripping so short a distance can never account for such an amazing glow as now mantles over her face—like sunset on snow. Oh, the little gypsy!—oh, the mischievousness of the sex in general, and of Betsy Willock in particular!—A young fellow skips over the hedge at the side of the arbour, as if he was one of the *voltigeurs* at Astley's Amphitheatre, and in a moment is sitting beside her, with one hand firmly held in his, and his eyes fixed tenderly on her face. This is what you call studying the law in Plowden Buildings, is it?—this is waiting for clients, and smirking to smug attorneys, and poring among musty parchments, and getting up precedents, and worming your way to the woolsack? If ever I was ashamed of any body in my life, it is at this moment of Charles Burrell—and probably he is a little ashamed of himself, for I think there is evidently a blush on his cheek, and his eyes are cast down, and rest on the point of a very pretty foot, which just peeps out from under the summer frock.

Ah, Charles, if Betsy Willock's face was an act of Parliament, what a pleasant thing it would be to study the law!

"You're not angry, Betsy, at me, for coming to see you?"

"Oh, no!—I'm always delighted to see any of the friends we knew in the dear old town, before we came to Riply."

"Indeed?" said Charles, with a slight degree of disappointment in his tone, for he seemed not quite to like the idea of owing his welcome to his association with the "dear old town"—"then you don't like Riply Hall so well as the High Street."

"How can I, Charles?" said the girl, reproachfully; "we have no friends here to come and see us—and there is"——

"That detestable stepmother," added Charles, who saw that Betsy was vainly striving for a periphrasis—and as even the best people have a great spice of hypocrisy in them, she pretended to be displeased with the plumpness of his explanation of her meaning.

"Oh, mama is very kind!" she said—"that is to say, she tries to be."

"And shows it by forbidding me the house," said Charles, who was evidently not to be driven out of his position, that the stepmother was utterly detestable.

"She surely never forbade you the house, Charles—she could not—I don't think she could yet"——

"Yes she could, though. I don't know any thing she would be afraid to venture."

"And so clever, too!" added Betsy.

"Clever!—good heavens! you surely don't join the common cry, and believe a person clever merely because she tells you so herself?—and yet, why not?" he added, "it is the way reputations are made every where; and I have no doubt, Betsy, if you persisted in telling every body you were six feet high, you would be thought the tallest woman in the country. Your stepmother, I tell you, is a fool."

"You can't mean that, Charles. She writes books, and says she is going to publish them. Now, an author can't possibly be a fool. I think I have puzzled you there, Charles."

It must surely have been something in the look that accompanied the argument, or the movement of the hand, which still, by the strongest oversight in the world, continued to lie quietly in his, or the tone of voice, or something or other that I do not know, which gave so complete a victory to Betsy in this part of the discussion. Charles looked at her while she defended her stepmother, and it is not unlikely, at that very moment, he thought what an advocate he would be if he could plead like Betsy Willock, and all the jurymen were Charles Burrells.

"Well, clever or not," he said at last, "she has forbidden me the Hall; not in actual words, to be sure, for I never saw her in my life, but she has taken care to have her wishes on that subject specially communicated to me;

there is no mistake in the matter—I am never to enter the house."

"And that's the reason, I suppose, you sit here all day in the arbour? I never thought of that before. But what right has she to prevent any of my father's friends from coming into my father's house? I would not stand it."

"What would you do?—break into a dwelling-house?"

"No; walk boldly in by the door, and shake hands with the owner of the house, and tell him you could not forget the happy days you used to spend in his little grey parlour, and the walks we all took together by the water side; and I'm sure he has never forgotten the care you used to take of his fat little pony; and he'll tell you to sit down, and he'll order the dinner to be laid on the table, and your portmanteau to be taken up to your room, and"——

"His wife will order it to be taken down again, and drop me a low curtsy, and toss her head, and say, 'there's the door, Mr Burrell;' and your father, heaven bless the old man! will shake his head, and close his eyes, and say, 'well, good-by, Charles, it can't be helped'"——

"And you will be reduced to the arbour, after all?" said Betsy.

"And very well pleased with it too, dear Betsy, as long as you come to spend an hour with me, and tell me you haven't forgotten me, though we have been separated so long. *Have* you forgotten me, Betsy?"

It is probable Miss Betsy Willock, who had a remarkably good memory on other occasions, was not oblivious on this, for Charles appeared to be delighted with her answer; and a great many trifling things were said, and a few serious ones by way of a change; and several vows were uttered and promises made; and if a round black hat did for a moment or two get into an extraordinary degree of proximity to a cottage bonnet, I don't see what possible business that can be to any one except to the owners of the Dunstable and the beaver; and therefore I disdain to make any observation on the subject.

Chapter II.

Most people of few ideas and good appetite are fond of lunch. It was a favourite meal with Mr Willock; and his wife, who had an immense number of ideas and little appetite, wondered at his attachment to chicken and cold tongue at such an unseasonable hour as one o'clock. The worthy gentleman had a large slice on the point of his fork, and a still larger in his mouth, mixed with extraordinary quantities of bread and potatoes, and other accompaniments; in fact, his mouth was so full that you wondered into what remote corner his tongue could have squeezed itself, when, all of a sudden, his wife sailed into the room; and as she was a woman of the most irrepressible emotions, she flung herself on his shoulder, with her arms round his neck, and exclaimed, "My happiness is at the full—congratulate me, Samson!"

Samson, however, was in no condition to congratulate any one, for the suddenness of the attack had precipitated a vast quantity of edibles down his throat, and he was in the very agonies of strangulation, when the lady, raising herself disdainfully, said, "But I forgot—you have no excitability—I never can find any body to appreciate me!"

"Help! help! slap my back, or I'm a dead man!" sputtered Mr Willock.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr Willock?—you seem agitated."

"Agitated! I'm choked! Ugh! ugh!"

"Gracious! what can have happened? Have you heard of my approaching happiness?—and did I wrong you in saying you had no excitability?—Forgive me, dear!" and again she threw her arms round him.

"Keep off!—ugh! ugh—it ain't gone yet. I wish to God, Mrs W., you wouldn't throw yourself at a body's head when his mouth's full!—What happiness do you mean?"

"A happiness, sir, you are unworthy to be made acquainted with," said the offended lady, "as you are incapacitated from appreciating it. The Simpsons, in Simpsonville, have asked us to tea to-night."

Mr Willock, however, had resumed

his labours on the cold tongue, and said nothing.

"How impassive you are, Mr Willock! you show no excitement."

"Why should I?" said Mr Willock; "there's to be no crackers in the tea-cups, is there?"

"We are to meet dear, talented, delightful Mr Jenkins of the *Provincial Flambeau*. He is the only man I have met who enters fully into my character; and Mrs Simpson has also asked a German nobleman, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor Ferdinand, who is staying at the hotel, to join the party. He has heard of my literary talents, and is anxious to make my acquaintance."

"He's a swindler," said Mr Willock, whose observations were generally short, but conveyed in a very clear and forcible style.

The lady looked at him for some time as if she wished the tongue and fowl had choked him; but, tossing her head with an air of immense disdain, "I make no reply," she said, "Mr Willock, to your gross assaults on the character of a foreign nobleman; but perhaps it was not to him you alluded. Did you mean him, or Mr Jenkins?"

"Both. I hate writing chaps and furreners. I do."

"Your knowledge of literature is on a par with your philanthropy," said the lady bitterly. "However, I have accepted the invitation, and you will drive us down this evening at seven o'clock."

Mr Willock looked up from his plate as if he half meditated a rebellion, but he saw that it would be vain to contest the point.

"I shall dine in my boudoir," continued the lady, "and I beg you'll have the carriage at the door at seven,"—and so saying, she glided majestically out of the room—and, as she passed out by the door, Betsy tripped in by the open window. Mr Willock laid down his knife and fork, and his countenance involuntarily brightened as he looked on the beautiful face and graceful motions of his daughter.

"There's a bunch of flowers for you," she said, but suddenly stopped, on observing the deep melancholy that overspread the usually inexpressive features of her father. "What ails you, papa? Have you met with any thing disagreeable?"

"Haven't I?" replied Mr Willock, with a very evident allusion to his late visiter. "In fact, Betsy," he said, by a great effort bringing himself to confess his unhappiness, "I'm bothered out of my life."

"Who has been plaguing you?"

"Every body and every thing," exclaimed the father, working himself into a fury. "She does nothing but worry me all day—and you too, Betsy, you're as bad as any of them."

"I? father—what have I done?"

"Why didn't you send for Dr Conolly, and put me into a strait waistcoat when I talked of giving up business and settling here?"

"Oh, father, I thought you would be so happy in the country!"

"I hate it, except for a half hour's walk."

"You were always so fond of flowers."

"In a pot in the parlour."

"And when Charles Burrell used to tell you about his hunting"—

"Where is Charles Burrell?" cried Mr Willock. "I never thought of him before. He would be such a help! But he's forgotten us."

"He has not forgotten us," said Betsy; "he thinks of us every day, every hour."

"Does he? He's a good lad—the best lad in England," replied the father, without stopping to enquire from what sources Betsy derived her knowledge of the state of Charles Burrell's thoughts. "He must come down and see us. He'll walk beside my pony. We'll all go into the country a mile or two."

"We're in the country now, father."

"I'll write to him, care of his uncle in High Street—it will be sure to find him."

"His own address is Plowden Buildings, Temple, London," said Betsy.

"Are you sure? I'll write to him this very day. He'll come—I'm certain he'll come. We'll build a wall all round a little bit of the garden, and make it the size of our old back-green. We'll have an arbour at the end, and you and he can sing duets, and play on guitars."

"And mama?" enquired Betsy.

A cloud fell over the radiant countenance of Mr Willock. "I never recollected *her*," he said, and sighed deeply.

"But she can't object, surely, to see so old a friend of yours as Charles Burrell?" suggested Betsy, doubtingly.

"Oh, Lord! you don't know *her* yet. She can object to any thing. If I were to write to him, or any of our old acquaintance in the borough, she would not let me have the life of a dog. It's all she gives me now, and a miserable dog's life too. No, no, I can't write, Betsy!"

"But if *I* were to write to him, to tell him where we were?"

"Would you risk it," enquired the father, "and take all the blame?"

"Why, what blame is there to take?" asked Betsy. "I'll write to him this moment, if you wish it."

"Do it—there's a dear," said Mr Willock. "If she won't let him into the house, we'll have a room for him at the farm. I wish we could get another for me there, too. At all events, write for Charles to come."

There is not much occasion to describe the alacrity with which Betsy executed her father's command. Ah, if all daughters were so full of filial obedience, what a different world this would be! But while the dutiful Miss Betsy is giving her invitation, let us see what preparations are making for the reception of the company in Simpsonville.

The genius of building, which of late years has exercised its powers in so many parts of England, had shaken from its wings about a dozen red brick villas on the estate of Mr Simpson. They stood each in its own acre of ground, surrounded by its own brick wall, and in the aggregate they formed the genteel village of Simpsonville. The proprietor had reserved to himself a larger quantity of ground, and built his house of redder bricks, than the others; and as the land was not yet disposed of, he was courteous and captivating to every one, as a matter of business; and few things had given him more pleasure than the intimacy he saw springing up between Mrs Simpson and the inhabitants of Riply Hall. Nothing is so valuable to a city built upon speculation as the society of county families—and the Willocks, he thought, did very well for a beginning. The proprietor of Simpsonville was a little man, about five-and-forty years of age, very stout and stumpy, but always dressed with the utmost care, and glittering with chains and rings. His manners also were very carefully got up, and his pretty speeches, and everlasting compliments, were evidently the result of great study. Altogether, what with his fine clothes, and polished manners, and elegant language, you saw he was just the individual to found a city like Bath, and then to be master of the ceremonies—and Mrs Simpson was an exact transcript of her spouse. He was the model she proposed for imitation, and she had become a daguerreotype likeness of the great original. Such a gay place as Simpsonville was in the summer, had never been heard of. There was a tea-party at one of the houses on the estate every night, to which the inhabitants of all the other houses were invited. And once or twice a-year Mr Simpson entertained the heads of families, with perhaps their eldest son and daughter, at dinner; when he gave them shanks of venison and gooseberry champagne. Mr Macaba, a Scottish gentleman who had called his cottage Lochaber Lodge, and had retired from his professional labours in London, and maintained a strict silence on the subject of what those professional labours had been, returned the compliment once a-year by inviting the Simpsons to dinner, and entertaining them with boiled beef and greens, and whisky toddy and port wine. It was remarked that, after dinner, an amazing profusion of different kinds of snuff was placed on the table, from which Mr Simpson, who was prodigiously interested in the gentility of his tenants, took many opportunities of conjecturing that Mr Macaba had large tobacco-growing estates in the West Indies, and encouraged snuffing from self-interested motives. On the same principle he hinted largely at the enormous wealth of Mr Crockrie, (who had built Willowtree Grange, and astonished the neighbours with his display of cups and saucers of every variety, and shape, and pattern,) and gave people positively to understand that he knew, from undoubted sources, that Mr Crockrie had at one time been deeply interested in the China trade. But Mr Simpson was not only active in defence of the respectability of his tenants; he was anxious also to make Simpsonville a focus, as he expressed it, of literature

and intelligence. For this purpose he cultivated the friendship of Mr Jenkins, an influential contributor to the *Provincial Flambeau*, who occasionally introduced a notice of "the fashionable and delightful village of Simpsonville" in a very prominent part of the paper. Nor did the indefatigable Simpson's exertions end here. Sir Joseph Banks never toiled so much to catch a butterfly, as he did to catch a lord. A knight had actually stopped a day or two at the Simpsonville Hotel, for the sake of the fishing, which was very good, in the river; he was only a Tower and Sworder, to be sure—but Mr Simpson was enchanted when he had succeeded in getting the magnate to sup with him in Simpsonville House; and as he had the pleasure of lending him a five-pound note and never heard of him again, he repaid himself by perpetual boasts of his intimacy with Sir Digsberry Do'em. For two or three days he had been intensely agitated by being informed that a foreign nobleman was on a fishing excursion in the neighbourhood, and had settled in the hotel. A nobleman! the idea was enchanting, and the star (it was only plated silver) of Sir Digsberry Do'em began to pale its ineffectual fires. He called at the hotel, and left his card, and watched at the river side, and at last introduced himself to the Baron Von Schwartzenham, and found out he was an aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Austria, and had come to England on a visit to his relation, one of the German ambassadors. He tried to persuade him to take up his quarters (and a nobleman of such exalted rank had sixteen of them) in Simpsonville House; but the baron good-naturedly smiled, and continued at the hotel. He did the next best thing, which was to invite him to tea; and I feel certain that, if the baron had asked him for the loan of a five-pound note, he would have taken no warning from his experience of Sir Digsberry's behaviour, but would have given it to him at once.

At seven o'clock Mr Willock was waiting very patiently, with the whip in his hand, in his four-wheel carriage, at the door of Riply Hall. He seemed more active than usual, for he amused himself flicking the flies that settled on the ribs and neck of his large brown horse—he also occasionally whistled a bar or two of "God save the Queen," and altogether seemed in a state (for him) of great excitement. Perhaps it was the effect of his having unbosomed a portion of his woes to Betsy, and the hope of an early visit from Charles Burrell; it could not have been from the anticipation of a pleasant evening at Simpsonville, for he hated the whole inhabitants of that rising and salubrious village, and had a particular aversion, I am sorry to say, to the lady and gentleman whose visiter he was about to be. Betsy was sitting in the little seat behind, plunged in her own reflections, and the quiet contemplations of the father and daughter were only interrupted when, in a blaze of pink silk and scarlet ribbons, Mrs Willock emerged from the Hall door—and seated herself beside her husband. "Drive on, Mr Willock—but you have no enthusiasm," she said, as she looked on the very placid countenance of the worthy charioteer, and the deliberate manner in which he hinted to his horse the propriety of its getting into a trot. "You're not excited—you're not on fire, Mr Willock."

"No, thank God! I ain't on fire," replied the sedate gentleman, looking as if his soul was made of asbestos, warranted not to burn.

"'Tis always the way," continued the lady—"no congeniality of mind ever sustains me in my search after immortality. To other intellects than those at home I must turn for bright fellowship and endearing sympathies—Drive on, Mr Willock, you are going very slowly—I long to be surrounded by an audience that can appreciate my exertions."

Mr Willock broke out into sundry chirrups and whistles, and exercised the whip with the utmost vigour. The steed trotted leisurely along all the while, and at last deposited the party at the door of Simpsonville House.

Mr and Mrs Willock, followed by Betsy, were ushered into the drawing-room on the left hand of the entrance, and were received with tremendous rapture, whether real or affected, by their hospitable entertainers.

"This is so kind, my dear madam," said Mr Simpson, with one of his best bows; "we appreciate your kindness and condescension in the fullest e

"But she can't object, surely, to see so old a friend of yours as Charles Burrell?" suggested Betsy, doubtingly.

"Oh, Lord! you don't know *her* yet. She can object to any thing. If I were to write to him, or any of our old acquaintance in the borough, she would not let me have the life of a dog. It's all she gives me now, and a miserable dog's life too. No, no, I can't write, Betsy!"

"But if *I* were to write to him, to tell him where we were?"

"Would you risk it," enquired the father, "and take all the blame?"

"Why, what blame is there to take?" asked Betsy. "I'll write to him this moment, if you wish it."

"Do it—there's a dear," said Mr Willock. "If she won't let him into the house, we'll have a room for him at the farm. I wish we could get another for me there, too. At all events, write for Charles to come."

There is not much occasion to describe the alacrity with which Betsy executed her father's command. Ah, if all daughters were so full of filial obedience, what a different world this would be! But while the dutiful Miss Betsy is giving her invitation, let us see what preparations are making for the reception of the company in Simpsonville.

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"This is so kind, my dear madam," said Mr Simpson, with one of his best bows; "we appreciate your kindness and condescension in the fullest ex-

tent. Rank and genius have conspired to spoil your angelic disposition, and have failed; and you, my good sir," he went on, turning to Mr Willock, "this is indeed a pleasure—to have a gentleman of your consideration under our humble roof. How *do* you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you; how are you?" replied Mr Willock.

"Thank God!" emphatically responded Mr Simpson, lifting up his eyes devoutly. "I am rejoiced to see you in such health—let me introduce you to my friends and neighbours—Mr Macaba, I present you to Mr Willock of Riply; Mr Jenkins, Mr Willock; Mr Jenkins is one of the first literary men of the day, and a devoted admirer of your excellent lady," he added in a confidential whisper, while Mr Willock was bowing an enormous number of times, in answer to the obeisances of the two gentlemen. "And you, Miss Willock," continued Mr Simpson in his round of welcomes; "but I need not ask how you are—

> 'Lilies and roses,
> Her cheek discloses,'

as the poet says. Eh! Jenkins?"

"The poet Gay, sir," replied Mr Jenkins, who immediately assumed an air as if he was reading one of his own critical articles in the *Provincial Flambeau*, "the poet Gay, sir, is one of the pleasantest authors who has lately come before me. The ease of his versification gives a fresher, greener, sunnier effect to the flow of his ideas. At the same time, he has not the heroic dignity of Homer, or the statuesque solemnity of Dante."

"I thought I heard your voice, Mr Jenkins," exclaimed Mrs Willock, hurrying across to where the literary orator was laying down the law, "and I come to be edified by your instructions."

"I was expressing my opinion, my dear madam, quite in an off-hand way, that Gay was a pleasing author. The design of his works is generally good, the execution spirited and correct—at the same time, he has no sublimity—decidedly no sublimity."

"I think sublimity is the soul of poetry," said Mrs Willock, "and not only of poetry, but of philosophy too. Don't you think so, Mr Jenkins?"

"Few works," replied the critic, "have been submitted to my notice containing a remark at once so true and so profound. Without sublimity there can neither exist poetry, properly so called, nor the abstruser parts of metaphysics, such as geometry and astrology. Perhaps you saw in last week's *Flambeau*, a conversation between Eternity and Annihilation?"

"I did. It was inimitable!—It made me shudder!"

"In that short poem, my dear madam, I attempted"——

"Did *you* write it?" exclaimed the lady, entranced. "My dear sir, I am delighted to tell you, that it is the noblest effort I ever met in any language. I told Mr Willock that morning at breakfast, that a greater than Milton had arisen in our day!"

"And did he participate in your feelings?" modestly enquired Mr Jenkins; "for the judgment of men of sound sense is"——

"He!" said Mrs Willock; "I thought you were aware, Mr Jenkins, of the peculiarity of my position. Endowed with feelings too lofty to be entered into by my family"——

"But your friends, my dear madam, your acquaintances, enter fully into the superiority of your endowments. It is rare to see Venus and Minerva united in the same person!"

"Mr Jenkins!" exclaimed the lady in a glow of gratitude, "the appreciation of *such* a man—the knowledge that I am not altogether unknown—the kindness of your remark—I am quite overcome!" And I verily believe it was only by a great effort she kept herself from throwing her arms about his neck, as she had done to Mr Willock in the morning.

"Congeniality of mind, Mr Macaba," continued Mr Jenkins, judiciously allowing time to Mrs Willock to recover the command of her feelings—"congeniality of mind is the surest bond of felicity—domestic, personal, and amicable—jarring sympathies crack the strings of the great instrument called life! I perceive, my dear sir, you enter into my feelings"——

"Tiel a toot o't; py Chorge, ye speak gospel, an' tiel a baet else!" replied the intellectual gentleman referred to, offering a huge snuff-box. "Do ye tak' my sneeshin', Mister Shinkins?"

"I am not an amateur of the nar-

cotic weed, whether to smoke or snuff," answered Mr Jenkins, rejecting the proffered civility.

"Maybe ta shentleman chows?" enquired Mr Macaba, who seemed to be convinced that tobacco must be used in some shape or other. "I've got some remnants of most aixshellent pig-tail at hame."

"*Unde* pig-tail?" said Mr Jenkins; "the philologist might, in our—my opinion, be usefully employed in deciphering the derivations of our commonest forms of speech—*unde* pig-tail?" he again enquired; "have you any idea, my dear sir?"

This was addressed to our friend Mr Willock, who was indulging in a comfortable nap on a neighbouring sofa. Mr Willock started on being so suddenly appealed to, and as he believed Mr Jenkins was asking him whether he had any idea in the abstract, and recollected that his wife maintained the negative side of the proposition—

"'Pon my word, sir, I don't know," he answered modestly; "if I have, it must be a very small one."

"Will you favour us with it?" said Mr Jenkins.

"With what?" enquired Mr Willock; "for to tell you the truth, sir, my wife is eternally talking about them things, and I never can understand a syllable she says."

"Does ta leddy speak about pig-tail?" enquired Mr Macaba, with a greater appearance of interest than he had yet shown in the conversation.

Mr Willock looked from one to the other, and, as he had not the remotest glimpse of the meaning of what they said, he relapsed into his state of repose.

"The question for discussion," resumed Mr Jenkins, "is—*unde* pig-tail?"

"Fatna thing's 'undy' ta body's aye speaking aboot?" said Mr Macaba, in a semi-soliloquy.

"Whence is it derived? How do you get it?" persisted Mr Jenkins.

"Och, an' is tat all? by Chorge, ye should hae asked me tat afore! Ye'll get as muckle o't as ye like frae the great wholesale dealers in"——

"Any of the West India Islands, I believe," interposed Mr Simpson. "Our friend Macaba has large estates there, and I have no doubt is recommending you to apply to one of his own agents—eh, Macaba?"

"But for my ain part," continued Mr Macaba, who had gone on with his speech all the time Mr Simpson was speaking, "I aye recommend Short-cut and Returns."

"A short cut to fortune—eh, Macaba?" said Simpson; "and quick returns for your money—eh?"

The laughter created by this sally had scarcely subsided, when the door was opened, and the Baron von Schwartzenham announced.

"My dear baron, this is so kind—isn't it, my love?" exclaimed Mr Simpson, rushing up to the new comer. "We are delighted to see you—ain't we, dear?"

"Ver' broud, ver' broud," said the baron, bowing to the lady. "You English is so hospital to de strangers—yaiz."

The baron was a tall young man, who would probably have looked better if he had had the good taste to shave himself like other human beings, and not covered his face so thickly with hair that he might have been mistaken for a chair-bottom taking the air. He had bushy whiskers, extending all round and under his chin, thick mustaches and an imperial, and his deep black locks hung in greasy luxuriance over the collar of his coat. His own father could not have known him, unless he had happened to be a barber. But his manners, in spite of these drawbacks to his appearance, were very gentlemanly, and it was soon evident that he made no small sensation in the party. Even the eloquent lucubrations of Mr Jenkins were left unheeded, and that philanthropic and philosophical individual determined to wage undying war against the young baron in particular, and to destroy the whole German nation in general, by a review in the next week's *Flambeau*."

"You did bromise to introduce me to de cleber lady," said the baron to Mr Simpson. "I love de cleber ladies—is she in de room?—Yaiz!"

"She is, my lord baron; and I am sure Mrs Willock will be enchanted to make your acquaintance. My dear madam, Baron von Schwartzenham has heard of your reputation, and desires leave to throw himself at your feet."

Mr Willock raised his head from the sofa, and looked in evident expectation that the throwing at the feet was not a figure of speech—but resumed his meditative attitude once more, when he perceived that the baron merely bowed.

"Shall I have de seligkeit—de appiness, to sit down by your arm, gracious lady Mrs Willock?"

"Delighted, I am sure, my lord baron; but I fear your unacquaintance with our language"——

"Oh no, I verstand—stand under it, ver well. De speak is de schwierigkeit—de difficulte—yaiz!"

"I am charmed to hear it. If you are already so far advanced in your English studies, a very few weeks will easily make you master of the power of speaking the language."

"I can read it wit—wit de grossest leichtigkeit, and I am ver broud to befind myself at your arm to take lesson in speaking with elegance and erhalenkeit—grandeur—Yaiz!"

"The compatriot of Gothy and Hallam, and other foreign poets and philosophers, is too acute a judge of talented conversation for me to flatter myself with the hope of escaping his condemnation."

"Not so, well-born, gracious woman, Mrs Willock. I have heard that, since de death of de De Staël, dere is no one can talk compared to de gracious lady-proprietor of Riply Hall."

"You have heard, then, of Riply Hall?" enquired Mrs Willock: "seen it perhaps?"

"At a distance—yaiz," replied the baron.

"I trust you will see more of it, if you stay in the neighbourhood any time longer."

"De hope to see more of its charming owner would deter me if I had no other beweggrund—inducement," replied the baron, with a very peculiar look of admiration to the enraptured Mrs Willock.

"Py Chorge, ta baron seems a great hand among ta leddies, Mr Willock," said Mr Macaba, in a malicious whisper to his neighbour, in order to call his attention to the conversation going on between the baron and his wife; but his praiseworthy effort was completely thrown away.

"Has he a large hand, did you say, sir? I'll bet a guinea it's a dirty one. These furreners have no idea of soap."

"He's listening with all his eyes to your leddy, sir," rejoined Mr Macaba.

"I wish him joy," replied the husband. "Now, nothing pleases my wife so much as talking to a fellow that doesn't know the language, and can't interrupt her."

"Unless by squeezin' ta hand o' her. Py Chorge, he's a tiel o' a chap, and ta foulest-moothed ratch as can be! Ta word 'kite' is never aff his lips. It's a thing tat naebody should speak o' afore ta leddies. I'm tinkin' he's telling ta leddy he's gotten a pain in the waim."

"Very likely," said Mr Willock, to whom the communications of Mr Macaba were utterly unintelligible.

"What is its origin I cannot comprehend"—Mr Jenkins was distinctly heard in continuation of his former etymological remarks, during a pause in the conversation—"for I certainly have never yet heard that pigs were in the habit of chewing tobacco."

"Tere's ta fool body speaking about pig-tail yet," growled Mr Macaba; "I wish tere was a pund o't sticking in his troat—tere's no a boy in te shop that couldna tell him a' aboot it."

"But when in difficulties on any subject of investigation," resumed Mr Jenkins, "'tis best to refer at once to the indisputable authority of my talented friend, Mrs Willock. Will you allow me, my dear madam, to intrude on your interesting conversation with an enquiry, if you are aware of the origin of pig-tail—*unde* pig? *unde* tail?"

"My dear sir," said Mr Simpson, flying to the rescue of Mrs Willock, "our condescending friend's studies have lain among tales of a different kind; and such a critic of tales, or, in short, of literature of every kind, as yourself, I believe, does not exist in England."

"Do you really think so, now?—you don't flatter? eh!" enquired Mr Jenkins.

"Flatter you, my dear sir! it is but the universal opinion of Simpsonville, which I now take it on me to express."

"And of Riply Hall," interposed Mrs Willock, with a bow and a smile.

"You make me proud, indeed," returned the gratified author; "appre-

ciation is all that a literary man can aim at."

"It is indeed the sweetest reward that talent can obtain," said Mrs Willock, with a grateful look at the baron.

"It must be a blind man without no eyes, and a deaf man as cannot hear, dat does not worship de high-born, gracious Mrs Willock," said the baron with a bow.

"If that fellow ain't a swindler, my name ain't Samson Willock," muttered the worthy husband of the glowing subject of these panegyrics. "I'll order the carriage and take them home, or blowed if that furrener won't get a hold of Mrs W.'s watch."

With these flattering ideas of the baron, Mr Willock went across the room to the quiet corner where Betsy had established herself, and was examining a scrap-book, along with two or three of the Miss Crockrie's. He took her to one side—"Betsy," he said, "them furreners are all thieves—that ugly fellow that's saying such sweet things to your mother, I dassay, has some design upon you; for I know the ways of them chaps—flattering the old ones to get better on with the daughters. Now, I just put you on your guard. I'll never let him into Riply Hall, if I can help it. So never mind what your mother says. Charles Burrell will be down in a day or two. I wish he was here now, he would be able to give me his advice."

Betsy smiled, as if she knew pretty well what his advice would be.

"At any rate, Betsy," said Mr Willock, "I'll make a bargain with her. If she has her baron, I'll have Charles Burrell. So now, put your things on; for we're going off this minute."

There was a vast deal of shaking of hands, and putting on of shawls, and compliments, and thanks.

The baron handed Mrs Willock to the door.

"At twelve to-morrow," she said, as she stept into the carriage, "I shall expect you at the Hall."

"I shall be dere vidout fail," replied the baron with a look of deep admiration, and bowed to Mr Willock and Betsy, neither of whom took any notice of his politeness—both, I am credibly informed, being at that moment thinking with all their might of Charles Burrell.

Chapter III.

But was Charles Burrell thinking as constantly of them? One thing is certain, that he neither answered Betsy's letter, nor made his appearance in the arbour. Mr Willock at the end of a week began to get angry; his peace was entirely disturbed by the constant visits of the baron; he determined to write to Charles Burrell himself. He did write, and in two or three days received an answer, informing him that business detained him in town, but that he would be delighted to accept his kind invitation at the beginning of the following week. The following week!—it was a dreadful time to wait; for it turned out that Charles's assistance was the only thing the old gentleman trusted to, to enable him to get quit of the baron during the remainder of his life.

"Betsy," he said, "this is a bad business, this absence of Charles Burrell; for that baron—I always said he was a swindler. Though he calls himself a nobleman, and all that, and always talks about his uncle the ambassador, and his cousins the field-marshals, he is eternally borrowing five and ten pounds from Mrs Willock; and, by George, I think some day he'll borrow the whole estate, and she's sure to give it him!"

"Has the baron borrowed much money, papa?" enquired the young lady.

"Forty-five pounds, two shillings, and sixpence; and we've only known him a week—think what that will come to when he's been our friend for a whole year! I see no hope for me but the poor-house!"

"You should speak to mama," said Betsy.

"How the devil can any body speak to mama, when she's constantly talking herself? It's impossible, I tell you, to slip in the smallest word. She and that furren vagabond are chattering from morning till night. I wish I knew any body I could apply to for advice."

"But Charles, papa; he'll be here in a week."

"A week! well, won't that cost me another forty-five pounds, two shillings, and sixpence? I could employ all the attorneys in the county for the money—or hire a dozen strong fellows to throw him out of the window. But here he is!—mum, Betsy—don't mention what I've told you—there's a good girl."

The visiter, who now made his appearance, was not the redoubtable Baron von Schwartzenham, but Mr and Mrs Simpson.

"My dear sir," said Mr Simpson, rushing forward impetuously, and grasping the hand of Mr Willock, "we drove through your beautiful grounds to have the pleasure of enquiring after your health."

"But we needn't enquire after your health," added the lady; "for I never saw any person look better in my life. Did you, lovey?"

"Never—but the amiable family of Riply Hall *always* look well. Miss Willock, I am sure, is a proof of my assertion; and your delightful, intellectual lady, my dear sir, I hope she is quite well?"

"Such talents!" said Mrs Simpson.

"And such manners, my dear!" said the gentleman.

"And so beautiful!" said the lady.

"And so condescending! Is she engaged, my dear sir, in any literary work just now? It would be a pity that she should not commit to paper the results of her studies. She is a poetess"—

"And a novelist"—

"And a philosopher"—

"And a historian"—

"In short, I don't think such a talented woman was ever known in Simpsonville before."

"Indeed?" said Mr Willock, who had done nothing but stare open-mouthed at the enraptured panegyrists of his spouse, and now looked as if he thought Simpsonville would be much improved if the talented lady had still been unknown.

"Pray, is she within?"

"I think not," replied Mr Willock, "the baron"——

"Oh, the baron—such a true nobleman!" exclaimed the lady, in the same tone of enthusiasm. "He is the handsomest and most captivating man I ever saw."

"My dear," said Mr Simpson, "you will make us married men jealous, if you are so unguarded in your admiration—won't she, my dear sir?"

"Won't she what?" enquired Mr Willock.

"Make us jealous of the baron; but he is indeed a delightful person—such a specimen of the true high-born aristocrat, so free, so easy—he puts me very much in mind of a most intimate friend of mine, Sir Digsberry Do'em. Don't you trace a resemblance between them, my dear?"

"I think I do. Those mustaches are so very military and becoming"——

"I don't mean in their features, lovey—in their manners and characters, I mean. Sir Digs, as I always called him—we were sworn friends—Sir Digs came up to my house just whenever he chose, as the baron, my dear sir, does to yours—he dined with me—walked with my wife—helped her at the tea-table."

"Did he ever borrow any money?" enquired Mr Willock.

"Ah, you've heard of old Digs's free-and-easy manner;—he said to me, 'Simpson, old boy, tip me a five—for cuss me if the Portuguese government behave as a gentleman ought. They owe me several millions of milreis, and don't pay a maravedi.' He was such a pleasant fellow, poor Sir Digs!"

"And you lent him the five pounds?" enquired Mr Willock.

"How could I refuse it, my dear sir?"

"Then, I'll tell you what it is, my good sir," exclaimed Mr Willock, as if new light had broke on him, "I'm very much mistaken if the baron isn't Sir Digs in disguise; he's always telling Mrs Willock to tip out her fives."

"Do you mean to say that the baron borrows money?" asked Mr Simpson in an anxious tone.

Mr Willock nodded in a most unmistakable manner.

"Then, 'pon my soul, he's behaved very ill. He's been talking about taking a long lease of an acre or two of my ground, and building a villa. It would certainly be a great advantage to my estate to have a real titled nobleman among the tenants. But he borrows, you say?"

"He tells my wife that the rents of his estates in Bohemia don't come due till Christmas."

"Oh, then, he *has* estates in Bohemia?" said Mr Simpson. "He would

certainly be a most desirable tenant; and, if he signs the lease"——

"They are both in the garden," hinted Mr Willock.

"Oh, then, we shall go and find them!" said Mr Simpson. "Come, lovey."

And the whole party left the drawing-room, and proceeded in search of the baron and Mrs Willock.

There was a rustic seat at one end of the side-walk, and, on passing down the greensward that led to it, they saw the individuals they were in search of, who appeared to be a great deal too deeply interested in their conversation to attend to any thing else, and were in happy ignorance that every word they said was overheard.

"I like dis place," said the baron; "'tis so like one of my estates in Bohemia."

"So you've said, dear baron. I'm sure Riply Hall ought to be highly honoured by the compliment."

"Not at all—not by no means," replied the baron; "for my poor property never boasted of so great an ornament as Riply Hall."

"Ah! what ornament do you mean?"

"Its beautiful, charming owner—lovely, noble Mrs Willock."

"You're too kind. I'm overcome by your indulgent appreciation of my claims."

"Dey are delightful—you're ver clever—and ver good;—dere is no one worthy to admire you but mine self—yaiz."

"And you do admire me, baron?" asked the lady, simpering.

"Yaiz—ver much. Ah, madam—I wish you was not married to such fat little man—he not know de treasure he possess."

"He does not, indeed—a total want of intellect incapacitates him from perceiving"——

"Dat his wife ver clever, and he great fool. You mean dat?"

"Exactly my sentiments—but far better expressed."

"Den why stay wid him?" enquired the baron.

"Ah, whither could I go?" answered the lady.

"'Pon my honour, Mr Willock," whispered Mr Simpson, "this is going too far—hadn't you better interfere?"

"Not for the world—perhaps she'll offer to go with him," replied the gratified Mr Willock; "and I wouldn't disturb her for any consideration."

"Den I have your consent?" exclaimed the baron, in answer to something the lady had said. "I will have a chaise de post dis ver night. You will not forget de jewels. I will present you to de Emperor of Austria—and you must be well dressed."

"You're too good—dear! dear baron——Ha! gracious heavens! my husband!—Mr Simpson!—baron!

"How do you do, sair?" said the baron. "We was acting a play—'tis a ver good play—'tis a translation from de *Bride of Messina*, by Schiller—de amiable Mrs Simpson knows it ver well. Do you not, madam?—Yaiz!"

"Well—'pon my honour," said Mr Simpson, "I think I do recollect my intimate friend, Sir Digsberry, practising with Mrs S. for some private theatricals much of the same kind. Don't you remember, lovey? He was a capital actor, Sir Digs."

"I'm very sorry we interrupted you," said Mr Willock, who seemed considerably annoyed that there was a chance of the business passing off by way of a joke. "I beg you'll go on. Ah, Betsy!" he continued, in an under tone, "I wish Charley Burrell were here—he would kick that fellow into the river—and serve him right, too."

"'Pon my honour, baron, you put me more and more in mind of my intimate friend, Sir Digsberry Do'em. My friend Jenkins would make a capital description of your rehearsals—'twould be an excellent hit in the next *Flambeau*."

"What are you giggling in that very unintellectual manner for?" exclaimed Mrs Willock, casting fiery glances on the rubicund countenance of Betsy, and determined, like most people, to get into a passion to hide her discomfiture. "I insist on your retiring to your room, and I shall not allow any more letter-writing and correspondence with low persons like your friend Mr Burrell. An humble friend of my husband, baron," she added, "who has ventured, I fear from interested motives, to pay attention to Miss Willock."

"Interested motives!—vat a horrid fellow—yaiz!" exclaimed the baron, disgusted that there should be such things as interested motives in

paying attention to any of the Willock family.

"I beg to tell you, madam," said Betsy, who felt her heart beat very quick, and her eyes glow with fire, "that Charles Burrell is a friend of my father—but not an humble one."

"And I shall write to him as often as I like," said Mr Willock; "and Betsy is a noble girl to stand up for poor Charles."

"He is fit, perhaps, for you and your daughter, sir," began the dignified Mrs Willock.

"But he has no estates in Bohemia," said the indignant Willock, "nor uncles ambassadors—nor whiskers—nor post-chaises to run off with old women."

"Old!—gracious!—unidea'd barbarian!—oh—I sink—I die—baron!"

"Vat you mane, sir?" commenced that magnate, looking fierce. "You say I no have estate in Bohemia—vot you mane, sair?"

"I mean," said Mr Willock, "that I'll punish all furren swindlers and interlopers; so be off, Mr Baron, or if I find you here when I come back, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond. Come, Betsy!

Mr Willock retired with his daughter, and Mr and Mrs Simpson, in an agony of impatience to communicate the scene to Mr Jenkins and the inhabitants of Simpsonville, took the opportunity of stepping into the carriage, and trotting down the avenue, without taking leave of any of the party.

"Baron, I am ruined, insulted, disgraced for ever—What shall I do?"

"You must leave de old baste, and never see him no more."

"And do you open your arms to be my refuge?" enquired the philosophic lady.

"You must give him de notice of separate maintenance by de law," answered the baron, with a rather unloverlike eye to the main chance.

"But I have already a hundred and fifty pounds a-year secured to me—whether I remain with him or not."

"A hundred and fifty pounds—dey are sterling pounds, I hope—and not de livres?"

"Pounds sterling," replied the lady.

"Den come wid me," said the baron, "I will take you to de Simpsonville Hotel; you shall dere write letter dat you give him up, and never see him no more, and we shall be so happy as de day."

"What will the world say?"

"Dat you are a wonder of genius, and dey will forgive every ting to so much sensibility and so much feeling—yaiz!"

In less than an hour after this conversation, a letter was brought up from Simpsonville, and presented to Mr Willock. He broke the seal impatiently, and read as follows:—

"I have paid, in suffering and loneliness, the penalty of too much mind. Yes, the years I have passed as the wife of an unidea'd clod have been ages—centuries—eternities—with no being fitted by nature or education to sympathize with my aspirations—tied by the dull rules of an unintellectual, unphilosophical custom, to an individual so totally unable to appreciate me as you have been. I have longed for some time to withdraw myself from you and your family, and to enter on a sphere of life more fitted for my talents and endowments. In finding the Baron ———, I have found the creature of my imagination—with rank, intellect, and personal gracefulness, united to a loving, revering, and admiring idiosyncrasy.—I throw you off. You shall see me no more. Your efforts to recover me I defy; your name I abjure. You are startled at the openness of these expressions. I glory in them. What *I* do cannot be kept a secret, even if it were desired—the eyes of an enquiring public are fixed on the actions of one whom it has been indulgent enough to stamp with the seal of its approbation. I will yet do great things, and leave an immortal name—but not yours—

"LETITIA."

Mr Willock felt as if he was looking at something or other through a fog. Some faint outline of the meaning of the epistle he thought he detected through the cloud of words; and great was his rejoicing as he pored over the sentences, and flattered himself that he made out that his lady had left him for ever. "Hurrah!" he cried, and tossed his hat in the air. "Betsy! I say, Betsy!—where can the girl have gone?" But Betsy was nowhere to be found! He sought her every where—even in Mrs Willock's boudoir. The drawers in that little apartment were all emptied, and the ornament-cases gone. "Let them go,"

said the enchanted husband; "she might have taken the whole house; I wouldn't have grudged her a brick of it."

At last he bethought him of searching for his daughter in the garden. She was not there. He turned into the shrubbery walk at the side, and proceeded towards the arbour which I have told you was the favourite seat of Betsy and Charles Burrell; but oh! for the constancy of women, even good and kind ones, like Betsy Willock!—oh! for the vows made one month and repented of the next!—oh! for the falsehood—the fickleness—the duplicity of his favourite daughter! He saw, as he approached the arbour, two persons seated within it—one of them was certainly Betsy—the head was on the other person's shoulder—the other person's arm was round her waist—the hat—the hair—the whiskers—it was no mistake. It was the Baron von Schwartzenham himself!

In a moment the stick of the indignant sire was poised high in the air—with the weight of a flail it descended on the hat of the fascinating foreigner. "Take that!" he said. "By dad! wasn't the old woman enough for you, that you take the young one as well?"

The baron started up.

"Father!" cried Betsy, "don't strike him again, for my sake!"

"I'll kill him, I tell you!" exclaimed Mr Willock—"not because he has inveigled away your mother—oh no!—he's made my house comfortable"——

"And will make it more comfortable still," said the baron, taking off his false mustaches and speaking in the true-hearted natural voice of Charles Burrell! "I have freed you, my dear sir, from a person who would have made your whole existence miserable. And here I restore to your affections your neglected child; I return her to you"——

"And the forty-five pounds, two shillings, and sixpence!—ah, Charles! but I always said you were a true friend."

It is useless to describe the altered state of affairs at Riply Hall. At supper that night there were gathered the three happiest people in England; and if a stoutish old gentleman, after innumerable bumpers, favoured the company with a song—composed in almost equal parts of "God save the Queen" and "Auld Langsyne"—I believe the audience were by no means fastidious, but preferred his vocal efforts to Tamburini and Lablache. Such indulgent critics are happiness and affection!

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

Part VIII.

Florence.

When expectation is on the alert on the approach to any large *city* for the first time, the most beautiful *country* in its vicinity is traversed with comparative indifference in the excitement of the last few miles. Thus it fares with the fairyland round classic and Mediceau Florence. In the villages of the immediate vicinity, to be sure, one must be struck by the unaccountable number of young women plaiting straw, and singing as they work, as if a redundancy of one half of the population had been really created here for that express purpose. Long before you reach the actual suburb, detachments of small houses, as in the vicinity of our manufacturing towns, scattered along the road, announce the important place of centralization, of which they are the outposts. Each tenement is marked with a painted cross or two, over the door or between the windows; and some have moral apothegms or scriptural texts, in such large characters that all may read. A few have long inscriptions on marble, telling of plagues averted, or of the Arno's overflood, or of a Pope's progress and his entertainment by the pious. Perhaps you will meet for the first time—a sight seen only here—men walking nimbly under an enormously bulky but exceedingly light load—a mountain of Florence flasks, transparent, and almost as fragile as an agglomeration of soap bubbles. To the custody of these frail

vessels, clothed in a garment of twisted rushes, all the wine as well as the oil of Tuscany is committed, which, with regard to the latter commodity, every body knows. The wine-flask (*fiascone*) most in use holds three English quarts. Carts in great numbers are hastening in to market, and a large lounging population is abroad. What a contrast does gay Florence present, on its very confines, to dull, resourceless Pistoia, where we slept last night. It was now the hour for the evening drive; all the world seemed come forth to enlarge our expectations. Splendid coach pannels, fresh-washed from their respective homes; horses which, having been shut up all day, were delighting in the air and exercise, contrast not more forcibly with our dusty old wayfaring vetturino's carriage, and the sorry hacks that draw it, than do we, the passengers, a flushed and weary set of mortals, longing for soap and water, with the recumbent beauties and lounging beaux that whirl past us. There, perhaps, abstracted and alone, in the corner of his barouche, sate some grave-looking foreigner, with diplomatic button, and behind him a magnificent chasseur, to fix further the attention of the crowd on his importance. Several English turnouts are also on the dusty drive, of which the coachmen seem not sorry to assert their pre-eminence among the other congregated whips; and maintain, by their superior style of driving, a part of the national character. How different the somewhat antiquated and cumbrous splendour of the Italian noble, unwilling to be outdone in his own capital, but not able to help it! Crowds of gaily-dressed pedestrians bustle out of the gate by which you enter; and shops, closed during the heat of the day, begin to put down their shutters, and be open to new customers. Amongst these, very fine print-shops, elsewhere rare, with good engravings in the window of originals possessed by the gallery, make you already resolve on future purchases. Amidst so much agreeable excitement, the hotels on the Lung'-arno come into view. The old bridge, bearing half the goldsmiths' booths of Florence on its back, is before you. Washed, and dressed, and fed in haste, forth you go to enjoy the rest of the delicious evening in walking about the streets, and return late and reluctantly to bed and mosquito curtains, making plans for a first, full, long, insatiable day at Florence and its curiosities. But you are out in your calculation! It is well to be up with the *lark*, but, depend on it, you will lie down long before the *lamb*—before ten. The heat will be intolerable, especially along the quays, and "carpe diem" *here* is *not* to make hay, or to do any thing else while the sun shines, as the following note or memorandum will sufficiently prove:—"June 10. It will not do; we cannot bear being baked alive any longer. The ways are *fiery;* and if one attempts to walk when the sun declines, there is such a heat from below the pavement and the walls of the houses, as is given out by an oven just before the rolls are removed." Again, the refreshment which evening elsewhere is sure to bring, here exists not. The moon is dispensing a beautiful light upon church and upon tower, but the air is sultry; she has dressed the magnificent *Duomo* in a robe of silvery brightness, and is at this moment faultlessly daguerreotyping on the wide-spread pavement all the objects which surround us. But coolness and moonlight here do not go together; it is far, far too hot to walk! The coffeehouses are thronged inside and out; one cannot find a seat or be helped to an ice, so great is the demand, and yet it is a full hour since the web-footed bat was beginning to emerge from the prison or the palace court, and was seen hovering about dark and narrow streets till his time for appearing unchallenged in the more open spaces should arrive. The active swallow, amused at us mortals on the pavement beneath, shoots by overhead as if to make us discontented with our lot, and covetous of his. It was scarce an hour ago when the twittering people, in the height of their exultation, were cutting their way across the Ducal Palace and the Place at every angle, and cleaving with their wedge-like bodies, like arrows, the blue sky over those colossal statues, or zig-zagging away like opaque lightning, lost for a moment to reappear the next. We saw all this, and hoped for a cool evening—but in vain! The swallows are now gone, and the dusky cohorts of the winged mouse occupy their place. And even these seem to have a better bargain of

it than we at present, for they can fan, if not themselves, the air in which they move with their webbed wings: they can retire, when they are tired, to inaccessible fortresses, in the cool grotto or cave, or town wall, while we must go back and climb the stair to an insupportably close bed-room, and endeavour to cool our hands and face by plunging and replunging them in water, which has become tepid in our absence; and doubting whether to open our windows to admit the night air, or keep them shut to exclude the still greater heat of the streets, where the temperature is that of a cotton-mill with all the hands on, or of a London drawing-room at the close of a rout night! We shall not soon forget the evening of the day when, goaded by these sufferings, we quitted Florence—sultry and breathless Florence! The carpenters were on the bridge erecting scaffolding for the *Corpus Domini* and approaching *fête* of St John. Our *voiturier* took us forth at a right merry trot, and we began at once to enjoy a delicious coolness, which we had not known for an instant since our arrival. Oh, the blessing of cool air to fan your temples after such a month as that of June 1840! The way was peopled with out-of-door workers, as when we entered; and peasants were refreshing themselves, after their hot labours of the field, on their own excellent wine—the best in Italy, at a penny a pint. The young wantoning in the renewal of their strength; and even the old, renovated and forgetful of age in the hilarity of the hour. The fairy scenes of the Tuscan road-side were just beginning to be illuminated with the *lucciole*, darting here and there out of the hedges, or sparkling in the recesses of tufted bank or garden bower. The fire-flies were this evening out in myriads, resembling, at some distance, a shower of dropping light falling thick upon the corn-fields; but anon glancing by, and turning their fairy lanterns full in your face, they crossed and recrossed our path, and danced in swarms among the recesses of the pine plantations, till, as evening wended on, the tiny swarms went off, and not a spark was any longer to be seen in the universal gloom of a moonless night, which conducted us to our place of rest.

With all these recollections of Florence, we again find ourselves there, in another year, after the November rains have been scouring the town, and nearly filled the Arno, which, rescued from its ordinary insignificance, eddied under its arches a swollen, turbid, and dangerous river. The appearance of the city was materially changed. In place of the shallow, uninterrupted river bed, and the bridges, at sunset, coming out in fine relief, and the distant landscape, and the lofty mountains, towards La Spezia, bathed in a rosy light; in place of seeing from the windows of our hotel, scarcely knee-deep in the mid river, little groups of men and boys dipping their hand-nets, while others, round a flat-bottomed boat which required no anchorage, were filling it with the drifted sediment, to keep the channels open—all is perturbation! An English November could not, after its kind, be more destitute of enjoyment out of doors. Adieu, Cascini! Country walks or rides to Fiesole, adieu! And we have come to the true time for *frequenting the gallery* without distraction. What a toilsome ascent is that of the Loggie, for which many a suffering pair of lungs has had to pay! Some run—happy they—taking two steps at a time; some creep up after a diagonal fashion; some go backwards; and the greater number stop to recover wind on the landing-place. Fortunately, you are not expected to say any thing to the founders who are there, at the top of one stair, to meet you in full costume; nor need propitiate the open-mouthed Molossian dogs, fortunately for you in marble, who flank the door. A long way have you to make before you reach the drawing-room, where Venus is ready to receive admirers. As you have never been introduced, you have no time to spare to look at the tusked boar, or at the busts of the great *unknown* which are ranged in marble or porphyry incognito, without the corridor; and here comes the cocked-hat *custode*, to take one more drenched umbrella, and give a promissory brass token in return; and now you may expatiate at large, and go where you will in the gallery. Our immediate instinct would be to take our first lesson in hair-dressing, amidst those unfamiliar marble wigs, and begin to study the coiffure of empresses. Many are the *notabilities* here, and

some demur,—for these are places where, like the intercepted fronts of London houses under repair, they don't like to admit you "except on business,"—we got beyond the grate, and the first sight we saw was a Signor Inglese in a blouse, with whom we exchange salutations, and look each at the other for a word of explanation. "What are your commands, sir?" says a man of our own time of life, in strong Hibernian Italian. "None sir, whatever, we are merely come to see the prison." We now found that our admission was altogether a mistake of the jailer's son, who imagined we must have come to see our countryman in difficulty. To spare our new acquaintance's confusion, we speak French on indifferent subjects, take leave, and are led away by the custode to whom we offer a fresh bribe, since we are in, to show us every thing and every body. After passing a number of passages, each darker, more dreary, and more guarded than the last, we come to a very thick door, half iron half wood, which the arm of a Samson alone could either unhinge or shake. Here our guide, unlocking a cupboard wrought in the solid wall, takes from its peg two keys, one for the corridor into which this barrier gives admittance, another for the cell at the end of it, from which the unhappy inmate issues no more but to the scaffold. We had already learnt the history of four ruffians at present confined there; they had robbed and nearly murdered a priest, who was found senseless in the street with thirty-four wounds—they were under sentence of death, and did not know what day might be their last. The key turns twice. The deeply morticed lock gives way. We feel as if we were going into a lion's den—but fairly admitted we were not. Through a little window, just big enough to pass a plate or a loaf of bread, we are bidden to look into a contiguous dungeon, wholly without furniture, and containing only the plates and the wooden spoon of last night's meal. "When are they to make an end of us?" asks a young man, with a slight degree of impatience. "Oh, God keep you from that sorrow!" answers the young custode; "we have heard nothing to-day." "But it is sure to come to that, I suppose?" said a good-looking, dark-eyed young fellow. "Well! have you brought me my *Madonna*, and did you report yesterday's *beans bed?*" "*Sestro*, as to the Madonna, you owe me another *quattrino* for it," and he produced a print of the *Mater Dolorosa* bought at a church stall, and gave it to the prisoner. "Will not the *forestiere* give us something to drink his health?" "The Signor has given me the *quattrini* already for you." "*Benione!*" "Take my shoes and get them mended," said another of the party, handing them to the jailer, who promised accordingly. One of the prisoners appeared as if he had not slept; but they were all in good condition, and seemed not in the least humiliated or shocked at their situation. The process of barring and locking was scarcely completed when a loud voice was heard in an adjoining cell, calling for air, fresh air! "*It is not time yet,*" said the jailer, without halting or heeding further. "Give the poor creature air," said we, who were gasping even in the corridor. "You don't understand," said the jailer; "he wants to go out for his two hours' exercise up the tower, and thinks it is three o'clock, but it is only *two* yet. *Pazienza! che ne fa ancor un ora, caro mio!*"—and the poor creature, knowing it was useless to expostulate, made no reply. "Something for a poor *incarcerato!*" cried another voice elsewhere. This petitioner had chains round his limbs, but was talking away with the jailer at a great rate. "And why have they given you," we asked, "such heavy chains?" "For fear I should run away, I suppose." "What is your offence? Homicide?" "Yes! he is here for killing a man," said the jailer coolly. "How long ago?" The two computed the time together, as if it were some slight event, and agreed that it must be about ten months—"*Un bon pezzetto,*" they called it. "For jealousy?" asked we—"*Ah, Signor, lei sa tutto!*" and he seemed quite pleased at our having guessed right—a donna! a rival! an intrigue! a quarrel! and the victim shot dead! "He is condemned for eighteen months," said our guide. "Look back on that woman knitting; she *is* a bad one, though we speak and laugh together; *she killed her son.*" "And *what* are the *common* offences here?" "Oh, murders! murders!"

The Mad-House.

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Sœurs de la Charité at Paris, and exhibit the same devotion to human suffering, prompted thereto by hope of the same reward. We observed in the small niches where there hung small portraits of the Madonna, several silver votive offerings chiefly shaped like hearts. These offerings are, however, not tokens of recovery, but testimonies of piety, or rather of *pious habits surviving madness.* The women at the time of our visit were enjoying their maccaroni, which looked so good, with its grated Parmesan and clean potage, that we could, had the party at dinner been less exceptionable, without repugnance have partaken. Our meals at the *locandas*, with the vetturino at the end of the table, are generally much below the entertainment at the Florence mad-house. An aged woman, one of the guests, rose to speak to us, and on our asking her age, as we were instructed to do, she said ninety-six, adding that she had followed Napoleon's campaigns with her husband and two of her sons; that one of her sons was left dead on the field at Barcelona; that the other was alive, and had married; and that some fine young children, who had come to see her, and whom we saw, were his. She could only tell the name of certain places where she had bivouacked, and was beginning, so she said, to forget half the victories at which she had assisted. Liberal donations have been left to the institution, by various individuals, some of whom in effigy stood round the wards twelve feet high in their marble shoes; others have been honoured with busts only, and some have earned merely tablets to tell of their good deeds. Our guide said, "This stone bequeathed us five hundred crowns, that bust twenty thousand, but yonder statue twenty-five thousand."

A striking contrast indeed does this mad-house altogether present to another which we have visited in Italy, and the name of which we withhold, from understanding that it is about to be superseded by another more resembling that of Florence. At the place alluded to, a short passage ushered us at once into a court filled with incurables of either sex. We stood mournfully in the midst of hundreds of our fellow-creatures, a prey to maladies which they are instructed to believe, and which under such circumstances must be, incurable. Many in this state had already arrived at a great age. Sailor or soldier, artisan or priest, mixed together, they were listening with dull ear to the coarse menials who took us round and talked of their cases, the time they had been in, how long they were likely to encumber the establishment, speaking of their death before them, as if it merely involved a change of bed and clean linen. How many have given up their spirits between those sheets! How much misery has lain, and is yet to lie, on those narrow iron bedsteads! Here and there the eye of the passer-by was startled at a healthy face, where flesh and blood had resisted the local malady, and madness had taken place in a system otherwise sound. But this is not common. The ordinary maniac looks like a living parchment, unwholesome, yellow, or exsanguine. Some few pass thirty years in these melancholy abodes, and a period of twenty is not, we understood, uncommon; the great majority, however, being those whom other hospitals have already rejected, are, of course, destined to die off much sooner.

Of an upper floor of this horrid tenement we desire to say nothing. It was a place for a Salvator to paint, for a devil to rejoice in, for humanity to sicken and shudder at. We had been, as we have said, in many mad-houses before, but in none like this; at once a menagerie of fierceness, a pig-stye of filth. The motto to Dante's *Inferno* had been strictly applicable to this hopeless place. The faces of the maniacs were begrimed with dirt, and their plight rendered more pitiable by the utter negligence of the keepers. There was a small ward at the end, in which the people were treated just like wild beasts in a menagerie. There they lay chained to their beds frantic and foaming, some gnashing their teeth in violent and suppressed rage at the manacles and chains they could not break; others oscillating their heads and trunks from side to side without ceasing; or threatening the destruction of their bedstead by frantic efforts. An enraged tiger would not have been more to be dreaded than one awful creature, who, having a slip-chain which gave him a few feet furlough, as you chain a mastiff at your gate, sprang up on a high window-sill, and leapt down again on our approach,

with the agility of a monkey. Along an open gallery of small extent for exercise, well secured and guarded by iron bars, there stalked several whose situation was not quite so intolerable, inasmuch as they were only chained by the hands and wrists; but dangerous enough were they even thus as they strided up and down, naked to the waist, some in suspicious taciturnity, others uttering imprecations. One there was that spat on each visiter as he passed, and tried to get his arms loose to fight. In this dreadful mad-house, all the mad dwelt together—the violent with the more gentle, the utterly bereft of reason and he that was mad but on one subject. A middle-aged man of very interesting countenance held a book, which we asked to see, and found it to be a French work on mathematics. We asked the party (he was a Capuchin) if he liked mathematics? He said, "Yes, but I am no great proficient in them." On observing to him that the book was above our own reading, he said that he could read it well enough, but that his knowledge was not of a practical kind. "What studies did he chiefly pursue?" "*Un poco di tutto.*" "But what did he prefer?" "None, he liked all study for its own sake." We can to this hour place the whole picture before us. Twenty pair of eyes glaring, wild, and distorted! Twenty faces convulsed or collapsed! Twenty pair of hands oppressed by galling chains clanking around us! Twenty tongues employed in ceaseless and vain attempts to expostulate against bonds or restraints, not to be endured with patience in a calm state of health, and doubly unendurable in the excited state of a madman's brain! The filthy bedding, the begrimed walls, daubed and painted by the maniacs! the dirty floors, the scanty light! half-naked bodies tossing about under the influence of a disorderly will! the hoarse din, the idiotic laugh, the intense hate, the suppressed malice of some, and the voiceless woe of others, and amidst all the keeper's indifference—all these were elements of a whole which none can describe, but which none having witnessed can forget. The women were more in number, and as fierce as the men. Three times were we assailed by wooden bowls with their contents flung at us, and once by a girl with such a pair of beautiful eyes! Every where in this division of the house, such jabber, twitter, mockery, and laughter, that one never heard any thing like it. The females were generally old; and some few showed so much delicacy and propriety, and had so little of the wildness of an unsettled mind, that we could have hoped any thing for them any where else. How much might not have been expected had these been under the judicious treatment of Esquirol or Munro! We were too much interested not to pay a second visit to this place, when we found some of those who had been most violent on the first, now coiled up in the bed-clothes, silent, *effête*, and motionless; others were gesticulating just as before, and seemed never to have slept from that moment, as if they were wound up to speak or scold eternally. One magnificent countenance of a man lay motionless gazing at us, as it had done yesterday, with a mild dignity and consciousness of suffering dishonour—a face such as the first Charles might have shown towards the rabble that hooted him to execution. Our mathematical Capuchin was in his bed and reading his Bible, which he does every morning, and says it gives him composure for the trials of the day, and, he added, it is much wanted here. His salutation was the most graceful imaginable. The women were as vociferous as ever, and as active as squirrels. They lose about nine patients for every hundred, which speaks well for their general health. The nun who went round with us had been their guardian for a year, and hoped to be continued for another. The women, in the attendance of a kind person of their own sex, are much better off than the men, to whom is denied the unspeakable advantage of sympathizing friends, and who are abandoned to keepers, themselves scarcely above the capacity of brutes. Surely to such men as these the care of the over-sensitive lunatic ought never to be confided! As to the cause of madness in Italy, love, it is said, fills the wards with his victims, and such cases often exhibit a frightful expression of lost or depraved intelligence, making devils of the quiet and inoffensive, and speedily precipitating the young into old age. Humanity is not wanting in Italy, but it requires more attention than it is their custom

to give, to hit upon the best means of alleviating the distress of these poor lunatics. On the spot where we saw these distressing scenes, there is now nearly, or quite finished, a noble building, admirably adapted for the separation of its inmates. The number of its compartments will afford the further advantage of enabling those who are furious to be kept apart, and without chains, though complete emancipation from bonds did not appear in the contemplation of the keepers. One of the attendant sisters said to us, "If we were not to chain them they would bite though their hands were restrained by the camisole." I told her that we had no chains used now either in France or England. The "*Pharmacy*" is large, airy, and well-filled with ancient blue and white jars, shelf upon shelf—the old and redundant pharmacy of Italy, and indeed of every other country.

Ambassador's Party.

Shortly after our arrival at ———, we met with an acquaintance who, on giving us his card, gave with it, in explanation of the narrow dark street in which we were to find him out, *that it was so near the ambassador's.* Oh ho! said we, "fortunatus nimium!" Ambassadors may change, the place called "the Embassy" may be stocked with a new swarm of secretaries and *attachés*, but this will not affect our friend, who is neither Whig nor Tory, nor any thing, but merely an "ambassador's party" man. Now, we had ourselves been honoured with a letter from the Foreign Office, and had left it at the lodge, and had ruminated in what civilities, negligencies, or ignorancies, it would issue, when one day a ring at our bell announced a visiter. We rise, and, opening the door, judge of our admiration and surprise on beholding, on our own stair-landing, a superb *Suisse*, big enough to eat us, who forthwith, touching his cocked hat, makes tender of a note secured with half a stick of sealing-wax, and bearing an immense official impress, simply to ask us to dinner; and the obliging official had a further duty to discharge, viz. to book us and our address in a kind of ledger, which he held under his arm, for the remainder of the season; this done, he took his leave, and left us the happiest of men! We could now follow our friend's example, and would certainly get rooms near the "Embassy." Meanwhile we purchased the work of M. le Blanc, entituled "L'Art d'Attacher la Cravatte enseigné en seize leçons," with sixteen woodcuts, in illustration of all the knots, &c. We tried one after another, and contemplated the effect of "Nœuds Castles" and "Byrons," till we had made our choice. When the day came, we sent for M. Hippolyte to do our hair; we took a glass of *absinthe* to compose our nerves, and went forth as if we had been invited to meet the society of Olympus in Juno's drawing-room. The dinner! but in compassion to the reader, who was not there, we will not excite his envy. Soirées succeeded, where we saw, face to face, many fine people, and no doubt became generally known at last as the man whom nobody knew! We have since been at other ambassadors' entertainments in other capitals, and being ten years older, have come to think that the being allowed to eat ices in crowded door-corners, or stand and witness seated aristocracy playing fine manners, or engaged at *ecarté*, are blessings that may be paid for at too high a price. A guinea's worth of post-meridian leisure soon goes in crowded rooms, and a guinea's worth of ante-meridian energy is lost next morning by the headache incurred. We learned at last to grudge even the coach fare that took us to the outer gate, and was not permitted to enter (like private carriages) into the sacred court beyond; and we remember with surprise and self-reproach, how we ever consented to sit *dressing*, or, what is equally repugnant to bachelor habits, to sit *dressed* through a perished evening, watching the slow hands of our pendule in perfect restlessness till the time was up. And well do we remember in what feeling we used to traverse the long suite of state rooms leading to the *salle de réception*, getting more and more nervous as the sound of voices became clearer, and as we approached the focus of light and observation. How our unimportance came at length close up to the "Ex-

cellency," and how the Excellency, as if it had been reading Juvenal and practising *Veiento*, conveyed a cold sign of knowing us in a bow that might be for us or for any thing else in the immediate *entourage*; how we seemed spell-bound, like Ariosto's knights, to the spot on which our courtly host had transfixed us with the polished lance of his ceremonial politeness, which was meant for any thing but to put us at ease, and succeeded admirably. Other fascinated birds came forward, and got into the circle, to our great relief. Silks rustled from behind; black masses of well-cut lapelles made room to let them pass, and we could look at the stars of our present horizon as they twinkled up and down, or gyrated round the great luminary of the place, according to the laws of their several orbits, impressed by the court of St James's. We might, an we had liked it, have involved ourselves in the centripetal notion, and have been recognized as a man recognizing nobody, and recognized by none—a more occupationless, miserable-looking, unamiable set of martyrs to fashion and folly did we never see assembled than at certain ambassadors' parties abroad. They neither touch the piano, dance, sing, nor fiddle—it is all *gêne, gêne, gêne, je me gêne, tu te gênes, il se gêne* —uneasiness from beginning to end! Some fly for resource to the "table," which is generally thronged by persons who, eight years after date, continue to *admire* the HB. caricatures of defunct Ministers. The eyes soon become pained by profusion of light, the lungs and brain by penury of air, the ear by the din of voices, which interchange no thought with yours! Good-looking impudence meanwhile dribbles away its *fade* nonsense in tones of fashionable inarticulateness, running away insensibly by the hour together, like the sand in an hour-glass, curling its pretty mustache, and finding a ready audience in those never-exhausted receivers, the spoiled young ladies of the fashionable world. We have seen with pity some English mothers sitting to do maternity to pretty girls, their daughters, to whom they adhere, like a country-woman to her basket of eggs, no one coming to relieve the little domestic brood, and the brood obliged to talk to itself and keep each other in countenance, and pretend to be happy, composed, or indifferent; and with disgust a covey of knowing old hens, who are seasoned to the air of the place, there take up their unsocial position, *clicking* and *cliqueing* to each other, glancing occasionally from side to side, and discountenancing poor young women, whom they try to put out of countenance under the name of "frights," making small eyes at them through their infernal glasses, but always ready to brighten up and to leave off their malicious by-play when a *suitable* lounger draws near, or a *notabilité* of *any* age, with a distinguished buttonhole, is at hand. Sometimes, at such places, you may see a fine-featured, intellectual face going gracefully through all the dumb show of curtsy, smile, and compliment, and evidently weary of it; and sometimes you may note a man of wisdom, throwing out his pearl to the genteel swine, who smile a faint assent at what they cannot comprehend, and do not care for. Our nature will even here, where she is pitchforked out of doors, sometimes claim her own; some fair girl, full of animal spirits, *will* smile as she would smile in her own bower, while some bewildered *savant* wanders like a solitary star from room to room, at ease nowhere, and frightened at a solar system he does not comprehend. Add a large sprinkling of pale rakes, in whom one takes no sort of interest beyond what one would take in so many consumptive baboons, unwholesome specimens of pomatumed and bear-greased foreigners, with oiled hair, fantastic beards, and waistcoats to match; together with the conventional bores afloat every where—and you have the delightful accessories, the subordinate actors, of the much-coveted and courted *ambassador's parties*. The fact is, the ambassador wishes to receive his *salary*, and profit by his *station*; he does *not* wish to know any but the *landed interest*, or the *titled visiters* of his country; he has no *political function* to fulfil, though he is paid under that fiction; he countenances no man of genius, talent, or learning, without *some other motive*; and so far from making his countrymen in general *more happy and respected*, he sets the example of exclusion and coterie, and teaches them to value each other only by his partial and unamiable standard.

Visit to an Antiquary of Distinction.

Amused ourselves beyond measure, we are disposed, at this moment, to try to convey to the reader some notion of a keen enthusiastic antiquarian acquaintance of ours—we will not say whether of Rome, Florence, Naples, or Vienna; for it is the character we describe and not the man. Our friend is a gentleman who, like all others of similar pursuits, is fond of exhibiting to his friends the better specimens of a heterogeneous collection, which his taste and knowledge have enabled him, during half his life, to accumulate. An appointment having been made for visiting his Lares and Penates, we repair, at the time agreed upon, to his house, and after admiring for some seconds an outer door, perforated with small holes and a grating, for the purpose of a look-out, and locked, as though the old gentleman had some young wife of whom he was jealous, we ring; slipshod footsteps approach from within, and, after satisfying the shrill female voice that we are "amici," and not wolves come to eat her or her master, or assassins, as far as appearance goes, we are at once admitted into the hall. Here limbs, of marble and *terra cotta*, of many a Venus, a Jupiter, a faun, or an *amorino*, were variously attached to these walls of this time's dissecting-room, or antiquarian's *morgue*, in which obtruncated divinities, heroes, and philosophers, might be suited again with their lost members if their surviving relations knew how to select them. From this cold stone hall we soon begin to traverse a suite of rooms equally cold, all furnished *à l'antique*, and full of objects of *virtù*. Arrived in the saloon we are happy to find the finest of all antiques, the blessed sun shining in at the window, and hope to be soon warm enough to look at the objects without incurring ague. Before us stood one or two inlaid cabinets, mounted on pedestals, and crowned with a selection of "*idoletti*," and *Cinque Cento* ivories, and full of coins, gold, silver, copper, consular, imperial, and Greek. Pictures of odd shapes and dimensions, that would not match with furniture elsewhere, and had been turned out of undiscerning drawing-rooms, had their merits acknowledged, and found their homes, here. Copies of Guido's and Guercino's rival Auroras, were the only light-looking objects in a room where the sun illuminated only stained marble, bronzed metal, or dirty terra-cotta. Huge books in vellum backs, on archæological lore, had their post at hand, the oracles of the place. A musical instrument of very primitive workmanship, and not meant to be played on, added to the store of forgotten things. A little bit of carpet (as if meant for a *specimen* of that rare production) lay in the middle of the room, and was flanked with dirty naked bricks all round it; a white-glazed stove, without fire, looked as cold as it was, notwithstanding the plump little Venus that *anadyomened* on its top or *table land*. Many old shelves or extemporized pedestals supported corroded helmets, green spear heads, or kitchen saucepans.

The proprietor appeared, bringing in his hand a small *dactylotheca*, a little morocco case or two of select gems, to exhibit for the particular edification of us and our party. "Dis littel box," said he, for he speaks *English*, "does hold some object very dear to me. Dere are several most gracious cameos, besides one or two specimens of stones parfectly beautiful *cut in*;" and, as he thus expressed himself, he proceeded to open his treasurés—"See!" and he held up a little fragment of chalcedony between his *own* eye and the window—"see! this is a very particular most beautiful *capo d'opera*." It slipped out of his fingers on the floor, and he stooped to recover it. "Ah! I have got you, my *littel* friend, again to my custody! pray, see this beautiful ting"—and we were instructed to look as he again held it up—it was an engraved stone, on which were two cocks, one cock-a-hoop, the other crestfallen. This we were told was an allegory, the two cocks were heroes, whereof one had fought *de oder down*, in consequence of which he was very triumphal in his walk. "Dere also do appear some letters to my *loupe*, κ.λ.τ.δ. —— but I know not what dese letters would signify, so I will establish him in my box again in his *habitation corner*. But *dis* (another is taken out) is de most beautiful, de most *abandoned* subject"—we presumed the French sense of *abandonnée*

—simple, unconstrained, graceful—and so it was. Another gem came forth from its "*habitation corner*." "Here two cocks are going to fight, and a little *amorino* is placed in de middle, not to let them *make battle*. It is too significant that I should not have occasion to explain dis sobject." Next came a superbly mounted fragment, whose flat surface was half *jacinthe*, the deficiency being eked out with gold. "Dis is a beauteous *fraction* indeed. I would give de little finger off my right hand, if dis bull, whose tail and hoofs behind remain, might once more *recover* to have his *hornful* head. It did come from *Napoli*, and de bull is a Minotaur. Here is an antique paste, but so beautiful conservated, dat I soffer not its perfectibility to leave my finger at all. De sobject, a young 'Faunessa,' scarce fifteen, with such swelling beauties of neck, and contiguous localities, with soch a mouth as rarely you oder where seen; soch fine fluidity of curling hair, soch expression of *shameful* (bashful?) ingenuity has de artist (who was a Greek) bestowed on dis Faunessa. Ah! she is *so sweet* (and he looked molasses at her while he said it) as a virginal Venus, or as *Eva!*" Beautiful! beautiful! we echo in chorus. And now for coins:—"Dis is my Lysimachus, and dat is my Alexander Magnus; and dis *foin* eagle, dat walks like a drummer, belongs to de Ptolemies. Here are de families of Rome, but I have not much experience in dese, for I prefer de emperors. Here are de twelve Roman imperialists in *gold*, but I much regret that I have brought not wit me, dis mo-mant, one Agrippa de parfect resemblance of Buonaparte, and also (but in much candour I know not his original) one anonymous *medaglione* very imitating of the Duke of Wellington. Ah! but you have not see my *crocheries!* de pride of my collection!" He went into the other room, and returned with one or two select specimens from the shelf; then placing all upon the table, he took up one and continued—"Admire, I do beseech you, wit confidence dat you admire, dese exceedingly fine *acquisto*, which a very short time ago has brought itself into my custody. It was in times past belonging to Signor A——, who much deals in dese *urceoli*, besides oder specimens of old croakeries. On this Etruscan vase, you can see perfectly well de semblance to a round eye, vich men who do not much considere dis epocha of de fictile art, (I tink witout reason,) hold to be de eye of de *fish*—but vy so? Ven de eye of *humanity* is also round. See on de *lip* of my vessel—make attention that you let it not fall—some extremely miniature incissled characters in de Greek. Epsilon, pi, omicron, iota, eta, sigma, epsilon—εποιησε. We cannot any moment suppose dat dis beauteous vessel did make its own birth form, and it is much interesting to see dis word on painted vases, for a particular reason; for vat do you tink is enwrapped in dis word—εποιησε? de making de vessel of dis formal shape? or oder de making *dees round eye* on de lip? Ah! you cannot guess witout help." Here another painted vessel is shown, on which we read the word "*egrapsen*," after a proper name, scarcely legible. "Now I parfectly distinguish," said our learned friend, "dat it is Clearchus who did make this pottery, but Cleomines *egrapsen*." "It would seem den much conspicuous to some attention, dat dese words should signify *each* a particular ting—one relating to the *man of the potter's wheel*, the other to the *man of the pencil*. Sometimes we occur wit *both de two* on de same vessel, and dan dey correspond wit de *sculpsit* and *pinxit*, seen sometimes on engravings. Dese are opinions of mine; but I still tink, notwithstanding dat in de study of de *antics*, it is better to say *I tink so*, *as* to say, it *vas so witout doubt*. This design is a perfect conception of beautiful thoughts; no *insieme* can be so gracious, but den de detail on de oder hand is stiff and *infelice*." . . . .

Well, we will take leave of our excellent friend for fear the reader should get tired of him. Far were we from being so; and when the door was shut on our back, we know not whether the originality and undoubting *bonhommie* with which he handled our language, or the happy enthusiasm of his craft, or the interest of the things themselves which he was so kind as to show us, had gratified us most.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE THROUGH THE BASQUE PROVINCES IN 1836-7. PART III.

THE LAST DAYS OF DON CARLOS.

FEW pretenders to a crown ever made a more pitiable close to their career, or excited less sympathy by their downfall, than the self-styled Charles the Fifth of Spain. Round the fortunes of his cousins the French Bourbons, and of our own Stuarts, a sort of halo was shed by the devotion of their adherents—a devotion springing not only from a conviction of the justice of their cause, but from personal attachment and admiration. The affable, yet not unprincely, manners of the Stuarts, the private virtues of many of the house of Bourbon, explain the devotion of their followers. It was as much for the men as for the principle, that the gallant Highlanders poured out their blood in '15 and '45, and the no less gallant Vendéans died fighting amidst the smoking ruins of their farms and chateaux.

If at any time since Ferdinand's death a feeling of this sort prevailed, even in the slightest degree, among the partizans of Don Carlos, it was on the first entry of the latter into Spain, when a few leagues of mountain were all the territory he possessed, and his troops saw him daily amongst them sharing their hardships and partaking their dangers. There was something touching in seeing the descendant of a line of kings laying his head under the shade of the forest or the peasant's straw-thatched roof. But as soon as Zumalacarreguy's successes had conquered him a wide extent of country, and he commenced assembling around him the court of priests and *intriguans* who ultimately proved his ruin, his popularity began to decline, until it gradually disappeared, smothered under his glaring incapacity and the selfishness of his character. Henceforward it was the principle that the Carlist party defended; the falling cause of absolutism—not the crown and the claims of a priest-ridden, wife-governed bigot; and when the last spark of hope was extinguished for the Carlists, some deplored the curtailment of their local immunities, others the destruction of church property and influence, but not a voice was uplifted to bewail the misfortunes and captivity of the head of their party.

So great was the infatuation of Don Carlos, and so ignorant was he kept of the real state of the public mind in the Basque provinces and Navarre, that it was only a very short time before the treaty of Bergara, that he seemed to be at all aware what a zero he had become in the calculations of his party; and the shock was the greater, as up to that time those who surrounded him had taught him to reckon at any rate on the devotion of his army. He determined to review at Elorrio, in Guipuzcoa, the troops quartered in that province, and to ascertain to a certainty how they were disposed towards him. On the day appointed he came upon the ground in a magnificent full-dress uniform, covered with stars and decorations. This somewhat unnecessary display of finery at a time when his soldiers were suffering every privation, the men for the most part shoeless and shirtless, and the officers and even generals attired in old sheepskin jackets and shabby worn-out coats, had a very bad effect, as it looked almost like an insult to the misery of his followers. Notwithstanding this, however, a cheer was raised on his arrival; but a large portion of the troops cried "*Viva Maroto!*" instead of "Viva el Rey!" which annoyed the latter considerably. After a long-winded oration, in which he talked about Hannibal and Cæsar, the Romans and the ancient Cantabrians, he wound up his high-flown harangue by demanding of the troops if they recognized him as their king and sovereign. To this question no answer was returned. Don Carlos got angry, and, turning to General Iturbe, asked him what was the meaning of that silence. Iturbe replied, that the men being all Basques did not understand Spanish. "Repeat my question to them in Basque," said Don Carlos. Iturbe bowed, and turning to the men,

"*Paquia naidezute, mutillac?* Do you wish for peace, men?" he cried, in a loud voice.

"*Bai jauna!* We do, Señor," shouted the men with one voice. Don Carlos, however, knew enough of the Basque language to understand the trick that was played upon him. "Traicion!" cried he, and setting spurs to his horse, galloped off to Vergara, followed by his persona

staff. There he spread the alarm, and continuing his rapid journey, or rather flight, never drew rein till he reached Navarre.

Up to the very day of his entrance into France, Don Carlos appears to have nourished hopes of being able to reach Catalonia, with the intention either of joining Cabrera or of embarking for Sardinia, the king of which country, as is well known, was one of his firmest supporters and friends. I subsequently, in the south of France, became acquainted with a Christino agent, a man possessed of great talent for intrigue, and who, by his skilful machinations, had no small share in bringing about the peaceful termination of the civil war. Establishing himself in a French frontier town, he had, under a feigned name, and in the assumed character of a French legitimatist, got into a regular correspondence with Don Carlos and his minister, Marco del Pont. His object was, in the first instance, to sow dissension in the Carlist camp, and, when that was accomplished, to make Don Carlos delay his escape into France until he should fall into the hands of the Christino troops, who were hemming him in on all sides, or of his own revolted battalion, the 5th of Navarre, which under the infamous priest, Echeverria, was committing all kinds of atrocities at Vera, and part of which had engaged to seize Don Carlos if he attempted to leave Spain by that road. This political agent showed me several of the original letters he had received from Marco del Pont, written under the eye of Don Carlos himself. They were curious in the extreme. The drowning man catches at straws; the unlucky prince, deserted by fortune, and hunted down by foes, was seeking council and succour at the hands of an unknown and in fact imaginary friend. The last of these letters was dated from the frontier village of Urdax, the morning of the 14th September. It was a reply to a letter from the supposed legitimatist to Marco del Pont, which was delivered to that minister by a confidential agent at four in the morning. Marco del Pont took the messenger with him to the quarters of Don Carlos, whom they found already risen, and seated on an old straw chair with his head resting on his hand, alone, and exceedingly cast down. After reading the letter, he enquired of the agent if his correspondent could procure him means of passing secretly through France to Catalonia. He was answered in the affirmative; and the agent was then sent back with verbal instructions and with the letter above referred to, in which Marco del Pont, writing in the name of Don Carlos, begs to be supplied with rations of flour for the shadow of an army still remaining with the Pretender, and requests an answer on the subject the next day. A few hours after this letter was written, however, the heights above Urdax were covered with Espartero's troops, and to avoid falling into their hands, at a quarter to five on the 14th September 1839, Don Carlos passed the frontier.

Village Fetes and Diversions of the Basques.

The village festivals, or *Romerias* as they are called in Biscay, are of very frequent occurrence, and probably tend in no small degree to keep up the feeling of nationality among the Basques and Navarrese. There every thing is national, or rather local, of and belonging to the provinces. The Zorcicas and other dances are Basque; the music the Basque pipe and tabor, of which the harsh and monotonous sounds end by becoming pleasing to the ear; the dress both of men and women peculiar to the country north of the Ebro. These fêtes are held in the public square or *Plaza* of the village, and the *coup-d'œil* they afford is in the highest degree picturesque. A tight dark-coloured boddice and short but ample petticoats of the most brilliant hue, (crimson, deep yellow, and bright blue or green, being the favourite colours,) form the costume of the peasant girls, their head-dress consisting of their abundant hair combed back from the face, and plaited into a long tail, which very commonly reaches to halfway between the knee and ankle. Dark hair and eyes are generally considered the necessary attributes of Spanish women; but in the mountainous districts of northern Spain, where the *viejos Christianos*, the old Gothic race, took refuge when their country was overrun by the Moors, blue eyes and fair tresses are not uncommon. At the same time there would be little danger

of mistaking a Spanish blonde for one of any other country. The sandy locks and grey eyes of northern Europe, would ill bear comparison with the golden hair and deep azure eyes of the fair Iberians.

The musicians are more or less numerous, according to the importance of the fête. Round each party of dancers a crowd assembles, as well to applaud any extraordinary grace or agility, as to replace the dancers when tired. A walk is usually left clear in the centre of all this merriment for the old people, where the village patriarchs pace up and down, pipe in mouth, and their countenances expressing all the gravity of Indians at the council fire. Sometimes they are called away to settle a disputed point at the *trinquete* or tennis court, an edifice deemed almost as indispensable as a church in Biscayan and Navarrese villages. The Basques are splendid ball-players, and in those hamlets which are too poor to afford a regular *trinquete*, there is always a high wall with a flagged space in front of it, where they play fives. They make use of a thick leather glove, the palm or inside of which is composed of a piece of horn slightly concave, and in shape something like a very large flat spoon. With this clumsy machine upon their right hand, and playing with very heavy balls, they exhibit extraordinary dexterity and strength. A first-rate ball-player is as well known by name and reputation in the Basque provinces, as a first-rate boxer or racer in England; and amateurs of the game often stake heavy sums upon the success of a favourite champion. The passion for this amusement, and it would be difficult perhaps to find a more violent exercise, has no doubt largely contributed to make the Basques the fine race of men they are. Square-shouldered, narrow-flanked, muscular fellows, with sinews like steel, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh about them, they are capable of supporting almost any degree of fatigue and hardship.

The *trinquetes*, to which there are invariably attached a billiard table and drinking rooms, are made the rendezvous, especially at the time of fairs or festivals, of the professional gamesters to be found almost every where in Spain. Spaniards are for the most part born gamblers, and the game of *Monte* especially has charms which few of them are able to resist. The wars and disturbed state of the country during the last thirty or forty years, have done no good to the moral character of the Basques, formerly noted among the inhabitants of the Peninsula for the purity of their morals and habits. At the *ferias*, it is no unusual thing to see in the smoky garlic-smelling room of a village *posada*, a couple of well-dressed fellows, with the manners of gentlemen, their fingers covered with diamond rings, and their waistcoats with gold chains, seated at a table with cards and money before them, and surrounded by a crowd of hard-featured sunburnt Basques, in their coarse peasant garb. Yet these rustics will produce bags of gold ounces, the proceeds perhaps of a year's harvest, or of the sale of some field, and lose them with a *sang-froid* that would do credit to an *habitué* of Frascati's.

The passion for bull-fighting, so universal in Spain, is only completely gratified in the large towns, such as Madrid, Barcelona, and a few others, where bull-fights take place regularly so many times a-month. The expense is too heavy for smaller places to indulge in, except occasionally on anniversaries and festivals. There are few towns, however, that do not manage now and then to have their *toros*. Those that cannot, content themselves with a diversion much in vogue in the north of Spain, and which, although a poor substitute for a bull-fight, affords great amusement to the lower classes. On certain feast-days the municipal authorities provide a bull, which is fastened by a long rope to an iron ring, always to be found in the centre of the public square or market place. The crowd awaiting his appearance immediately begin to irritate him in every possible manner, throwing small darts at him, shaking red cloths in his face, and working him up to a pitch of madness. The animal generally manages to knock over a good many of his assailants, who are too numerous, and crowd too much on one another, to get out of his way very quickly; but it is rare that any serious accidents occur. Of course, if some poor devil *is* gored, it heightens the zest of the thing, and the bull is applauded *à l'outrance*. When the animal is so tired as no longer to afford any diversion, he is driven back to his stable, to be re-

served for a future day's amusement, and another is brought out. As may be supposed, these bulls are not of the savage breed used for bull-fights. The latter come principally from Murcia and Estremadura, and are so wild and dangerous, that, when a drove of them is taken to Madrid or elsewhere, the men who have charge of them are compelled to seek the most unfrequented tracks over the mountains; for no one would be in safety on the high-roads if these fierce animals were brought along them.

An Eyrie.

In a wild part of Eastern Navarre, near the Arragonese frontier, stood a small fortress, which during the early part of the war was held by the Carlists. It more resembled an eagle's nest than any thing else, perched on a steep rock, and accessible only by a wooden ladder, that was lowered, for a few minutes at a time, for the admission or sortie of the garrison. The building itself was a mere stone house, of no great strength, and in rear of which a rugged peak of rock shot up to a considerable height. It might easily have been battered down by artillery, or taken by assault by two or three companies of grenadiers furnished with scaling-ladders; but it was of so little importance, and the queen's troops had so much upon their hands, that for some time the Carlists were allowed to retain undisputed possession of it. It was situated between the Carlist and Christino territory, on a sort of debateable ground, but nearest to the Carlist lines. The garrison usually consisted of about twenty men, who used to exact provisions and an occasional contribution in money from the neighbouring Christino villages. At length the garrison, emboldened by impunity, pushed their incursions further than usual, and having unluckily plundered a friend of the guerilla Enriquez, who made himself a great name during the war, in the provinces of Navarre and Arragon, by his daring and cruelty, they drew upon themselves the notice of that partizan, and he laid a plan to take the fort.

A few days afterwards, in the grey of the morning, the eyes of the garrison were agreeably regaled by the sight of four well-laden mules, escorted merely by the same number of muleteers, and passing at a leisurely pace, and apparently unsuspicious of danger, within a short distance of the fort. Down went the ladder, and fifteen out of the twenty Carlists scuttled down it, and were off full speed to capture the mules. As they drew near them the muleteers halted, and each taking a musket off his beast, they fired at their assailants. At the same moment, from an adjacent thicket debouched a whole company of infantry, headed by Enriquez, and a volley was fired at the marauders. Eight fell; the other seven fled back towards their garrison, hotly pursued by Enriquez's men. The five Carlists who had remained in the fort, stood ready to pull up the ladder the instant their friends should be in safety. The race was a sharp one; the Carlists had a small start, and fear lent them wings. They gained the ladder, and began swarming up it. The Christinos had still nearly a hundred yards to run. "Halt!" cried Enriquez, to the astonishment of his men, who, however, instantly obeyed. "*Fuego sobre ellos!*" commanded he, still running forward himself. The men fired, and three of the Carlists dropped from the ladder. Of the four that remained the one nearest the bottom was wounded, and unable to continue ascending, although he still clung to the ladder. The other three reached the top of the rock. There were now eight in the fort, and they seized the ladder, and made violent efforts to draw it up with their wounded companion upon it. Just as they had raised it a foot or two from the ground, Enriquez, who was a very powerful man, came up, and pulling at it with all his force drew it back again. The Carlists renewed their efforts and got it off the ground, Enriquez clinging and tugging at it with all his strength. He would have had either to let go his hold, or to have been drawn up into the fort with the ladder; but his men, who, after firing, had moved forward again, came up just in time, and rushing to the assault, in an instant were masters of the fortress. All this was the affair of a few moments, far less time than it takes to describe it.

Passing through a town within a few leagues of the fort, I fell in with some Spaniards, who were about to

accompany Enriquez to visit what was then considered a sort of curiosity in that neighbourhood. They invited me to go with them, which I agreed to do, and, after a morning's ride through a rugged but picturesque country, came within sight of the little fortress, which, seen from a distance, had the appearance of an overgrown pigeon-house perched on the top of a gigantic post. The rock on which it was built was of very small circumference, and nearly perpendicular on all sides; its height from forty to fifty feet. There was little to see inside the fort, which was capable of containing a garrison of fifty or sixty men, though there were now only about five-and-twenty in it. In the centre of the building was a circular hole covered over with an iron grating, which I took for a well, and supposed that it supplied the garrison with water. In passing by it, one of the party happened to make some remark on the labour it must have cost to pierce through the rock, which was of a hard description, until they got to water. "Water!" exclaimed Enriquez with a smile—"*buena agua esta ahi;*" and, turning to one of his men, he ordered him to bring a lantern. The lantern brought, tied to the end of a rope, and lowered down into the well, Enriquez told us to look down. We did so, and at the bottom saw some dark object, the exact nature of which I could not distinguish. Presently, however, the flickering light of the lantern became steadier, the object made a slight movement, and the pale emaciated countenance of a human being became visible. We all gave an exclamation of astonishment and horror, and looked to Enriquez for an explanation. He made a sign to the man who held the lantern, which began slowly to ascend. The unhappy wretch confined in this horrible dungeon turned his ghastly features and hollow eyes upwards to the receding light, and when he saw Enriquez's face looking down on him, such an expression of misery and supplication came over them as might have moved the hardest heart. He seemed almost too weak to speak, but I thought I heard a sort of imploring moan just as the light was drawn out of the well. "*Bueno!*" said Enriquez, walking away, "*tu no desertaras otra vez.*" It appeared that this wretched prisoner was one of his men, who had received great favour and kindness at his hands, which he repaid by concerting a plan with some Carlist emissaries for the betrayal of Enriquez into their power. The plot was discovered, but the traitor escaped and deserted to the enemy. A couple of months afterwards Enriquez made him a prisoner in a skirmish. He immured him in this dungeon, where he gave him just enough bread and water to keep him alive. Some one asked him why he did not shoot him, instead of keeping him in so wretched a state. "*Fusillarle!*" replied he in great astonishment; "shoot him! No, that is the death of a brave man. Let him rot where he is; I will waste no cartridges on a traitor."

It seems almost incredible that such things should occur in a civilized country, and near the middle of the nineteenth century; nor can it be understood except by those who witnessed the state of Northern Spain during the war, the confusion and disorganization that prevailed, and the impunity enjoyed by the leaders of the various guerilla corps, who levied contributions for the payment of their men, sacked and burnt when they met a refusal, and punished those who offended them, without other rule than their own good pleasure. I heard soon afterwards, however, that Enriquez's unfortunate prisoner had been claimed by the authorities, and that the guerilla had been compelled to give him up for trial. He was, doubtless, condemned to the galleys, or, perhaps, the garote. Either of these, however, would be preferable to the horrible prison in which he had previously been immured.

An Incident on the Road.

Proceeding from Burgos to Santander on horseback, accompanied only by a servant on a mule, after a long day's ride I arrived at the venta of Los Perales, near the summit of the mountain of that name. It was a very dark evening, I could not see twenty paces before me, and was somewhat startled by a loud and sudden "*Quien vive?*" from a sentry placed a little in advance of the venta. I gave the usual reply, but was ordered to

stand until an officer appeared, and, having satisfied himself that I was a harmless and solitary traveller, and had neither a squadron of cavalry at my back nor a mountain howitzer in my waistcoat pocket, allowed me to enter the inn, apologizing civilly enough for the delay. He told me that he belonged to the Borbon regiment of infantry; that he was quartered at the venta with a picket of twenty-five men, and was obliged to be on his guard, it being reported that the Carlist general, Castor, was in the neighbourhood. The stable of the venta was large and low, full of mules and muleteers, and lighted up as usual by two singularly diminutive rush-lights. After *hearing* my horse eat his corn—for as to seeing him it was out of the question—I stumbled my way into the part of the house inhabited by my own species, and there received the usual welcome obtained in Spanish country inns; that is to say, the host looked at me, his wife looked at me, his daughter did the same, three or four muleteers and servants followed their example, and then saying "*Buenas noches*," in reply to my salutation, they each and all continued their various occupations, and seemed to have forgotten there was a stranger in the place. I had been long enough in Spain, however, to have got used to their ways, and to know that unless one arrives at the usual dinner hour, one must trust to one's own resources for any thing in the way of food. Calling up my servant, Juanito, I was giving him directions as to the conversion into an omelette of some ham and eggs he had in a havresack, when the officer commanding the picket entered the kitchen, and invited me to join him at supper. I gladly accepted, and he led the way into a tolerably decent room, on a table in the middle of which smoked a supper far superior to any thing I had reckoned on. Spanish soldiers are capital cooks. With the help of a tomata and a little pepper, they will make up a soup and three or four dishes out of mere rations. My new friend's *chef* had, however, not been reduced to such straits. Some delicious mountain trout, eels from a neighbouring mill-dam, and half a roasted lamb, made up a repast to which I proceeded to pay due honour, half famished as I was after an eleven hours' ride. I felt doubly grateful to the *teniente* for having invited me, when I found that by so doing he had spoiled his *tête à-tête* with a very handsome and agreeable Spanish lady, who had stopped for the night at the inn. The young officer had been acquainted with her at Santander, whence she was now coming, and I was not long in discovering that I had also known some friends of hers in that town. I began congratulating myself on the prospect of passing a pleasant evening, instead of the solitary one I had anticipated on arriving at this unfrequented venta. The officer, however, did not seem quite at his ease, and two or three times during supper left the room for a few moments. During one of these absences I heard a bustle in the house, and presently in he came in a great hurry.

"I must be off," said he. "Word has just been brought me that two hundred of Castor's band will be here in half an hour. I shall go up the mountain to a small village, where they will probably not seek us, or, should they do so, we can thence retreat on the nearest garrison. Your horse is being saddled, Señor Ingles; of course you will accompany us."

I looked at the lady to see how she received this somewhat startling intelligence. To my astonishment she remained quietly seated, and did not appear at all discomposed.

"*Y la señora?*" asked I.

"Oh! the señora will perhaps prefer remaining here," said the officer, with an almost imperceptible smile.

The lady made an affirmative gesture.

"I shall remain also," said I; "as a civilian and a foreigner I have nothing to fear from the Carlists."

"As an Englishman they will shoot you in five minutes. If you value your life you will come with us."

"You had better indeed," said the lady; "I run no risk, but you would be exposed to ill treatment or captivity. Your countrymen are in small favour with the partizans of Charles the Fifth."

I was too well pleased with my quarters, however, to be disposed to abandon them for a bivouac on the mountain; besides which, since I had been in Spain, I had witnessed more than one *alerte* of this nature, which had turned out to be utterly groundless. Finding his arguments of no avail, the officer was obliged to march off

his men, and I remained with the lady.

Supper was over, and we were talking of our mutual acquaintance at Santander, when the heavy measured tread of troops was heard upon the hard road outside. The sound came nearer and nearer, and presently the command to halt was given in a loud sonorous voice. This was succeeded by a bustle in the stable and house. I looked at the lady, expecting to see some signs of terror on her countenance, but none were visible, and I even fancied I detected a slight inclination to smile, at my not very safe position. Piqued by this, I put a good face upon the matter, though I began to think I should have done almost as well if I had accompanied my friend the lieutenant to his mountain retreat, nor was this impression weakened when the door opened, and a Carlist officer entered the room. He was a tall and exceedingly handsome man, but with a peculiarly melancholy and almost sullen expression of countenance, which was augmented by the deep shade thrown over his features by his scarlet *boina*, which was brought very far forward, in the manner seen in the portraits of Zumalacarreguy. He bowed to the lady, and turning to me, with much politeness enquired my name and quality. As an answer, I gave him my passport, which he carefully perused, glancing at me from time to time, to see if the description corresponded. Having finished his inspection, he returned me the paper, and asked me one or two questions as to my reasons for travelling in Spain, my destination, &c., to which I replied.

"I am sorry," said he, "to interrupt your journey, which I do not suppose has any other motives than those you assign; but your countrymen generally are hostile to the cause of his majesty Charles the Fifth, and so few of them visit this part of Spain without being in some way or other connected with the rebels, that it becomes my duty to detain you until we can ascertain positively that the account you give of yourself is a correct one."

This was rather more than I had reckoned on, and I expostulated with the officer on so arbitrary a proceeding, representing to him all the inconvenience it would occasion me. The fact was, that at another time a sojourn, even though a forced one, among the Carlists, might not have been without its attractions for me; but at this moment I was pressed for time, having made arrangements to join some friends in the south of France. My remonstrances were all in vain, and I was about to submit, with a somewhat bad grace, to what could not be helped, when the lady, who all this time had sat very unconcernedly playing with her fan, called the officer aside and spoke to him in a low voice. "If you know any thing of him it is sufficient," I heard him reply; and turning to me, he told me I was at liberty to proceed on my journey.

The lumbering rattle of an old-fashioned Spanish *coche*, which I had seen in the stable below, was now heard, as four vigorous mules dragged it up to the inn door. The lady threw on a large cloak and hood, which her *donzella* presented to her, and after wishing me a good-night, and giving me a message or two for her Santander friends, she took the colonel's arm, descended the stairs, and entered the carriage, which drove slowly away, escorted by the Carlist troops. I was lost in astonishment at all this, and calling in the landlord, enquired who the lady was. He did not know; she had arrived that evening in her carriage with a couple of servants. He had never seen her before. Finding I could get no information from him, I went to bed not a little mystified.

When I awoke the next morning, the sun was shining bright into my bed-room, and the *teniente* of Borbon was leaning out of the window, smoking a cigar.

"I did not expect to find you here this morning," said he.

I related to him what had passed the night before, and enquired who the lady was.

"The Condesa de V——, wife of the Carlist general of that name. She has near relatives among the Christinos, and being known not to meddle in political matters, her passages from one camp to another are winked at. I have no doubt it had been arranged that she should be met here by an escort. The officer who commanded it must, from your description, be an aide-de-camp of her husband's, who is said to be a great favourite of hers. You have been lucky this time, but I would not recommend you to try it again. On another occasion you may not have a general's wife to intercede for you, nor her *cortejo* for a captor."

CALEB STUKELY.

PART VIII.

THE HISTORY OF EMMA FITZJONES.

MY poor overtasked brain reeled with agitation, and I sank motionless and senseless at the feet of the minister. I remember to have been raised —to have heard a few kind words of consolation and encouragement—to have been carried by gentle and considerate hands to a coach—and to have passed at once into a sleep of long forgetfulness. I call to mind, also, the moment of breaking from the bondage of a heavy torpor. I lay in bed in a strange room, and no creature was near me. I knew myself to be awake; but a difficulty of fixing my thoughts to one point satisfied me that consciousness was darkened with disease. A book lay upon my pillow; it was the Bible. I took it up, and attempted to read. It was in vain. I experienced an acute darting pain at the temples, and the words flickered and glanced about the page. I replaced the book, and courted sleep again. This time, however, she came not—the throbbing in my head increased, and gradually the most poignant sensations harassed my exhausted frame. I would have kept quiet; but although I grasped the sheet and pillow for security and support, I was sensible of locomotion—of being carried through the world—dragged forward without the power of checking the still increasing speed. I had no fear. A wild enjoyment accompanied the impetus, and a satisfying confidence that I should at last be deposited, wherever it might be, in safety. I gave myself up to the impulse more and more, until I experienced a recklessness of feeling that gave velocity to the wings and intenseness to the power that whirled me along. Then a flush came over me, and a dry heat swept throughout my frame, resting in my throat and my cheek, filling me with dread of suffocation and a speedy death. What ailed me? Was it fever—was it inflammation making its quick and fiery way straight to the seat of life? And where was I —who had taken charge of me? To whom was I indebted for the care that had been taken of me—for my present lodgement, and for the soft bed that received and eased my aching bones? The figure of the preacher presented itself immediately to my mind, as I had seen him last in the vestry, when he led me into the open air, chafing the palms of my hands, and urging me on with accents of tenderest compassion. Oh, yes! it was enough to behold that eye of benevolence to be assured of the soul's permeability to sorrow and distress. He had guessed my unspoken tale of misery; and the claim which it had preferred with silent power at the Christian's heart, had neither been rebuked nor listened to with unconcern. A small table was at the bedside, and upon it a watch, a few bottles of medicine, a pair of spectacles, some needlework, and an open book. I could hear nothing but the ticking of the watch, and this sounded painfully loud in my ears; white dimity hangings were drawn partially around the bed, and curtains of the same material extended along the window, and kept the room in comparative darkness. I attempted to rise for the purpose of admitting light, but my head swam giddily, and my weak limbs gave way beneath me. I lay panting from the effort, when the door of the chamber softly opened. A tall and stout elderly female entered on tiptoe. She wore a high, matronly cap, and was in other respects soberly attired. She said nothing, but, taking her seat at the table, fixed the spectacles on her nose, turned over the book, and commenced reading.

"Good lady," said I, in a faltering voice, "tell me—where am I?"

"Oh, thank God!" she exclaimed, quickly taking off her glasses; "don't worry yourself, young gentleman—you'll soon be well now, and dear Mr Clayton will be so happy. Take a glass of lemon drink. You mustn't excite yourself."

I drank the refreshing draught with avidity, and blessed the charitable hand that gave it.

"I am sure you'll get on very quickly now. I only wanted you to

revive; but I must go to Mr Clayton and the doctor directly. He told me to fetch him the moment you woke up. How do you feel now?"

"Oh, weak, madam, very weak. My heart beats heavily against my breast, my head is unsteady, and I burn with a scorching heat."

"Ah, yes! I know very well what it is. I have often had it—it's just like it. Your heart beats, and you are all over in a burn. I know it's very bad—poor young gentleman! Bless me, I thought you were never going to wake again. It's the horrid bile you have got. They'll give you something to take it off. Are you thirsty?"

"Yes, constantly."

"Ah, to be sure, that's it! It's going about, but it isn't dangerous. Don't talk—and keep quite still. You don't mind being left alone? I'll not be longer than I can help. If you are tired, you can read the book a little."

The lady left me. I spent a weary hour in an endeavour to compose myself; but my fever rose higher and higher, and I grew restless and irritable. The elderly lady returned, accompanied by a doctor.

The latter immediately felt my pulse.

"Has there been any shivering, nurse?" he enquired, turning to that personage.

"Oh, a great deal, sir, and he has got that nasty burning pain! My poor dear husband, that's dead and gone, had just the same before he died."

"You are warm, sir, are you not?"

"My cheek is on fire!" I replied—"my brain is hot!"

The doctor sat at my bedside for a few minutes; then prescribed some medicine, and retired, enjoining the nurse to preserve the strictest silence.

"Do not let him speak, nurse. Exclude the light, and keep the room perfectly tranquil. I shall see you in the morning, sir. Mind, Mrs Dolby, he mustn't say a word."

"Oh, leave him to me, sir!" answered Mrs Dolby. "I'll take care of him, poor gentleman."

The kind lady donned her glasses, and once more took up her book.

I turned languidly towards her, and found her little occupied with the volume, but mumbling some words to herself in a species of mute whisper.

A sharp pain across my brain caused me at the same instant to wince, and to moan deeply.

"What's that?" enquired Mrs Dolby, and removing suddenly her spectacles.

"My head, nurse—my poor head."

"Oh yes, I know; it flies about. It's rheumatics. It'll go all over the body. Poor Mr Dolby was a martyr to the pains. It's a kind of stitch, isn't it? Now, I should say, your heart's a little better—am I right?"

"It doesn't beat quite so fast, perhaps," said I.

"No, I am sure it doesn't. Oh, bless you, I have seen so many of these cases! There's poor Mr Williams over the way at No. 5—ah, I shouldn't wonder if I am called up to-night to lay him out—his wife's a poor helpless thing enough, and would no more know what to do with a corpse than a new-born infant—she has sent here twice this morning to know if I should be in the way—poor man, he can't last above a day or so! Well—I've known him to have the rheumatics so bad, that in the course of ten minutes he has had a pain in every limb of his body. It has begun in the great toe of his right leg, gone up his side, down the left leg, and out of the other great toe at last—made a regular revolution. But you musn't talk so much. Dr Meadows says you are to be kept perfectly quiet."

A dry burning sensation oppressed me, and I called for drink. Before I could swallow it the heat had passed away, and I shuddered with cold.

"That's the lemon drink!" exclaimed Mrs Dolby. "It will do that at times; but your stomach must be dreadfully out of order. The fact is, you have had one of my old attacks, and it will take its own course. It's more alarming than dangerous. Well, I'm truly glad he didn't order leeches. I couldn't touch a leech to save my life. I have hated the sight of them ever since my dear husband bled for six hours without stopping. Folks say they are harmless. I never could believe it. But you really mustn't be allowed to talk so much. Now, try and go to sleep."

I made the attempt, but during the long dark night I was a waking sufferer. In the morning, overcome with lassitude, and yielding to the potent drugs which I had taken, I dropped

into a thick and heavy sleep. After the lapse of a few hours I again awoke, and the fierce grasp of disease seemed for a period withdrawn. I received a second visit from the physician. He observed me attentively, and addressed Mrs Dolby.

"Nurse," said he, "we are better."

"Quite a different creature, sir. May he take a little nourishment?"

"Yes, a little, but a *very* little. Something very simple."

"Some gravy beef—or a mutton chop done *rare?*"

"Not just now, nurse," said the doctor quietly. "Some gruel, if he wishes it—nothing richer for the present."

"Well, you know better, sir, of course; but when dear Mr Dolby's leg was bad"——

The doctor took his hat, and was about to depart—but I beckoned him back.

"Where is my benefactor?" I asked, my frame trembling with newly-awakened emotion; "where is the good minister?"

"Not a word," said the physician, assuming an air of mild authority, and placing his finger on his lips. "You shall see him when you are able to bear the interview, and that time will soon be here. He is anxious to see you, and I shall not keep him away longer than is necessary for your safe recovery. He takes a warm interest in your welfare, and I shall gratify him with the news that I am enabled to communicate this morning."

The heart of the beggar was fluttered, and the tears burst from the grateful fount. "There," continued the physician, "I have done wrong. We have already spoken too much. You are weaker than you think. Quiet is absolutely necessary for your safety. Nurse, do not let him utter another syllable. Good-by, my friend—God bless you!"

"Certainly not!" ejaculated Mrs Dolby. "Oh, he's a clever man is Doctor Meadows.—Don't you think so, sir?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"It's a thousand pities he doesn't marry. All my ladies long to have him, and if he'd take a wife to-morrow, I'd undertake to pay the expenses only with confinements. The poor about here will have no one else; and I can tell you, though they pay nothing at all, they are more squeamish and particular than any. Now, do keep quiet—there's a dear young gentleman," continued Mrs Dolby, alarmed because I turned in bed; "we must mind the doctor, or we shall do no good at all. Let me read to you a bit."

The scrupulously exact nurse commenced the didactic history of a converted Somersetshire lad. Before she had proceeded far, the distressing symptoms of my intermittent fever returned upon me with their earliest force. I could feel the hot suffocating flush creeping through my frame and extending to my heart. My thoughts grew restive, and would not be fixed. Wild conceits, the immature creations of an overfretted mind, crowded into existence one upon another; and the quick blood, driven from its seat, beat like a hammer in the artery. Another weary night of continual motion and distress—another never-ending period of bodily pain and mental torture. In this state I remained for a week—comparatively placid and at ease during the first hours of the day—but becoming the subject and the slave of fierce tormentors as the day waned, and the black, the horrid, and the dreaded night advanced. Morning, noon, and night, I endeavoured to chase away the diurnal visitants with noxious and disgusting drugs; but whilst my frame shook beneath their operation, the demons were still unscared, and still haunted as obstinately as ever the tottering house of flesh. How and why they deserted it at last, I know not; but a day arrived, and they had flown, carrying with them from my very bones the marrow and the juice of life. I was cast upon my back, drained of every energy, exhausted and spent. Nature, however, left to her own beneficent will, was not slow to repair the violent inroads of disease. Awhile she looked about her to survey the injury, and then—at first with unperceived and mild appliances, but soon with manifest and vigorous power—lost not a moment in the restoration of the citadel. The physician had been a faithful friend, and Mrs Dolby not useless at the bedside of the patient. Her's must have been a life of suffering and trial. Not a pang did I experience, during the progress of my malady, which she did not realize, and

could not tally to the exactly corresponding pang that she had felt some twenty years before—not a symptom had I that was unknown to her—not a medicine did I swallow whose efficacy she had not tested. For every groan and throe she gave a formal cause—for every change of feeling a satisfactory explanation. In truth, many acute sensations and much uneasiness, difficult for their victim to define, though hard enough to bear, she could immediately unravel and expound, and, if you pleased, trace to their first germ and origin. Greatly she respected the apothecary and the physician, but she was not forgetful of the nurse's higher claims to veneration and regard. She was aware how onerous were her duties, and how boundless ought to be her learning; and rather than confess her want of knowledge in a single point, she was content to be suspected of a universal ignorance.

I gathered from Dr Meadows the history of the last few days. It was a short one. Whilst in a state of insensibility, I had been conveyed to my present lodging at the instance of Mr Clayton. That benevolent man had provided for me medical attendance, and the all-powerful aid of Mrs Dolby. He had engaged to discharge every expense that might be incurred, and had requested that nothing should be left undone that was necessary for my restoration and comfort.

"He is an old friend, I presume?" said Dr Meadows.

"He is the kindest and the best of friends," I replied, "but until the day he brought me here I was a stranger to him. I never saw him before. You do not know how much I am indebted to him. I know and feel what he has accomplished for me. Twice he has saved my wretched life, but he has done much more than this. I never can repay him, but his reward awaits him elsewhere."

"He will come to you to-morrow," said the doctor; "he has desired me to tell you so. But do not excite yourself. You are touchwood and tinder, and may yet spoil all that has been done for you. You must behave better."

The morrow came, and at an early hour I received a visit from my benefactor. He approached my bed with a soft and careful step, took my hand in silence, and looked upon me with tenderness and compassion. I pressed his hand to my lips, and wept upon it, for my full heart would else have burst.

"Thank you, sir—thank you, sir!" I endeavoured to articulate.

"Say no more," replied Mr Clayton, very gently. "God has been merciful to us both. Compose your mind, and think, for the present, only of improving the talent that has been restored to you. Your health is now the first consideration. When you have recovered that, we shall find many opportunities to revert with pleasure and improvement to the past. I will read to you now."

He took the Bible from my pillow, and read aloud one of the later chapters of the book of Job. Once more his melodious voice was heard like home music stealing upon the spirit after a separation of years. It was not difficult to apply the text, but a significant glance of his expressive eye was his only allusion to my analogous condition; and when at such moments our looks met, the joy that beamed from my countenance reflected that which shone so sweetly in his own. Before he left me that morning, he knelt and prayed at my bedside, and *when* he left me, it was to commit me to the sacred charge and company of angels. Peace unspeakable purified my bosom, and comfort lulled it—medicinal, healing comfort, dispensed in heaven for the wounded spirits of men. Cheaply had been purchased the blessed hour of rest celestial, of respite, of content, of reconciliation — yea easily, though every sorrow had been doubled, every smart increased a hundred-fold. All pain and persecution were forgotten or swallowed up in the fruition of the blissful moment. I had been snatched from destruction, from death, and worse than death—the enmity between my Maker and myself had been appeased. I was an outcast in the world no longer, but a human heart beat and throbbed for me, and was alive to my present and eternal welfare. Again I read the passages which Mr Clayton had chosen for my instruction. Again the balm flowed flatteringly to my soul—new comfort, fresh and rejoicing, elevated and upheld me. Who will declare that the dreams of night borrow not their

beauty and deformity from the waking day? That night I passed in heaven. Light and glory were about me; ministering angels welcomed me amongst them; and, amidst the immaculate host, a holy calm sustained and cheered me.

A fortnight flew away in the society of the minister. I need scarcely say, that I took an early opportunity to acquaint him with every incident in my career. I concealed nothing. My errors and my guilt I revealed to him as freely as the remembrance of them occurred to my own mind. I conducted him through my various fortunes, my temptations, and my trials, and told him how at last I had been checked by his admonishment, stung and startled by his denunciations. Well he repaid me for the confidence which I reposed in him. He vouchsafed me his sympathy, and assured me of his friendship. He listened to my history with attention, and the eye of the Christian was more than once, during the recital, dimmed with involuntary tears; but he evinced no idle curiosity, nor for his own gratification jagged the wounds which had been re-opened by my sickening narrative. He was a simple-hearted and a pious man, alive to the dignity and importance of his calling, and asserting his title without flinching, and without regard to the opinions and actions of others; yet there was no affectation or cant in his behaviour. He pointed out to me, without reserve, the true source of consolation—the only rock upon which I could build with safety, and endure the buffeting of winds and waters, and not be overcome.

"You have indeed," said he, "been wonderfully preserved. To me you owe nothing—to Him whose humblest instrument I am, you are incalculably indebted. Let me teach you how best you may discharge the debt, and let me see you pay it willingly. I shall be well rewarded then for the little help I can afford you." He gave me for perusal books of a serious but exalted character—books that urged the afflicted on to their true rest, and gave them hope and confidence on their journey. I read them eagerly, and pleased my teacher with the account I gave of them, and with the enquiries which they suggested. Now a subject for examination would be elicited from the volume, and difficulties, which to my unpractised mind seemed insurmountable, gave easy way before the lucid clearness of his intellect, his quick discernment, and his facility of analysis and distribution. I was prepared to give him credence almost before he spoke; and when, from his eloquent lips, fact upon fact came forth, argument accumulated upon argument, and inference on inference, my faith became immovable, my attachment to the minister and his principles as relying as it was unbounded.

Then we walked abroad together. Winter had passed away, and the spring leapt into life, bounding from budding infancy into the blush and bloom of girlhood, with mirth exuberant. It was the month of May—the month that, not unaptly, by the poet's fancy has been styled *a kiss* given by heaven to earth—earth that is a maiden yet, hereafter to become a mother. Our walks would lead us far from the city's noise, to spots where spring most loved to show herself, arrayed in giddy liquid sunlight, and gemmed with emerald studs innumerable. Balmy had grown the air, and sweet of scent—earth, no less than my own loosed spirit, had thrown aside her sad and heavy yoke, and had resumed the healthy joys and pleasures of her prime. The impulses of a second boyhood were my compensation for the wintry season of adversity that I had seen and suffered. Our favourite retreat, oft visited still in holy pilgrimage, and for the sake of the sweet voice that haunts the lovely speck of earth, lay within convenient reach. An hour's gentle walk from the metropolis brought us to fairy-land—in truth, a place for dwarfs and elves to revel in. It stood upon an eminence; London darkling at its feet, and the winding Thames beyond, threading her sinuous way silently to the sea. Hill and dale were there, smiling glades and sober woodland. Nature donned a hundred dresses there to charm her worshipper, and save his mind from weariness. Every variety of shape and hue that she commands, crossed the gazer's eye, filling it with beauty. Our seat was on a small round hill—a knoll—the highest of a group of hills that capped the favoured scene. Here, as we sat surveying the vaporous and hazy city, serene

and cheerful thoughts prevailed, and hopes bright as the sky above, towards which they turned. Many a lesson, suggested by the locality and the wide-spread vista, was communicated by the minister to his attentive and desirous listener. Natural piety, the spontaneous growth of natural beauty, gave ready ear and access to the solemn doctrines of her sublimer sister, and love was sanctified by heavenly truth. Now the dusky veil that enveloped the huge metropolis induced the idea of moral taint and spiritual darkness; and the likeness was exhibited, the parallel insisted on, until the bodily eye, quickened by the preacher's eloquence, beheld in the dark vapours, sin, dense and impure, reeking upwards to the gates of heaven. Tranquillity and embodied loveliness dwelt around. "So peaceful and so fair," said he, "the renewed and chastened spirit of the Christian, so unobstructed and so clear its heavenward view—so lucent and so silent sweet its pure unsullied atmosphere." Nor am I yet unmindful of our lingering and too short journey home, how from every tree, and shrub, and early flower, was extracted food for the mind and meditation—how knowledge surprised and charmed my awakened intellect, as the voice of *the minister* became hushed, and he spoke as the preceptor and the friend, expounding to my wondering senses the mysterious operations of a beauteous creation.

Time sped on golden wings. Daily my affection ripened towards my friend, daily his regard and love for me increased. One, and one consideration only, stood between me and consummate happiness; but that, alas! existed to mar and to embitter every moment of my too blissful state. I still lived upon the bounty of my preserver—was dependent upon him, not only for every high and intellectual enjoyment, but for my daily food and raiment. In the possession of strength and vigorous health, I was an idler and a hanger-on. This feeling, irksome under any circumstances to endure, became intolerable when I heard, as I did by chance one day from the lips of Dr Meadows, that the pecuniary condition of Mr Clayton was any thing but prosperous, and rendered it incumbent upon him to confine his wants and desires within the narrowest sphere; that his office yielded him a very moderate revenue, and that his resources from other labours were limited indeed. "He is unmarried," said Dr Meadows on this occasion, "and well for wife and children is it that he is, seeing that in all probability they would be condemned to share his own hard fate. I never knew a man so utterly regardless of himself, so constant in his endeavours to secure the happiness of others. The meanest of his pensioners, and he has not a few, is better lodged and boarded than himself. It is difficult to conceive a character so thoroughly unselfish." Such information did indeed increase my gratitude, and give intensity to my reverence and regard; but it did more than this—it filled me with a creeping sense of shame and self-upbraiding, and made me look forward to the next interview with my benefactor with an impatient and feverish anxiety. "I will no longer," I exclaimed, "be a burden to the good man, preying daily and hourly upon his substance! I will not suffer evil tongues to whisper calumny against me, as they surely will, nor—much greater punishment to bear—permit one unkind, unworthy thought against me, to harbour in his own generous and gentle mind. I will thank him upon my knees for the past, and, blessed with the wisdom he has taught me, seek elsewhere a home for the future." Speedily I made my intention known to Mr Clayton.

"Whither would you go?" enquired that gentleman, when I had finished.

"I cannot tell, sir," I replied; "I will seek employment."

"And not finding it at last—what then?"

"Oh, I shall be successful! I do not doubt it."

"Do not deceive yourself, young friend; *I* doubt it much. We forget in health the pains and trials of our previous sickness. Prosperity loves not to remember her former sad companion, pale misfortune. Throw yourself once again upon the world, friendless and unsupported, and again you sink. We must not think of it. I must not allow it. Believe me, I have not thought little of your future plans, and I have hoped to help you effectually. In one quarter I believed myself to possess influence and interest.

I employed them on your behalf, but found them less efficient than I had supposed. I was disappointed, and, for your sake, grieved. It is a common occurrence, and should not dishearten us. I have turned my view in another direction: this time, I trust, with a better chance of success. But if we fail again, history and experience teach us not to despond at the outset of our attempts. Time is before us—why are you so eager to forsake me?"

"Dear Mr Clayton," I replied, "my heart is full with the warm recollection of your bounty. I cannot think for an instant of your generosity—your charity—and not feel that heart bounding with grateful emotion. But my conscience tells me that I do wrong in remaining longer here. I am wretched and uneasy. I am restored to health—able to work—and I have no right to rob you of your means."

"Indeed you have not," replied Mr Clayton with a smile, "and far be it from me to encourage so felonious a proposition. But we are not accustomed to say that they are robbed who freely part with what they have; much less they who, for their money, ask and obtain their money's worth. Have I not purchased your convalescence? Do I not see a living soul snatched from uncertainty and peril, brought back from darkness and its terrors, to light and all its blessedness? So much I proposed to myself—so much I have gained. I believe I have—God be praised for it! Would you deny me the pleasure that I have bought at such little cost? Would you refuse me the satisfaction and delight that moves an aged heart with something higher than mere earthly bliss?"

I knew not what to say.

"No, my dear friend," he continued, "this head would scarcely lie easy on its pillow, disturbed with doubts and fears respecting you. Willingly, I am sure, you would not give me pain; unwillingly you shall not, if I can help it. Reconcile yourself for one week longer to your present situation, or, at the latest, two. If I am not mistaken, fortune will do something for us in the meanwhile. Your ambition is not at war with your happiness, and consequently gives us a chance of satisfying its demands. Selfish as we all by nature and of necessity are, I believe that I can resign you when the proper time arrives. Come when it may, I shall be honest enough to confess that it is still too soon."

I returned the affectionate pressure of the good man's hand, but my overloaded heart forbade a single word.

"Pardon me," continued Mr Clayton, "if I revert to other matters. I will not tell you, that to give you one unnecessary pang would be a bitter thought to me. You are already convinced of that. Let me believe that I can recall the past, and bring along with the remembrance only that improved and chastened sorrow which it becomes the wisest and the best of us to bear, whilst we dwell upon past error and transgression. I have not hitherto distressed you with enquiries, that from a stranger would be deemed impertinent, though hardly so, I trust, in one who looks upon you with a father's eye. And let them not distress you now. We must not flinch from duties, however painful, which our own imprudence has made it necessary for us to undergo."

"Speak on, sir."

"I have not forgotten the history of your connexion with that unfortunate woman whom you met in Cambridge. You told me that you left her, as you believed, on her dying bed. Have you seen her since?"

"I have not, sir. My father remained but one day in Huntingdon. His short stay enabled him just to see the poor girl placed safely in the infirmary. On the evening of that day, I attempted to take leave of her. She was still delirious, and did not recognize me. Her glazed eyes shrank from me when I approached her, and she screamed as before, '*the fiend, the fiend!*' It was a miserable sight!"

"And what news of her from that time?"

"Alas, sir! I acknowledge with shame that my proper misfortunes, my own deplorable state, have made me—I dare not say *indifferent* to her fate—but not so careful in respect of it as indeed I ought to have been."

"And the wretched prostitute," continued Mr Clayton, "is another victim added to the endless list—doomed to perish an outcast of her kind—scorned and smitten by the hands that might have raised her penitent from infamy and shame."

"It is a dreadful case, sir."

and *matronly* in all respects, received us. Mr Clayton spoke to her.

"I come, madam," said he, "to learn something of the fate of a poor girl who many months ago was admitted into this establishment. Her name is Emma Fitzjones."

"If you are a professional gentleman, sir, and know any thing to her advantage," said the matron, interrupting him, "I can only say that I am very sorry she is not living to enjoy it. She has been dead some time, poor creature!"

"*The punishment of mine iniquity was accomplished.*" The words of the matron struck leaden-heeled upon my soul. To have had no share in the past—to have forgotten it for ever—to have been freed from the manacle that linked me to the fortunes of the departed—what would I not have given! Vain aspiration! The past is irretrievable."

"I am not, as you suppose, connected with the law," said Mr Clayton; "we came to be of service to the deceased. We would have been her friends. We arrive, unfortunately, too late."

The matron turned her eyes toward me as my companion spoke, and shame, or whatever it might be, gave me the pallid aspect of a criminal. I could feel it on my cheek.

"Surely you are not Mr Stukely?" enquired the lady suddenly, causing me in every joint to tremble.

"Yes, madam, that is my name," I faltered.

"Heaven bless me!" she ejaculated, "this is"—— She hesitated, stopped—burst into tears, and hurried from her seat. "Pardon me, gentlemen," she continued, sobbing—"it was so sudden—it brought so many things to mind. She died in my arms. I loved her like my own daughter. She was an angel—and used most cruelly."

"You know her history?" said Mr Clayton.

"Every letter of it," answered the matron. "I would have given a hundred pounds, sir," she added, speaking again to me, "if I could have seen you before she died. It would have been a comfort to the poor Magdalen. I sent to Cambridge, and was referred to London. I wrote to you there, but my letter was returned to me with 'gone away' written on its cover."

"She died penitent, then?" said Mr Clayton.

"Oh, indeed she did, and like a lamb! She recovered from her dreadful disorder, but her body was very weak, and her mind sadly distressed. She never recovered her strength, nor did she wish it, poor sufferer," continued the matron, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "longer than to enable her to make her peace with God, whom she had so much offended. I have a remembrance for you, Mr Stukely, which I promised faithfully to deliver to you if ever the opportunity offered. It was only the day before she died that she told me how satisfied she felt that one day you would come to see her, and that you were then detained by circumstances you could not overcome."

"Her last hours were very happy?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Yes, certainly her last; but there were many passed in bitterness of spirit—in fear and self-reproach. At first her state was very pitiable; she had nothing to hope from the past—every thing to dread from the future. She hated life, and was terrified when she thought of quitting it. I did the little I could to pacify and calm her, but it was our chaplain who first enabled her to take peace to her agitated soul. He was her friend to the last. Dear me! I never shall forget to the latest moment of my existence, and I am sure I shall think of it upon my deathbed, how she gazed up at me the day after her fever had left her, and tried to squeeze my hand, and to wring compassion from my looks. She was very much alarmed, and her voice was as hollow as the grave. 'Nurse,' said she—for she took me for the nurse—'I have read in some old book, that in the next world there is a black and horrid vault, where many million souls are screaming for a death that never comes—where the usurer is forced to drink continual draughts of molten gold—where the murderer is stabbed for ever, but never killed—and, worse than all, where burning oil is poured down the drunkard's throat without cessation. Oh, nurse!' said she, 'shall I be doomed to such a punishment? Shall I be sentenced to pass eternity in such a vault?' I assured her she would not; but I couldn't give chapter and verse for what I urged, and she had little com-

fort, poor soul, until the chaplain came, and led her to the true fountain."

At this moment a knock at the door interrupted the conversation. The business of the day had commenced, and the presence of the matron was required in twenty different places. Food for the healthy as well as for the sick must be supplied, and the good lady must administer the rations.

"I am very sorry," said the matron, "that I must leave you now. When do you quit the town?"

"Our mission is fulfilled," answered Mr Clayton; "we have nothing more to do. We shall return to-night."

"Let me see you for an instant before you depart," said the lady, "and wait one moment now." She left the room in haste, and shortly came back with a sealed packet in her hand. It was addressed to "Mr Stukely, London." "She bade me place it in your own hands. It was all she had to leave you, and she was sure you would not think less kindly of her on account of its contents. I repeat her dying words. And this is the remembrance that I spoke of."

I took the packet, and returned with my friend to our inn, having engaged to see the matron again previously to our departure for London that evening by the mail. I had nothing to say upon our road. My mind was busy with scenes which my late interview and familiar streets brought painfully to view. Time mis-spent, wickedly spent, and fruitful in lamentable events never to be improved, never forgotten—this was the heavy thought that pressed upon my spirits, and kept me silent. My companion likewise abstained from talk; he with consideration and design, and to permit the salutary working of that thought upon the heart and conscience of the offender.

I lost not a moment, after we had reached our room, in possessing myself of the enclosure. Mr Clayton would have retired, but I begged him to remain, and to witness the last communication of the unfortunate being in whose fate he had taken so kind an interest. I broke the black seal of the parcel, and found an ordinary school writing-book. Upon the cover was written, in a clear lady's hand, the following words:—"*To Mr Stukely, in memory of the writer*," and on the first page, in the like handwriting, this announcement—"*The sad history of Emma Harrington*." With the same feeling, and at the same moment, we drew our chairs to the table. I placed the manuscript in the hands of Mr Clayton, and he read aloud to me the following narrative.

There is only one vice of which it can be truly said that it is the parent and begetter of all other vices—that it dooms its subject to destruction, certain and complete, and drags into the inevitable ruin every tie and every soul connected with the slave and victim of the lust. It is the vice of drunkenness. For centuries the tenure of this consuming passion has been the miserable inheritance of my race. I trace it up to the first discoverable shoot of the unsound tree—the canker is coeval with its origin. The patrimony descends to me, and there, I thank my God, becomes extinct. The purpose for which it was originally attached has been accomplished. The grievous sin that brought upon generations the punishment incurred, perhaps, by *one*, has paid its last instalment—justice is satisfied—and the avenging hand is withdrawn.

Dear Stukely, pardon the unhappy wretch who united you to her fate. I know not at this moment what, in addition to my own crimes, I have to answer for on your account. I am ignorant of your affairs. They tell me you were forced away by the same hand that placed me here. Oh! it was a benevolent hand that did as much for both of us—that checked you in your career of error, and lightened the guilty burden of one who has already too much to cast before the throne of her offended Maker. "Could it have been his father?" I often ask myself. Oh yes! it must have been—who else? And you are now restored to his arms—he has forgiven you, and you are happy. You will return to Cambridge, prosecute your interrupted studies, and assume that respectable position amongst men to which your acquirements and your warm and honourable spirit so well entitle you. Ah! would that I could be assured of all this, and that my ears might take in the welcome sounds before they close for ever on the world. But, in the meanwhile, I will believe it, and seek to pacify the murmurs of a never

silent conscience. I have done you great wrong. It may be irreparable, although I trust not—fervently, fervently. If I can make you no proportionate amends, such as I can I will. You shall be told my miserable history—you shall read it, and then not curse the source and author of your woes. It is a testament due to the living. Read it, dear Stukely, and forgive the dying Emma. Read it *for your sister's sake*, if you have one that looks to you for protection and support.

I was born in the winter of the year 1780, and my birthplace was a lovely spot in one of the midland counties. My father was a clergyman of the established church; his name Harrington. I need scarcely tell you that the name Fitzjones was assumed at a later period of life, when my own conduct suggested the propriety of adopting it—not in order to keep disgrace from our family name, but to save it from an addition to the infamy that was attached to it wheresoever it was known. My father had lost his parents at an early age, but he was left, with a handsome fortune, to the care of his uncle—himself a man of influence and of great wealth. Fortunately for the children of the previous holders of my father's lands, the property had been entailed, and so far in bulk secured from the desperately mad extravagance that attends so constantly on drunkenness. My father, on the other hand, when he became of age, obtained absolute possession. How he used his privilege you will hear. At the age of twenty-three, my father quitted the university and returned to the roof of his ancestors, and shortly afterwards his uncle procured for him, by purchase, a benefice in his native parish. A man less suited to his profession, less endowed with the qualities of heart and mind that are essential to a just performance of its duties, never, in a fit of recklessness or bravado, thrust himself into the sacred office. But let me do him justice. Thrust himself he did not. I have heard that before he went to the university he remonstrated with his uncle against being forced into *a trade*, as he termed it, in which he took no interest, and for which he had no taste. His fortune he considered ample for his desires, and study or reading of any kind was irksome and annoying. His guardian, however, was a man who did not well brook contradiction. He was a rude, severe, and vulgar man. It was his boast that he had in his youth swept the shop and cleaned the windows of the house, from which, in the prime of his manhood, he had retired with a hundred thousand pounds. He had resolved to have my father educated for the church. "There had never been," he said, "a bishop in the family; with money, he knew, any thing might be done in England, and he had made up his mind to see him on the bench." He left my father to choose between compliance with his wishes and the prospect of a noble inheritance, and non-compliance without a farthing. My father at length capitulated on terms. He undertook to become a parson on three conditions. In the first place, he was to enter the university as a fellow-commoner; secondly, it was not to be expected that he should read; and lastly, his uncle was to provide him with a handsome living, and take all trouble off his hands. Under such happy auspices he proceeded to the seat of learning, subscribed implicitly to the thirty-nine articles, and entered upon a life of riot and debauchery which ended only with his own career. How he underwent the necessary ordeal of an examination you may understand. I have heard him, twenty times and oftener, boasting of his success, and vowing that, during a period of three years, he had only read as many books in twice as many days. He took his degree—he was ordained—he became a parish priest. Two years after his ordination, he met with my mother—a delicate and lovely girl, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, and a man of great worth and respectability. A hundred tongues have spoken to me of the integrity and honour of my maternal grandfather. He had a warm and capacious heart. I knew him only in the evening of his life, when his hair and eyebrows were white with venerable age, and his features gave notice of the presence and passing away of another generation. But I knew him at a time when his mind was still vigorous and full of bright thoughts. As a man whose days were numbered and whose grave was making, he was subdued, serious, resigned, and holy. As one still

amongst mankind, and in the bosom of those he loved, he was active in doing good, affectionately tender, joyful, and ever anxious to infuse into his advanced nature the feelings and the interests of the young about him. Oh, memory! sweetest companion when you wing us back to the bright spots which peace and virtue have consecrated and kept pure! I am once again with the good old man, walking in the green fields, and beneath the golden sun. I hear his cheerful voice bidding my little brother be playful and merry, to strengthen his limbs, and invigorate his mind; to be good to his mother and faithful to his Maker, for the time of learning was short, and the days of trial and of labour protracted and long. I feel his warm kiss and warmer tear as he pressed us children to his fond, aged bosom, and wept "that he should leave the lambs amongst wolves, and be cold and dead in the earth, unable to counsel or to help them." It would have been but common charity had the old man been allowed to go to sleep in the course of nature. His was more than an everyday claim to such a privilege. The curse that is the heirloom of our house, was at work when my poor grandfather died of a broken heart. My father saw my mother, and the impression made upon him at their first interview, by her innocence and beauty, decided her future fate. He was madly in love with her; and in spite of the strong representations of his uncle, who had already provided a wife for him after his own taste, within a month he asked her in marriage. My dear mother—all weakness, love, and duty then, as she was ever, obedient to the will of her father, accepted him as a suitor, and gave her hand and her heart wholly to a man who never learned their value. Stukely, this heart has been distressed and wrung—you know it—when I have called to mind that mother's wrongs. I mourn no longer. I go to join her where she is at peace. Angels, who love the patient and the suffering, protect a kindred spirit, and cherish it in heaven. She was a stranger amongst men! She consented to become his wife. His uncle disinherited him for the act, and the nephew never afterwards pardoned my mother for the crime.

My father's character gradually developed itself after this crisis in his life. Forsaken by his uncle, it was expected that he would retire from an occupation that had never been pleasing to him, and which had been followed only in consequence of the understanding already referred to. But he did no such thing. He held his incumbency, and discharged its obligations. Thrown upon his own resources, he was not slow to avail himself to the full extent of the help they could afford him. For a few years he persevered in a line of conduct that won for him the good-will and regard of the world, and so effectually, that they were withdrawn with pain and reluctance at a later period, when his flagrant and undisguised behaviour rendered him unworthy of either. He was attentive to the poor, and mixed with the powerful and the rich in his cure. Mildness and humanity characterized his demeanour with the former; servility and cringing his intercourse with the latter. These were the out-door sacrifices imperiously demanded from his selfishness; home and its devoted victims paid the penalty in bearing tyranny and persecution.

A year after her marriage, my mother brought into the world my brother Frederick. I was born two years later. We were their only offspring. I was five years old when I became aware, for the first time, that man and wife, though linked together by the strongest chains, may, at the same time, be wholly distinct and separate from each other. It was not without alarm, even at this tender age, that I felt the burning tears of my mother falling upon my neck; nor, whilst she hung over me, her voice half-stifled, murmuring in distress my father's name, did her accents fall upon my infant ear in vain. Her maternal heart was overflowing with love for *me*. She could not tell how much she loved dear Frederick and myself, and my little heart beat deeply for them both. I could not bear to see her cry. No loss in my little but important world could give me half the pain that I experienced when I beheld the habitual sorrow of my mother.

The habit which I have already mentioned, as belonging by a cruel necessity to our family, developed itself in my father's case in very early

youth. It was encouraged and perfected at the university. This vice added strength and bitterness to every bad quality that he possessed. Cruel and overbearing at other times, when under the influence of strong drink he became a furious madman. Surprizing as it may seem, this man, upon whose head no day closed during which he had not treated my mother with violence and harshness that were intolerable as they were unparalleled, could, once beyond his own gates, adorn his lip with smiles, and assume a garb of Christian kindness and consideration. Open to the grossest flattery himself, he was a sycophant in the most extensive sense of the word; and by the poor and necessitous, whose affection and good word are ever to be gained at a price, and amongst whom he scattered indiscriminate alms in the terror of his conscience-stricken moments, he was spoken of as a man who was preparing for himself, by charity and good works, "an incorruptible crown of glory that fadeth not away."

My dear and patient mother—forbearing and patient under injury as she was herself tender and inoffensive—bore her wrongs but too meekly. Although worn out with grief, she never complained. At home we knew nothing beyond the tears, and sighs, and drooping countenance which were not to be hidden. Indistinct were the ideas which these enabled me to form respecting the cause of all her affliction. Both my brother and myself were studiously kept at a distance from the rooms occupied by our parents, and our sleeping-room was far enough from theirs to prevent our hearing any thing that passed after they had retired to bed—alas, not to rest!

It was my mother's custom to come into our nursery every morning, before breakfast, to read a portion of Holy Scripture, and afterwards to kneel with us in prayer. My father never accompanied her. As I grew up, I was struck on these occasions by the change which had taken place in her appearance during the night. She had evidently been robbed of sleep. Her eyes were red and swollen, her face wan and pale, her hand dry and feverish. For months these symptoms continued, and the poor victim became weaker and weaker, more and more sorrowful.

The events of one morning are deeply engraven on my memory. Childhood and its joys ceased then. Knowledge came to me to perplex and grieve. I had reached my seventh year. My mother came to pray to her children as usual. Her Bible opened at the 5th chapter of Paul's epistle to the Ephesians. She was very wretched, and she proceeded in her task with a thin weak voice. She came to the words, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess," and my brother looked up at me, as her lips quivered and her pale hand trembled. She had not selected the lesson; but one more appropriate she could scarcely have chosen. "*Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it. . . . He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it.*" She had not spoken the words before, completely overcome by the violence and rapidity of her feelings, she burst into a flood of tears. The Bible dropped. She buried her face in her hands, and then passionately sobbed and wept, as if her heart were falling to pieces, and as I had never heard man, woman, or child sob and weep before. I was frantic, but little Frederick looked upon my poor mother in silence, and knit his brows, and clenched his infant fist.

My mother, however, soon recovered herself, and then, without looking at either of us, or uttering one word more, she left the room. Frederick ran after her; but when she perceived him, she quickened her steps. He was too nimble for her, and when she reached her own room, he was at her side, and they entered it together. He was flushed, and looked wildly at her. For a moment, he seemed as if he knew not what to do or say. At last he threw himself into his mother's arms, and cried—

"You hate me, mother! You hate me, I know you do!"

"What do you mean, Frederick?" she asked.

"Why," said he, "you are ill, and are in great suffering, and you keep it to yourself, and never speak to me about it."

"I am quite well in health, Frederick," she said, endeavouring to compose herself, and to satisfy him.

"Oh no, you are not!" he answered;

"if you are, why did you cry so? You make me wretched, you do. It will kill me soon, and you will be sorry for it then."

"For what?" asked my mother. "Tell me, dearest heart, what shall I do to make you happy?"

"Let me know what father says to you," he replied quickly, and in a different tone. "I am sure you don't love me, or you would have told me before. Why don't you let me take your part?"

"Frederick," said my mother, "you know I love you dearly; and that much of my little share of happiness on earth depends upon you, my sweet boy. I am sure of your affection too, for you have ever been most dutiful. You have never once disobeyed your mother. Ask me no questions, dearest, which I cannot answer. I shall soon be well again. I am only weak. You have always attended without a murmur to your mother's bidding. You will do so now. Return to the nursery, and take no notice of what has happened. I have behaved very ill at prayers. It shall not occur again. Go, dear boy."

Frederick would have made some reply, but my mother held up her finger with an air of kind remonstrance, and he said nothing. He departed without another syllable. I encountered him on the stairs, where, taking me by the hand, and urging me forward, he exclaimed, in a tone of vexation and suppressed anger, "Come, Emma, mama doesn't care for us. If she is ill again, I sha'n't mind it at all. It is nothing to me." And a tear started to his eye, and his little lip quivered, giving the lie to every word he spoke.

The day passed on, and nothing more was heard of this occurrence. About eleven o'clock at night I was frightened out of a deep sleep by a tapping at the door of my bed-room. I was terribly alarmed, and the more so in consequence of the previous disturbance at prayers, which had furnished me with an endless series of distressing dreams. My name was called in a low, sharp whisper, and I crept from my nurse's side to listen at the keyhole. I accomplished this without waking her, and then I summoned courage to ask the name of the intruder.

The voice of Frederick answered me, still whispering.

"It is, Fred," said he; "come with me, Emma. I have found it all out."

"Found what out, dear?" I answered.

"About father and mother. Don't wait, but open the door quietly, and come as you are. You mustn't wait to dress yourself; if you do, we shall be too late."

I opened the door noiselessly, and discovered my brother in his night-dress, holding in his hand a rush-light, secured in a wire gauze shade.

"What is it all about, Frederick?" I enquired, anxiously.

"He is killing mother, I am sure," he replied. "I have listened at the door for the last hour, and you can't think how he is talking, and she is crying, just as she did this morning. Don't you be a coward," he added, taking my trembling hand; "but come with me, and just whisper as I do." He led me on tiptoe towards the sleeping apartment of our parents. As he approached it, he walked more carefully, and at last he stopped.

"Hush!" said he; "There—do you hear?"

"No!" I answered, "I hear nothing."

"Well, wait a moment. There again."

"No, Frederick," I said, "it is nothing at all. I shall go back again."

"You are deaf, Emma," he exclaimed hastily, and in anger; and he applied his ear again to the door. "Now," said he, "don't speak a word. I hear him. He has called her some name, and she is crying quite loud."

He drew me close to his side. We held our breath, and listened for a time with strained attention. A burst of anguish from the lips of my poor mother, and then long and piteous sobbing succeeding it, as thunder does the flash, startled me, and sent me clinging into my brother's arms.

"Yes, that's it!" he said, "I heard it before for an hour together. Hush! listen!" My mother was weeping amain, loud and unrestrained, and the words that struggled through her tears reached easily our ears.

"For heaven's sake, Harrington," she exclaimed, "think of the children! What will become of them? You are killing me. Robbed night after night of my natural rest, treated [illegible] by you through every h[illegible] existence, I look for nothin[illegible]

speedy death. It could not come too soon, but for the dear children. What will become of them when I am sacrificed?"

"Give me the brandy, wretch!" said my father, in a thick gruff voice.

"No more to-night, Harrington," she answered, "you can scarcely stand now. Pray, get to bed. For the last four nights I have not taken off my clothes; I am sinking with fatigue; do show me a little mercy."

"Mercy, you infernal"——

"What does that mean?" asked Frederick sharply, and pinching my arm with excessive agitation.

"I don't know," I answered, weeping, and crushing my tears at the same time; "but let us go to bed again—I am afraid to stay."

"No, I sha'n't go," said Frederick; "you may if you please. I shall wait here. Go: I shall not come for you again."

"Oh, Frederick, I couldn't leave you for the world! What shall we do?"

"Keep quiet," said my brother, "and hear all we can."

"Why the d—l, woman, am I kept here?" roared my father, mad with liquor. "Will you give me brandy, or shall we set fire to the house again?"

"Oh, for the love of heaven, Harrington, do not repeat that trick! In another instant, and we should have been burned to death."

"Burn!" was the husband's reply: "it would have been a good day's work for me if you had burned, roasted, and rotted, before I ever met with you. Haven't you been the cause of my ruin?"

"You are raving."

"I am neither mad nor drunk. If you haven't ruined me, tell me what has become of my uncle's property?"

"This is the old story, Harrington. You tell me of this hour after hour, as if I could have prevented what has passed, or repair it now. Am I to be always blamed for the harshness of your own relative? I warned you of your risk, and wished you to consider well the step"——

"Oh, none of your cant here! It sickens me to hear you. Where is the brandy, I say?"

"I have locked it away. You have had more than enough to-night. This hand, Harrington, shall never do you so much wrong as to offer you the burning poison whilst you are in your present helpless situation."

"Give me the key, I say," cried my father, kicking the chair from under him, as we supposed, for we heard it fall with violence, and himself stamping and reeling on the floor. There was a short scuffle and a moment's silence, then a shriek from my mother, and a guttural noise proceeding, it might be from strangulation.

"Oh, Fred, Fred!" I exclaimed, giving free egress to my gushing tears, "what is that—what has happened? Mother is dying."

Frederick made me no answer. The bed-room door was not locked. He opened it with violence, and entered the apartment. I followed him, crying aloud, and shaking from head to foot with terror. It was a melancholy scene. My mother sat at the end of the bed, white as its draperies, sighing convulsively and wringing her hands. My father was before a raging fire, whose flaming coal was piled high into the aperture of the chimney. My mother was attired as in the daytime, but her head was uncovered. The cap which had adorned it was consuming in the fire, having been torn from her and cast there by my father, who now contemplated its destruction with the drunken chuckle of an intoxicated fiend. My mother, as soon as she perceived us, and could recover from astonishment, rushed eagerly towards us, and placed herself between us and my father.

"Oh, my poor, dear children!" she exclaimed, at the same moment.

"What do they want here?" bellowed my father, staring wildly first at my brother and then at me.

"Go to bed, dear Frederick," said my mother, imploringly, to the little child.

"I sha'n't," he answered, his pretty cheeks swelling with rage and unnatural excitement. "I sha'n't go, if you don't go with me, mother."

"What!" exclaimed the drunken man, rising with difficulty from his chair, and preparing himself evidently for violence.

"Oh go, go, dear!" cried my mother, clasping her hands, and looking most entreatingly on Frederick. "Go, before he murders you!"

"What do you mean by that, wretch?" said he, seizing her by the wrist.

His hand was scarcely on her arm before my brother flew at the aggressor, like a young eagle on its prey. My father seized him by the throat—my mother screamed, and ran between them. I called aloud to all, but could not move for dread and apprehension. It was an awful sight—father and child struggling together in active enmity, and with evil passion, hot and unbound as it exists in devils. Search through the calendar of crime—recall the sights that pall and sicken you, that send through every fibre of offended nature the horrible chill of loathing—and confess that the hand of the child, lifted against the author and parent of its life, surpasses all in fearful ugliness and depravity. Nature thus deformed I had never seen before. I shudder and grow cold as I realize the monstrous picture. I know not how the impious contest ended. Frederick was torn from the iron grasp of his father, and carried almost insensible to his own room. He had fainted, either from excessive exertion, or from the punishment he had received; for my father had not dealt lightly with him. I remember that my mother accompanied Frederick to his bed, and sobbed piteously over him; and I recollect well that the last glimpse I had of my father, as I quitted his presence, was when he drew his chair savagely to the fire, and sat there grinning at the goodly work he had performed. Higher and higher he built his mountain of coal, and more fearful grew the rampant flames. I can tell you little more. I awoke on the following morning with every nerve in my weak body loosened and unstrung. My limbs had burst the bonds that held them in unity and subjection, and anarchy prevailed throughout my frame. My eyes rolled ceaselessly; my tongue leapt from my mouth, and, like an idiot's, moved along my lips; arms, hands, and feet—every feature, and every muscle, were at liberty; and, whilst the freedom lasted, used it wildly. The fright of the previous evening had fallen upon my system with a whelming shock, and the restless dance of Saint Vitus was upon me.

This is the first tragic scene that I can remember—would it were the last!—of a home made dismal and desolate by the withering presence of one unholy vice. When my calamity was removed, and I recovered from my illness, I learnt that my brother was at a boarding-school, and many miles away. My mother had placed him there without the knowledge of my father; and, notwithstanding the urgent and repeated requests of the latter, she would not communicate to him the place of his residence. To punish her, as he expressed it, for her persevering obstinacy, in a moment of partial intoxication, and for a hundredth part of its value, he disposed of a considerable portion of his inheritance, giving her to understand, at the same time, that if this act did not bring her to obedience, he would try what could be done by selling the remainder. It is hardly necessary for me to say that the produce of this sale replenished the cellars of the drunkard, and filled them to the very roof with the deadly elixir.

It was impossible for my father to persist in his vicious course without attracting the notice, and bringing upon himself the open remarks, of men. I have already told you, that for a few years he commended himself to the world by his behaviour, and secured the favour and good-will of his parishioners, by flattering the rich, and *acting* offices of kindness on behalf of the poor. But it became daily less and less easy for him to hide, beneath the hypocrite's cloak, the corroding inroads of his master passion. In spite of the folds, the ulcer was there apparent. Slight impeoprieties of conduct were at first revealed, but to these were added, at a later period, faults of a deeper dye. He had been found inebriated and insensible in the broad day. He had spoken ribaldry and unmeaning jargon at the bedside of a dying woman, to whom he had been called to administer the last sacrament. He had reeled to his pulpit, and had mounted it with the aid of his servant; but, blindly intoxicated, and unable to perform his duties, he had been afterwards carried from it and conveyed to his home. These were facts which courted observation, and were passed from mouth to mouth. The parishioners were scandalized, and the minister was remonstrated with. He listened to the rebuke; and then, it is said, he wept—so acutely did he feel the cruel and unexpected imputation. He denied, with vehemence, the charge so eagerly preferred against

him by his enemies. He confessed, with sorrow, that he was a poor afflicted man, labouring under a malady that brought upon him deep mental suffering, bitter bodily pain, but he defied the harshest of them all to prove a greater sin against him. The impression, however, was not to be taken from the minds of his accusers, but for the present they urged no more. It was not long after this interview that a party in the neighbourhood became known by the name of the "minister's men." It consisted principally of the humblest individuals in the parish, and they constituted themselves the champions and supporters of my father's cause. They waged war against any who hinted at his unhappy failing, and demanded on all sides sympathy for his bodily infirmities. Borne upon the voices of these men, and placing, as he could with a motive strong enough to incite him, a moderate restraint upon his passion, he contrived for a short period to stem the tide of opposition, which, having once turned, had never ceased to roll against him. But the demands of the tempter were not to be suppressed, however they might be resisted or dallied with for a season. Once more, and very soon, he yielded undisguisedly to the engrossing lust—fresh delinquencies arose—sacrilege was repeated again and again—murmurs grew to complaints—complaints to accusations, and at length my father ceased to be the incumbent of his native parish. The immediate cause of his retirement was an act of brutality perpetrated against my unfortunate mother. He had, on this occasion, treated her with more than his ordinary severity. He struck her in the most cowardly and unprovoked manner. A maid-servant had witnessed the action, and her indignation was aroused. She threatened and upbraided him, and vowed that she would publish his conduct wheresoever he was known. Upon the following morning she received her dismissal. Before evening, the scene was circumstantially narrated to every creature in the parish. My mother's wrongs were—if it were possible—exag[illegible]ated; her uncomplaining nature [illegible]eekness—no representation [illegible]ghten *them*—discussed and [illegible] few members of the con[illegible] who had signalized themselves throughout my father's career by their acknowledged hostility, now visited their pastor, and represented to him the propriety of an immediate resignation of his cure. They carried with them a written statement of his proceedings during the past twelvemonth, which they gave him to understand would be forwarded without delay to the bishop of the diocess, should he refuse to comply with their command, or hesitate one moment in his decision. "It was in consideration of his wife alone," they added, "that they had prevailed upon themselves to act so leniently towards a man who had forfeited every claim upon their mercy and regard." My father was abashed and cowed, and gladly accepted release on any terms. He had never been a man of courage. What man of courage ever yet, by systematic cruelty, crushed and destroyed the fragile flower that clung about him for support? What man of courage ever stained his manhood by inflicting blows upon a weak and unoffending woman? It is the mongrel cur, and not the lion, that trembles whilst it snarls. Dissipation had given to his hands the native motion of the heart. Those shook from intemperance, as this from natural fear. He stood before his fellow men, the meanest, the most debased and cowardly of his sex. Be sure he loved not my mother the better for the influence of her good name, and for the mitigation of punishment that name had silently effected. They departed in company—she, not sorry to forsake an abode painfully associated with her history—he, poor shallow reasoner! regarding his wife as the cause of his misfortunes; and with his hatred against the miserable creature increased a hundred-fold. The living was sold. With half the proceeds he purchased a three years' interest in a benefice, the property of a youth, who, yet a minor, was prosecuting his studies in the University of Oxford. The other half supplied him with wine, his only food—with fresh fuel for the raging passion which had not yet consumed him. It was his boast that he would live long enough to spend every farthing that he possessed. That he should die leaving the means of subsistence to his wife and children, came not within the range of possibility. He had resolved that it should be otherwise. To Kent we now

journeyed, sad pilgrims! My brother was still at school. He had not been permitted to return home since he quitted its roof. My mother was terrified at the thought of another meeting between him and his father. The latter, in every fit of drunkenness, swore vengeance against "the villain who had attacked him;" and distressed to agony my poor mother with a cold-blooded description of the modes he would employ to torture and to kill him, when he should fall again into his power. Frederick had often written from school, imploring my mother to receive him at home for her protection; she would not listen to the request, but conjured him, with every expression she could make use of, to remain contentedly where he was, and not to add to the wretchedness of her condition. I have a packet of her letters now before me. Scarcely a day passed that did not find her writing to her son. She lived in constant dread of beholding him. To have seen him cross the threshold, I do believe would have been fatal to her. She was convinced that my father had resolved upon his death, and an habitual presentiment satisfied her, that she should live to see the horrible deed committed. I take up a letter at random. Read the earnest entreaty of the mother to the banished child—"Dearest, dearest Frederick, my own sweet boy! May I be quite certain that you will spend the coming vacation at your school? What books, what things may I send to you for your instruction and amusement? Time will pass very quickly with your kind Mr Percival; and the school days will so soon come round again, and you will be with your old companions, and in their society forget the trials to which you are unfortunately subjected. Oh! it is a sweet time of the year! How I envy you—the gambols up and down hill, and your pretty walks and daily pleasures! And you are so well, too! What a happiness this is to me. How I long to have you with me—you know I do, and a day will come when we shall feel blessed with one another! But it must not be now. I feel so very easy when I am assured of your absence—it is a very hard thing to say, and I could not say it, dear Frederick, to any boy except yourself; but you are so good and kind to your mother, and would not give her pain for all the world. If you should come to us, your father would be more unkind than he has ever been, and he remembers well the last night that you passed with him. He speaks of it often, and with much sharpness and severity. I can bear all that I have now to suffer without repining, as long as I am sure that you are safe. Think how comforting it is to make your mother happy in her mind, and then I am sure you will cheerfully comply with all she wishes." Frederick reiterated his importunities; but he doated on his mother, and he ceased to disturb her when he found his solicitations grieved and afflicted her. It was shortly after our arrival at the new parsonage that we contrived to receive Frederick on a visit of a few days. Business connected with the living had carried my father to London for a short time. It was the first interval of quiet that we had known for years. The house became on a sudden a peaceful and a sweet abode—a receptacle for angels. You cannot conceive, it is hardly possible to believe, that an alteration so sudden and so perfect could have taken place. The change in my own spirit was marvellous. I felt as if I had been imprisoned from infancy, fettered for ages in a dreary dungeon; and that for the first moment in my life I walked about erect, in freedom and in light. My very features seemed to relax in the improved reviving atmosphere. My brow became unknit—my eye dilated and sparkled with awakened animation. I tripped from room to room, my unembarrassed foot scarcely conscious of the ground. In every nook was peace—over the entire dwelling was expanded the pacific and protecting wing of a heavenly and pure intelligence. All was intense tranquillity. Yes, it is true, one human being, darkening with his pernicious shadow a bright and spotless scene, makes paradise a pandemonium. Timid as the fawn are the gentle deities of the domestic hearth—a harsh word scares them, and makes a palace desolate. My mother and I walked from the vilage in which we dwelt to meet my brother at the market-town through which the coach passed, distant some four [illegible] from our home. It was a land[illegible]ment that we traversed—[illegible]

had re-assumed its pristine innocence and glory. It was so very fair! Hand in hand we went along—the smile crept from my mother's heart and ventured to her cheek. My grateful soul bounded with delight to give the stranger welcome—my tongue grew voluble—my spirit was drowned inundating mirth. It was a moment to have died; but Death is merciful, and bides his own good time. Eagerly I looked through the long street of the town for the arrival of the stage, but more eagerly my mother. Active and nimble were my eyes and feet—how much more hers? It was not long before we caught sight of his handsome face straining from the coach-window, at whose door we stood impatiently. He had grown very tall. For years I had not seen him. He had reached his sixteenth year, but he looked four years older. His features were noble and expressive. The character of the Spaniard was impressed upon them rather than that of the Englishman. His glossy jet-black hair hung loosely to his shoulders. His complexion was dark; his eye black, sharp, and penetrating. An aquiline nose gave to that eye a fiery keenness like unto the eagle's, and the glare was not always easy to endure. When he took his mother by the hand, and kissed her passionately in the public road, a crimson flush mounting to his eyes expressed the stroke that her sad and altered countenance had immediately inflicted on him; and, in truth, she was paler than ever, with the confluence of many feelings battling in her bosom. We returned to the parsonage together. He walked between us; one hand clasped lovingly my mother's—the other was around my waist. How much sorrow and trouble did I forget in the sweet consciousness of a brother's love!—a brother newly found, noble in form as he was affectionate and tender in disposition. How proud I was to be his sister! and how I listened to every word he uttered with the reverence and belief due to superior wisdom and intelligence! I asked him a hundred questions touching his pleasures and pursuits—causing interrogatory to tread upon the heel of answer, until the latter halted, hopeless to keep pace. The cares and the anxieties of adolescence melt before one ray of passing sunlight—not so the deep corroding woes of maturer life. With my brother I was gay and jocund, as though my couch from infancy had been a bed of roses—had never been disturbed by hard and prickly thorns. My dear mother wept as she proceeded, for the present happy moment only reminded her of the joy that she had lost. Frederick at first, all animation and excitement, was fluent and cheerful in his talk; but he watched his mother till her blanched cheek and tearful eye silenced his tongue, and carried heaviness to his heart. We arrived at our residence, and then my mother, remarking the depression of Frederick, assumed a cheerfulness that lacked serenity enough to cheat the shallowest observer. She smiled and spoke to him of his master Mr Percival, and enquired whether the quaint boy of whom he used to send in his long letters such humorous accounts still lived, and was still his chosen playmate. "You described him so cleverly, Frederick," said my mother, "I hope you are still good friends."

"How long is this to last, mother?" he said, speaking in return to her question, though not replying to it.

"What, child?" she asked.

"Your miserable way of life. It is shocking to behold you. Are you never to be released from your terrible situation? He will murder you."

My mother made no answer.

"I shall not return to school until something is done for your relief. The father of one of my schoolfellows is a lawyer, and he tells me that the law will help you."

My mother shook her head.

"Ah, but I know better!" he replied; "if for our sakes, if for Emma and me, you will have courage to state your grievances, they will not suffer you to be persecuted."

"The grave, Frederick, the grave," she said seriously, "is the only friend that can interpose between me and your father. It is in vain that I look nearer for help. The hand of the law is dull and sluggish when a weak woman would raise it on her behalf. Man is jealous of the rights of man. It is his right to use us as he pleases. He believes it is. We are not ignorant of the fact when we resign our liberty, and throw ourselves upon his

mercy. I have been unfortunate. It is not so with all."

"I will confront him," said Frederick, passionately, "and compel the tyrant to be merciful. It is my duty, and I will do it."

"No, you will not, Frederick," answered my mother calmly; "you will not forget the terms upon which this interview takes place—you will not forfeit your word—you will not break your mother's heart. All this you will do—and more than I dare think of, if you act so rashly. You do not require me to repeat now what I have said to you before a hundred times. You must not—*shall not* see your father. There is nothing to be done for me. I must bear the inevitable yoke. Heaven will give me strength; for I have prayed, and found it. There is one thing I cannot bear—it is the disobedience of my boy. Your dutiful affection has sustained me in the darkest hours of life. I have nothing to live for when that is taken from me."

It was with appeals of this nature that my mother checked every attempt on the part of my brother to remain at home until the return of his father. He implored her to grant him permission so to do. He promised sacredly that he would not be violent or upbraid his parent—that he would reason calmly with him—that he would speak respectfully and like a son—that he would be satisfied to secure for her an amicable separation, and peace for the future, without irritating him with references to the past. It was in vain. No eloquence could conquer her—no entreaty move her. She dreaded, with a horror that was not to be suppressed, an interview between father and son; and no pleading could alter her steadfast resolution to prevent it. Frederick remained four days with us. After the first evening he made no mention of his father. My mother put an end to his requests by telling him that it grieved and distressed her when he spoke of her wrongs, and that she should be much happier if he reverted to them no more. He was silent, and almost sullen from that time. Twenty little artifices did my mother play to rouse him to good-humour, and to satisfy him that she had spoken all in love, and not in anger. But her success was little. He sat at home from morning to night, moody and inactive, reading perhaps for half an hour—then holding the book upon his knee for as long a time—his eyes bent towards the ground—and his lips pressed hard and close together. When we had walked homeward after our first greeting, he promised me sweet country-walks and pastime on the road such as I had never heard of. He had learned botany, and he could tell me all the secrets of the little flowers, which were revealed but to a chosen few who loved to gossip with them in their lowly homes. All this he had forgotten. Air and exercise displeased him, and he scarcely passed the threshold until he took his melancholy leave of it, and journeyed back to school. I accompanied him to the market-town, and saw him safely on the coach.

"Emma," he said at parting, "mother must take her own course. I have obeyed her; I have not spoken to her again of father and his treatment, and I never will if I live a hundred years. In twelve months I am to leave school and to go abroad. I am glad of it; I wish to be away; I am quite satisfied now of one thing—mother loves father after all, and she cannot bear the thought of leaving him."

"Indeed you are mistaken, Frederick," I replied. "I know her better than you do. It is for us that she suffers every thing, and for your sake alone that she keeps you from that wicked man."

"Well, I don't see it," he said recklessly, "and I don't care. Good-by, Emma. I wish I was dead, for I am tired of my life."

"Don't talk so, Frederick," I answered. "What shall I do if mother is taken from us? I couldn't live with *him* an hour. I shall be thrown on the world."

"No, no, Emma—not whilst I live. Don't mind what I say when I am irritated. I am very irritable. You shall find me an affectionate brother. I shall write to you directly I get to school, and oftener than I have done of late."

"Oh, and do write to mother too, Frederick; it will make her so happy! She thinks you have gone away angry with her."

"Give her that kiss, Emma, and tell her it is no such thing. And take that for yourself. Here comes the

coach—God bless you, dear!—good-by." So he departed.

On the evening of the same day, my father returned to the parsonage. His affairs had been arranged in London sooner than he anticipated. Gloom pervaded once more the habitation, but we thanked heaven that the safety of Frederick was provided for. It would be tedious and offensive to prosecute in detail the narrative of this wretched man. The history of one day in the career of the drunkard, is the history of his life. A circumstance at this period it is necessary, however, to notice. Fretted and agitated by the violence of his demeanour on one occasion, I was unable to repress my swelling anger; and I spoke to him, in the bitterness of my heart, as I had never ventured to address him in my life before. My words astounded him for the moment; and they were so far useful to my mother, for they deprived her of his undivided abuse. He glared sottishly at me for an instant, and then, raving at the top of his voice, vowed he hated me as he had never hated any earthly creature, and that he should live to behold me dropping a corpse before his very feet. This prophecy did not frighten me. It was his hourly amusement to predict some terrible calamity, which would involve his wife and children in irreparable ruin. To-day he would tell my mother that he had dreamed her boy had been attacked and murdered. To-morrow he would fix a time when she was destined to follow her daughter to the grave; and the next day, with an unmeaning look of mystery, he would tell her to beware of him in such a month, for he had an awful mission to perform, and must fulfil it. Every new denouncement carried terror to my mother's breast; one after another burst like bubbles in the air, but the latest shook her fragile frame as powerfully as the first. This the inhuman man well knew, and knowing it pursued the system, gloating at his success. I laughed at his prediction; but from that well-remembered evening, he marked me for his victim. He could not suffer me in his sight, nor did he permit me to be out of it. The foulest epithets were associated with my name. Expressions which I had never heard, and whose signification I did not understand, and on enquiry learnt only to become more ignorant and perplexed, were, without provocation, heaped upon me; oath after oath was fulminated on my head; and I have stood trembling and aghast, listening to my father, wondering why the lightning that destroyed the fruitful and the goodly tree, did not strike dead the *man* that mocked his Maker, sported with His holy name, and laughed to scorn His solemn precepts and commandments. Fresh trouble came upon my mother in consequence of the new direction of my father's hatred. Whilst she had been the only object of his violence and savage humour, the blows had fallen silently upon her, and the anguish they elicited had been borne without a murmur. You might read her history in the lines that sorrow, in spite of her, had traced upon her pallid face—and but for these, the patient martyr might have passed into her grave unsuspected of a pang. It was not so when her child was doomed to share her punishment. She saw me pining beneath the blight of an unnatural malignity. She beheld precocious hatred—impious passion, swelling my unripe cheek, staining my ill-instructed tongue; and nature constrained from the *mother* the wailings that had been overpowered and stifled in the wife. She wept, she remonstrated, she begged, she upbraided; but the new instrument of torture worked well, too well for the employer to surrender it so easily. Night after night passed in loud distracting brawls. It had become impossible to escape from persecution. Until now I had been spared the *sight* of his ferocious violence. I had heard all, but seen little. My mother took care to banish me from the scene of her misery, but not the less on that account did I pass the long and weary hours of the night at her chamber-door, shaking with fear, and expecting every moment to hear her dying accents. Never did I forsake my guard until stupefaction had wrought upon the intoxicated man, and all was silence in the house—all but the victim's heavy sighs, or, it might be, her prayers choked by her hot, heart-rending tears. I had found it impossible to sleep until I could carry to my bed the assurance that murder had not been committed. I had made the attempt many times; but before my head was on the pillow, a slight noise, real or imaginary, brought me to my feet

again, and sent me tremulous and apprehensive to their bed-room. For countless nights I stood before the door, a lone and wakeful sentinel. The early summer sun has found me on my watch; the winter's howling wind and dropping snow have been my long and cheerless visitants. I was glad of my privilege and grateful to enjoy it, whilst she was ignorant of my occupation. I do not think I could have borne the sight of half her sufferings. I endured to hear them, deeming my proximity a guarantee for her safety and defence. This advantage was soon denied me. He followed me whithersoever I went. He lighted a fire in my bed-room, quaffed his liquor there, and, between the draughts, railed and raged at me, until the same expressions, repeated and repeated, fretted the mind almost to madness. If I ran from him, he pursued me. If I stood still and silent, he goaded till I answered. If I spoke, he stormed and foamed until I held my peace. The persecution was intolerable. I sank beneath it, and my poor mother, in her agony, looked around to find for her second-born a second place of refuge. In the meanwhile my father still performed the duties of his office. Flagrant as were his proceedings, they were not known to their full extent beyond his own house. Few persons in the straggling parish in which we were located, visited us. Whispers could not fail to be abroad, but they were indistinct, and the people were not curious. Besides, my father was a *generous* man —generous as the word is understood in the refined vocabulary of the world. Hodge, the ploughman, "had never seen the parson's equal. Wet or dry, if ever he met Mr Harrington, he was as friendly as could be, and nothing short of a quart had he ever offered him." There was not a labourer who had not profited by such questionable charity, and who was not ready, by day and by night, to do the clergyman good service. The innkeepers were satisfied that "the parish had got just the man it wanted, and that the Church would never be in danger whilst it had such clergymen for props;" and the most censorious in the parish could only say, "that Mr Harrington was no enemy to his bottle, and was, in other respects, a very jolly parson." Now and then a tale would find its way from the parsonage into the village, but so strangely altered as to be no longer recognised by the subjects of it; and, at such times, my mother fared but poorly in the estimate of the parishioners. "She was to blame for answering my father; he was warm-tempered, but very good at heart; he had much to vex and worry him—a sullen daughter at home, and a wild scapegrace son exiled from the house. His wife should think of this, and not cross him when he was ill at ease." These were a few of the remarks appended to each story, as accident or my father's tongue—for he was cunning as well as vicious, and could find advantage in being the bearer of his own disgrace—carried it from our dwelling through the village. To all this it must be added, that, although he was never actually sober, it could not be averred that he was always inebriated. During the earlier hours of the day he was thoroughly master of himself, and with his grave and serious aspect might have challenged your closest scrutiny. His constitution was naturally very strong, and his system did not yield without a struggle to the inroads of the poison. It had become necessary to his existence to gratify, in every hour of waking life, the morbid cravings of his appetite. With the earliest blush of day, a draught that would have been a dangerous stimulant to others, was swallowed to soothe and tranquillize his frame. Dram was added to dram with fearful frequency, but without any visible effect until late in the afternoon; but then he had already shut himself up from the world, and the horrors of drunkenness were exhibited only to those of whom he had no fear, and who had no power to resist or avoid the cruelty that eternally accompanied it. Remembering how a neglect of his former duties, or rather a profanation of them, had caused his removal from his first cure, he took pains to discharge to the very letter the obligations of his calling. He never absented himself from the pulpit; he never approached it helpless from intemperance. The task did not call for much self-denial. Service was *performed* but one day in the week, and but once on that day. For visiting his flock, the majority of his congregation were boon companions, and he was a welcome guest at all times. I have said enough to account

for my mother's isolated, pitiable condition, to explain the cold neglect that she experienced, and to move you with compassion for her undeserved and cruel fate. She found neither help nor consolation in man. She had not asked it. She turned her thoughts and aspirations heavenward. *There* they were fixed henceforward—there they were occupied securing a resting-place for the bruised spirit that longed for its own bright, peaceful home.

Let me not forget to say, that, besides my mother and myself, there was another individual who had borne testimony to my father's mode of life. This was no other than his own clerk—old Adam, of whom you have heard me speak oftener than once. He was upwards of seventy years of age when we first knew him—a rare old man, primitive in his habits, simple as a child. He was devoted to the Church of England, to his parish, to the parish church, and to the church's minister. He honoured and revered them all. They were the most important things in life—the only things—life itself. A flaw in any one came not within the circumference of his belief. They were infallible all. He had never travelled further than five miles beyond the vestry-door. Bible and prayer-book were his only library; the school and little children, his choicest occupation and best friends. I loved him dearly, and looked upon him as the wisest and the best of men. My father considered him an idiot and a fool, unworthy of notice, and did not hesitate to act before him precisely as if no one had been present. Old Adam was a spectator during one of his wildest fits, and believed that the last judgment was approaching, and the world hastening to its close. The scene was repeated, and the old man hobbled away, flustered and confounded. For a third time it was his lot to witness his superior's degradation; and he stood before him, unable to move and to speak, silently weeping. It was with good Adam that my mother made her last effort to attach to herself a friend and comforter. He passed much of his time in the little churchyard, keeping it in trim, good order, and busy with the trees and flowers which he had planted and tended for some years around and about the last dwelling-place of his ever-respected friends. He had a sincere regard for his mistress, and he pitied her distresses; but his veneration for the Church and her minister had been too great to allow one syllable of disrespect to escape him against the Reverend Mr Harrington. So it was when we accosted him in his usual haunt, and my mother spoke to him in confidence respecting her wrongs.

"I have long ceased, Adam," she said, "to think for myself; but I cannot be insensible to my poor girl's sufferings. I owe it to her to take some steps for our release."

"Oh, madam," he replied, "think of Mother Church—think of the scandal and the shame! I wouldn't have matters known to be made clerk of the cathedral itself. We should make wounds that we could never heal, if we were to preach for ever afterwards. People are so much more apt to find fault with what the clergyman does ill, than to follow what he says well. Folks who read little are very foolish; and if a cobbler is hanged for murder—as Anthony Potts was in the town yonder—they'll tell you that cobbling is a wicked trade, quite unnecessary, and ought to be abolished. So it is, madam, with a mender of souls. The cloth suffers more than the man. Be merciful, good lady, with Mother Church."

"Am I not justified in an appeal to the world? Does not my child demand it?"

"I must own," said Adam, "Mr Harrington *is* a little comical at times. But don't you think it is his way. He means nothing. Couldn't something be done mildly, so as to keep the unfortunate business snug and quiet?"

"Quiet, Adam! Do you imagine that it is not the common topic of the village?—that it is not known to every creature in the place?"

"I am sure it isn't, madam," he replied, "for I have taken too much thought of that myself. I have silenced all complaints. I am a member of the Establishment, and heaven forgive me if I have gone a little to the left in doing a member's duty. I have said all you could have wished me—even hinted—may I be pardoned for it—that he was delicate and weakly, and liable to attacks—that he drank very little for the stomach's sake, and, unfortunately, the least drop proved

too much for him. I have said he was a man of troubles, and easily excited—and that the anxiety he felt for a rebel boy at school made him at times not conscious of his doings. The people have pitied him. You could not have shown more sorrow for him yourself than they have done—and only think what a load of reproach the Church has escaped, to say nothing of her ministering servants!"

"You have been much mistaken, Adam," sighed my mother.

"I have endeavoured not to mistake my duty, dear lady, and I trust I have done no more than that. It is hard for me to say 'bear without repining;' but if you will do so for the sake of the Church, whose child you are, verily you shall have your reward. It cannot last for ever. We have, all of us, our trials, and none may be perfectly happy here. 'Earthly trouble,' as the hymn beautifully says—

> 'Earthly trouble is the thong
> To lash us all the saints among.'

Do not take Mr Harrington's foible so much to heart. Let him have his way, and—might I venture without offence to say it?—do not answer him; leave him when he is angry, and let pretty Miss Emma go away too; for the sight of one child may, in his dark moments, remind him of another who does not deserve so well of him. Pardon me, madam, if I have said too much."

It was with simple Adam as with the rest. He did not in his heart, for he could not, as many did, look upon my mother as the source of all our wretchedness; but much, he believed, might have been avoided by a more prudent mode of treatment. Alas! it was a prudence that she would gladly have acquired—but where was she to learn it? Who could teach the lesson that was to save the lamb from the knife of the slayer?

Friendless abroad—pursued with untiring barbarity at home—impaired and wasted by bodily suffering and long anxiety on my account, God at length had mercy on his child, and took her to himself. Her illness was of short duration. She died. Be satisfied that I state the fact. The horrible scene is never to be recorded. It was a winter's morning—three o'clock had just struck. It was bitter cold. I had excluded my father violently from the chamber of death, in which the clammy clay-cold moisture of mortality was already rising. He struck at the door, stamped, stormed—called her a hundred hideous names—swore——I cannot proceed. The sacrifice was accomplished. The gasping sufferer gave me her last look—fonder and fonder it grew, as it retreated from the world—she pressed my hand, and whispered, "*He has killed me!*" The whisper was drowned in the ravings of the drunkard, who had yet to be conscious of his victory, yes, his victory—for my poor mother was a corpse.

Mr Clayton had reached this point in the melancholy narrative, when a sharp knocking at our door startled us both. A man entered the room in haste, and out of breath, enquiring for Mr Stukely. He had been sent from the infirmary. A patient, exceedingly ill, had requested to see me whilst he was still able to make himself understood. The messenger did not know the name of the individual, nor how he had become acquainted with my present abode. He had received his instructions from the hall porter, and he thought he had heard that functionary say that the patient was an aged person; but of this he would not be quite sure. Puzzled and wondering, I turned to Mr Clayton. There was no time for delay, and he recommended my immediate departure. Stopping the history of poor Emma for the present, I accordingly set off—and the messenger, wiping the heavy perspiration from his brow, followed immediately.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.—MICHELET.

Part II.

Charlemagne.

Charlemagne,* who, in the space of his own lifetime, raised an empire as vast as the Romans in six or seven centuries had conquered, and who civilized barbarians by the aid only of barbarians—Charlemagne, claimed by the Church as a saint, by the Germans as their fellow-countrymen, by the Italians as their emperor—will be found to stand at the very head and source of modern history. Every thing appears to date from him. To him the Church traces her wealth; in him letters find their earliest patron, and the new order of society its first legislator.

In some such strain as this, Sismondi opens the history of this German emperor of the western world. But as we turn over the pages of the historian, lo! this vast empire perishes almost with the life of its founder—its territory is dismembered—its institutions fall—the coming dawn recedes, and instead of the light of civilization, it is the darkness of feudal barbarism that thickens upon us.

Many have been the lamentations uttered over the shortlived splendours of the reign of Charlemagne. This cry of lamentation has been one of the common places of history. Now there is one point of view in which we wish to place the reign and conquests of this famous emperor, which may somewhat pacify these rhetorical regrets—and M. Guizot shall be here our guide. Is it true, we ask, that a reign so magnificent, so full of vigour and of power, had no beneficial, no permanent result? Was Charlemagne one of those children of glory who appear but to astonish, and who, after all their enterprizes, are but a dreadful scourge to their enemies, and to their own countrymen an unprofitable boast? Of him who revived the Western Empire, shall we say this only—that he took the faded purple and dyed it again in blood? From all his conquests, all his great designs, did nothing follow?

Hardly so—and yet it is in that part of his history which pleases the reader least, that we shall find the most valuable results of his power. Every one remembers those terrible wars with the Saxons—those burnings and slaughters, followed by those comprehensive baptisms, in one of which 30,000 converts were at once received into the Christian church. Those wars with the Saxons—those also with the Lombards—those again with the Arabs—those campaigns on the Elbe, and the Pyrenees—they were called for by a strong necessity of the times, and they left behind them a great and durable result.

Charlemagne, after subjecting the still restless inhabitants of his own territory, found himself pressed by hostile nations on all his frontiers. On the north-east, along the Rhine and the Danube, he was threatened by fresh German tribes—Saxons, Sclavonians, and others; on the south by the Arabs, who had spread themselves over the opposite coasts of the Mediterranean. A twofold invasion hung over his realms, just emerging as they were from that barbarian deposit which had been so amply thrown upon them. Charlemagne rallied together all the inhabitants of his territory, Roman and German, Gaul and Frank, against these new assailants. His wars were essentially defensive. Nor were they the less defensive because they assumed an offensive form.

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* The name of Charlemagne is not, M. Thierry tells us, a translation of Carolus Magnus, Charles the Great, but a corruption of the German name *Carloman*, or more properly *Karl-mann*, which signifies *Strong man*. He also objects, and with reason, to the name Carlovingian given to the second dynasty of French kings. There is no *v* in the German Karl, nor in the Latin Carolus, and Carlovingian has evidently been manufactured merely to jingle with Merovingian. If Meroveus gives Merovingian, Carolus ought to give Carolingian.

As the republic of Rome had no means of permanently securing itself from invasion on the side of Gaul but by conquering and civilizing that country, (the task which Cæsar undertook and accomplished,) so Charlemagne had no hope of establishing peace on his own frontier but by subjecting and christening the Saxons. The bishoprics he planted amongst them were his advanced posts of civilization; they were to him what the municipality had been to the Romans. He, in short, arrested—he rolled back the tide of invasion; in the north he repelled the Pagan, on the south the Mahometan; France was not to be a highway for the Saxon on the one side, and the Arab on the other.

Now, soon after the death of Charlemagne, his empire and his institutions disappear; but, did he accomplish nothing?—did he found nothing? We give the answer in the words of M. Guizot. "Charlemagne, in fact, founded all these states that rose on the dismemberment of his empire. His conquests entered into smaller combinations, but to him they owed the permanence of the new forms they assumed. That restless, fluctuating population, careless of all boundaries, wandering, pillaging, conquering, which had for a long time overrun the greatest part of Europe, was made stationary. His was the trident that smote the moving mass, and fixed it. After the time of Charlemagne, boundaries become defined—frontiers grow visible—states and politics claim a distinct and durable place upon the map of Europe."

This, then, was the great task that Charlemagne performed: he procured, for the many nations he governed, the first requisite of national existence, the secure possession of a recognised territory. But it was beyond his power to unite this multitude of various races under one permanent government; and we see them breaking off into divisions, which were regulated very much according to the several stocks from which the people had originally sprung.

The Reign of Feudalism.

Amongst the grandsons of Charlemagne the empire was formally divided; and on the occasion of this division—in the oath which was taken by Louis and Charles before their respective armies—we have the earliest specimen of the new language, the French tongue, then called *Romance*. And so far as a language of its own distinguishes a people, we have the first historical appearance of the French.

The dismemberment of the empire did not stop here; France not only separated from Germany, it continued to subdivide into principalities and dukedoms. Feudalism enters fully on the scene. And now Hugh Capet ascends the throne; a man, be it noted, of the new race—not a Frank nor a German, as little to be called a Gaul—in fact, a Frenchman. But, indeed, it is not Hugh Capet—it is feudalism, that ascends the throne. From the founder of the Capetian dynasty to the reign of Philip Augustus, a period of two hundred and forty years, there is, properly speaking, no King of France; there is a title merely, a great but dormant claim. The history of the country is to be pursued in the several histories of the dukedoms and counties into which the territory is divided.

M. Michelet is nowhere more at home than when he is describing the men, and manners, and tone of thought, of this darkest portion of the middle ages; this period distinguished by its great feudal chiefs, its chivalry, its crusades, its princely bishops, its devoted monks; a period of inexhaustible interest, which the more we examine it, presents to us the greater variety of aspects—some most harsh and prosaic, some like fable realized; a period which affords so much material for romance, and so much of dry perplexity for the antiquarian, or him who would thoroughly understand it. No such ambition is at present ours; we shall merely survey it for a moment, after the manner of our author, who delights to portray the strongly-marked characters of the scene, and then pass on to some remarks connected with the revival of the monarchy, and the union or *integration* of the kingdom of France.

The knights we have fallen amongst are certainly no common warriors. Earth never bore such weight of

metal as these men press her with. They have encased themselves in steel, they are moving fortresses, and they bear about tremendous weapons of assault, such as would serve to smite one of their own stone towers, could it walk down from the hill on which they have built it to do battle with them. A spear like a battering-ram—an axe would fell an oak. No wonder the romance writers are dealing in such awful fictions, when the reality itself is so terrific. There is a great breach in the Pyrenees, standing in which the traveller may see Saragossa upon the one side and Toulouse upon the other. You think some earthquake rent the mountain. No such thing. The brave Roland made it with one blow of his sword; though some precise and timid spirits, with superfluous anxiety not to exaggerate, say that it took *two* blows of his good sword, Durandal, to inflict this gash on the Pyrenees. To bear about this steel fortress, and wield these tremendous weapons—it was the discipline of a life. Learn to write, forsooth! How could a man do that whose horny hand was to be grasping his battle-axe! Pens and books! He must be in the tilt-yard practising like a pavier. But then when all is done, and this burnished knight is riveted up and well planted on his saddle, something has indeed been accomplished. This one man is worth a hundred. A host of ordinary mortals may hack and hammer as they please—he is safe in his own iron shell, and his huge arm is working like an engine at their destruction. Imagine a man born invulnerable, and conceive the influence this would have upon his character. Well, this knight is all but invulnerable, and what an insolent bravery does he assume!—what a contempt does he feel, this man of iron, for creatures of mere flesh and blood! He has the vices of the strong man in perfection—he has the virtues too. Nevertheless, if that steel breast-plate of his had not been struck through by the beauty of woman, against whom all the hammering in the world could not make it proof—there would have been no hope for him. It was as much as she could do, with the Church to help her, to keep him in any tolerable humour.

From the heroes of the sword turn to the heroes of the cowl—for the monk in his cell has oftentimes a most heroic piety. What complete self-sacrifice! What profound humility! What unwearied suffering! The world, says our historian, seems a second time to be redeemed by the passion of these holy men. Certainly they conquered it by their agony. A St Bernard rules kings and princes from his cell—yet he does not care to rule; he might be archbishop, he might be pope—he pants only for his life of sorrow and self-denial, solitude and prayer. From adoring multitudes whom his eloquence has made docile as a child—from sovereigns who court him—from councils of the Church who would honour him—he returns to his barren, narrow, naked cell, as if it were the sole abode of felicity.

But over all this France in the 12th century, with some few bright spots of exception—over sceptre and crozier, over crowned head and beggar—what a thick night of ignorance prevails! If a man have knowledge more than his neighbours, be assured it is sorcery—so *strange a thing* is knowledge! Art magic has an irresistible fascination in these days. No doubt the Evil One walks in bodily presence upon the earth. He, too, can *hear the heart*. He will give you gold, give you knowledge, give what you sigh for, but—oh! cruel temptation in a world where we want so much and want so keenly!—he will take nothing of you in exchange but your miserable souls. And then that Jew! What means the scoffing Hebrew stealing about in a land of Christians? The unclean man, homeless, persecuted, yet ever prosperous—he brings the plague upon the people of Christendom! It is because of him we have the pestilence and the famine—he has poisoned all the rivers of France—he has murdered our children! Stone him!—stone him! Did he not kill our Saviour?—he, that bearded Jew—he or another—it is all one—stone him!—banish them all!—pillage at all events, and at all times.

And the Crusades are going on. Some have made it matter of marvel that these expeditions were undertaken; we should wonder if they had not been. What! at a time when the relics of any ordinary saint wrought miracles, and was by the multitude profoundly worshipped, was the chief of all relics, the tomb of Christ itself, to be left in the hands of the infidel? The thought was intolerable. France felt it to her very heart. She sent forth all her chivalry—her very popu-

lace are in a fever. Her shepherds, her pastoral people, will have a crusade of their own; they are persuaded that Heaven will grant to their simplicity what it has denied to the too self-relying bravery of the knights of France.

But the most extraordinary scene of this description was a crusade of *children*—for an account of which we will turn to the pages of Sismondi. "While the minds of men," he writes, "were in this state of fermentation, (produced by the frequent preaching of the crusades,) there appeared a young lad, surrounded by children of his own age, chanting a prayer for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, which recovery, it was implied, was reserved for the pure hands and the pure hearts of children. In those days, whatever was extraordinary was miraculous. This young lad, carried in a car, clothed in a rich mantle, surrounded by a number of children armed with swords, was looked on as a prophet, as one inspired; and, as he directed his course to the Mediterranean, all the children of the provinces through which he passed ran to join him. No one ventured to oppose the pious enthusiasm. Mothers saw their children desert them; they endeavoured to restrain and withhold their offspring, but the bystanders refused to assist their efforts, and the children broke from their arms. Meanwhile, the towns were not large enough to receive and lodge this multitude of children, who, conducted by chance, and living on charity, lost every day hundreds of their number. The loss was supplied by fresh accessions. At length, arriving at the coast, they embarked, all that could; and, trusting for their navigation entirely to celestial aid, they all of them perished in the waves. Some rate the loss altogether of these children-crusaders at 90,000. "It was then discovered," adds the historian, "that that lad sitting on a car, in a rich mantle, was *not* a prophet, but plainly one inspired by the devil."

The crusades were indeed a universal passion, and to set forth against the infidel became an established mode of devotion. This addition to the ritual of Christians, whatever other results it may have had, certainly did not tend to allay the ferocity of a semi-barbarous age. A thirst for Pagan blood seemed to take possession of the heart of Christendom; to obtain Jerusalem itself became, as the crusades proceeded, a secondary object to the slaughter of the infidel. Our Richard I. might have obtained possession, so writes M. Michelet, of the Holy City and its Sepulchre, could he have foregone the pleasure, or sacrificed the duty, of putting the Saracens to the sword. The town was at one time offered to him, on condition of mercy to its infidel defenders—a condition it was impossible for so good a crusader to comply with.

Revival of the Monarchy.

When Philip Augustus (who, by the way, received this name of Augustus for the simple reason that he was born in the month of August) came to the throne, about five departments of modern France, situated on the Seine and the Loire, constituted the royal territory. Even within this domain, which measured no more than thirty leagues from east to west, and forty from north to south, there were several seigneurs or barons who were with difficulty constrained to observe the least measure of obedience. Louis le Gros, or the 6th, between whom and Philip there intervened only the reign of Louis the Young, was perpetually at war with these his refractory vassals; as the names of Montl'hery, De Coucy, and Montmorency, will, to many of our readers, immediately recall to mind. That king could not travel without an army from his good town of Paris to his good town of Orleans. Bordering on this royal domain were such neighbours as Flanders, which equalled it in extent, and far surpassed it in population and riches—as Champagne, which covered the space of six departments—as Anjou, Normandy, Brittany, each alone capable of rivalling the royal territory, and some of them held by a King of England. Three great feudal principalities, Lorraine, Burgundy, and Provence, did not even pay the barren currency of homage to the crown of France, being held of the emperor of Germany; and the entire south, from the Loire to the Pyrenees, was in reality quite independent of the sovereign power that had its seat at P

The king, however, had his great *right*—a right traced up to Charlemagne—which, if it did not govern, may be said to have overshadowed, France. At a time when the nobles were the least under royal control, the proud counts of Anjou, so distinguished for their valour and ambition, claimed to be seneschals of the king, and on days of high ceremonial might have been seen carrying in the first dish to the royal table—asserting, as an honour, a menial service rendered to one whose military power they might have disputed in the field. With such a right as this, and with such prerogatives as feudalism itself brought to the crown, it was evident that an accession of territory, an increase in the number of vassals whose services he could command, was all that the King of France needed to render him an absolute monarch. Philip Augustus, as is well known, more than doubled his royal territory, by wresting from our John the provinces of Normandy, Anjou, and Maine.

This passage of history is familiar to every one, and yet there are circumstances connected with it, and certain feudal doctrines involved in the transaction, which may render our reference to it, as related in the pages of Michelet, not unacceptable.

Philip undoubtedly seized upon these provinces because he was in reality at that time the stronger of the two. John was so little beloved in his continental states, that he could only have maintained them by the aid of mercenary troops, and he was so hampered by debt that he could not stir in their defence. With all his vices—wrong-headed as he was, and devoted to pleasure—John was not a coward; he would have fought for his possessions could he have obtained troops. But though Philip made his conquest by the usual right of the strongest, yet the justification or plea on which he proceeded was of a legal character, and strictly feudal. John, as Duke of Normandy, was a vassal of the crown of France. Philip summoned him before the twelve great peers of France, to take his trial for the murder of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany, who also was a feudatory of the same crown. Philip assumed to try our King John for his crime, in the same manner as a subject in any one kingdom would be tried for a murder he had committed. Neither did John absolutely refuse to appear before the court to take his trial; but sent his ambassador, his herald, to demand a safe conduct. "He may come hither in peace and safety," said the French king. "But may he also *return?*" asked the courteous herald. "That," replied Philip, "will depend on the sentence of his peers." It was not likely, whatever might be the strict doctrine of feudalism, that John would put himself completely in the power of his adversary; nor would his English councillors have allowed their king, in his capacity of Duke of Normandy, to be thus entirely converted into a subject of France. On his not appearing, the peers found him guilty of the murder; his fiefs were forfeited by the felony; they re-invested in the lord paramount, and Philip proceeded to execute the sentence of the court.

These twelve great peers of France are worth a notice. They were at this time traced to Charlemagne, and believed to be an institution of that emperor. They were, in fact, the invention of the romance writers—as pure inventions as Prince Arthur's knights of the Round Table—and they had been limited to *twelve*, to preserve some fanciful analogy with the twelve apostles. But history and romance in those days were easily confounded; and though a mere fiction in its origin, it became an institution of the kingdom by reason of the belief that it *had been*. It was thus transplanted from the region of romance to the sober territory of constitutional law; a curious instance of a merely fabulous institution working out for itself, in process of time, a veritable existence—of that which began in romance ending in history.

But there occurred, in the reign of Philip, another event, which promoted the power of the throne even more, perhaps, than the acquisition of Normandy and other provinces from John. This was the

Crusade against the Albigenses.

This event M. Michelet has put in a new light, deriving from it a favourable consequence, which saves us the pain of seeing nothing but evil in

what certainly is one of the blackest pages of history. His narrative, too, is full of spirit. We shall endeavour, within a few paragraphs, to compress the most striking points of it.

The south of France, the country bordering on the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, possessed at this time, as our readers are well aware, a language and a literature of its own; it was much in advance of the France of Paris and the Seine in civilization; it looked with contempt, not unmingled, however, with some fear, upon the north, which was braver and more warlike, in the same proportion as it had less cultivated the arts of peace. During the existence of the Roman empire, the south of Gaul was one of the wealthiest and most enviable of its provinces; and for many centuries after the invasion of the barbarians, it still retained something of its former celebrity. Its fleets still cruised over the Mediterranean; its towns were still gay with the wealth of commerce and the intercourse of the stranger; it had refined its language and its manners—the last of which had grown lax as well as polished; it had not only cultivated poetry, but had made advancement in the art of government, as the free constitution of Toulouse would bear witness. But the cold wind of the north was to sweep over this fair region: it blew, indeed, a perfect hurricane—it swept away its civilization, its language, and its government; and the south of France was thereafter to receive a language, a literature, and a government, from the north.

There was a strange medley in this south of France, in this Languedoc and Provence, which somewhat baffles the imagination. Here was the seat of the courts of love—courts where a fair countess could gravely decide and promulgate, with all the due formality of a judicial sentence, that between married people, whatever good understanding might exist, there could be no such thing as *love*. The bond forbade it. If, indeed, a divorce should take place between the parties, and the lady should marry again, it was, after learned argument, and by another fair countess, decided, that the *quondam* husband might then be admitted as a lover. It was his only chance, after having once entered the pale of matrimony. Bad law, fair countesses! Though we have not practised in the courts of love, we pronounce your decisions to be bad law. For that tender sentiment of which question is here made, involves, at all events, the *intention* of constancy—of, indeed, an eternal constancy; so that the bond of marriage cannot be inimical to it, seeing that it breathes nothing but the desire of the strictest possible bondage. Matrimony cannot be the death of love, though love may possibly die out in matrimony. It is a case, as the logicians would say, not of *propter hoc*, but simply *post hoc*. Well, in this same south, where the courts of love are sitting and issuing such decrees as these, there have grown up religious sects, some of them of the wildest mysticism, and all of them apparently animated with that terrible enthusiasm which courts martyrdom as the greatest of blessings. They throw themselves in crowds upon the flames which their persecutors have lit for them, and burn with the same incredible joy which we are told their enemies took in witnessing their destruction.

Heresies of every shade seem to have crept into this beautiful region. Some had been imported from the East, some had grown up from native boldness of enquiry. There was the Gnostic heresy, and the Manichæan—and there were the Vaudois, who mainly resembled the Reformers of the sixteenth century. Under the name of Albigenses—a name taken merely from a place, a village, or a town—were confounded together a number of sects, evidently of the most opposite character; some of the tenets ascribed to them reminding us of the Anabaptists of Munster, others of the modern and harmless Quaker. We must not too nearly assimilate these opponents of the Romish church to those who seceded from it at a later age. Amongst them were opinions which all existing churches contemplate with equal abhorrence. One very bold opinion deserves to be particularized, because if it were as prevalent as our author describes it to have been, (though we doubt whether on sufficient foundation,) it would have decided the character of the reformation, if a reformation had at this time been permitted. The Manichæans believed in two rival powers, [illegible] eternal, a Good and an Evil [illegible] who divide the universe between [illegible] and in portioning all things be[illegible]

these two rival spirits, they had made a division even of the sacred Scriptures. They assigned the Old Testament to the Evil Power, the New to the Good; of course they rejected the former, and adopted only the latter. It is said that this rejection of the Old Testament was a prevalent heresy in Languedoc.

In one thing, however, all these various sects concurred—in their hostility to the Church of Rome. This hostility had spread over all Provence and Languedoc, and amongst all orders of the people. The religious had sought other teachers, and the irreligious had openly thrown off the authority of its priests. A priest was an object of general contempt, or of still stronger feelings of aversion; the tonsure exposed its wearer to ridicule; the property of the Church, which must ultimately rest for its security on the faith of the people, was in imminent danger; a rival hierarchy was about to be instituted; one synod of its bishops had already been convened; in fine, a great spiritual rebellion had broken out.

Now the knights of the north of France were in the full ardour of the crusades—burning with fiercest orthodoxy—and were quite as willing to save their souls by the destruction of the heretic, as the slaughter of the infidel. The battle, too, was nearer home, and there were forfeited lands and lordships to be acquired. The Church had not to look far for a champion; one word was sufficient to precipitate upon this devoted Languedoc all the crusading spirit, the bigotry, the cupidity, the military passion, of the North.

Pope Innocent gave that word. Innocent had been bred a jurist. Severe, and of indomitable resolution, whatever the high law he administered pronounced—whatever his great government required—he was not the man to shrink from executing. He sat on the papal throne at a time when the most exorbitant ideas prevailed of the power and pre-eminence of that spiritual monarchy he was called upon to administer. On him rested, as he deemed, the government of the Christian world; he was responsible—he, that man!—for the faith of Christendom — responsible even for its future course and character. Woe to him, if any of the nations committed to his charge should wander from the true path, whilst he had the power to restrain them! This great magistrate of the faith, looking from his supreme elevation, beheld the south of France in open, undisguised, uncompromising rebellion. He issued his edict for its suppression. He found without difficulty a Simon de Montfort and a St Dominic to carry his decree into execution.

That Dominic, whose name is for ever associated with the horrors of the Inquisition, was himself no inhuman, hard-hearted monster; when he was a student, and a famine raged in the town, he sold every thing he had, even his books, to relieve the distress of the poor: he only killed the body to save the soul. As to De Montfort, he was, according to our reading of his character, a coarse, brutal fanatic—believing, doubtless, in the sacredness of his mission, and for that very reason mingling with it the more unscrupulously (as ordinary fanatics invariably do) his own projects of personal ambition, and the gratification of his own sanguinary passions.

On both sides, it must be allowed that fanaticism raged high; on both sides martyrdom was given and received with the greatest alacrity. In a castle near the town of Barbonne, some Albigenses had taken refuge. They were besieged; their stronghold was no longer tenable; and the legate of the Pope offered life to such of them as would abjure their errors. A knight crusader, who heard this offer made, was indignant that his just and pious revenge upon the obstinate heretics should be thus disappointed. "You need not fear," said the legate, pacifying the soldier; "you need not fear—very few of them will be converted." The whole of them, men and women, to the number of 140, ran to the pile that had been prepared for them, and threw themselves upon the flames.

In a cottage by the road-side, four Dominican monks were engaged in their devotions. A troop of armed Albigenses approached, and entered the cottage. The kneeling Dominicans heard their steps—they did not rise—they extended their necks to receive the blow of death, with the same readiness, and the same placidity, as if it had been the holy sacrament. Martyrdom was, indeed, a sacrament—and of undoubted efficacy—with all parties, to open the gates of heaven.

But we pass by the details of the war, the sieges of Carcassonne and Begiers, and how 20,000 in one, and 10,000 in the other, were put to the sword. The country, in fine, was conquered, and treated in every respect as a conquered country. Simon de Montfort took to himself the spoils of the unfortunate Raymond, count of Toulouse. He styled himself Count of Toulouse and Marquis of Provence. But on his death, which occurred soon after, his son relinquished his rights in favour of Philip Augustus. Several of the southern counts, also, put themselves under the protection of the same king. The crown of France was, therefore, the ultimate gainer by the crusade. When Philip had embarked for the Holy Land, there was not a port on the Mediterranean to receive him as a sovereign, or even as a friend; the shores of the Mediterranean were henceforth bound for ever to the crown of France. The precocious literature and civilization of the south were destroyed—the north was triumphant—France was to be one—letters, manners, government, were to find their seat and model at Paris.

And Pope Innocent also triumphed. The spiritual rebellion was suppressed. But it was for him a melancholy triumph, and such he felt it. So many men and women had been killed, so many towns razed, so much injustice had been done by the selfish instruments he was compelled to employ, that he felt shaken, it is said—firm man as he was—in his confidence in the part he had adopted. Doubts are said to have distressed him in his old age. He had sacrificed humanity to a sense of duty, to a great idea of policy; but human feelings, after all, are more permanent in us than abstract conceptions; they return and revenge themselves for our neglect. More had been asked of him than of any man should have been demanded.

Perhaps a due regard to the nature of the ideas prevailing at his time, and by which his moral and intellectual being must have been moulded, may confer upon the character of this Pope a title at least to our respect. Innocent—it may be thus represented—upheld the existing rights of the Church, and administered his supreme spiritual government, with the same inflexible spirit that we admire in the civil judge who maintains, at whatever cost, the integrity of the law, or in the patriot minister who scruples at no measure, however bold, which the safety and honour of his country demand. If we object, that pride and love of power mingled in his breast—we may be answered that they mingle in the breast of every man who has to play a great part in life. The nature of humanity cannot be altered—men cannot be other than men—because the cause of religion is concerned. If we cannot apprehend how a man may, with all his native impetuosity of temper, with all his domineering passions thick about him, pursue some great idea as the guide and object of his life—some purpose far too large for selfishness to grasp—we may close at once the volume of ecclesiastical history, for we cannot understand a page of it. The spiritual government of the Pope, such as it was declared to be in the days of Innocent, was the sublimest conception that a human polity ever attempted to realize, and to uphold it might well have captivated and engrossed the most exalted of minds. Surely the supreme magistrate of the faith—the great administrator of Christianity—the visible representative of Christ—*should have* kings and princes for the ministers of his decrees, and all the earth *should be* subject to him. It was a grand conception—it was only too grand—it placed the man where the god should be.

St Louis.

Thus Philip Augustus, rather by his good fortune than by his military prowess, or any singular merit of his own, distinguished his reign by a great accession to the available territory of the crown, and by a signal advancement towards the unity of the French nation. His successor, Louis VIII., did not lose ground, and Louis IX., or St Louis, carried these objects still further. From *his* reign may fairly date the establishment of the *French monarchy*.

It was the effect of the legislation of St Louis to undermine the system of feudalism, and reduce the most powerful vassals to a legal obedience. Such was the *effect*—it ought not to be said that such was the *policy* of his measures. St Louis had no po-

licy. His ruling motive was a genuine piety. The scruples of his own conscience were his counsellors of state; his sense of equity suggested to him his several reforms; and, it may be added, that his known sincerity and singleness of purpose enabled him to effect far more for the power of the crown, than crafty ambition could possibly have accomplished. When he endeavoured to suppress or restrict the custom of private war—when he called to his own more equitable courts of justice as much of the litigation of the country as he could—when he obtained that there should be one uniform standard of money throughout the kingdom, and that no coin should issue but from the royal mint—he was animated throughout by his love of justice and a desire for his people's welfare. We plainly perceive that such measures as these were extending and confirming the power of the monarch over all France; but this was not the result aimed at by the framer of them.

But if St Louis himself acted from the dictates only of a pious conscience, there was a body of men who now came forward to play their part who have never been credited for any such simplicity of mind. With the reign of jurisprudence came the jurists—with law, the lawyers. These made alliance with royal power, and in this and the ensuing reigns, they were found so vigorously to uphold the throne, and thereby the supremacy of the law, that the robe of the civilian came to be a match for the sword of the baron. The code of Justinian had just been discovered; and although the discovery of the Pandects at Amalfi, had not that effect which the learned world, till lately, were in the habit of ascribing to it—namely, that of reviving the civil law—because (as De Savigny proves in his admirable work) the civil law was never lost during the middle ages, but was preserved in the practice of the municipalities, and also in the Theodosian code; yet this discovery of the *Justinian* code had given a fresh impulse to the study of jurisprudence, and the lawyers of St Louis readily transplanted into their own system those despotic maxims which they found so boldly stated in a code that had issued from the imperial court of Constantinople. The learning of old despotism contributed its support to the young and rude monarchy of France.

As to St Louis himself, of all Christian kings that ever lived, including his own predecessors on the throne of France, many of whom were remarkable for their piety, there is not one who can be compared to him for purity of heart, for love of justice, for conscientious devotion to his royal duties. Policy, as we have said, he had none. If his ministers or even priests had allowed him, he would have restored to England the provinces which Philip had wrested from King John—his scrupulous justice not being altogether satisfied as to the manner in which they were acquired. His piety, however, even for the times in which he lived, was tinctured in an extraordinary degree with superstition—a passionate reverence for relics—and a devotion to the crusades. These expeditions were undertaken by him without any reference to the probability of success, but from the sense only of an imperative duty. In vain did his counsellors represent the hopeless nature of his intended enterprise; their arguments moved him not in the least, for the hope of success formed no part of his motive; the crusade with him was a specific and required act of devotion, for the issue of which *he* was not responsible.

Under these circumstances the king found some difficulty in persuading his knights to take the cross. He was indefatigable, however, in obtaining recruits for his holy war; and an anecdote is told of an ingenious device he adopted for this purpose, which, though it cannot boast of novelty, we will venture to relate—it being very characteristic of the simplicity of these times.

It was the custom of the king, and indeed of all the greater nobles, to make a present, on the feast of Easter, of a robe to the knights or gentlemen in their service. The king prepared a greater number of these robes than usual, and on the shoulder of each he secretly ordered that a cross should be attached: On the ensuing Easter morning, he invited the gentlemen of his court to accompany him to an early mass before the break of day. Each one as he came to the door of the chapel received his mantle, and, it being dark, put it on without seeing the symbol with which it was decorated. When the ray of the morning sun shone through the windows, the courtiers saw, first on their neighbour's shoulder,

and then on their own, a cross, which assuredly they were not aware of ever having assumed. They laughed at the manner in which the king had thus piously entrapped them. But as it would have been scandalous to displace those sacred symbols after having once worn them, and worn them too at mass, they soon after, says Matthew Paris, from whom the story is taken, "mingled many tears with their laughter" at being thus unwittingly and unwillingly converted into pilgrims and crusaders.

But on the character and reign of St Louis, subjects so full of interest, we must not dwell. Enough has been said for our present purpose. We see under him the French nation united in constitutional bonds to its king. We have launched the monarchy.

Before leaving our readers to pursue their own course down the history of France, with M. Michelet, or any other historian they may choose for their guide, we would throw a glance upon the *popular power* developed, in these early periods, in the towns and amongst the burgesses. We have taken some notes of the monarchy and the aristocracy—a word on the

Communes.

We are not about to allude to the glorious efforts made by the opulent towns of Flanders for their independence and municipal government—though this, too, belongs to the history of France—towns which were able not only to defy their own Count, but to meet the King of France with all his chivalry in pitched battle. Our reference will be to the little and almost neglected municipalities, or *communes*, of the north of France, such as they existed in the twelfth century.

The true seat of popular spirit and popular power in France, throughout all its early history, is to be found in the communes. The *States-General*, the history and rights of which were so much discussed at the commencement of the Revolution, had never been the depository of popular power. Under the Frank kings, the general assemblies of the people, however numerous, were confined to the *conquering race*, and can form no constitutional precedent applicable to later times. At first confined to the German warriors, these assemblies afterwards admitted the bishops and other dignitaries of the church, who, it is said, fairly drove out the Franks by the long speeches or *sermons*—so they were called—which they were accustomed to deliver. Under the Capetian dynasty, all such general assemblies were for a long time lost sight of; the country was too subdivided to admit of their existence. Philip the Fair, one of the most despotic sovereigns that ever lived, has the credit of revising or instituting the States-General. Whether this statement be accurate or not, we may be quite sure that under his reign they were viewed as *instruments* of government, not checks upon, or participators in it. There was no element here of popular control. During some calamitous periods, (especially at that time when the King of France was taken captive by our Edward III.,) the States-General, both of the north and the south, appear to have exercised a very popular species of authority. But their popular bearing, in fact, emanated from the great towns in which they assembled. On the occasion particularly alluded to, it was the municipality of Paris that infused into the States-General assembled there, all the political energy that it manifested.

But when, confining ourselves to the 12th century, we say that the element of popular power existed in the Communes, it must not be inferred that these communes were contending for any share in the general government. Nothing like it. They thought only for themselves, and kept up each one, in his isolated position, some spirit of freedom. During the ascendency of feudalism, no general government existed to take a share in, neither were they moved by any abstract love for a republic, or animated by what we consider a political passion. It was not for forms of government they contended; it was for the common rights of justice that they strove—that they might enjoy what was their own, and not be robbed of it—that they might buy and sell in peace—go out and come in without molestation—sit at their own hearths without fear

of intrusion. To secure such rights as these, the citizens took a common oath to run together, arms in hand, at the sound of the tocsin, generally the church bell. Those simple and undoubted rights which are now, by the operation of law and a police, secured to the inhabitants of every civilized country of Europe, without any effort of theirs, so that they hardly know the benefit they receive, these hapless citizens had to contend for with all the energy of conspirators. The butchers, the bakers, the brewers of the town met secretly together, and swore to one another on the gospels, to defend their meat, their bread, and their beer.

We find it stated in very respectable histories of France, that Louis le Gros, or the 6th, instituted the communes in the north of France as a balance to the power of his nobles. This is attributing to Louis le Gros an idea which, in no systematic shape, could he ever have entertained. If at one time he protected the commune against the noble or bishop who governed the town, at another he obliged the commune to seek protection against himself under the power of one of his nobility. But in truth, neither the king, nor the nobility, nor the church, were friends to the commune. Whatever it obtained was the fruit of its own efforts—its blood or its gold. The name of Louis le Gros is on several of the *charters*, and this gave origin to the statement we have commented on.

Nothing can afford so clear an insight into the nature of those city conflicts as a narrative of one of them. We will select an instance which, as it will be drawn from the reign of this Louis le Gros, may show how far he is entitled to be regarded as a patron of the communes. M. Thierry is our authority for the following narrative, which we abridge from his pages.

Of the towns of the north of France, Laon was second only to Paris in wealth and population. The government was in the hands of a bishop. It was one of those rich episcopal prizes seized on by the aristocracy. The clergy of the metropolitan church, and the noble families of the town, shared also in the government, if government it was to be called. For the nobles, not content with arbitrary oppression, would parade the streets with their armed retinue, and absolutely stop and rob the citizen; if no booty was found on his person, they would take the man himself, and confine him in their dungeons till a ransom was paid for his release.

At the period of our narrative, the bishop was one Gaudri, a Norman by birth, a companion of our Henry I., and he had at one time sought his fortune in this country. He was a mere military adventurer in manners and spirit, though seeking his promotion in the Church. One of the first acts of this successor of the apostles, was to put to death a citizen who had ventured to remonstrate against some part of his conduct. He had in his service one of those black slaves whom the great nobility, on their return from the crusades, had brought into fashion, and he employed this black in torturing such unfortunates as had excited his displeasure.

The oppression, under his rule, became intolerable, and the town bestirred itself to find some remedy. They would have magistrates of their own to keep the peace, and protect life and property, and they would pay a stipulated tax, instead of arbitrary impositions. And these things they obtained, in the first instance, in a more peaceable manner than one is prepared to expect. They offered a bribe, in the shape of a large sum of ready money, to be divided between the bishop and his chapter, or cathedral clergy, and the nobles. The ready money was irresistible. They were permitted to sue for a charter, which, by means of a second present to the king, they prevailed on Louis le Gros to grant and promise to maintain.

But this favourable disposition of Bishop Gaudri lasted just so long as the money which had purchased it. When this was expended, he found that he had made a bad bargain; for a sum quite worthless, since it was now spent, he had parted with his old, irregular, unlimited sources of revenue. The nobles and his chapter shared in his just resentment. It was resolved that this scandalous charter should be annulled.

It was the custom of the king to visit this town of Laon on certain days of festival. When next he came, Gaudri, in a private interview, endeavoured to persuade him to annul this charter. He found Louis reluc-

tant. The fact was, that the citizens, suspecting the design of their bishop, had been beforehand with him, and promised very liberally to the king if he would keep his word with them. This Gaudri at length discovered, and therefore *he* promised still more liberally; and then our royal patron of the communes thought it advisable to abrogate the charter he had so lately sworn to maintain. Proclamation was issued annulling the charter, and the king left the town.

And now the bishop sat himself down to calculate, first, the fortunes of the citizens, and then the amount of tax he should forthwith levy on them. It would be pleasant, he thought, if in the first instance he should make them pay, on the destruction of their commune, just exactly the same sum of money that it had cost them to establish it. Our prelate was engaged within his palace in these agreeable calculations, when some one entering told him that the town appeared singularly excited. He laughed. "Why," said he, "if John, my black, should amuse himself by pulling the bravest of them by the nose, the poor devil would not dare to complain!" Our Norman bishop went on with his calculations; but they were soon after interrupted by the cry of "Commune! Commune!"—the signal of insurrection. The citizens were up. They had surrounded his palace—they had entered it. Armed with pikes, and hatchets, and clubs, they were rushing forward to take his life. He had just time to fly; he took refuge in the cellar. There stood in one corner an empty barrel or butt; he got into it, and a servant put on the top after he had entered. The faithless servant! He had no sooner performed this office, than he betrayed his secret. Down into the cellar rushed the mob; one struck a heavy blow upon the butt; a lamentable cry was heard to issue from it; the bishop, amidst taunts and scoffs, was pulled out by the hair of his head—dragged into the streets—dispatched with a thousand wounds.

The nobles of the town had not deserted the bishop, but, ignorant of the great force that had been collected, and arriving at the spot one by one, they were singly attacked and overmastered by the mob. Thus was the commune re-established; and amidst such stormy scenes did these little municipalities struggle into existence.

Laon was not the only town that had to complain of a tyranny, that did not even bring with it an ignominious peace to such as were willing to submit to it. In the city of Rheims there stood a fortress, in which the archbishop, the governor of the place, resided. This fortress had a deep moat and a noble drawbridge. On which side of the castle were they placed? They were placed on the side fronting the town. The fortress was not built to protect the city from invaders, but to protect the archbishop from the citizens. Did any one refuse payment of a tax, or in any other way resist authority, the drawbridge was lowered, and a guard sallied forth to seize the culprit. If the culprit himself could not be found, they took the first citizen they met, and kept him as a hostage till the real offender was delivered up, or a ransom was paid for the captive, which generally answered all the ends of justice. Dreadful tales are told of those dungeons in the castle of Rheims where such captives were incarcerated, and where cruelties were inflicted on them, in order that their friends in the town might be induced to come forward with a heavy ransom.

We are not to conclude, that in the contests between the townsmen and their rulers, the townsmen were always in the right, or that they will bear to be represented as patterns of orderly behaviour or temperate deportment. But in the main it was, every where, all over Europe, a quarrel between these parties of right against might. In the success of the towns against the feudal aristocracy, lay the very salvation of Europe. Hence its freedom—hence its industry. To this great movement is traceable the political superiority of EUROPE over Asia.

THE LEAGUE'S REVENGE.

WELL! the League has done its worst, and the refractory and impracticable minister, who was to be frightened into a prompt compliance with its demands, smiles at its impotent fury, despises its menaces, and still holds the helm with unimpaired prospects of a safe and prosperous course. The wild vengeance that was to have engulfed the government, has burst like the schoolboy's bubble, hurting no one—bespattering no one but the immediate spectators, and those who helped to stir the suds.

At this time of day, if "peaceful agitation" will not move a minister to compliance, he stands in no danger of being coerced by such violence, because, before it can reach him, it has been diverted into a thousand channels, its *momentum* is lost by being broken against the salient points of the parts of which it is a whole; and when it arrives over the minister's head, its power has been mulcted by a multitude of intermediate demands, and it falls harmless, like the drizzle of a summer cloud. The utter impossibility of reconciling the conflicting interests that must always go to make up a whole in every insurrectionary movement that takes its rise in the manufacturing districts, lies at the bottom, and is at once the element and guarantee of, this comparative harmlessness. In the present condition of the relations between master and man, they can never travel far upon the same road without encountering something to give the signal of mutual antagonism. At the outset they may jog on quietly and peaceably enough, because in the general object for attainment, the mutual grievances which subsist between them are suffered to lie undisturbed at the bottom, and are passed over by common assent *sub silentio*. But the instant they come to enquire what errand they are upon, and—the errand accomplished—who is to be benefited? then the old elements of discord begin to rise to the surface, and the hollow friendliness and silence are as if by magic metamorphosed into mutual hostility and uproar, as intense as they are irreconcilable. This, in brief, is the epitome of the League's miscarriage with the urban masses.

WAGES! WAGES! WAGES! In those three words are comprised the beginning, the middle, and the end of the question between the manufacturers and their work-people. They are the three ingredients which go to make up the omnipotent talisman for good or evil—for peace or discord—for love or hate—between the employer and the employed. Like the rod of Aaron, it is a benefit or a curse, accordingly as it is used. Held and applied with judgment and right feeling, blessings may gush out where all was barren and unprofitable before; thrown down in a hostile spirit, it becomes a scourge, spreading consternation and mischief in every direction. The manufacturers of the League knew this, and shunned the question of wages as one quite as likely to jeopardize as to further their cause. True, they always repudiated the notion that wages would be affected in a downward direction by a repeal of the Corn Laws; and when attacked at that point, always rode off upon the hypothesis of "*cheapness*." But it was a point in the controversy which they always approached with fear and trembling, because it conveyed an allegation against which they could only plead the general issue. They denied that it was their intention to lower wages by procuring a reduction of the means of subsistence; but they could not prove that a reduction would not have that effect. They recognised in the question of wages the old *casus belli* between themselves and the work-people: *ergo*, whenever wages were brought upon the tapis, they either met their antagonists by the most violent protestations, or silenced them by clamour. And yet, after all, wages were the weapons with which they fought the battle out, and they were overthrown. When all other means had failed; when their lecturers and mob orators had roared themselves hoarse; when their "ministers of all denominations" had blasphemed and turned up their eyes until blasphemy grew faint, and eyes would twist no longer; when their conference in Lon-

don had sat out a moon, and pumped up its eloquence to the dregs; when Mr Cobden had "moved the House" till it would move no more: then, and not till then, did the League attempt to put the wages question in motion. But wages at that moment ceased to be the subject of an argument; they were used as a moral lever to lift the people out of the mills and manufactories. It was no question as to whether "a total and immediate repeal" would affect the rate of wages. The "repeal" was determined upon, and an attempt to reduce wages was the moral force which thrust the operatives from their employment, and made them rebellious vagrants in the streets of Stalybridge, Ashton, and Manchester. Wages were the touchstone of the operatives' endurance. The manufacturers knew their men, and they knew well that even a threat to reduce wages, in ever so small a degree, would empty the mills, and exhibit to the government a formidable rebellion—in *reality* a rebellion against masters, but apparently, to the eyes of the minister, a rebellion against him and his measures, since it could scarcely be expected that the secret machinery which was veiled from the public, should be detected by one so remote from the scene of action, and so ignorant of the workings of a conspiracy not known beyond the few master-spirits of the League itself.

Presently we shall show this more in detail. Meanwhile let us pause for a moment to contemplate the position of a minister who undertook the management of his country's affairs at a time when, to all human perception, they were only an ace removed from hopeless and inextricable confusion: a minister, the recipient of "legacies," chargeable upon an estate so deeply involved, that to claim and contest his right was to court almost certain ruin.

In whatever degree the government of 1770 were entitled to plead the justification put into their mouths by Mr Burke, in his celebrated essay "On the Cause of the Present Discontents,"* the opinions of all candid and clear-sighted men will scarcely be divided as to whether the government of to-day are in a position to declare, "that the insolence of some, from their enormous wealth, and the boldness of others, from a guilty poverty, have rendered them capable of the most atrocious attempts; so that they have trampled upon all subordination, and violently borne down the unarmed laws of a free government: barriers too feeble against the fury of a populace so fierce and licentious as ours:" whether they can justly contend, "that no adequate provocation has been given for so spreading a discontent; our affairs having been conducted throughout with remarkable temper and consummate wisdom:" and whether "the wicked industry of some libellers, joined to the intrigues of disappointed politicians, have been able to produce this unnatural ferment in the nation."

Sir Robert Peel has a right to plead all this, and more than this. He has a right to complain that, before any of his measures had been fairly put to the practical test of actual working, an attempt was made to break up his machinery, and deny him elbow-room. He has a right to complain that, having, in lawyer's phrase, "put himself upon his country," the dregs of the urban masses were incited to deny him a hearing by drowning his voice in clamour—to oppose him when, by every rule of fairness and decency, he ought to have been supported. Even when his measures were first put upon the anvil, side-blow after side-blow was insidiously aimed at them to distort them from their intended shape, and reduce their projector to despair; and when at length they were ready for the country's use, the moment of their completion was chosen for a general "turn-out" against their application.

But the movement against the measures of the new minister was commenced before he was installed—even before the scope and bearing of the measures themselves were announced. It was enough for the faction to know that the dire necessities of the country were not to be prescribed for by those favourites of the faction, who, by a course of wicked or hap-hazard treatment, had brought the patient to the verge of ruin. To blame the

* "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. 1770."

mountebank for the disastrous effects of his quackery, and deny him the use of the only nostrums remaining in his box, was not to be endured by those who had cheered him in torturing his victim. To deny him the hot water when he had drawn almost the last drop of blood from his patient, was a tyranny too harsh for even a *Sangrado*. The hand that had inflicted was to heal the wound: or, since we may as well vary the figure, to jump with the humour of its jocose and reverend author, the same noble practitioner who could "perform the operation for stone" without betraying any surprise afterwards that "the patient had died," was to be still entrusted with the health of a whole nation, every member of which he had afflicted either immediately or remotely by his hit-or-miss prescription. As reasonably might you propose to Lord John Russell to ransom the kingdom from the penalty of its sins by a grand *auto-da-fé* of placeless Whigs, as expect to rescue the State from the effects of Whig treatment by confiding the lancets and gallipots to his Lordship's management. Mrs Squeers's celebrated application of brimstone and treacle to sharp young appetites would be a joke to it. Oh! but it was not so much Lord John's ability to accomplish, as his willingness to undertake the business, that made the Leaguers such fast friends of his. And when, we would ask, did the Whigs ever refuse to undertake any thing that promised them a tolerable share of the popular applause? What web that seemed likely to catch flies was ever too filthy for them to weave? Why, the Chartist rebellion, that cost the Whig government so much trouble to quell, was notoriously tempted to its boldest flight by the unguarded popularity-hunting speech of Lord John Russell at the table of the Mayor of Liverpool! Let not that be forgotten. Let not his definition of the extent to which the toleration of his government towards "torch-light meetings" would be carried go unheeded. For half a century contempt of the laws, political intimidation, and the supremacy of physical force, have been the first lines, the leading doctrines taught in the Whig school; and for half a century the pupils have been punctually flogged for learning their lessons too well;—"down with the velveteens" being the prompt and awful equivalent in the mouth of the first lictor of the Whig executive upon the slightest practical application of the dominant theory. "Peterloo," Spafields, Bristol, Birmingham, Nottingham, all bear testimony to the success of the Whig teaching:—some of them to the fatal consequences to the pupils of what the players call "a quick study,"—the gallows being the first prize, and transportation a first-class testimonial of proficiency! Nevertheless the peculiar democracy of the Whig school has survived all these oppressive rewards and distinctions, and we trace the succession through the Catholic Associations and Political Unions down to the Chartist and Anti-Corn-Law Societies of the present day. In opposition, the Whigs were always the obedient humble servants and fast friends of the people: in office, they have always been equally their patrons and their oppressors, proffering friendship with one hand, and using the lash or the halter with the other. In the late disturbances, the people under the direction of the Anti-Corn-Law League have been merely playing out the game which the Whigs commenced. The Ecumenical council of dissenting "ministers of all denominations" assembled at Manchester, was the mischievous devil of Whig democracy dressed in sables. The same spirit, in a different garb, was present at the Anti-Corn-Law meeting in Stephenson's Square, Manchester, on the 2d of June last year, rendered memorable by the fact, that some dozen honest fellows were knocked on the head by the hired Irish ruffians of the League, for venturing to suspect the humbug that was going forward on the hustings, behind a well-secured *enceinte continuelle*, contrived to serve the double purpose of protecting the spouters from assault or battery by brickbats, and of enabling the managers of the meeting to pick out, without being observed or molested, such refractory spectators as did not choose to yell an approval at the end of every clumsy period. The presiding geniuses of this sedition and bloodshed were Mr Cobden (in the chair), Sir Thomas Potter, Mr John Brooks,

Mr Kershaw, and Mr C. J. S. Walker, all of them in *the commission of the peace!* No wonder, with such an assortment of borough justices,* that during the late riots Manchester should be in possession of a mob for three days; the marvel is, that the town was not sacked and the people murdered.

And now to examine into the nature and origin of this revolt of the urban masses. We have not hesitated to attribute it to the League, and those who espouse the cause of the League, nor are we at all deficient of proofs. We are not going to excuse the people, though it would be unjust to those who have been forced from the honest exercise of industry, to indentify them with all the outrages that have been committed in the manufacturing districts. There are always plenty of worthless vagabonds in large communities ready to take advantage of public excitement, and turn it to their own purposes. It is then that their predatory propensities have a wide field for exertion, fenced in with impunity. The "*multis utile bellum*" is not more applicable to those who fatten upon the fruits of the battle-field, than to the *canaille* of large communities, in periods of turmoil; and though intimidation and robbery may be an aggravation of the "turn-out" amongst the operatives, we are not disposed to visit upon them the burden of the crimes that were committed during the revolt. We lay the odium at the doors of those who first gave the discontent a vent—upon those partizan manufacturers who forced their dependents into the streets, by threatening them with starvation. And what fools these manufacturers have proved themselves! Why, in the very act of working hard for the League, the truth has oozed out with the sweat of their brows. By their attempt to reduce wages, *under the altered Corn Law*, they have shown to those dependent upon them what direction their patriotism and sympathy would take if the Corn Laws were repealed altogether: they have proved what they have constantly denied—that if the duty were taken off corn they would put the difference to the poor man into their own pockets! For people will very naturally observe—"if they attempt to lower wages, now that Sir Robert Peel's measures are bringing about comparative cheapness, what would they do if the demands of the Corn Law Repealers were literally complied with? But this *en parenthese*—of course it has been most stoutly denied by the friends of the League that conspiracy had any thing to do with the late disturbances. In reply, we say, look at the speeches and writings not merely of the hireling emissaries of the League, but of all those who have undertaken any public part on the same side. What was the character of the speeches delivered by the delegates assembled in London just before the rising of parliament? Let us take a sample. On the 29th of July, one Finch, a delegate from Liverpool, spoke as follows:—

"The League and Anti-Monopoly Associations, *with the assistance of the colliers*, (!) have the power of *compelling* the aristocracy, *in less than one month*, to abolish Corn Laws altogether, and to *compel* them also to grant the People's Charter. Let the colliers in all parts of the kingdom cease working for one month, *and the thing is done!!* They have only to insist upon these measures before they go to work again. This is the most simple and efficient measure that could be adopted *to get all we want* without spilling a drop of blood, or causing any commotion of any kind. The city of London would be without fuel, *and all other concerns must come to a stand till it was settled.*"

Well, and did the colliers act upon this advice? To be sure they did. A *fortnight* had not elapsed before the colliers of the north of England were out! Another gentleman, an *alderman* of the liberal corporation of Manchester, in giving an account of his stewardship on his return from the London conference, said,—"He was

* It is worthy of remark, that the Whig magistrates of Manchester have endeavoured to visit their sins of omission in not meeting the insurgents upon the Conservative county magistrates, much in the same spirit as the lazy bailies of Edinburgh have tried to blame Sir Robert Peel for their negligence towards the Queen. The accused, in both cases, may well exclaim with Horace—

"Unde mihi lapidem? quorsum est opus? unde sagittas?"

of opinion that the only plan which the manufacturers had to resort to at present, was *to stop their factories;*" and imagining, no doubt, that those present—and they were principally *operatives*—did not clearly understand him, "at the top of his voice he exclaimed, 'You *must stop the mills!*'"* —a hint only a few days afterwards taken and adopted in its fullest sense. Again, another delegate to the London conference, one Mr Gaskill of Warrington, said, "There was one view of the question which could not be dwelt on too long—that was, how could they effect their ends? The great engine they must use to overturn this giant monoply was the people." Then, at the same conference, we have a Mr Crossley, delegate from Brighouse, informing the meeting that a correspondent from that place, describing "the general feeling" there, said, "the *sooner there is a revolt the sooner will the hungry be fed.*" All these gentle hints, however, (except Mr Chappel's,) are flogged into insignificance by the following letter, addressed to the editor of the *Bread Tax Circular*:—

"Manchester, July 25, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—We must all agree as to the desirableness of securing the co-operation of the working classes in our struggle for repeal; but the efforts hitherto made to show the working man that his interests are bound up in in this important question, have been very partially successful. The notion is very prevalent, and is industriously instilled into their minds, that if the Corn Laws are repealed, wages must fall, and the only way, therefore, to counteract this impression, is to let them feel that they are to be directly benefited by the change.

"My cousin made a hit of this kind, which I think worth repeating, and, if followed up, might do much to produce the desired effect. The circumstances were these:—The week before last the hands in his employ (about 300) turned out, and last week sent a deputation to wait upon him to endeavour to come to terms. Amongst other questions, he was asked, 'If things take a turn, will you advance our wages?' to which he replied, 'Yes, certainly, and I promise, moreover, that the day the Corn Laws are repealed I will raise your wages.' This was repeated to a large meeting of turn-outs and unemployed, (then being held in the fields, and said to amount to 2000,) when some one proposed three cheers for the repeal of the Corn Laws, which was given with great good will.

"If this *arg. ad hom.* were used by mill-owners generally, we should have the masses with us in a week.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
"R. W., Jun."

People must be as "hard of belief" as the celebrated "Thomas a Didimus," if these proofs fail to convince them of the League's guilt. But we have not put all our witnesses into the box yet. There is always a suspicion against those who turn approvers; but the evidence of one Duffy, a journeyman tailor, bears with peculiar force upon the tricks of the League: so much so, that if even the "*ninth part*" of his evidence be taken, there is still a strong presumption against the parties accused. This Duffy, at a meeting in Carpenter's Hall, Manchester, on the 15th of August, is reported to have said:—

"They (the people) were the true conservators of the peace; but the magistrates, who had put forth that placard, were those who had taken every possible means to arouse public indignation. They were the men who, a few days ago, called on the people to send an address to our representatives in Parliament, calling on them to stop the supplies—to take the most revolutionary step that it was possible to take—to take the purse of the country from the hands of the executive. The House of Commons did not comply with such a request. Who could have expected that they would? The members of that house had interests directly opposed to the interests of the people, and therefore no such proposition could be entertained for a moment. *The people, however, had taken a hint from Messrs Brooks, Cobden, Robert Gardner, and others; and they (the people) would not now be diverted from their purpose. Some members and lecturers of the Anti-Corn-Law League, who had advised the revolutionary measure to which he had ad-*

* *Manchester Courier*, August 27.

verted, were now carrying staves as special constables; and, after having conjured up this agitation to the highest possible pitch, they were now endeavouring to intimidate the working men, because they chose to think for themselves. Those who, as Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers, were one day exciting the people, were the next day, as magistrates, sending the special constables upon them, because they did not do exactly as they (the magistrates) wished."

There are more of Mr Duffy's mind, we take it. There can be no doubt, as he here states, and as he has since stated, that "the members of the Anti-Corn-Law League advised the revolutionary measures." Take, for instance, a resolution moved by Mr Alderman Brooks, at a meeting of the Manchester Anti-Corn-Law League on the 15th of July:—

"That, *believing this country to be on the eve of a revolution*, and being utterly without hope that the Legislature will accord justice to the starving millions, a requisition be forthwith prepared, signed, and forwarded to the members of this borough, calling upon them, in conjunction with other liberal members, to offer every possible opposition *to the taxation of a prostrate people for the purposes of a bread-taxing aristocracy*, by argument and other constitutional impediments, that the wheels of government may be arrested through the rejection or prevention of all votes of supply."

This is another of those delicate hints at a "revolution" that has since followed, level to the understandings of the most ignorant and brutal of the working classes. Then we have a patriotic gentleman—one Benjamin Welch—exulting over a "strike" of miners, in a letter addressed from Bloxwick on the 27th of July, to a Mr Hicken, "sitting in conference" in London. This worthy says:—

"On Monday morning the Birchills miners and iron-men (being under notice to drop from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. per day) struck, and on the same day proceeded to visit all the works in the neighbourhood, and actually succeeded in stopping them, every one, without resorting to any kind of violence, *except throwing a few flats* into the canal at the Birchills at starting, for refusing to go with them."

We are forbidden to load our pages with further extracts, but we apprehend we have printed enough to show that, to what extent soever the League was concerned in the late rebellion, it did enough in the way of preparation to entitle it to the whole credit. And yet we are told that the Corn-Law Repealers had nothing whatever to do with the outbreak. Next to *folly*, nothing is so suicidal as *faction*; and what is said of the one is equally applicable to the other:—its greatest curse is, that it cannot find a cloak big enough to hide itself with. At the first outburst of the insurrection, we were inclined to think that the Chartists had improved the opportunity afforded by the revolt of the workers to drive home their "five points;" and there can be no doubt that they were not slumbering amidst the general turmoil. But when we come to view the matter a little closer, we find that the League was the moving power. It is true we find both Leaguers and Chartists at work, but we are soon convinced that the former were the chief engineers. We find that the Leaguers joined the Chartists solely for the sake of possessing themselves of a strong force for purposes of intimidation:—intimidation first of the working classes, and secondly, through them, of the government. Chartist principles, possibly, had few charms for the leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law League; but there was a golden opportunity of raising an Anti-Corn-Law frenzy on the shoulders of Chartist extravagance not to be neglected. And in this way the League contrived to rough-ride both the Chartists and the masses generally. It was their purpose to goad the work-people to madness—to lash them to the point at which they would break out into open rebellion. At length the masses were excited to the exploding point, and *apparently* rebelled against the minister, (who had refused the demands of the League!) but *really* against the tyranny to which the League, with the assistance of those masters who had work-people to pinch and mulct of their wages—had subjected them. Nothing was easier to the mill-owners of the League than to work the wages' question up to high pressure; nothing more natural than that the operatives should explode at that point, and become t elements of a common anarchy-

anarchy which, by a little management, might be made to assume the attitude of open and determined hostility to the government. Certain Stalybridge manufacturers—devoted friends of the League—saw and applied this potent test. They *threatened* a reduction of wages, and their hopes were fulfilled:—*the work-people turned out!* Once afloat, the insurrection speedily spread through the manufacturing districts; and the revenge of the League was only stayed by the moderation, good sense, and energy of the middle classes. We have said that the leaders of the League in Manchester *used* the Chartists to further the agitation against the government. The case is proved by the following circular, issued by the *Complete Suffrage Union*, and containing the names of the prime movers against the Corn Laws:—

"The Committee of the Complete Suffrage Union request attention to the following prospectus, and earnestly solicit the support of their friends in aid of its funds, as well as their interest in furtherance of its objects.

MANCHESTER COMPLETE SUFFRAGE UNION.

President,—John Brooks.
Vice-Presidents,—Charles Cobden; T. B. Potter.
Treasurer,—Thomas Woolley.
Secretary,—James Moorhouse.

General Committee:
Those marked * constitute the Executive Committee.

*Edward Allin	*Joseph Haycraft
Elkanah Armitage	John Heywood
Samuel Ashton	*Abel Heywood
George Black	*J. S. Hibbert
*Edward Bond	James Howie
David Boyd	Joseph Leese, jun.
Robert Bunting	Samuel Lowcock
*Wm. Burd, jun.	*W. M'Cartney
*T. N. Cathrall	James E. Nelson
Frederick Cobden	*Joseph Peate
*P. W. Cotman	*William Perkins
*G. T. Dale	George Perkins
*James Edwards	A. Prentice
*John Gadsby	W. N. Proctor
Richard Gardner	Henry Rawson
William Gardner	George Richardson
John Graham	John Rawsthorne
Jas. N. Grindrod	Lawrence Rostron
C. J. Grundy	*Robert Rumney
Thomas Hague	Charles J. Saul
Andrew Hall	*Job Shepherd
*James Hampson	A. S. Sichel
*George Hargreave	John Swindells
James Thompson	James Watts
*Edward Watkin	*James Wigan

Office, No. 11, Brown Street. (Open from 9 to 7.)

OBJECTS.

1. *Universal Suffrage.*—To obtain for each man of twenty-one years of age, the right of voting for representatives to serve in the Commons' House of Parliament.

2. *Electoral Districts.*—That for the purpose of securing a fair and equal representation of the people, it is necessary that the whole country be divided into districts, each containing as nearly as may be an equal number of electors.

3. *Annual Parliaments.*—That it is of great importance to secure and maintain the responsibility of members to their constituents, and that Annual Parliaments are a proper means for securing this object.

4. *No Property Qualification.*—That every elector shall be eligible to be elected.

5. *The Ballot.*—That the right of voting for a representative shall be exercised secretly by ballot.

6. *Payment of Members.*—That each representative of the people shall be paid for his services.

It will be the duty of the society to adopt all legal means by which these objects may be promoted."

Thus we add the last link to the chain of evidence against the Anti-Corn-Law agitators. The names of Brooks, Cobden, Potter, Armitage, Burd, Gardner, Hall, Heywood, Prentice, Rawson, and Watkin, convict the League *primâ facie*. Appeal from our judgment there is none; for not one of the persons named was even suspected of Chartist principles, until the Repealers discovered that the Chartists were "Obstructives." Untill the "charter" jostled them on the hustings whenever they attempted a public meeting, Chartism never entered their minds; and if the "total and immediate repeal" were carried to-morrow, "The Complete Suffrage Union" might sink into its grave, if Leaguers were required to "stay it up."

We have spoken of the antagonist relation which subsists between master and man. It is an evil inseparable from the artificial state of society which we find in the manufacturing

districts. But it is, nevertheless, not an evil without remedy. In our last Number, we described want of money as a "firm natural curb-chain upon the riotous body." Further reflection convinces us, that curb-chains of any sort, except the natural curb-chain of the affections, are quite dispensable. We have recently met with a most admirable pamphlet, bearing upon this point, which we must recommend and quote.* It teaches us, that the poor as a class are ignorant of each other; that the rich are ignorant of the poor; and that out of this mutual ignorance arise the most formidable of the evils that afflict the peculiarly artificial state of society, in districts where the march of manufactures has congregated large masses. Mr Parkinson says:—"The tie of master and workman, of employer and employed, of the payer and the receiver of wages, is getting closer and more important with every onward movement of society; and in large towns like these, the welfare of the whole community, the peace and happiness of rich and poor alike, will soon be found to be almost entirely dependent upon the way in which these two classes discharge their several duties towards each other. Let it become a rule—not merely a circumstance of *frequent* occurrence, and a point *generally* aimed at—as I am happy to believe it is with many masters—but a RULE not to be deviated from, that the master, or some confidential servant of equal education and influence with the master himself, shall become *personally* acquainted with every workman in his employ; and no case of real distress would, hereafter, go unrelieved, from the ignorance of the giver, and the inability of the receiver to produce satisfactory testimony to the necessity of his case. No doubt, difficulties at once present themselves, as they always do when duty calls to improvement, which soon vanish before a serious and earnest attempt to reduce what is *really* a duty to a practical application. Two simple rules alone seem necessary for this purpose. One is, that every master keep a book, in which is always entered the name and residence of each workman, the number of his children, the amount of his wages, the time of his entering, and the time of his quitting such master's service, with the reason for the latter. The other rule is, that each master either pay his workmen himself, or, if that be impracticable, that he be as frequently as possible present at the time of payment, by which means he will gradually become acquainted with their persons and circumstances, and they with him. It is astonishing how much men are conciliated towards one another, simply by becoming personally acquainted. It is human nature (though not an amiable part of it) to think ill of those we do not know, especially when our interests *seem* to be opposed to one another; but personal acquaintance, when there is a disposition to conciliate, will of itself soften asperities, even if it do not generate esteem. If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little, and would profit them so much. Treat a man *like* a friend, and you soon make him one; treat him like a rogue, and *his* honesty must be much greater than *your* wisdom, if he do not soon justify your suspicions! In no way are men so easily led—often, it is true, so blindly led—as through the affections."

There is sound sense, and no small insight into the human character, in all this. Mr Parkinson is right. To begin by appealing to the *reason* of the work-people would be fruitless. First win over their *affections*, and then you have a firm natural basis whereon to build a noble superstructure. The prevailing spirit of the age would tell you to *educate them first!* Do no such thing. If you do, your first step is a false one; for it sounds to reason, that if you give instruction to a parcel of illiterate men, who have been hitherto accustomed to look upon you with a feeling even worse than indifference, because they have never known or felt your sym-

* "On the Present Condition of the Labouring Poor in Manchester, with Hints for Improving it;" by the Rev. Richard Parkinson, B.D., Canon of Manchester. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1841.

pathy—who feel that you have looked upon them with feelings nearly allied to contempt, from the high station which they envy you—you only weaken your own position, and lessen the chances of sincere respect on their parts, by bringing their cultivated reason to the aid of their old prejudices. If we closely examine the connexion between the affections and the judgment, we shall find that what men's passions have prompted them to invent, men's passions have helped them to believe: a position which seems to be established by the memorable declaration of our Saviour, that "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." In this view of the subject we do not stand alone. We find ourselves well supported by a profound and excellent work,* wherein we are told, that the reality of the connexion between the affections and the judgment stands in little need of formal proof; inasmuch as it is clearly anticipated and accorded in the general conviction of mankind: a conviction most conspicuously manifest in their language and conduct; so conspicuously in their language, for example, that we find the epithets describing actions and dispositions transferred as a matter of course to opinions; as in the current phrases, *profligate* opinions, *uncharitable* judgments, with others equally illustrative of the same conviction. We may add, it is precisely this universal persuasion of the influence of the affections on the understanding, which explains the appeal so often made to the *candour* of an individual in dealing with a question submitted to his judgment. The purport of that appeal is, that he will keep in abeyance his own inclinations as affected by the question; not, however, in stating his opinion, but in forming it. We demand his candour, not in order that he may affirm what he actually believes, but that he may bring his mind into a better condition to believe the truth. Indeed, we are not aware that the effect of the inclinations on the judgment, as a rare, simple fact, has ever been seriously disputed; it is its *effect* on the judgment that is often so fatally overlooked. The evidence of the senses, or the existence of the outer material world, has been disputed; the reality of moral distinctions, or the authority of conscience, has been impugned; the most intimate and valued convictions of the human mind have been searched out and dragged to the question; but what inquisition of philosophy, what scepticism less than universal, could refuse to admit that the affections and passions, in the language of Bacon, tinge the understanding with their own colouring? Therefore, we say, cultivate the understandings through the affections of the labouring poor. Let every man be taught to rely upon his employer and his superior for that record of his character, which is at once his proudest and most valuable possession; a property which he is bound to hand down to his posterity unincumbered and unsuspected. But give the labouring man *title-deeds* of his respectability, and he is independent of the world, and an honour to the country in which he lives: treat him with distrust and suspicion, and you make him an enemy to himself, a traitor to the hand that feeds him, and an outcast to society. Man cannot be both a machine to minister to your cupidity, and a friend to guard your interests as his own. You must know him, and you must show him that you have an interest in his welfare beyond the mere physical health which sustains you in your position above him. Until then the antagonism between the employer and the employed can never be obliterated.

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* The Rev. Theyre T. Smith's Hulsean Lectures for 1839.

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BENJAMIN OF TUDELA.*

"There are few authors"—quoth Pinkerton, "better known to the learned world than our Benjamin, called from the place of his birth, Benjamin of Tudela—a very pleasant town in Navarre, on the confines of the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon." Yet, beyond the precincts of the *learned* world, his travels, curious as they undoubtedly are, never appear to have obtained much currency; and even within that restricted circle, few authors have had more reason to complain of the treatment they have received at the hands of their editors, translators, and commentators. By some, his partiality for his own people, and his apparent faith in the traditions of the Talmud, have been wrested into grounds for discrediting the other parts of his narrative; though, as Harris naïvely observes, (*Collection of Voyages and Travels*, Vol. I.) "I must confess I consider this in a different light from most of the critics; for I do not conceive that a man's loving his countrymen ought to prejudice him in the opinions of his readers; and though it may possibly beget some doubts as to the fidelity of his relations with regard to the Jews, yet I do not see how this can with justice be applied to the rest of the book." Others again have inferred, from his silence on some points which it would have appeared obvious to notice, and his extraordinary statements with reference to others, that he never could have really visited the countries which he professes to describe; a suspicion which the most cursory examination is sufficient to confute—and Gibbon, even while availing himself of his information, cannot refrain from a sneer at the "respectable authority of a Jew in all pecuniary matters"—though he candidly admits that "the errors and fictions of the Jewish Rabbi are not a sufficient ground to deny the reality of his travels."

In all these respects, we think the honest old Rabbi (like Herodotus, and other early travellers of greater note than himself) has scarce been fairly dealt with. After his long and weary pilgrimage in the lands of the Gentiles, he was naturally unwilling to lose all record of his wanderings; and accordingly he jotted down, most probably in the solitude of his own chamber at Tudela, whatever occurred to him as most memorable among the many strange things he had seen or heard † in far-away lands—keeping always most specially in view all that related to the welfare or condition of his own beloved people, the scattered children of Israel. After the lapse of centuries,

* *The Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela*, translated and edited by A. Asher; London and Berlin, 1840.

† "He wrote down" (says the Hebrew preface) "whatever he saw in every place or *what was told him by men of integrity, whose names were known in Spain.*"

when the bones of the pilgrim have long since mouldered away in the sepulchre of his fathers, an adventurous scholar drags the manuscript from its quiet nook in some antique library; and finds, on examination, that its dusty pages contain the only contemporary account existing of the pomps and splendours of extinct dynasties, and of forms and institutions long since swept away. The book is given to the world: but instead of receiving the venerable chronicle with the reverence due to its age and long seclusion, the critics summarily condemn it, for differing from received authors on points which are held established, and for making no mention of others which are *adhuc sub judice*, and on which contemporary evidence is a desideratum; thus, in fact, arraigning the author for want of foresight, in not having, in the twelfth or thirteenth century, anticipated either the longevity of his own unpretending note-book, or the quantity and quality of the information which would be most in demand in the eighteenth or nineteenth.

Though numerous editions of the original text of the *Itinerary*, as well as versions in Latin, French, and English, have appeared at different periods during the last three centuries, the Rabbi has been hitherto little indebted to his editors for even putting his tale fairly before the world. None, with the exception of the first translator, Arias Montanus,* have borne in mind, that what we at present possess is only (as in the case of Marco Polo and Ebn Batuta) an *abridgement* of the original text—a point proved (besides other internal evidences) by the absence of corresponding passages to references made from one part of the narrative to another: most have only superadded a liberal quota of original errors, which, of course, were visited on the head of the luckless author: and till the present edition, there appeared little chance of the fulfilment of the wish expressed by the honest compiler above quoted, "that some time or other so judicious a critic may arise, as may be able to correct them all, and give us this author in his genuine purity." The task, however, has at last been undertaken by a compatriot of the Rabbi, who has executed it with abundance of zeal, and (as some readers will probably think) more than a *super*abundance† of learning; and who has, it must be admitted, not only satisfactorily cleared the literary character of Benjamin from most of the imputations thrown on it, but contributed some valuable elucidations to the history and geography of the middle ages.

The capacity in which the long and weary pilgrimage of Rabbi Benjamin was undertaken, though nowhere distinctly stated, appears to have been that of a merchant; his first care, in the description of every place which he visits, after mentioning the number‡ and quality of the Jews there resident, being to give the statistics of commerce, and the opportunities for trade which it enjoyed. Whatever may have been his vocation, he plodded forth on his way "from the city of Sarkosta (Saragossa,) down the Ebro to Tortosa," and passing by Narbonne and Beziers to Marseilles, there took ship for Genoa, and proceeded through Tuscany to Rome. His peregrinations through those parts afford little of novelty, excepting the fact, (noticed in the case of a rabbi at Narbonne,) that the Jews were at that time qualified to hold landed property in France—a privilege of which, in the subsequent persecutions, they were deprived, both in that and most other European states. But his information respecting Rome, where his people were treated with high favour by Pope Alexander III.,§ makes ample amends on the score of originality. Eighty

* Arias Montanus states, that in his time, perfect copies were known to exist in Egypt; but none have ever been brought to Europe.

† *One* goodly volume of notes and dissertations has already appeared, to be followed (if we understand the editor correctly) by *several* others—a liberal allowance of commentary for a narrative, the text of which occupies only twenty-five folio pages of Purchas's Pilgrims!

‡ "In every place where *ten* Jews are to be found," (say the Rabbis,) "there ought to be a synagogue."

§ This fixes his arrival at Rome *later* than 1159, when Alexander assumed the tiara, on the death of Nicholas Breakspear, the first and only English Pope, who bore the title of Adrian IV.

palaces (he informs us) were there still to be seen, built by the eighty emperors, "from Tarquin to Pepin, the father of Charles who conquered Spain from the Ishmaelites:" and among these, the palace of Titus, "who was rejected by three hundred senators for having consumed three years in the conquest of Jerusalem, which, according to their will, he should have accomplished in two years." In the church of St John de portâ Latinâ were also two brazen pillars constructed by Solomon, and taken from the Temple at its demolition, which distilled sweat every year on the 9th of the month Ab, the anniversary of the fall of Jerusalem! The vault was also shown in which the sacred vessels of the Temple were deposited: and various other relics of the fallen city of Zion are enumerated—some of which, as the *statues** of Samson and Absalom, are probably somewhat apocryphal, at least in their nomenclature. The Arch of Titus, on the other hand, with its sculptured representations of the Jewish trophies, is passed over unnoticed; "but Rome contains so many mighty buildings and works, that no man can reckon them all." Sorrento, we are further told, was built by the Syrian Hadarezer, "when he fled from the face of King David:" it is to fear of the valiant son of Jesse, and Joab his general, on the part of Romulus, that we are taught to ascribe the construction of a passage fifteen miles long, said to exist under the mountains in the same part of Italy!†

Though the Rabbi mentions with due commendation the school of Salerno, then, and till long after, the chief medical university of Christendom, and which was at this period at the zenith of its reputation, he does not specify whether any of the 600 Jews, who were resident in the town at the time of his visit, were either students or professors: though more than one Hebrew physician (according to the chronicles quoted by Mazza) bore a conspicuous part in the original foundation. But passing through Apulia ("the Pul of Scripture") to Otranto, the pilgrim embarked for Corfu, "where was but one Jew, a dyer"—a trade, by the way, which the Jews appear to have practised generally throughout the east. Hence again crossing the sea, he found himself in the territories of the *Javani* (Ionians) or Greeks, then under the sway of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus. His route from Arta, where he landed, led him through the wild borders of Epirus, infested by the predatory *Wallach* or Slavonian tribes, in whom (though they professed no religious creed whatever) Benjamin fancied that he recognized traces of a Jewish origin, apparently for no better reason than that "when they meet an Israelite, they rob but do not kill him, as they do the Greeks!"——a strange proof of consanguinity, which it is difficult to suppose that our Rabbi could have detected otherwise than by personal experience of the tender mercies of these gentle robbers! At Salonica he found 500 Jews, living under a provost of their own nation, but grievously oppressed by the Christians, as they appear to have been at this period in every part of the Grecian dominions; and travelling thence along the coast, he reached in due time the imperial city of Constantinople.

His account of this celebrated metropolis, which appears to have reached us unmutilated, is one of the most curious and valuable parts of his narrative. Its total circumference, he says, is eighteen miles; and in the traffic of which it is the centre, and the concourse of merchants from all parts of the world, it is equalled only by Bagdad, the capital of the Mohammedan world. The public and private treasures of Constantinople, yet unprofaned by the rude hands of the Franks, by whom it was taken in the first years of the following century, are described as almost surpassing the powers of language:—the tribute of the provinces was paid, not only in money, but in silken and purple robes, which

* Statues, and all other representations of the human figure, are held by the Jews (and by the Moslems after them) as infractions of the second commandment.

† The editor fairly enough presents, as a parallel to these strange tales of a Jewish author, (which he states to have originated with Josephus Gorionides,) the extraordinary legends narrated in the survey of Rome in the thirteenth century, quoted in the seventy-first chapter of Gibbon.

had accumulated so as to fill many towers of the palace; and the *daily* revenue of the city itself, derived from the duties of the markets and warehouses, and the tolls of the port and gates, is said to have amounted to 20,000 florins.* The profusion of the precious metals is further attested by the golden and silver lamps and gilded pillars, which adorned both the dome of St Sophia and the palace of Blachernee, lately built by the Emperor; —and over the throne of state in the latter edifice "a golden crown, enriched with diamonds of such inestimable lustre as to illumine the room in the absence of other light, was hung by a golden chain of such a length as exactly to admit the monarch to sit under it:"—a fashion probably borrowed from the East, as a crown suspended from a canopy was used, in later times, by several of the Moslem dynasties in India. But the defence of all these riches was entrusted to the hireling swords of barbarian mercenaries—" for the Greeks themselves have no martial spirit, but are like women, unfit for war "——a censure from which, however applicable it might be to the nation at large, Benjamin should in justice have excepted the reigning emperor Manuel, whose chivalrous exploits, and reckless courage, have led Gibbon to place him on a par with Richard of England and Charles XII. of Sweden, in the catalogue of royal heroes.

The Jews, however, were excluded from this scene of magnificence, and compelled to live on the other side of the Golden Horn—in the quarter then, as now, called Pera—which in the present day, by the retributive intolerance of the Turks, has become in turn the abode of the Greeks. But even in this modified exile, the religious feuds of the Jews themselves were kept up with unabated virulence; and the habitations of the rabbinical Hebrews were separated by a lofty wall from those of their Caraite brethren.† Both sects were alike the object of the contempt and persecution of the Greeks: none, except the emperor's physician, were allowed to ride on horseback; and they were exposed to be beaten in the streets, and to all sorts of ill treatment, without any regard to their good or bad character. " But these Jews of Constantinople are rich men, pious and benevolent, and patiently endure the evils of the captivity."

On quitting Constantinople, the Rabbi avoided the risks to be apprehended among the ferocious Turkmans of Asia Minor, by taking passage from Gallipoli for the port of Coryeus in Cilicia, touching at Rhodes and several of the Ægean islands. His account of the Druses and of the Assassins of Mount Lebanon, whose territories he passed in his journey through Syria, is singularly accurate for the time at which it was written; and he takes especial notice of the excellent port and extensive commerce of Tyre—many of the Jews resident in which, contrary to the general custom of their nation, were seamen and ship-owners. From Tyre he passed by Acre, " where most of the pilgrims disembark who visit Jerusalem by sea:" and he visited, apparently with implicit faith, the site of the altar raised by Elijah on Mount Carmel, (Kings, I. xviii. 30,) and the ruins of the palace of Ahab at Sebaste or Samaria. The heresies of the Samaritans, about a hundred‡ of whom were still resident in the vicinity of their ancient seats, are detailed with orthodox abhorrence—and the Rabbi, shaking off the dust of his feet against them, hastened on his way to the holy city of Jerusalem. But there was little in the existing condition of Pa-

* This is the translation of the present editor; the word in the original implies simply " pieces of gold "—an indefinite phrase, which Gibbon has apparently considered as equivalent to *pounds sterling*—as he expresses his doubt of the possibility of an income of more than L.7,000,000 a-year from this source alone.

† The Caraites (or *readers*) are a sort of Hebrew Protestants, who differ from the rabbinists, or ordinary Jews, in rejecting the authority of the Talmud and the traditions of the elders, and profess to regulate their faith by the word of Scripture only. The two sects hate and anathematize each other with a full proportion of the *odium theologicum*:—but the Caraites are found only in a few scattered congregations, and are outnumbered at least a hundred-fold by their antagonists.

‡ Mr Wolff found fifty families of Samaritans on Mount Gerizim.

lestine to gladden the heart of an Israelite. The schools of Sepphoris and Tiberias,* formerly the seats of the Jewish patriarch, were long since ruined and desolate—the sepulchres of the wise men who had once taught there, alone remaining as monuments of their former renown; and the fragments of the Land of Promise were disputed in unceasing warfare by the Franks and Moslems, alike revilers and persecutors of the race of Judah. Among the population of Jerusalem, which consisted of "Jacobites, Armenians, Greeks, Georgians, Franks, and all the tongues of the Gentiles" only 200† Jews were to be found, who "dwelt in a corner, under the Tower of David," and paid a yearly sum to the king for the monopoly of the dyeing trade. But a remnant of the ancient Temple still existed, in a wall to the west of the Mosque of Omar, "which was one of the walls forming the Holy of Holies—it is called the Gate of Mercy, and all Jews resort thither to say their prayers." This custom of approaching to wail over the ruins of the Temple is as old as the time of Constantine, by whom the Jews were first permitted to visit the city, from which they had been, since its capture by Adrian in the war of Bar-Cochab, (A.D. 134,) so rigidly excluded, that they were not even allowed to ascend any of the neighbouring hills which commanded a view of its walls. The latest and most diligent of travellers in Palestine was himself an eye-witness to the scene. "The spot is on the western exterior of the area of the great mosque, considerably south of the middle; and is approached only by a narrow crooked lane, which there terminates at the wall in a very small open space. . . . Two old men, Jews, sat there on the ground, reading together in a book of Hebrew prayers. It is the nearest point in which they can venture to approach their ancient Temple; and, fortunately for them, it is sheltered from observation by the narrowness of the lane and the dead walls around. Here, bowed in the dust, they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race; and bedew with their tears the soil which so many thousands of their forefathers once moistened with their blood."—(Robinson's *Researches in Palestine*, i. 350.)

The researches and veneration of Benjamin were, of course, exclusively reserved for the tombs and memorials of the fathers of his own race—the great resort of Christian pilgrimage being only incidentally alluded to as "the burial-place of that man of Nazareth"—and his notices on these points are valuable, as showing that at this period the tombs of David and his successors, which later tradition has erroneously placed on the north of Jerusalem,‡ were assigned to their correct scriptural locality on Mount Zion. The entrance to these sepulchres, however, he states to have been so effectually walled up, about fifteen years previously, by order of the Latin patriarch, as to be hardly recognizable, in consequence of a marvellous adventure which befell two workmen, who, when employed in breaking away the large stones from the foot of the wall, discovered the entrance of a vast vault, "supported by pillars of marble encrusted with gold and silver, and in which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the sepulchre of David; on the left of which were those of Solomon, and of the other kings of Judah. There were also numerous locked coffers, the contents of which they were desirous to ascertain; but when they would have entered, a blast of wind, like a mighty hurricane, issued forth and threw them to the ground almost lifeless; and there they lay till the evening, when a voice was heard crying aloud, 'Arise, and get you hence.' Then the men went, full of fear, and reported to the patriarch

* According to Dr Clarke, Tiberias has become in latter days the residence of a singular potentate—"*The King of the Fleas* has certainly established his court there." The town was almost totally destroyed by the great earthquake of Jan. 1, 1837.

† The Jews in Jerusalem at the present day, are estimated by Dr Robinson at about 3000.

‡ Dr Robinson has, we think, satisfactorily demonstrated, that the so-called *Tomb of the Kings* are in fact the mausoleum of Helena, a queen of Adiabene, who became convert to Judaism.

what had befallen them, ... declaring that they would not attempt to go again to the cave, as it was not God's will to discover it to any one. The patriarch accordingly consulted Rabbi Abraham, a learned Jew, who was one of the *mourners of Jerusalem*,* who, having heard the tale of the two labourers, pronounced that the place thus discovered was the sepulchre of David and his successors; and by order of the patriarch, it was forthwith built up, so as to hide it from all men, even unto this day. And it was from Rabbi Abraham above-mentioned, that I heard all this." The vast extent of the ancient crypts under the Temple and Mount Zion, ("*cavati sub terrâ montes*," as they are called by Tacitus,—*Hist.* lib. v. ch. 12,) is noticed by all early describers; but the principal part of these subterranean edifices, called by the Jews the Treasury of Solomon, is generally said to have fallen in and been utterly overwhelmed, A.D. 133, during the revolt of the famous impostor Bar-Cochab, "the Son of the Star." A casual excavation, however, may again have partially uncovered them, and thus furnished the worthy Rabbi Abraham with the groundwork of the wondrous legend with which he amused the credulity of his European friend; as it has, in our own times, supplied the locality to which Mr D'Israeli has dispatched the hero of his no less wondrous *Tale of Alroy*, (the origin of which we shall hereafter allude to,) in search of the sceptre of Solomon.

Though Rabbi Benjamin visited, with due reverence, the sepulchres of the great patriarchs of his race, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with their wives, at Bethlehem and Hebron, his account of those venerable shrines differs in no essential particulars from those of later travellers. But when he reaches Damascus, "the frontier town of the empire of Noureddin, the king of the *Togarmini*, who are called Turks," his inveterate propensity once more developes itself, for reducing every thing which he saw to the Hebrew standard. Thus the famous mosque of the Ommiyan caliphs, as we are gravely informed, "was in ancient times the palace of Benhadad; one wall of it was built of glass by art-magic, with as many openings as there are days in the solar year—so that the sun throws his light into each in succession during his annual revolution." It also contained, among other relics, the rib of a giant king named Abkhamas, "which measured nine spans in length, and two in breadth† . . . The name of this king was found engraved on a stone of his tomb, which also contained the information that he reigned over the whole world." In addition to these pieces of *exclusive information*, some details are given on the state of the Jewish University at Damascus, which, since the extinction of the ancient seminaries of Tiberias and Sepphoris, had been the principal seat of Hebrew learning on the west of the Euphrates; though the presidents now derived their authority from the commission of the Prince of the Captivity at Bagdad. Many rich and learned men were found among the 3000 Jewish inhabitants of the city; and the Caraites, Samaritans, and Rabbinists, all lived together in harmony, though no intermarriage took place between them.

The route from Damascus to Bagdad, though each town is minutely specified, presents nothing worthy of notice, except the hypothesis of the foundation of Balbec, which is said to have been the city built by Solomon

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* On the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey, the Jews were enclosed in their synagogue and burnt alive; and their condition in Palestine, throughout the duration of the Latin kingdom, was one of great hardship and suffering. A fresh persecution appears to have taken place soon after the visit of Benjamin, as Rabbi Petakiah, twenty years later, found only one Jew there; but they speedily reassembled on the recapture of the city by Saladin. Those who constantly lamented over these fresh misfortunes, were called "mourners of Jerusalem;" they wore only black garments, and were continually occupied in fasting and prayer.

† These dimensions are, however, trifling in comparison to those of the thigh-bone of Elijah, (or Isaiah—our memory will not serve us at this moment which of the two,) the sepulchre of which, on the hill called the Giant's Grave, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, measures full sixty yards in length.

for the daughter of Pharaoh, "by the help (as men pretend) of Ashmedai," (Asmodeus.) But Bagdad, the time-honoured residence of the Abbasside caliphs, and the metropolis, both political and ecclesiastical, of the whole Mohammedan world, requires a more extended notice. When it was visited by Rabbi Benjamin, the caliphs had recovered some share of the political power, from which they had so long been debarred by their nominal ministers, the Bouiyan and Seljookian sultans of Persia, and the rich provinces of Irak once more paid tribute to the Commander of the Faithful. But the gleam of splendour which gilded the last days of the caliphate, before its final extinction in the torrent of Mogul conquest, appears, from the narrative of our traveller, (the *only* contemporary authority,) to have been rather of an ecclesiastical than a warlike character. The charitable foundations and hospitals of the city are commemorated, rather than its arsenals or military strength; and it was only on a particular day of the year, at the end of the Ramadhan, that the caliph left the precincts of his palace, (the circuit of which was three miles, comprising within its enclosures, parks, pleasure-grounds, and reservoirs,) and repaired to the great mosque, to appear before the assembled Moslems, as the visible head of their religion.* But the walls of Bagdad contained yet another sovereign, far more sacred in the eyes of Rabbi Benjamin, than the descendant of the Prophet's uncle; this was the titular successor and representative of David, the *Prince of the Jewish Captivity*.

These "Princes of the Captivity" (*Rosh Ha-gola*) held a conspicuous place in Jewish history, for many centuries after the fall of Jerusalem, and the restricted authority which they were permitted to exercise, is often fondly referred to by contemporary Hebrew controversialists, as a proof that *the sceptre* had not yet wholly *departed from Judah*, and that the appointed time, therefore, was not yet come for the advent of the Shiloh or Messiah. Within less than a century from the final destruction of the Temple, the existence of two distinct series of these peculiar rulers can be ascertained, holding sway respectively to the east and west of the Euphrates; and the succession of the former continued uninterrupted for full a thousand years. The patriarch of the west, or (as he is sometimes called) the ethnarch of the Jews, whose office was generally elective, dwelt at Tiberias, (where the Sanhedrim is traditionally said to have found timely refuge before the last siege of the city,) and held spiritual supremacy over his dispersed brethren throughout the Roman Empire—while the Jews to the east of the Euphrates, paid obedience to a real or reputed† descendant of David, who resided on the banks of that river, and bore, under the protection of the Parthian kings, the *hereditary* title of Prince of the Captivity of Babylon. The latter ruler appears to have combined, with the rank of chief of the rabbis, some considerable share of political power, and to have affected, on public occasions, the state of a temporal sovereign; yet one of their number was worsted by his ecclesiastical competitor the pontiff of Tiberias, in a controversy on the interpretation of the law as to the time of keeping the Passover—a singular parallel to the disputes on the period of Easter, which caused the schism of the Eastern and Western Churches! The Jews, however, never became in Persia, the object of that jealous suspicion which their fierce and frequent revolts had kindled against them in the Roman empire, and which led to the extinction of the ethnarchate at Tiberias, by an edict of Theodosius. The Princes of the Captivity remained undisturbed during the four centuries of the Sassanian dynasty; and Bosthenai, one of their number, is said to have married the daughter of Yezdijird, the last monarch of that line.

But it was under the Mohammedan rule, during the reigns of the earlier Abbasside caliphs, that the honours

* In an able memoir by Mr Lebrecht, "On the state of the caliphate at Bagdad," which appears in the second volume, it is clearly shown that the reigning caliph must have been Al-Moktah Be-amri'llah, the thirty-first of the Abbassides, who ruled from 1160 to 1700.

† Vespasian is said to have sought out, and put to death, all of the lineage of David.

and prosperity of this phantom of Jewish royalty reached their zenith. The seat of the Prince of the Captivity was fixed at Bagdad, and his delegated authority over all the Jews in the Saracen empire, "from the Euphrates to the confines of India," confirmed by the Commander of the Faithful, to whom each successive Rosh Ha-gola did homage, and received investiture from his hands, as the Greek and Armenian patriarchs of Constantinople still do from the Sultan. His inauguration by his own people was solemnized with great pomp and magnificence:—the newly-created prince was placed on a lofty throne, while gold and costly offerings were laid at his feet, and the deputies of the synagogues throughout Persia and the East bent the knee before the claimant of the sceptre of David; but he was, at the same time, admonished by the elders, that he should regard his elevation as an occasion of sorrow rather than rejoicing, "since Jerusalem is still desolate and defiled, and thou art but the captive ruler of a captive people." His revenues, derived both from voluntary contributions and from certain taxes which he was authorized to levy on the Jews in Bagdad and elsewhere, enabled him to support considerable state; and he was treated, even by the Moslems, with the respect due to royalty. In the capacity of spiritual chief, he consecrated, by imposition of hands, the rabbis and ministers appointed to officiate in the synagogues, wherever his pontificate was acknowledged; and, on public occasions, the presidents of the two great Jewish universities of Sura and Pombeditha, in Mesopotamia, sat on his right and left, while the members of the ten rabbinic colleges of Bagdad were ranged on either side. But between these dignified chiefs of the law and their titular prince, fierce and frequent disputes arose on abstruse points of doctrine and discipline, which continued to distract the Jewish community till the dignities of Prince of the Captivity and Master of the Colleges were united, about the commencement of the eleventh century, in the person of the illustrious Schevivah. But the evil days of Israel were once more drawing near; and the Rosh Ha-gola shared in the depression of their patrons, the Abbassides, whose power had almost wholly passed into the hands of their titular ministers or Emirs-al-Omrah, the Bouiyan sovereigns of Persia. The latter days of Schevivah himself, whose life was extended beyond a century, were disquieted by the violence of these fierce soldiers, which spared not the palace or person of the caliph himself; but the final blow was deferred till the time of his successor. Instigated by the vast wealth of the Jews, the Sultan Jelal-ed-dowlah set on foot a furious persecution; the colleges and synagogues were destroyed, and their revenues confiscated, and Hezekiah, the last of the continuous line of Princes of the Captivity, was publicly executed in 1040. Those among the rabbis and men of note who escaped the storm, including two sons of Hezekiah, fled to Africa and Spain, where they first introduced the Talmudic lore of the East; while the fabric of the Jewish constitution at Bagdad appeared to have perished for ever.

At the visit of Rabbi Benjamin, however, every thing appears to have been re-established nearly on its former footing; a restoration which, not improbably, followed the recovery of unfettered power by the caliphs, as noticed above. The existing Prince of the Captivity, Daniel, the son of Chisdai, claimed, like his predecessors, to be of the line of David;* and his jurisdiction and prerogatives are described as being almost identical with those which they held before the persecution by Jelal-ed-dowlah. "He holds high command over all Jewish congregations within the authority of the Commander of the Faithful; and, whenever he goes to visit the caliph, he rides on a horse," (a privilege then, as till recently in Turkey, ordinarily restricted to Moslems,) "wearing a dress of embroidered silk, and a large turban surmounted by a diadem. He

* Rabbi Petakiah, of Ratisbon, who visited Bagdad about twenty years after Benjamin, calls the then head of the Captivity, Samuel; and adds, that he proved his descent, by an attested pedigree, from the prophet of the same name. In this case, the dignity must have become elective; of its ultimate fate nothing certain appears to be known; it probably vanished at the sack of Bagdad by the Moguls, in A. D. 1258.

is escorted by numerous cavaliers, both Jews and Mohammedans; while a crier proclaims in Arabic, 'Make way before our Lord the son of David!'" The ten colleges had also been re-edified, as the names of their presidents are enumerated; yet the whole Jewish population of the city was only a thousand, though, in the neighbouring cities of Irak, the numbers are said to be far greater,* including many learned expounders of the law. The sepulchre of the Prophet Ezekiel, on the banks of the Euphrates, was regarded with equal honour by Jews and Moslems; and a synagogue, at a town called *Shafjathib*, is mentioned as the object of peculiar veneration, being wholly built of earth and stone brought from Jerusalem. Of the two once-famed universities of Sura and Pombeditha, (or Juba,) however, the former was wholly in ruins, and the latter greatly decayed, containing little remarkable, beyond the shrines of many of the wise and mighty men of those bygone ages when the Jews of Mesopotamia claimed to be ranked as the noblest of the nation, asserting, as we are told by Maimonides, that "Ezra carried with him the chaff only of the people, and left the pure wheat in Babylon."

An account here follows of the independent Jews in Kaibar, Tehama, and other districts of Yemen and Central Arabia, which Purchas dubiously characterizes as "strange if true," and which has met with still less courtesy from other editors. It does not, indeed, appear that Benjamin personally visited these almost inaccessible regions, but merely gives the result of his enquiries in Mesopotamia; and to this must be attributed the exaggerated number of 50,000 inhabitants which he assigns to the city of Khaibar, and the still more extravagant population of 100,000 attributed to Telmas, both of which are described by all other writers as inconsiderable towns, fortified for strongholds in the oases of the desert. But the independent Jews of Arabia can, in truth, be traced to days far remote, as a numerous, valiant, and wealthy race, who ruled over Yemen and Tehama till they were driven from the former kingdom by an army which their merciless persecution of the Christians impelled the King of Abyssinia to send against them; and they were the last to submit to the yoke imposed upon all the Arab tribes by the sword of Mohammed, whose death, indeed, is popularly attributed to a slow poison administered by the patriotic revenge of a woman of Khaibar. They are said, by Elmakin, to have been afterwards transplanted by Omar into Syria, under the plea, that the Prophet had enjoined his followers to tolerate no unbelievers within the limits of Arabia; and it does not appear at what period they returned; but Benjamin heard of them as flourishing under the government of a chief named Rabbi Kanan, or Kenana, the same name as that of the Jewish prince of Khaibar when Mohammed took the place. Part of these Arabian Jews (those of Telmas) were held, on the authority of tradition, to be "the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, who having been led captive by Shalmanezer, king of Ashur, took refuge in these regions, and there erected these strong cities;" but this claim of ancient lineage, whether well founded or not, appears, in the present day, to have been lost by lapse of time. But the Jews of Tehama, whom Rabbi Benjamin represents as calling themselves, in his day, *Beni Rechab*, (Rechabites, or Sons of Rechab,) still not only preserve unbroken the memory of their descent from the progenitor whose name they bear, but live in constant obedience to these precepts, their ancient observance of which was rewarded by the promise, (Jeremiah xxv. 19,) that "Jonadab, the son of Rechab, should not want a man to stand before the Lord for ever." Faithful to the commandment of their patriarch, they "drink no wine all their days; nor build houses to dwell in;" nor have they "vineyard, nor field, nor seed, but dwell in tents, according to all that Jonadab their father commanded them." Rabbi Benjamin further describes them as a warlike and predatory race, like the Bedoweens, and a "terror to their neighbours"—qualities in which, as

* By a misprint in the translation, (but not in the Hebrew text,) Kufa is said to contain "70,000," instead of "7000" Jews.

well as in their peculiar mode of living, the lapse of seven centuries since the travels of Benjamin has made no alteration. The Jewish missionary, Wolff, who visited these regions about twenty-five years since, describes them, on the information of one of their number, as inhabiting, to the number of 60,000, three oases in the neighbourhood of Mekka; they are fierce and expert horsemen, levying tolls on the caravans, and attacking them in case of denial. The man from whom these particulars were derived was "of a livelier countenance than Arabs in general; he courteously accepted the whole Bible, reading it both in Arabic and Hebrew; when asked who he was, he read, in a voice of thunder, the 35th chapter of Jeremiah, and said, 'I am a son of Rechab!' He then mounted his horse, and vanished at full speed.'* Scarcely the continued dispersion of the Jews themselves affords a more striking evidence of the fulfilment of prophecy, than the corroboration, after twenty-three centuries, of the separate existence and unchangeable observances of this faithful race.

We must return, however, from this interesting digression, to Benjamin himself, who proceeds to notice, in order, all the cities of Persia and the neighbouring countries, as far as Samarkand,† the Jewish population of which, probably by an error of transcript, is rated at 50,000. It was probably during his sojourn at the City of Peace, that he collected most of his information relative to those Eastern regions and their Jewish denizens; as beyond Bagdad, or perhaps Ispahan, his personal travels do not appear to have extended.‡ Among other episodes he here introduces a somewhat marvellous narration, relative to the apocryphal Jewish kingdom, traditionally said to have existed for several hundred years to the west of the Caspian, and to have originated in the conversion to Judaism of a *Khozar* king, named Bulan, somewhere about the seventh century of our era. Our Rabbi, however, who professes to have conversed with one of these Jews, whom he encountered in Persia, claims a far nobler origin for this independent state than the proselytism of a barbarian chief, alleging them to be the descendants of the tribes of Zabulon, Dan,§ and Naphtali, whom Shalmanezer carried away captive, and "put in Halah and Habor by the river Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." "Their territory," says Benjamin, "lies beyond the mountains of Khazvin and the river Kizil-Ozein, and is twenty days in extent; they are subject to no nation, but are ruled by their own prince, and are in alliance with the *Caphar-Tarac*, or infidel Turks, (otherwise called the *Ghuz*,‖) who adore the wind and live in the desert, feeding on raw meat, without bread or wine, and who have no noses, but breathe through two small holes in their face"—a scarcely caricatured portraiture of the Mogul physiognomy. He proceeds to relate how, some years previously, the King of Persia, marching against the *Caphar-Tarac* to punish their predatory incursions into his dominions, was bewildered in the desert through the treachery of his guide, and at length

* "Rabbi Moska Secat is quite certain that the Beni Khaibar are descendants of the Rechabites; to the present moment they drink no wine, and have neither vineyard, nor field, nor seed, but dwell, like Arabs, in tents; they believe and observe the law of Moses by tradition, for they are not in possession of the written law."—*Wolff's Journal*, i. 257.

† *Siaphaz* and *Gina*, which have puzzled former translators, are identified by the present editor with Shiraz and Khiva; and *Nekrokiz* is Kish, near Ormuz.

‡ This point has, we think, been satisfactorily settled by the present editor, who remarks, in confirmation of his opinion, that the frequent personal notices of eminent Hebrews resident in each city, do not extend east of Bagdad. The negligence of Purchas and other early translators has in this case brought undeserved discredit on the author, by using the first person, ("in eight days *I came*"—"in twenty-two days *I sailed*,") when the text only states the fact of such being the distance.

§ He had already placed the Danites among the Jews of Telmas.

‖ It would hence appear that the Ghuz had not at this period embraced Mohammedanism; yet Abul-Feda, in his account of this war, expressly mentions them as Moslems.

found himself on the confines of the Jewish territory. The Jews at first prepared to give him a hostile reception; but on the king's threatening to revenge on the Persian Jews any damage he might receive from them, they consented to supply his army with provisions, and entertained him honourably for fifteen days. They availed themselves of this interval, however, to send private information to their allies, the Caphar-Tarac, of the impending invasion; and in consequence, "when the king went forth to give them battle, the Caphar-Tarac conquered, and slew so many of the Persians, that the king escaped to his country with only a very few followers."

There can be no doubt but this strange tale is intended to refer to the fatal expedition of Sandjar, ("the last hero," as Gibbon calls him, "of the Seljick race,") against the Turkomans of the desert, in A.D. 1153—in which, far from escaping with even "a few followers," he lost both his army and his liberty, and was detained for four years by his savage captors. But the episode of the Jewish kingdom is mentioned by none of the numerous Moslem historians who have treated of this famous war, (the devastation consequent on which forms the theme of one of the most beautiful poems in the Persian language;) and it is difficult to conceive, according to the strait-laced notions of modern geography, how his march against a tribe lying beyond the Oxus to the *east* of the Caspian, can have brought him in contact with a kingdom, either real or imaginary, which lay to the *west* of that sea. "Haud nostri tantas componere lites." But certain it is, that a sort of undefined vision of Jewish power and grandeur, somewhere in this direction, continued, for a long period, to haunt the imaginations of the children of Judah in all parts of the world, as the legendary African kingdom of Prester John haunted the Portuguese navigators in later days; and not long after this time, a correspondence (which the less easy faith of later days has rejected as altogether spurious) was promulgated, as having passed between certain rabbis in Spain and the reigning king, whose name was said to be Joseph. It is possible that this story may have originated in the claim of descent from David, which is said to have been set up by the ancient kings of Georgia; but even in more modern times the tradition has not wholly fallen into oblivion. Dr Giles Fletcher, who was sent as an envoy from Queen Elizabeth to the Czar Ivan the Terrible, about 1588, strongly opined that the Tartars near the Caspian must be descended from the Ten Tribes, assigning, as his chief reason, that the Tartars also consisted of ten tribes! And in our own days the claims of the Jews of Daghestan (a mountainous province on the west of the Caspian) to rank as the progeny of a remnant at least, have been advocated with considerable plausibility by a convert from Judaism,* who argues, from their ignorance of the Babylonian Talmud, and the primitive simplicity of their ritual and observances, that they must have branched off from the main stock at a period very far antecedent to the introduction of the rabbinical trammels. Even the Lesghis in those parts, though bigoted Moslems, claim descent from the tribe of Dan; and "the Jews of Androva, a town on the north-west of the Caspian, have informed me that they were in possession of these countries as late as the twelfth century, as described by Benjamin of Tudela; and were only finally driven from them in the time of Nadir Shah, when thousands were compelled to embrace the Mohammedan faith. According to their traditions, those inhabiting the mountain regions, called by the inhabitants Jeordico and Tubar, by the Jews Yerico and Thabor, are the descendants of the two tribes and a half, the first portion of the captivity of the whole house of Israel."

We must not, however, quit this part of the narrative without noticing a strange legend here inserted, relative to one of the numerous pretenders to

* "The Remnant Found," by the Rev. Jacob Samuel. London, 1841. An intelligent American traveller, Dr Asahel Grant, has recently attempted to identify the Nestorian Christians of Koordistan with the lost tribes; but his arguments, being foreign to the narrative of Benjamin, are beyond our present scope. His elucidations of his hypothesis, however, are extremely ingenious and interesting.

the attributes and character of the Messiah, and which, in addition to its other merits, is entitled to a further share of our gratitude as having supplied the Rabbi's namesake, Benjamin D'Israeli the younger, with the groundwork of his "Wondrous Tale of Alroy"—a tale wondrous, in sooth, in many respects, and not least from its having baffled the ingenuity of numerous readers, ourselves among the number, to decide whether it be written in prose or verse. Among the innumerable rebellions and convulsions which preceded the fall of the Seljookian empire, the fate of this remarkable impostor seems to have been passed over unnoticed by the Moslem chroniclers; but the authenticity of Rabbi Benjamin's account, which till lately formed the principal authority for his ever having existed, has been confirmed, in all the main facts, by a MS. recently discovered in the Paris Library; and the tale, even when stripped of the poetical imagery with which it has been invested by the fancy of the modern author, is not without interest, as a singular specimen of Hebrew "romance of the middle ages." Hear it in the words, somewhat abridged, of Benjamin the Elder:—

"About ten years ago," (from A.D. 1155 to 1160,) "there rose a man in the city of Amaria, named David-el-Roi, (the seer,) who, being deeply versed not only in the Mosaic law and the Talmud, but also in the writings of the Ishmaelites, (Moslems,) and the books of the magicians, determined to rebel against the King of Persia, and to gather together the Jews who dwell in the mountains of Chaphton, that he might war with the Gentiles, and conquer Jerusalem. From the false miracles which he showed, some of the Jews believed on him, and called him Messiah; and the King of Persia, hearing these things, summoned him to his presence. He went without fear, and when he was asked, 'Art thou the king of the Jews?' he answered 'I am!' Whereupon the king commanded him to be cast into a prison, where those are put who are imprisoned for life, on the banks of the Kizil-Ozein. But three days after, while the king sat in council with his nobles and ministers, behold! David appeared among them; and when the king enquired of him, 'Who hath set thee free?' he replied, 'My own wisdom; for I fear neither thee nor thy servants.' Then the king cried out and said, 'Seize him!' but his servants made answer, 'His voice is heard by us, but his bodily form we see not!' David then said, 'I now go my way!' and the king being greatly astonished, followed him to the banks of the river, with all his nobles and servants; and he spread his shawl on the water, and crossed the river thereon, having now made himself visible to all; and they pursued him in boats, but in vain—and the same day he travelled to Amaria, ten days' journey, by virtue of the *Shem Hamphorash*,* and declared to the Jews what had befallen him. The king now sent to the Commander of the Faithful at Bagdad, desiring him that he should exhort the Prince of the Captivity to check the proceedings of David-el-Roi, and threatening that otherwise he would put to death all the Jews in his empire. The synagogues in Persia also sent letters to the Prince of the Captivity, saying, "Restrain this man, we beseech you, lest innocent blood be shed." Then the Prince of the Captivity and the rulers of the colleges wrote thus unto David:—"Be it known to thee, that *we have not yet seen the signs by which it* (our deliverance) *shall manifest itself*, (Ps. lxxiv. 9;) and that *by strength shall no man prevail*, (1 Sam. ii. 9.) We charge thee, therefore, to abstain from those ways in which thou hast walked, lest thou be cast out and cut off from all Israel." Nevertheless, David-el-Roi would not hearken to their words, till a certain prince of the Turks named Zeineddin, who was subject to the King of Persia, persuaded the father-in-law of David, by giving him ten thousand pieces of gold, so that he thrust David through the middle with a sword while he lay in his bed; and thus were

* "The explained name," or real name of God, which all the orientals, Moslems as well as Jews, hold to have been engraven on the signet of Solomon, and to have given him power over all created beings. The miracles of our Saviour are also thus explained by the Talmud.

his evil devices ended. Yet, so was not the wrath of the King of Persia quieted against the Jews, who dwelt in the mountains and in his country; till the Prince of the Captivity wrote letters, and the Jews presented petitions, with one hundred talents of gold, so that the king's anger was appeased."

The more romantic finale to the career of this remarkable adventurer, which has been adopted by Mr D'Israeli, is borrowed from the *Shebet Jehuda* (Rod of Judah) by Rabbi Solomon Ben Virga—" When David was asked by the king what proof he would give of his mission, he said, ' Cut off my head, and I shall still live!' * The king did so; and those who believed in this deceiver, still expect that he will fulfil his promise." Which version of his death may be correct, there is no other evidence to decide. The Jewish chronicles, in general, avoid " wars and rumours of wars;" and the Arabic historians have not deigned to notice the effort for freedom made by one of the despised " sons of the captivity;" yet the name of the latest champion who essayed (albeit in vain) to rear the lion-banner of Judah, deserves to be rescued from the oblivion to which its other cotemporaries have consigned it.

The enquiries of Rabbi Benjamin respecting his scattered brethren in the remote regions of the East, appear to have been sufficiently extensive during his residence in Persia; as he gives the statistics and numbers of the Jewish population in most of the ports along the western coast of India, and even as far as the island of *Khandi*, or Ceylon, in which he says that no less than 23,000 of the dispersion were resident—an account remarkably confirmed by Edrisi, who states the importance of the Jews in the Ceylonese community to have been such, that four of the sixteen ministers of the king were constantly of that faith. His accounts of the manners and customs of these distant countries have been much cavilled at by sundry of his critics, who were misled by the error of translation above noticed, in supposing these hearsay notes to be intended for the results of personal observation. His statements, however, when fairly examined, contain more than the average proportion of accuracy usually found in the rambling accounts brought home by travellers of that age; and he has the merit of being the first European who mentions the empire of China—though his account of the sea of *Nikpha*, and the *rocs* or griffins there found, partakes rather strongly of the marvellous; he does not, however, profess, like Ebn Batuta, ever to have *seen* one of those giant birds, of the existence of which he appears to entertain no doubt.

The route of the Rabbi from Bagdad on his return to the west, lay through Ormus, and along the Arabian coasts, to the port of Assuan, or Syene, and thence down the Nile into Egypt; his description of which country is almost the only part of the concluding portion of his narrative requiring any particular notice. The time of his visit is fixed as antecedent to 1171, the period of the extinction of the Fatimite dynasty of caliphs, by his mention of the people of the country as " rebels (or Sheahs) who obey the Commander of the Faithful of the sect of Ali Ebn Abu-Taleb, and rebel against the Abbasside caliph who resides at Bagdad, so that there is perpetual hatred between them." Like his more orthodox rival, the Fatimite caliph was seen in public only on the high festivals of Islam, and when the inundation of the Nile attained its height—remaining secluded at all other times in the palace or citadel of Cairo, to which Benjamin applies the Hebrew name of Zoan. The Jews in Egypt appear not to have acknowledged the supremacy of the Prince of the Captivity; their rabbis and ministers being nominated by an independent primate, resident in Cairo, who bore the title of *lord of lords*. In addition to the ordinary antiquities, we are informed that the granaries of Joseph were still to be traced among the ruins of the old city; " and in the

* When Said Ebn Jubeyr, one of the last survivors of the companions of the prophet, was decapitated by order of the sanguinary Hedjaj, the severed head thrice repeated the words " *La illah il Allah!*" " There is no God but God!"—So at least says the *Tarikh-Tabari*; and there are various similar instances recorded in the veracious pages of the Thousand and One Nights.

curve of the lips; "but if less considerate, what then?"

"I should have buttoned them ten times for every twice they touched me, your highness."

"Ha! and could you do that with me?"

"That might depend on how your imperial highness might wish to be treated. If as a prince, it is probable your highness would touch me ten times, and be touched twice. But if your highness wished to be treated like any other person, the ten hits would probably be achieved by me, and the two by your highness."

"Lubenski!" cried the Czarewitsch, rubbing his hands; "Lubenski! bring the foils! We shall see, Sir Braggart!"

"Is it possible your highness would condescend"——

"My highness orders you to touch me ten times, if you can. Do you want to back out already? Now, take this foil and mask. Guard!"

"Is it your highness's absolute command?"

"Yes! yes! a thousand times yes!"

"I am ready."

"Ten times!" repeated the Czarewitsch as he attacked me,—"ten times, mind you! less won't do. Ha! ha!"

Notwithstanding all this encouragement, I kept on the defensive, contenting myself with parrying his thrusts without returning them.

"Now then!" cried he, somewhat angrily — "What are you about? You are not doing your best. Why don't you thrust?"

"Your highness! the respect——"

"Curse your respect, sir! Thrust! thrust!"

Observing, through his mask, that his cheeks were flushed and his eyes bloodshot, I took advantage of the permission granted with such evident sincerity, and touched him three times running.

"Bravo!" cried he. "My turn now. Ha! a hit! a hit!" He had touched me. I then touched him four times in rapid succession, and was touched once.

"Hurrah!" cried he, quite delighted, and stamping with his foot. "Rodna! did you see that? Twice to his seven."

"Twice to ten, your highness!" replied I, pressing him hard. "Eight—nine—ten! Now we are quits."

"Good! good!" cried the Czarewitsch approvingly — "Very good! but that's not all. The small-sword—not enough—no use to the cavalry—Want the sabre. Now could you defend yourself, *on foot*, against a mounted lancer? Parry a lance-thrust? Eh?"

"I think I could, your highness!"

"*Think* so! Not sure—eh?"

"Pardon me, your highness, I have no doubt of it."

"Lubenski! Lubenski!" again shouted the Czarewitsch. The officer appeared—

"A lance and a horse! a horse! a lance! Sacre! Quick! quick!"

"But your highness"——I interposed—

"*Ha! vous avez peur?*"

"I am not afraid; but, with your highness, I should experience equal reluctance to be the victor or the vanquished."

"All nonsense and flattery! First trial was capital. Now for the second!"

At this moment the officer appeared before the windows, leading a horse, and bearing a lance in his hand.

"Now, then!" exclaimed Constantine, as he darted out of the room, and made me a sign to follow him. "Give him a good sabre, Lubenski; and now, Sir Fencing-Master, mind yourself, or you'll be spitted like one of the toads in my summer-house. The last lived three days, Rodna, with a nail through his belly."

So saying, Constantine sprang upon his horse, which was of the true Tartar breed, with a tail that swept the ground, and a mane like a hurricane. With remarkable skill, he put the animal through the most difficult evolutions, at the same time executing sundry parries and thrusts with his lance.

"All ready?" cried the Czarewitsch, coming up to me.

"Ready, your highness," I replied; and he, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off to the further end of the avenue.

"Surely all this is a joke?" said I to General Rodna.

"By no means!" was the reply. "*You will either lose your life, or gain your appointment.* Defend yourself as if you were on a battle-field."

I now saw that matters were taking a more serious turn than I had alto-

gether bargained for. Had I considered myself at liberty to return blow for blow, I could have taken my chance without uneasiness; but feeling myself bound to *control*, as well as to use, a keen-edged sabre, while exposed to the sharpened lance of a reckless antagonist, the chances of this imperial diversion were rather against me. It was too late, however, to draw back. I summoned in aid all the coolness and address I possessed, and prepared to face the Czarewitsch, who had already reached the end of the avenue, and turned his horse about. In spite of what General Rodna had told me, I had not relinquished all hope that Constantine was only jesting; but when I saw him bring his lance to the guard, and push his steed into a gallop, I became convinced that I had to defend my life. The horse advanced at full speed, and the Czarewitsch was crouched down upon his neck, in such a manner that he was nearly concealed by the abundant mane. I could only see the top of his head appearing between his charger's ears. When he reached me, he made a point at my breast; but I parried his thrust, and, bounding on one side, horse and rider, carried away by their own impetuosity, passed by without doing me any injury. When he saw that he had missed his aim, the Czarewitsch pulled his horse up short with admirable dexterity.

"Very good! very good!" said he—"try again." And without giving me time for objection or remark, he took space for his career, and, after again asking me if I was ready, returned to the charge with still more fury than the first time; but, as before, I kept my eyes fixed on his, and not one of his motions escaped me. At the decisive moment I parried *en quarte*, and by a spring to the right, made his second attack as harmless as the preceding one.

At this second failure, the Czarewitsch uttered a howl of disappointment. He had entered into the spirit of our tilting-match as ardently as if it had been a real combat, and had moreover made up his mind that it should terminate in his favour; but, when I saw him retracing his ground for a third assault, I determined that it should be the last. Again he approached me with whirlwind speed; this time, however, instead of contenting myself with a mere parry, I dealt a violent back-handed blow on the pole of the lance, which was severed by the stroke, and the Czarewitsch found himself disarmed. Then, quick as thought, I seized the bridle of the horse, and by a violent jerk threw him on his haunches, at the same time placing the point of my sabre on the breast of the rider. General Rodna uttered a cry of alarm; he thought I was going to kill the Grand-duke. Constantine, doubtless, had the same impression, for the colour left his cheeks for an instant. Stepping a pace backward, and bowing to the Czarewitsch, I said, "Your highness has now seen what I am able to teach to Russian soldiers, and is able to judge whether I am worthy to become their professor."

"Yes, by my soul you are! Never saw a braver fellow; and a regiment you shall have, if I can get it you. Lead Pulk to the stable, Lubenski," added he, throwing himself off his horse. "Now, follow me, Sir Frenchman." Then leading the way to his apartments, he took up a pen, and wrote at the foot of my petition:—

"I humbly recommend the petitioner to your Imperial Majesty, believing him in every way worthy of the favour he solicits."

"Take this paper," said he, "and give it into the Emperor's own hands. Put you in prison, perhaps, but, *ma foi!* he who risks nothing can gain nothing. Farewell! and, if ever you visit Warsaw, come and see me."

I bowed and took my leave, delighted with my success, and no little elated at having passed so well through the ordeal imposed upon me by this eccentric and formidable personage.

At ten o'clock the following morning I started for the Emperor's present abode, the palace of Tzarsko Selo, determined to walk in the gardens until I met him, and to risk the penalty of imprisonment, incurred by all who ventured to present a petition to his imperial majesty. My stock of patience, however, was very nearly exhausted, when I had waited and wandered more than four hours in the palace-gardens, which contain in their vast inclosure, slopes, levels, lakes, and forests; grottoes, pyramids, and statues. All these I had visited, without perceiving any one but the sentries and a few loungers; and I was

curve of the lips; "but if less considerate, what then?"

"I should have buttoned them ten times for every twice they touched me, your highness."

"Ha! and could you do that with me?"

"That might depend on how your imperial highness might wish to be treated. If as a prince, it is probable your highness would touch me ten times, and be touched twice. But if your highness wished to be treated like any other person, the ten hits would probably be achieved by me, and the two by your highness."

"Lubenski!" cried the Czarewitsch, rubbing his hands; "Lubenski! bring the foils! We shall see, Sir Braggart!"

"Is it possible your highness would condescend"——

"My highness orders you to touch me ten times, if you can. Do you want to back out already? Now, take this foil and mask. Guard!"

"Is it your highness's absolute command?"

"Yes! yes! a thousand times yes!"

"I am ready."

"Ten times!" repeated the Czarewitsch as he attacked me,—"ten times, mind you! less won't do. Ha! ha!"

Notwithstanding all this encouragement, I kept on the defensive, contenting myself with parrying his thrusts without returning them.

"Now then!" cried he, somewhat angrily — "What are you about? You are not doing your best. Why don't you thrust?"

"Your highness! the respect——"

"Curse your respect, sir! Thrust! thrust!"

Observing, through his mask, that his cheeks were flushed and his eyes bloodshot, I took advantage of the permission granted with such evident sincerity, and touched him three times running.

"Bravo!" cried he. "My turn now. Ha! a hit! a hit!" He had touched me. I then touched him four times in rapid succession, and was touched once.

"Hurrah!" cried he, quite delighted, and stamping with his foot. "Rodna! did you see that? Twice to his seven."

"Twice to ten, your highness!" replied I, pressing him hard. "Eight—nine—ten! Now we are quits."

"Good! good!" cried the Czarewitsch approvingly — "Very good! but that's not all. The small-sword—not enough—no use to the cavalry—Want the sabre. Now could you defend yourself, *on foot*, against a mounted lancer? Parry a lance-thrust? Eh?"

"I think I could, your highness!"

"*Think* so! Not sure—eh?"

"Pardon me, your highness, I have no doubt of it."

"Lubenski! Lubenski!" again shouted the Czarewitsch. The officer appeared—

"A lance and a horse! a horse! a lance! Sacre! Quick! quick!"

"But your highness"——I interposed—

"*Ha! vous avez peur?*"

"I am not afraid; but, with your highness, I should experience equal reluctance to be the victor or the vanquished."

"All nonsense and flattery! First trial was capital. Now for the second!"

At this moment the officer appeared before the windows, leading a horse, and bearing a lance in his hand.

"Now, then!" exclaimed Constantine, as he darted out of the room, and made me a sign to follow him. "Give him a good sabre, Lubenski; and now, Sir Fencing-Master, mind yourself, or you'll be spitted like one of the toads in my summer-house. The last lived three days, Rodna, with a nail through his belly."

So saying, Constantine sprang upon his horse, which was of the true Tartar breed, with a tail that swept the ground, and a mane like a hurricane. With remarkable skill, he put the animal through the most difficult evolutions, at the same time executing sundry parries and thrusts with his lance.

"All ready?" cried the Czarewitsch, coming up to me.

"Ready, your highness," I replied; and he, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off to the further end of the avenue.

"Surely all this is a joke?" said I to General Rodna.

"By no means!" was the reply. "*You will either lose your life, or gain your appointment.* Defend yourself as if you were on a battle-field."

I now saw that matters were taking a more serious turn than I had alto-

gether bargained for. Had I considered myself at liberty to return blow for blow, I could have taken my chance without uneasiness; but feeling myself bound to *control*, as well as to use, a keen-edged sabre, while exposed to the sharpened lance of a reckless antagonist, the chances of this imperial diversion were rather against me. It was too late, however, to draw back. I summoned in aid all the coolness and address I possessed, and prepared to face the Czarewitsch, who had already reached the end of the avenue, and turned his horse about. In spite of what General Rodna had told me, I had not relinquished all hope that Constantine was only jesting; but when I saw him bring his lance to the guard, and push his steed into a gallop, I became convinced that I had to defend my life. The horse advanced at full speed, and the Czarewitsch was crouched down upon his neck, in such a manner that he was nearly concealed by the abundant mane. I could only see the top of his head appearing between his charger's ears. When he reached me, he made a point at my breast; but I parried his thrust, and, bounding on one side, horse and rider, carried away by their own impetuosity, passed by without doing me any injury. When he saw that he had missed his aim, the Czarewitsch pulled his horse up short with admirable dexterity.

"Very good! very good!" said he—"try again." And without giving me time for objection or remark, he took space for his career, and, after again asking me if I was ready, returned to the charge with still more fury than the first time; but, as before, I kept my eyes fixed on his, and not one of his motions escaped me. At the decisive moment I parried *en quarte*, and by a spring to the right, made his second attack as harmless as the preceding one.

At this second failure, the Czarewitsch uttered a howl of disappointment. He had entered into the spirit of our tilting-match as ardently as if it had been a real combat, and had moreover made up his mind that it should terminate in his favour; but, when I saw him retracing his ground for a third assault, I determined that it should be the last. Again he approached me with whirlwind speed; this time, however, instead of contenting myself with a mere parry, I dealt a violent back-handed blow on the pole of the lance, which was severed by the stroke, and the Czarewitsch found himself disarmed. Then, quick as thought, I seized the bridle of the horse, and by a violent jerk threw him on his haunches, at the same time placing the point of my sabre on the breast of the rider. General Rodna uttered a cry of alarm; he thought I was going to kill the Grand-duke. Constantine, doubtless, had the same impression, for the colour left his cheeks for an instant. Stepping a pace backward, and bowing to the Czarewitsch, I said, "Your highness has now seen what I am able to teach to Russian soldiers, and is able to judge whether I am worthy to become their professor."

"Yes, by my soul you are! Never saw a braver fellow; and a regiment you shall have, if I can get it you. Lead Pulk to the stable, Lubenski," added he, throwing himself off his horse. "Now, follow me, Sir Frenchman." Then leading the way to his apartments, he took up a pen, and wrote at the foot of my petition:—

"I humbly recommend the petitioner to your Imperial Majesty, believing him in every way worthy of the favour he solicits."

"Take this paper," said he, "and give it into the Emperor's own hands. Put you in prison, perhaps, but, *ma foi!* he who risks nothing can gain nothing. Farewell! and, if ever you visit Warsaw, come and see me."

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beginning to despair of meeting him whom I came to seek, when the avenue I had just entered was crossed by an officer in undress uniform, who saluted me and continued his promenade. I asked a gardener's boy at work near me, who that very polite officer was.

"The Emperor," answered he.

I immediately darted down an alley which I calculated would traverse the path Alexander was following. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before I found myself so near his majesty that I paused in some alarm. The Emperor halted for an instant; then seeing that respect prevented me from approaching him, he advanced towards me, and I awaited his coming, standing uncovered on the side of the footpath. The Emperor limped slightly, owing to the re-opening of an accidental wound in the leg, received in one of his journeys to the banks of the Don. As he slowly advanced, I had leisure to observe the great change which had taken place in his appearance since I had seen him in Paris. His countenance, formerly so open and cheerful, had now a sickly and mournful expression, and he was evidently a prey to the deepest melancholy. Notwithstanding this, his looks were so benevolent that I felt re-assured, and as he passed near me, I ventured to address him.

"Sire!"

"Put on your hat, sir," replied he. "It is too cold to remain bareheaded."

Seeing that I hesitated, from respect, to obey him, he seized my hat, clapped it on my head, holding my arm the while to prevent my taking it off again. When he found that I made no further resistance, he said—

"Well, sir, what have you to say to me?"

"Sire—this supplication," and I drew the petition from my pocket. The Emperor's countenance fell.

"Are you aware, sir," said he, "you who pursue me even here, that I absent myself from St Petersburg to avoid petitions and petitioners?"

"I know it, sire; but my petition has perhaps, more than most others, a claim on your majesty's gracious consideration. It is countersigned by your majesty's august brother—by his imperial highness the Grand-duke Constantine."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the Emperor, holding out his hand, but immediately withdrawing it.

"So that I ventured to hope," I continued, "that your majesty would, in this instance, deign to deviate from the rule established."

"No, sir," replied the Emperor quickly. "No, sir, I will not take it, because if I did, I should to-morrow be pestered with a thousand such papers; and I should be compelled to abandon these gardens, where at present I find solitude and quiet. But," added he, observing my disappointment at this refusal, and extending his hand in the direction of the city, "put your petition into the post-office. I shall receive it to-night, and the day after to-morrow you will have my answer."

"Sire, I know not how to express my gratitude."

"Prove it, then," he replied, "by telling no one that you have presented a petition, and escaped punishment. Good-day to you, sir."

With these words, and a gracious but melancholy smile, the Emperor pursued his walk. I did not fail to follow his advice, and put my letter into the post. The Emperor was true to his promise, and two days afterwards I received his reply.

It was my commission as fencing-master to the imperial corps of engineers, with the rank of captain.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. III.

Hero and Leander.—A Ballad.

See you the towers, that, grey and old,
Frown through the sunlight's liquid gold,
  Steep sternly fronting steep?
The Hellespont beneath them swells,
And roaring cleaves the Dardanelles,
  The Rock-Gates of the Deep!
Hear you the wild tide storm along,
  As towards the cliff in foam it flows?—
From Asia Europe rends its rock,
  And Love unfearing goes!

In Hero's, in Leander's heart,
Thrills the sweet anguish of the dart
  Whose feather flies from Love.
All Hebe's bloom in Hero's cheek—
And his the hunter's steps that seek
  Delight, the hills above!
Between their sires the rival fend
  Forbids their plighted hearts to meet;
Love's fruits hang over Danger's gulf,
  By danger made more sweet.

Alone on Sestos' rocky tower,
Where upward sent in stormy shower,
  The whirling waters foam,
Alone the maiden sits, and eyes
The cliffs of fair Abydos rise
  Afar—her lover's home.
Oh, safely thrown from strand to strand,
  No bridge can love to love convey;
No boatman shoots from yonder shore,
  Yet Love has found the way!

Love, that the Cretan maze could pierce—
Can nerve the weak, and tame the fierce,
  And wing with wit the dull.
Lo, docile to Love's diamond rein—
The lion's horror-shaking mane—
  The thunder-crested bull.
The Styx itself, that nine times flows,
  Can shut not out the daring one—
Love led from Pluto's House of Gloom
  The Shadow to the Sun!

And through the ocean's stormy flow,
The sweet Desire, with fever-glow,
  Can fire a lover's blood.
Still when the day, with fainter glimmer,
Wanes pale—he leaps, the daring swimmer,
  Amid the dark'ning flood;
To that dear strand, with cleaving stroke,
  The waves the young Leander spurns,
Where bright from Hero's lofty tower
  The beacon-splendour burns!

And what the strength reviving gave
To limbs long chill'd amidst the wave?
  The arms of happy love!
And there in soft embraces live
The sole rewards the heart can give,
  Or ask—from gods above!
Until Aurora from the dream
  Reluctant wakes in slow delay;
Scared to the ocean's icy bed
  From love's warm clasp away.

So thirty suns have sped their flight—
Still in that theft of sweet delight
  Exult the happy pair;
Caress will never pall caress,
And joys that gods themselves would bless,
  Make one fresh bride-night there.
Ah! never he has rapture known,
  Who has not, where the waves are driven
Upon the fearful shores of Hell,
  Pluck'd fruits that taste of Heaven!

In the blue arch succeeding thus
The Aurora and the Hesperus;—
  Nor see those happy eyes
The leaves that withering droop and fall,
Nor hear, when, from its northern hall,
  The neighbouring Winter sighs;
Or, if they see, the shortening days
  But seem to them to close in kindness;
For longer joys, in lengthening nights,
  They thank the heaven in blindness.

Now day and night made equal, lie
In Jove's large scales within the sky;
  And tender Hero still
Eyes, lingering on her rocky steep,
The sun's bright coursers to the deep
  Fly down the azure hill!
Lull'd lay the smooth and silent sea,
  A mirror in translucent calm,
The breeze, along that crystal realm,
  Unmurmuring, died in balm.

In wanton swarms and blithe array,
The merry dolphins glide and play
  Amid the silver waves.
In gray and dusky troops are seen,
The hosts that serve the Ocean-Queen,
  Upborne from coral caves:
They—only they—have witness'd love
  To rapture steal its secret way;
And Hecate seals the only lips
  That could the tale betray!

She marks in joy the lullèd water,
And Sestos, thus thy tender daughter,
  Soft-flattering, wooes the sea!
"Fair god—and canst thou then betray?
No! falsehood dwells with them that say
  That falsehood dwells with thee!

Ah! faithless is the race of man,
  And harsh a father's heart can prove;
But thee, the gentle and the mild,
  The grief of love can move.

"Within these hated walls of stone,
Should I, repining, mourn alone,
  And fade in ceaseless care;
But thou, though o'er thy giant tide,
Nor bridge may span, nor boat may glide,
  Dost safe my lover bear.
And darksome is thy solemn deep,
  And fearful is thy roaring wave;
But wave and deep are won by love—
  Thou smilest on the brave!

"Nor vainly, fair god of the sea,
Did Eros send his shafts to thee;—
  Remember—how of yore,
The Golden Ram, above thy gloom—
Bright Helle, beautiful in bloom,
  Fled with her brother—bore!
Swift, by the maiden's charms subdued,
  Thy form rose darkly through the waves,
And in thy mighty arms, she sank
  Into thy bridal caves!

"A goddess with a god, to keep
In endless youth, beneath the deep,
  Her solemn ocean-court!
Friendly to love, she still presides
O'er thy wild hordes, and favouring guides
  The sailor to the port!
Beautiful Helle, bright one, hear
  Thy lone adoring suppliant pray!
And guide, O goddess—guide my love
  Along the wonted way!"

Now twilight dims the water's flow,
And from the tower, the beacon's glow
  Waves flickering o'er the main.
Ah, where athwart the dismal stream,
Shall shine the Beacon's faithful beam
  The lover's eyes shall strain!
Hark! sounds moan threat'ning from afar—
  From heaven the blessed stars are gone—
More darkly swells the rising sea—
  The tempest labours on!

Along the ocean's boundless plains
Lies Night—in torrents rush the rains
  From the dark-bosom'd cloud—
Red lightning skirs the panting air,
And, loosed from out their rocky lair,
  Sweep all the storms abroad.
Huge wave on huge wave tumbling o'er,
  The yawning gulf is rent asunder,
And shows, as through an opening pall,
  Grim earth—the ocean under!

Poor maiden! bootless wail or vow—
"Have mercy, Jove—be gracious, Thou!
  Dread prayer was mine before!

Where fanes are deck'd—for gods the home—
  And to the Thymbrian's* solemn shrine.
The wild Bacchantic joy is madd'ning
  The thoughtless host, the fearless guest;
And there, the unheeded heart is sadd'ning—
  One solitary breast!

Unjoyous in the joyful throng,
  Alone, and linking life with none,
Apollo's laurel groves among,
  The still Cassandra wander'd on!
Into the forest's deep recesses
  The solemn Prophet-Maiden pass'd,
And, scornful, from her loosen'd tresses,
  The sacred fillet cast!

"To all, its arms doth Mirth unfold,
  And every heart foregoes its cares—
And Hope is busy in the old—
  The bridal-robe my sister wears—
And I alone, alone am weeping;
  The sweet delusion mocks not me—
Around these walls destruction sweeping,
  More near and near I see!

"A torch before my vision glows,
  But not in Hymen's hand it shines,
A flame that to the welkin goes,
  But not from holy offering-shrines;
Glad hands prepare the banquet-meeting,
  While my soul hearkens in dismay
The mournful steps of gods retreating,
  That rend themselves away!

"And men my prophet-wail deride!
  The solemn sorrow dies in scorn;
And lonely in the waste, I hide
  The tortured heart that would forewarn.
Amidst the happy, unregarded,
  Mock'd by their fearful joy, I trod;
Oh, dark to me the lot awarded,
  Thou evil Pythian god!

"If I thine oracle must be,
  Oh, wherefore vainly thus consign'd
With eyes that every truth must see,
  Lone in the City of the Blind?
Cursed with the anguish of a power
  To view the fates I may not thrall,
The hovering tempest still must lower—
  The horror must befall!

"Boots it the veil to lift, and give
  To sight the frowning fates beneath?
Alas, to err is but to live,
  And wisdom is a thing of death!
Take back the clear and awful mirror,
  Shut from mine eyes the blood-red glare;

* Apollo.

Thy truth is but a gift of terror
  When mortal lips declare.

" My blindness give to me once more—
  The gay dim senses that rejoice;
The Past's delighted songs are o'er
  For lips that speak a Prophet's voice.
To me *the future* thou hast granted;
  I miss *the moment* from the chain—
The happy breathing-time enchanted!
  Take back thy gift again!

" Never for me the nuptial wreath
  The odour-breathing hair shall twine;
My heavy heart is bow'd beneath
  The service of thy dreary shrine.
The years that bloom for others found me
  Amidst my prophet-tears alone—
Each grief, reserved for hearts around me,
  Foreshadow'd on my own!

" How cheerly sports the careless mirth,—
  The life that loves, around I see;
Fair youth to sweet desire gives birth—
  The heart is only sad to me.
Not for mine eyes the young spring gloweth,
  When earth her happy feast-day keeps;
The charm of life who ever knoweth
  That looks into the deeps?

" Wrapt in thy bliss, my sister, thine
  The heart's inebriate rapture-springs;—
Longing with bridal arms to twine
  The bravest of the Grecian kings.
High swells the joyous bosom, seeming
  Too narrow for its world of love,
Nor envies, in its heaven of dreaming,
  The heaven of gods above!

" I, too, have seen the form of one
  In whom the heart could find its goal,
With eyes that haunt, and haunting shun,
  Where love shines kindled into soul—
And sweet with him, where love presiding
  Prepares our hearth, to go—but, dim,
A Stygian shadow, nightly gliding,
  Stalks between me and him!

" Forth from the grim funereal shore,
  The Hell-Queen sends her ghastly bands;
Where'er I turn—behind—before—
  Dumb in my path—a Spectre stands!
Wild youth's unconscious pleasures crowding
  The dreary Phantoms darken through—
One foul pervading troop, foreboding—
  Where turn for Hope unto?

" I see the gleaming Murder-steel—
  I see the glowing Murder-eye—
To right—to left—in all I feel
  The horror-deed my flight defy!—

I may not turn my gaze—all seeing,
  Foreknowing all, I dumbly stand—
To close in blood my ghastly being
  In the far stranger's land!"

Hark! while the sad sounds murmur round,
  Hark, from the Temple-porch, the cries!—
A wild, confused, tumultuous sound!—
  Dead the divine Pelides lies!
Grim Discord rears her snakes devouring—
  The last departing god hath gone!
And, womb'd in cloud, the thunder, lowering,
  Hangs black on Ilion.

NOTE.—Upon this poem, Madame de Stäel makes the following just and striking criticism.—*L'Allemagne*, Part II. c. 13. "One sees in this ode, the curse inflicted on a mortal by the prescience of a god. Is not the grief of the Prophetess that of all who possess a superior intellect with an impassioned heart? Under a shape wholly poetic, Schiller has embodied an idea grandly moral—viz., that the true genius (that of the sentiment) is a victim to itself, even when spared by others. There are no nuptials for Cassandra—not that she is insensible—not that she is disdained, but the clear penetration of her soul passes in an instant both life and death, and can only repose in Heaven."

FRIDOLIN; OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

A harmless lad was Fridolin,
  A pious youth was he;
He served, and sought her grace to win,
  Count Savern's fair ladye.
And gentle was the dame as fair—
And light the toils of service there;
And yet the woman's wildest whim
From her—had been but joy to him!

Soon as the early morning shone
  Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet best he lived alone,
  Nor e'er could serve too well.
She bade him oft not labour so—
But then his eyes would overflow;
It seem'd a sin if strength could swerve
From that one thought—*her* will to serve!

And so, of all her house, the dame
  Most favour'd him always,
And from her lips for ever came
  His unexhausted praise—
On him, more like some gentle child
Than serving-youth, the lady smil'd—
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this the huntsman Robert's heart
  The favour'd henchman cursed;
And long, till ripen'd into art,
  The hateful envy nursed.

His Lord was rash of thought and deed
And thus the knave the deadly seed,
(As from the chase they homeward rode,)
That poisons thought to fury, sow'd—

" Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,
(Thus spoke the craft suppress'd;)
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er
Consume your golden rest.
He who a noble spouse can claim,
Sees love begirt with holy shame;
Her truth no villain arts ensnare—
The smooth seducer comes not there."

" How now!—what say'st thou, bold Fellòwe?"
The frowning Count replied—
" Thinks't thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?
Too well the flatterer's lip allureth—
On firmer ground my faith endureth;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

" Right!"—quoth the other—" and your scorn
The fool can but supply,
Who, though a simple vassal born,
Esteems himself so high—
And, to the dame he serves aspiring,
Harbours for her the love-desiring."
" How!" cried the Count, and trembled—" How!
Of one who lives, then, speakest thou?"

" Surely; can that to all reveal'd
Be all unknown to you?
Yet, from your ear if thus conceal'd,
Let me be silent too."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
" Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
" My Lord, I spoke of Fridolin!

" His face is comely to behold"——
He adds—then paused with art.
The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
The words had pierced his heart.
" My gracious master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

" And then the rhymes"——" The rhymes!" " The same—
Confess'd the frantic thought."
" Confess'd!"——" Ay, and a *mutual* flame
The foolish boy besought!
No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,
Forbore the lines to you to render;
And I repent the babbling word
That 'scaped my lips——What ails my lord?"

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—

Where, in the soaring furnace-flame,
  The molten iron glow'd.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The sparks spring forth, the bellows heave,
As if their task—the rocks to cleave.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
  In interleagued endeavour;
The mill-wheel, whirl'd along the wave,
  Rolls on for aye and ever—
Here, day and night, resounds the clamour,
While measured beats the heaving hammer;*
And suppled in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
  Forth-beckon'd from their task.
"The first whom I to you may send,
  And who of you may ask—
'Have you my lord's command obey'd?'
—Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they—the griesly pair—
  They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there,
  The heart lay in the breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;
The murder-priests nor flag nor falter—
Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The huntsman seeks the page—God wot,
  How smooth a face hath he!
"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
  Thy lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'Have you my lord's command obey'd?'"

"It shall be done"—and to the task
  He hies without delay.
Had *she* no hest?—'twere well to ask,
  To make less long the way.
So, wending backward at the thought,
The youth the gracious lady sought:
"Bound to the forge the wood within,
Hast thou no hest for Fridolin?"

"I fain," thus spake that lady fair,
  In winsome tone and low,

* It would be interesting to know if Schiller lived within hearing of a forge. In the poems written during this period of his life, he is peculiarly fond of introducing descriptions of the sound of the hammer. Possibly to some external impression, we owe the origin of this very characteristic and striking ballad.

"But for mine infant ailing there,
  To hear the mass would go.
"Go thou, my child—and on the way,
For me and mine thy heart shall pray;
Repent each sinful thought of thine—
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

Forth on the welcome task he wends,
  Her wish the task endears,
Till, where the quiet hamlet ends,
  A sudden sound he hears.
To and fro the church-bell, swinging,
Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;
Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,
  And he will come to thee!"
He gains the House of Prayer to pray,
  But all stood silently.
It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain;
One clerkly hand the rites require
To serve the mass and aid the choir.

Eftsoons the good resolve he takes,
  As sacristan to serve:
"No halt," quoth he, "the footstep makes
  That doth but heavenward swerve!"
So, on the priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And eke prepares each holy thing
To the high mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministrant, before
  The priest he took his stand;
Now towards the altar moved, and bore
  The mass-book in his hand.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see;
Tinkling, as the sanctus fell,
Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,
  Turns unto the solemn shrine,
And with lifted hand and holy,
  Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That boy-sacristan is ringing;—
Strike their breasts, and down inclining,
Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
  With a quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
  Knew the boy by heart!
To the close he tarried thus,
Till *Vobiscum Dominus;*
To the crowd inclines the priest,
And the crowd have sign'd—and ceased!

Now back in its appointed place,
  His footsteps but delay

To range each symbol-sign of grace—
  Then forward on his way.
So, conscience-calm, he lightly goes;
Before his steps the furnace glows;
His lips, the while, (the count completing,)
Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gain'd the forge—the smiths survey'd,
  As there they grimly stand:
"How fares it, friends?—have ye obey'd,"
  He cried, "my lord's command?"
"Ho! ho!" they shout, and ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within:
"With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed."

On, with this answer, onward home,
  With fleeter step he flies;
Afar, the Count beheld him come—
  He scarce could trust his eyes.
"Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!
Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow;
Thou hast loiter'd long!"—"Yet only till
I might the trust consign'd fulfil.

"My noble lord, 'tis true, to-day,
  It chanced, on quitting thee,
To ask my duties, on the way,
  Of her who guideth me.
She bade me, (and how sweet and dear
It was!) the holy mass to hear;
Rosaries four I told, delaying,
Grace for thee and thine heart-praying."

All stunn'd, Count Savern heard the speech—
  A wondering man was he;
"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
  What answer gave they thee?"
"An answer hard the sense to win;
Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,
'With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And *Robert?*"—gasp'd the Count, as lost
  In awe, he shuddering stood—
"Thou must, be sure, his path have cross'd?
  I sent him to the wood."
"In wood nor field where I have been,
One single trace of him was seen."
All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
  He took the servant's hand;
He led him to his lady's side,
  She nought mote understand.
"This child—no angel is more pure—
Long may thy grace for him endure;
Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

Once in a vale, each infant year,
  When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds would appear
  A wondrous maiden, fair to see.
Not born within that lowly place—
  From whence she wander'd, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
  When once the maiden sigh'd farewell.

And blessed was her presence there—
  Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
  Kept man's familiar looks away.
From fairy gardens, known to none,
  She brought mysterious fruits and flowers—
The things of some serener sun—
  Some Nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared—
  To some the fruits, the flowers to some;
Alike the young, the aged fared;
  Each bore a blessing back to home.
Though every guest was welcome there,
  Yet some the maiden held more dear,
And cull'd her rarest sweets whene'er
  She saw two hearts that loved draw near.

NOTE.—I need scarcely point out the exquisite conception of this simple allegory. It is the SPRING which the poet has thus characterized.

DITHYRAMB.

Believe me, together
The bright gods come ever,
  Still as of old;
Scarce see I Bacchus, the giver of joy,
Than comes up fair Eros, the laugh-loving boy;
  And Phœbus, the stately, behold!

They come near and nearer,
  The Heavenly Ones all—
The Gods with their presence
  Fill earth as their hall!

Say, how shall *I* welcome,
  Human and earthborn,
  Sons of the Sky?
Pour out to me—pour the full life that ye live!
What to you, O ye gods! can the mortal-one give?

The Joys can dwell only
  In Jupiter's palace—
Brimm'd bright with your nectar,
  Oh, reach me the chalice!

"Reach him the chalice;
Fill full to the poet,
Hebe, but one!
Bathe his eyes—bathe his eyes in the heaven-dropping dew,
That the River of Death may be shut from his view;
Let him dream that Olympus is won!"

It murmurs, it sparkles,
The Fount of Delight;
The bosom grows tranquil—
The eye becomes bright.

The Two Guides of Life—The Sublime and the Beautiful.

Two genii are there, from thy birth through weary life, to guide thee;
Ah, happy when, united both, they stand to aid, beside thee!
With gleesome play, to cheer the path, the One comes blithe with beauty—
And lighter, leaning on her arm, the destiny and duty.
With jest and sweet discourse, she goes unto the rock sublime,
Where halts above the Eternal Sea, the shuddering Child of Time.
The Other here, resolved and mute, and solemn clasperth thee,
And bears thee in her giant arms across the fearful sea.
Never admit the one alone!—Give not the gentle guide
Thy honour—nor unto the stern thy happiness confide!

The Knights of St John.

Oh, nobly shone the fearful Cross upon your mail afar,
When Rhodes and Acre hail'd your might, O lions of the war!
When leading many a pilgrim horde, through wastes of Syrian gloom;
Or standing with the Cherub's sword before the Holy Tomb.
Yet on your forms the Apron seem'd a nobler armour far,
When by the sick man's bed ye stood, O lions of the war!
When ye, the high-born, bow'd your pride to tend the lowly weakness,
The duty, though it brought no fame,* fulfill'd by Christian meekness—
Religion of the Cross, thou blend'st, as in a single flower,
The twofold branches of the palm—HUMILITY AND POWER.

The Four Ages of the World.

Bright-purpling the glass, glows the blush of the wine—
Bright sparkle the eyes of each guest;
The Poet has enter'd the circle to join—
To the good brings the Poet the best.
Ev'n Olympus were mean, with its nectar and all,
If the lute's happy magic were mute in the hall.

Bestow'd by the gods on the poet has been
A soul that can mirror the world!
Whate'er has been done on this earth he has seen,
And the future to him is unfurl'd.

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* The epithet in the first edition is *ruhmlose*.

He sits with the gods in their council sublime,
And views the dark seeds in the bosom of Time.

The folds of this life, in the pomp of its hues,
  He broadens all lustily forth,
And to him is the magic he takes from the Muse,
  To deck, like a temple, the earth.
A hut, though the humblest that man ever trod,
He can charm to a heaven, and illume with a god!

As the god and the genius, whose birth was of Jove,*
  In one type all creation reveal'd,
When the ocean, the earth, and the star-realm above,
  Lay compress'd in the orb of a shield;
So the poet, a shape and a type of the All,
From a sound, that is mute in a moment, can call.

Blithe pilgrim! his footsteps have pass'd in their way,
  Every time, every far generation:
He comes from the age when the earth was at play
  In the childhood and bloom of Creation.
Four Ages of men have decay'd to his eye,
And fresh to the Fifth he glides youthfully by.

King Saturn first ruled us, the simple and true—
  Each day as each yesterday fair:
No grief and no guile the calm shepherd-race knew—
  Their life was the absence of care;
They loved, and to love was the whole of their task—
Kind earth upon all lavish'd all they could ask.

Then the Labour arose, and the demi-god man
  Went the monster and dragon to seek.
With the age of the hero, the ruler began,
  And the strong were the aid of the weak.
By Scamander the strife and the glory had birth;
But the Beautiful still was the god of the earth.

From the strife came the conquest; and Strength, like a wind,
  Swept its way through the meek and the mild:
Still vocal the Muse, and in marble enshrined,
  The Gods upon Helicon smiled.
Alas, for the age which fair Phantasie bore!—
It is fled from the earth, to return nevermore.

The gods from their thrones in Olympus were hurl'd,
  Fane and column lay rent and forlorn;
And—holy, to heal all the wounds of the world—
  The Son of the Virgin was born.
The lusts of the senses subdued or suppress'd,
Stalk'd Man, made the Thinker, his arms on his breast.

Ever gone were those charms, the voluptuous and vain,
  Which had deck'd the young world with delight;
For the monk and the nun were the penance and pain,
  And the tilt for the iron-clad knight.
Yet, however that life might be darksome and wild,
Love linger'd with looks still as lovely and mild:

By the shrine of an altar yet chaste and divine,
  Stood the Muses in stillness and shade;

* Vulcan—the allusion, which is exquisitely beautiful, is to the Shield of Achilles. *Homer*, Il. i. 18.
"There Earth, there Heaven, there Ocean, he design'd."—*Pope*.

And honour'd, and household, and holy that shrine—
  In the blush—in the heart of the maid:
And the sweet light of song burn'd the fresher and truer,
In the lay and the love of the wild Troubadour.

As ever, so aye, in their beautiful band,
  May the Maid and the Poet unite:
Their task be to work, and to weave, hand in hand,
  The zone of the Fair and the Right!
Love and Song, Song and Love, intertwined evermore,
Weary Earth to the suns of its youth can restore.

The Walk.

This is one of the most elaborate and perfect of all Schiller's poems; most noble in the conception, most artistical in the execution.—But as the leading idea developes itself, the rapid transition of the pictures it conjures up, requires, and will repay some patient attention.

Hail, mine own Hill—ye bright'ning hill-tops, hail!
Hail, sun, that gilds't them with thy looks of love!
Sweet fields!—ye lindens, murmuring to the gale!
And ye gay choral things the boughs above!
And thou, the Blue Immeasurable Calm,
O'er mount and forest, motionless and bright,—
Thine airs breathe through me their reviving balm,
And the heart strengthens as it drinks thy light!
Thou gracious Heaven! man's prison-home I flee—
Loosed from the babbling world, my soul leaps up to thee!

Flowers of all hue are struggling into glow,
Along the blooming fields; yet their sweet strife
Melts into one harmonious concord. Lo,
Where winds the lone path through the pastoral green,
Broad tap'string summer fields!—The labouring bee
Hums round me; and on hesitating wing
O'er the red clover, tremulously seen,
Hovers the butterfly.—Save these, all life
Sleeps in the glowing sunlight's steady sheen—
Ev'n from the west, no breeze the lull'd airs bring.
Hark—in the calm aloft, I hear the sky-lark sing!

The thicket rustles near—the alders bow
Down their green coronals—and as I pass,
Waves, in the rising wind, the silvering grass.
Come, day's ambrosial night!—receive me now
Beneath the roof by shadowy beeches made,
Cool-breathing! Lost the landscape's cheeks of bloom!
And as the path mounts, snake-like, through the shade,
Deep woods close round me with mysterious gloom;
Still, through the trellice-leaves, at stolen whiles,
Glints the stray beam, or the meek azure smiles.
Again, and yet again, the veil is riven—
And the glade opening, with a sudden glare,
Lets in the blinding day! Before me, heaven
With all its Far-Unbounded!—one blue hill
Ending the anxious world—in vapour! Where
I stand upon the mountain-summit, lo,
As sink its sides precipitous before me,
The green waves of the valley-streamlet flow,
Blithe with a busy mirth. Wide Ether o'er me—

Beneath, alike, wide Ether endless still!
Dizzy, I gaze aloft—shuddering, I look below!—
A bridge hung midway 'twixt the eternal height—
And the eternal deep allures me on.
Still, as I pass—all laughing in delight,
The rich shores glide along; and in glad toil,
Glories the pranksome vale with variegated soil.
Each feature that divides what labour's son
Claims for his labour—blended with the other;—
Hues in the broider'd veil wrought by the Mighty Mother.*
Hedge-row and bound—those friendly scrolls of law,
That Man-preserving Genius, since the time
When the old Brazen Age, in sadness, saw
Love fly the world.
Now, through the harmonious meads,
One glimmering path, or lost in forests, leads,
Or up the winding hill doth labouring climb—
The single street that rural world dividing.
O'er the smooth stream, the quiet rafts are gliding;
And through the lively fields, heard faintly, goes
The many sheep-bells' music—and the song
Of the lone herdsman, from its vex'd repose,
Rouses the gentle echo!—Calm, along
The stream, gay hamlets crown the pastoral scene,
Or peep thro' distant glades, or from the hill
Hang dizzy down! Man and the soil serene
Dwell neighbourlike together—and the still
Meadow sleeps peaceful round the rural door—
And, all-familiar, wreathes and clusters o'er
The lowly casement, the green vine's embrace,
As with a loving arm, clasping the gentle place!
O happy People of the Fields, not yet
Waken'd to freedom—still content to share
With your own fields earth's elementary law!
Calm harvests to calm hopes the boundary set,
And peaceful as your daily labour, there,
Creep on your careless lives!†
But ah! what steals
Between me and the scenes I lately saw—
O'er a strange land, a new-born spirit gliding?
Rent—jarring—lost—all that were blent, but now
Harmonious;—and the startled earth reveals,
Where all were equals, rank on rank presiding,
Like the tall princes of the forest, how
Rises the Pomp of ORDER!—sense its voice
Lends to the alter'd life—the solemn choice,
The formal rule—and, 'mid the servile, proud
Sweeps the one sovereign lackied by the crowd!
From its young prime the social life hath grown,
Blaze from afar the stately domes elate,
And from the kernel of primæval stone,
Burst with a thousand towers the CITY and the STATE!
Back to their ancient wild the Fauns are fled;
But still the Natural Superstition lives
Calm in the silent Art—and to the dead
Marble, a loftier life Devotion gives!
Man with his fellow-man more closely bound—

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* Demeter.

† Here the poet passes, in a very fine transition, from the *actual* scenes he has described to the *ideal* images they conjure up. The primitive character of the landscape suggests to him the earlier states of society—and he proceeds, in a series of bold and rapid pictures, to bring before the reader the progressive changes of civilization.

The world without begirts and cramps him round;
But in that world within the widening soul,
The unpausing wheels in swifter orbits roll.
And all the iron powers of thoughtful skill
Are shaped and quicken'd by the fire of strife;
Through contest great—through union greater still.
To thousand hands a single soul gives life—
In thousand breasts a single heart is beating—
Beats for the country of the common cause—
Beats for the old hereditary laws—
The earth itself made dearer by the dead—
And by the gods, (whom mortal steps are meeting,)
Come from their heaven, large gifts on men to shed.
Ceres, the plough—the anchor, Mercury—
Bacchus, the grape—the Sovereign of the sea,
The horse;—the olive brings the Blue-eyed Maid—
While tower'd Cybele yokes her lion-car,
Entering in peace the hospitable gate—
A Goddess-Citizen!
All-blest ye are,
Ye solemn monuments! ye men and times
That did from shore to shore, and state to state,
Transplant the beauty of humanity!
Forth send far islands, from the gentler climes,
Their goodly freight—the manners and the arts.
Beneath the solemn Portico, the Wise
Breathe the calm oracles of thoughtful Right.
To deathless fields the ardent hero flies,
To guard the hearths that sanctify the fight;
And women from the walls, with anxious hearts
Beating beneath the infants nestled there,
Watch the devoted band, till from their eyes,
In the far space, the steel-clad pageant dies—
Then, falling by the altars, pour the prayer,
Fit for the gods to hear—that worth may earn
The fame which crowns brave souls that conquer, and—return!
And fame was yours and conquest!—yet alone
Fame—and not life return'd: your deeds are known
In words that kindle glory from the stone.
"Tell Sparta, we, whose record meets thine eye,
Obey'd the Spartan laws—and here we lie!"*
Sleep soft!—the fresher from your blood shall grow
The fruitful olive!—Wealth, and peace, and art,
Seeds from the dust of patriot martyrs. Lo,
How lusty Commerce gathers to the Mart!
Blue Neptune beckons from the reedy shore;
Leaps on its prey the axe—(the nymph is gone!)—
Loud from the hill-top thunders down the oak—
Wing'd by the lever, soars the quick'ning stone
From its cold bed—the miner wrings the ore
From the dusk shaft—and the huge hammer's stroke
Times, through the fiery spray, its measured roar;
The bright web round the dancing spindle gleams;
Blithe bears the pilot-guarded mariner,
Or to far lands the industry of home,
Or homeward all the riches from afar—
High from his mast the garland-banner streaming:
Life swarms through mart, and quay, and tower, and dome—
And many a language, the broad streets within,
Blend on the wondering ear, the babel and the din!
And all the harvests of all earth—whate'er

* Herodotus. The celebrated epitaph on the Spartan tumulus at Thermopylæ.

Hot Afric nurtures in its lurid air,
Or Araby—the blest one of the wild,
Or the sea's lonely and abandon'd child,
Uttermost Thulè—to one mart are borne,
And the rich plenty brims starr'd Amalthæa's horn!

Then genius prospers, and the graces rest
Under the smile of Freedom. From her breast
The arts draw glorious nurture; life is given
To the glad canvass—and the enamour'd stone,
Waked by the chisel, speaks!—the artful heaven
Upon the slight Ionian shafts reposing,
A whole Olympus the bright dome enclosing.
Light as the bound of Iris through the air,
Light as the arrow from the string is gone,
Springs the arch'd bridge above the loud wave! There
In his still chamber, musing, sits the wise,
Drawing strange circles, in whose orbit lies
Magic conjecture—or the visible deeps
Of matter, plummets—scans the hate or love
Of the mysterious magnet—or pursues
The wingèd sound, the pathless airs above—
Or tracks the light'ning to its cloudy keep—
Or seeks, amidst the monster-things of CHANCE,
The guiding LAW imperishably wrought—
Or through the atoms in their mazy dance,
The dim phenomena and seasons, views
The calm, unmoving Pole!
Now the dumb THOUGHT
Takes voice and body from the Invented Page,
And rides Time's stormy stream—its Bark, from age to age!
Rent from the startled gaze the veil of night,
And on the quailing error floods the light.
Man rends his bonds—ah! blest could he refrain,
Free from the curb, to burst alike the rein! *
"Freedom!" shouts Reason—"Freedom!" also, shout
Wild Lust and Rapine. From the holy check
Of nature, break the Passions' rabble rout.
Snaps in that storm the anchor—the fierce tide
Grapples its prey—the endless deeps spread round—
Vanish the coasts—one desert and no guide;—
And, mastless, o'er the terrible profound,
Rock'd by the mountain-surges, drifts the wreck.
Behind the clouds the constant stars are vanish'd—
All jarr'd, all lost, as back to chaos hurl'd;
And God himself, himself in wrath had banish'd
From that dark formless void—that *was* a world!
Gone from man's language, truth;—trust and belief,
From life; the oath rots, blighted to a lie;
In love's most solemn secrets, in the grief
Or joy that knits the heart's most earnest tie,
Glares, with malignant look, the unsleeping spy,
And roots out friend from friend. Pale Treachery
Leers with fell smile upon the harmless Truth,
And Slander gnaws its prey with venom-dropping tooth!
Vile, in the shameless breast, cowers Thought—and Love
Sells its great birthright of divine emotion—
And, clad like honesties, the Falsehoods move
Along the world, in which the old devotion

* Here the Poet, having passed from the civilization of Antiquity and Greece, to the Middle Ages and the Invention of Printing, halts before the great crisis of his own time, the Revolution of France.

Of Nature, all dishallow'd, gives no more
The sounds that made man's heart a shrine before:—
And pines, albeit by pleasures lewd beset,
The needy miserable soul alone,
And scarce through silence makes one nobler feeling known.
And yet the tribune boasts of justice—yet
The cottage babbles of its peace—the while
A spectre stands before the kingly-throne,
And, with a devilish and malignant guile,
Takes the great shape of LAW!
Oh, year on year,
Century on century, may the mummies wear
The dead resemblance of a life sublime;
Till nature wakes, and, with an iron hand
And heavy, marshals to the holy pile
Your solemn steps—Necessity and Time!
Then—as some tigress from the barrèd grate,
Bursts sudden, mindful of her native land,
Far in Numidian glooms—Humanity,
Fierce in the wrath of wretchedness and crime,
Sweeps forth to seek what should be human fate;
And from the ashes of the blasted state
Rises the long-lost NATURE!—Open ye,
Open ye, walls! and let the prisoner free—
Back to forsaken fields, behold the wild one flee! *

But where am I—and whither would I stray?
The path is lost—the cloud-capt mountain-dome,
The rent abysses, to the dizzy sense,
Behind, before me! Far and far away,
Garden and hedgerow, the sweet Company
Of Fields, familiar speaking of men's home—
Yea, every trace of men—lie hidden from the eye.
Only the raw eternal MATTER, whence
Life buds, towers round me—the grey basalt-stone,
Virgin of human art, stands motionless and lone.
Roaringly, through the rocky cleft, and under
Gnarl'd roots of trees, the torrent sweeps in thunder—
Savage the scene, and desolate and bare.
Lo! where the eagle, his calm wings unfurl'd,
Lone-halting in the solitary air,
Knits † to the vault of heaven this ball—the world!
No plumèd wind bears o'er the Dœdal soil
One breath of man's desire, and care, and toil.
Am I indeed alone? Thine arms within,
Close at thy heart, O Nature?—Has the all,
Which fancy conjured, but a wild dream been?
A dream, no more!—Away the spirit flings
The fearful likenesses of living things;
Down to the vale the gloomy phantoms fall;
And as the eye man's restless world escapes,
Fade from the soul the forms the worldlier wisdom shapes.
Purer I take my life from thy pure shrine,
Sweet Nature!—gladlier comes again to me
The heart and hope of my lost youth divine!
Between the precept and the doubt, our will
Hovers for ever, and our acts are still
The repetitions, multiplied and stale,
Of what have been before us. But with THEE
One ancient law, that will not wane or fail,

* Here the poet again returns to the scenes actually around him.
† Knits—*Knupft*. What a sublime image is conveyed in that single word!

Keeps beauty vernal in the bloom of truth!
Ever the same, thou hoardest for the man
What to thy hands the infant or the youth
Trusted familiar; and since time began,
Thy breasts have nurtured, with impartial love,
The many-changing ages!
Look above,
Around, below;—beneath the self-same blue,
Over the self-same green, eternally,
(Let man's slight changes wither as they will,)
All races which the wide world ever knew,
United, wander brother-like!—Ah! see,
THE SUN OF HOMER SMILES UPON US STILL!

SENTENCES OF CONFUCIUS.

TIME.

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last!
Loitering slow, the FUTURE creepeth—
Arrow-swift, the PRESENT sweepeth—
And motionless for ever stands the PAST.

Never can Impatience hasten,
When the slow step seeks delay,
Chains, nor Doubt, nor Fear can fasten
To the step that fleets away:
Nor one spell Repentance knows,
To stir the Still One from repose.

If thou would'st, wise and happy, see
Life's solemn journey close for thee,
The Loiterer's counsel thou wilt heed,
Though readier tools must shape the deed;
Not for thy friend the Fleet One know,
Nor make the Motionless thy foe!

SPACE.

A threefold measure dwells in Space—
Restless, with never-pausing pace,
LENGTH, ever stretching ever forth, is found,
And, ever widening, BREADTH extends around,
And ever DEPTH sinks bottomless below!

In this, a type thou dost possess—
Restlessly on for ever must thou press,
Nor slackening languor know,
If to the Perfect thou wouldst go;
And broaden ever from thyself, until
Creation thy embrace can fill;
And down the Depth for ever fleeing,
Dive to the spirit and the being.
To reach, is but to persevere—
For every end, this means—ENDEAVOUR!
The full mind is alone the clear,
And Truth dwells in the Depth for ever!

AN ANCIENT DANDY.

Chapter I.

It never would have occurred to any one, from Peter Mell's appearance, that he was a *valet-de-chambre*; and, in fact, judging from the gruffness of Peter Mell's manner, that remarkable circumstance seemed never to have occurred to himself, and yet it is nevertheless true, that Peter Mell was a very good *valet-de-chambre*, and brushed clothes, and frizzed a periwig, like a man with a natural genius for those occupations; for a *valet-de-chambre* is born to his trade, as well as a poet. Sir John Blinkinsop, who wore the gayest clothes and most flowing wigs, all through the reign of the two first Georges, had early discovered the bent of Peter's inclination, and elevated him from some nameless post about the stables or garden, to his present honourable position.

Peter was busy bestowing a fresh row of curls on a periwig of enormous dimensions, and looking at it with such veneration as that with which a monk might gaze upon a relic, when he was startled by a loud yawn from his master, whose presence he seemed for some time to have forgotten. Sir John was seated in an easy-chair, in his dressing-gown, a small table with chocolate stood at his right hand, and he was busy, while poising the delicate little cup in his hand, in gazing at the proportions of a rather shrunken leg, which he held out at full length, for the greater convenience of inspection. It was a very well-shaped leg, and had been better—an appalling fact, which seemed at that moment to strike very forcibly on the owner's observation. Some people have odd ways of giving vent to their chagrin; many would have sighed, others would, perhaps, have sworn—Sir John Blinkinsop merely yawned. But Peter Mell, though a little startled at first at the loudness of the explosion, took no further notice, but went on with the flowing curls.

"Well, you blockhead! can't you answer?" said the baronet.

"Answer?" replied Peter, in his usual bluff tone; "you ha'n't asked any question, as far as I can see!"

"No, Peter? Then, if such is your opinion, you are an ass, Peter; for, isn't it quite evident that I asked you if there was any news? Did not you hear me yawn, sir?"

"Yes; I am not deaf, no how."

"Well, when I yawn, it means 'has any thing happened?' Now, do you understand me, Peter? or must I yawn again?"

"The model-maker has sent home your left calf; he has reduced it to the size of the other, so your legs will be rare matches."

"Nothing else?"

"The tailor has sent some stuffing for your shoulders; and the perfumer has sent two large boxes of the white pomatum."

"Well, Medea's caldron will be full soon, and I shall come out as young as my nephew. Nothing else, Peter?"

"There's a letter there brought by that 'ere furren fellow with the whiskers."

"Ah! from the Carini; let me see it, Peter."

Peter lifted the letter as if it contained poison, and presented it to his master with evident demonstrations of abhorrence. Sir John opened it, and hummed it carelessly over. "What can the gipsy have to write about now? I was with her till late last night—'constancy, truth, affection'—and so forth. Poh!" and threw the note carelessly aside. "Nothing else, Peter?"

Peter's budget seemed nearly exhausted; at last, after a little cogitation, he said, "Widow Mathers is dead, sir—the poor woman you were so kind to."

"Had she any children?"

"Yes, sir, and very ill off they'll be now; their mother was a careful steady woman. They'll feel her loss."

"They sha'n't, Peter—they sha'n't, if I can help it. Let the steward double the allowance he used to pay the poor old woman; and, do you hear, see that they're well brought up, Peter—set them to school, teach them the catechism, and all that sort of thing. Do you hear?"

"Thank your honour!" said Peter, with more appearance of warmth than he had yet shown. "I've always said you're a kind-hearted gentleman, in spite of—of"——

"In spite of what, Peter? A little

wildness, eh? Faults of youth, I tell you. I shall mend as I get older."

"But model-makers, and tailors, and perfumers, won't let you get older, sir."

"Nor frizeurs, Peter—that periwig is perfection. Tell them to have the chariot at the door at noon. I shall just go and show myself to my sister. Is she visible yet?"

"She's not down-stairs, sir."

"She has a devilish pretty lady's-maid," said the baronet, surveying himself in the glass.

Peter here gave utterance to a grunt, which might be interpreted into either acquiescence or dissent, according to the hearer's fancy.

"A captivating, black-eyed, little fairy. She's bewitching!"

"So I've heard young master say, sir."

"My nephew? That fellow is always putting his spoke in my wheel."

"Perhaps he doesn't know your honour has any wheels of the kind," suggested the valet, with a sort of grim satisfaction at his own joke.

"Well, don't let him into the secret, Peter. We must keep up the dignity of seniority; and now, do you think I'm dressed?—fit for public inspection?"

"Your wig would make any thing look well, sir. It's a reg'lar shiner. It'll make you pass for fifty any where."

"For what? you savage! Fifty years? No gentleman has ever the least occasion to exceed forty-two; and do you hear me, Peter, *that's* my age—forty-one, or, at the most, forty-two—not a year more. Heavens! what a barbarian!"

"Why, sir, I've been in this here place, man and boy, more nor forty year, and you was a smart young gentleman of twenty or thereabouts when first I came; for I mind I got dreadful bad the night you came to the estate; and that makes your age out to be pretty hard on"——

"Forty-two; but there's no talking to such clods. If I had a French valet, he would never show his cursed arithmetic as you do, Peter."

"But I'm a right-down Englishman, and always speaks as I think."

"Do you, Peter? then in Heaven's name, continue to do so; for downright English sincerity is quite a rarity now."

At this point of the conversation a servant announced the arrival of Farmer Morris; and showed that worthy very shortly into the room.

With many bows and scrapings, and hopes for his honour's health and happiness, the farmer presented himself to his landlord; and was perhaps not aware of the striking contrast offered by his stout jolly figure and ruddy face, to the splendidly-dressed person, and somewhat withered, though still handsome features of the ancient dandy.

"And how are you all at Braby Manor?" began Sir John. "Are good Mrs Morris and your children as charming as ever?"

"Thank your honour—we're pretty fair, as times go."

"Delighted to hear it, my good friend; and you're come to town, eh?"

The question which, considering that it was uttered in St James's Square, might have sounded somewhat supererogatory to the uninitiated, was answered by the farmer with a sigh.

"Yes, I be, Sir John; and right loath was I to come, I do assure ye, sir."

"You've brought her with you?" pursued the baronet.

"Yes!"

"And safely lodged her with Mrs Williams in Frith Street?"

A nod was all the answer vouchsafed by the worthy agriculturist; but the bile of Mr Peter Mell became so excited by hearing these ominous enquiries about some person of the female sex, that he was on the very point of throwing a very handsome tie periwig, on which he was exercising his skill, on the ground, and reading his master a lecture on his dissolute course of life. Peter's eloquence, however, was checked for the present by his curiosity.

"And you've found out nothing further about her history?"

"Nothing, sir. She be quite a lady—so good, so pleasant-like; it was a sad day at the Manor when the parting came."

"But she was willing enough to accompany you?"

"Oh! very happy, sir. When we first came in sight of St Paul's, I thought she'd a jumped out o' the cart."

"That's good. You told her what you brought her here for?"

"To be introduced to your honour, and have your honour's assistance."

"To be sure. She shall have it. I'm delighted with her enthusiasm about St Paul's; it shows she's tired of a country life."

"She has some friends in London, your honour; she's given me a letter to one Captain Wallace."

"What! a captain? Whew! Ladies that send billets down to captains are not quite synonymous with the vestal virgins; 'pon honour, I had a few scruples left; but now 'tis all plain sailing. Peter, just give this curl another twist, pull down the tails of my coat, give me my cane; now, then, for a sight of this incomparable Mrs Preston!" And humming an air out of the last opera, the gay Sir John, preceded by Peter, left Farmer Morris to his meditations.

These were not of the most agreeable order; for the worthy baronet presented himself in quite different colours in town from those he was known by in the country. The kindest landlord, the most benevolent man, the most charitable neighbour—his absurd affectation of youth and youthful vices spoiled all. The farmer, though a capital judge of barley, was probably no great judge of character, and did not know what to make of his patron's behaviour. While engaged in deep researches after the cause of such incongruities, he was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, handsomely-dressed, dashing-looking young man of about three-and-twenty. The countryman looked for some time at the apparition thus presented to him of a youth of high fashion with no little admiration. His velvet coat and spangled waistcoat, his tasteful wig, adorned with a multitude of curls; and, in short, every thing, from the white powder on his head to the polished silver buckles of his shoes, attracted the looks of the farmer. A profusion of bows showed the effect the new comer had created; for the worthy Mr Morris, it was evident, believed him to be a prince at least, if not his youthful majesty in person.

"So, friend," said the youth, "has the old boy seen you? You want to discourse turnips with him of course?"

"Old boy!—sir?" replied the farmer, astonished still more at the language than at the appearance of the young man.

"Yes—nunky; I presume you're one of nunky's visiters; or perhaps your visit is to me. By the bye, if you should happen to have brought any rent with you, you'll find the nephew quite as good a receiver-general as the uncle."

"Oh, you're young master!—Sir John as will be, when the old gentleman is gone."

"And before it too, my good friend; nunky and I are scarcely known apart; so if you have any thing in a canvass bag"——

"No, sir; I'm always ready with my rent, as Sir John, God bless him, well knows. I came up on a very different errand."

"Your cart loaded with"——

"Two pheasants, your honour, and a woman."

The youth whistled—"Whew! is there game of that kind in nunky's preserves? May I ask the name of your farm, worthy sir?"

"I am Farmer Morris of Braby Manor, at your service and Sir John's," said the countryman.

"And the woman?" continued the youth; "old, of course? lame, perhaps—no teeth?"——

"She's the beautifullest creature that ever was seen in Herts," interposed the farmer, apparently offended at the disparaging guesses of the youth; "she ain't twenty, and her teeth would do for a necklace."

"Oh!" said the nephew, "and you brought her all the way from Braby to see my uncle? What an old reprobate!" he added, in a soliloquy: "I must really take to lecturing the old boy on the state of his morals. Is she in the house, worthy friend?"

"No," replied the farmer coldly.

"Come, come, farmer," cried the youth, "you seem to distrust me; you don't know me yet. I'm not such a flighty, flippant person as my manners would lead you to fancy. If I can befriend the young woman, command me."

"You're a good gentleman, I daresay, sir," replied Mr Morris; "but perhaps Sir John would object.

"Far from it, my good friend! You may tell me all you know. My uncle will be delighted if I aid him in being of use to his protegé; proceed."

"Well, sir, all I know about her is

not much. Only, about five weeks since, the stage waggon stopped in our village, and a strange gentleman got out of it, with two ladies, and a servant. The servant was nearly dying, and could not continue her journey. I offered to take her into my house, and take care of her; and one of the ladies said she would like to remain with her, for she saw she was going to die, and the old servant had been her nurse. So I took them both in."

"And the strange gentleman?" enquired the youth.

"He and the other lady were forced to go on, and the parting was very sad. He offered me money, but when I saw the emptiness of his purse, poor fellow, I"——

"You're a good fellow," said the young man, taking the farmer's hand; "and I am sure my uncle"——

"Has offered me double all the expense poor Mrs Preston has cost me. He saw her last time he was at the manor."

"Oh, he did, did he? and invited her to London?"

"Just so; he promised her his interest."

"For what? Does she want a place at court? And where is she, farmer?"

"Your uncle knows," said Mr Morris; "you're too young to be trusted with the secrets of a beautiful young woman. Sir John is a respectable old gentleman."

"And Mister John is a respectable *young* gentleman; and so shy and steady, that the ladies of our acquaintance always call me Joseph."

"They call you Joseph? is that really true?"

"To be sure it is. Why do you doubt it?"

But instead of answering, the worthy farmer lifted up his stick, and shook it in a very menacing manner towards the north, as if he meditated an assault on some imaginary opponent. "Let me get home to you again, you chattering Jezabels," he said, "that's all! I'll teach you to bring your scandalous stories home about young master. I will, you gipsies—I will!"

"Why, what's the matter, farmer?"

"Matter! is'nt it enough to anger one? Why, didn't my two daughters, after their first visit to London, come home and tell their mother and me that young master—you, my honoured sir—was the wildest young gentleman in England; that you were the dreadfullest man that ever was seen—worse than some foreign rascal of the name of Joe Vanny?"

"They did, did they?" enquired the young man, smiling; "you have daughters, then?"

"Haven't I? The jades, though I say it as shouldn't, are the handsomest girls in the county—and clever, too; but I'll teach them, I will."

"My worthy sir, don't distress yourself on my account. I shall make a point of coming shortly to Brahy and explaining matters to them myself. But Mrs Preston—you haven't told me yet where she is."

"Why, sir, she's not far from this—in a street hard by—Frith Street, No. 9, second storey—the landlady's name is Mrs Williams."

"Thank you, thank you a hundred times," exclaimed the young man. "You may depend on my paying her every attention in my power; so don't let me keep you any longer from the kind offices of Mr Mell; he and the steward are waiting your presence in the housekeeper's room."

"Heaven will reward you, honoured sir, for your kindness to the friendless lady," said the farmer, as he bowed, and obeyed the direction of his young landlord. And that worthy young gentleman was only roused from a pleasing reverie into which he had fallen by a slap on the shoulder, and, on turning round, he discovered his uncle.

"For Heaven's sake, uncle," he said, "let me have breakfast immediately. All these early visiters are not to my taste."

"You're hungry, Master John; had you no supper last night?"

"Not a morsel; for, do you know, uncle, I met with a most awkward adventure. You've heard the Italian singing woman, the Carini?"

"Yes, I've heard of her," answered the uncle drily. "What then?"

"Well, I was engaged to sup with her last night: a pheasant was on the table—nothing but the wire left round the cork of the champagne; the Carini was full of smiles, when, rat! tat! tat! a knock came to the door. An old beau—who amuses himself by paying all her expenses—she wouldn't tell me his name—came into the room. I had only time to escape by

another door, and had the inexpressible luxury of knowing that the horrid old curmudgeon was eating the pheasant I had set my heart on, and drinking the champagne. Wasn't it provoking?"

"Oh, very," said Sir John, making an effort to swallow his chagrin; "you must have cursed the old fellow prodigiously."

"Oh, no, I only laughed at him," replied the nephew; "but the Carini is not worth talking of, for, oh! uncle, I have found a phœnix!"

"A dangerous bird."

"A perfect beauty—young—delicate—such eyes!"

"What colour?" enquired the uncle, looking complacently down at his artificial calves.

"Black—clear, glossy black; her lips redder than cherries; her cheeks like roses, and her breath sweet air."

"Why, you're in love, John!"

"I am—over head and ears, periwig and all! Oh, uncle! and she's so modest, too!"

"Come, come, Jack, pri'thee give over such folly. I know your tastes better than that. She may be all you say in other respects; but her modesty, my dear boy"——

"Is equal to her beauty."

"Who is she, then?"

"That I don't know. She lives at present by dress-making, but"——

"Is probably a duchess in disguise. I know now—you buy a good many gowns of her, of course."

"'Tis the only way I can find of giving her money; for a present she won't accept."

"Perhaps she might from me, Jack," said the uncle; "lads like you haven't so much experience as us middle-aged gentlemen still in our prime. Where does she live? I'll call on her."

"Take care, nunky—there's a tremendous dragon in the path. She has a brother. I keep out of his way."

"Or he, perhaps, out of yours; brothers are sometimes very complaisant."

"Oh, no, uncle; you mistake him entirely. He is come to London on some business: he is seldom at home."

"Then, what is it you mean?" said Sir John, in a more serious tone than before; "those people are poor—you say they're respectable. John, John, I'll have no baseness here. Milliners and Carinis I don't care much about—but to deceive a modest woman!"

"Dear, kind, good uncle," said the nephew, "don't be afraid; the girl I mean is purity itself."

"And lives"——

"Up four pair of stairs, in Wardour Street—29. Wretched lodgings, but to me a temple, awe-inspiring and holy, since a divinity deigns to dwell in it."

"Four pair of stairs! it's an immense mountain to climb, especially if you're a little gouty; but out of regard to you, John, I'll go and see her. I should like to see a goddess with a thimble on her finger."

"And now, dear uncle," said the youth, in a half-playful tone, "I must announce to you, that the supplies are nearly exhausted, and that my exchequer needs replenishing."

"You shall have what you want, Jack," said the uncle; "so let us go to"——

"Excuse me, dear uncle," replied the youth; "I've an immensity of things to do. I have to show my new Arabian in the Park—I only bought him yesterday of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; then I've to call on my Lady Pentweasle, to give her my opinion of Sir Joshua's portrait; then to take a few turns in the Mall; then to play rackets with Sir Peregrine Pickle and Count Fathom; then to go to the fencing-master; then to the tavern, to read the news; then home to dress: 'pon my honour, I don't know how I shall find time for it all. Good bye, nunky."

"That boy is as like me as two peas," said the senior, when his hopeful nephew had left the room; "and yet I never could have believed the Carini would have played me such a trick! Well, let her go. I can't afford to pay such a price for pheasants for other men to eat. Adieu, signora! I wish to heavens I could play Master Jack a trick in revenge. This Diana, in her temple, in Wardour Street, on the fourth storey—hem!—we shall see, master John—we shall see."

"Please, sir, my mistress sends her compliments——"

Sir John turned round at the sound of the voice, and saw his sister's maid—the same on whose charms he had dilated, to the extreme disgust of Peter Mell.

"Josephine! 'pon my honour, how pretty you are to-day, child; come nearer—nearer yet. I've something to say to you."

"I can hear you, sir, where I am," replied the abigail, tossing her head. "My mistress's compliments, sir, and"——

"Oh, don't trouble me with compliments, my dear; such formality between you and me is ridiculous. If she has sent me a kiss, she couldn't have chosen a prettier messenger. Come, child—give it me."

"I don't understand you, sir. My mistress"——

"Is a very good-natured old lady, and is an excellent judge of the proper person to deliver her wishes—but the kiss, if you please"——

"Sir"——

"Why, Josephine, one would think you had lived all your life in a country village!"

"I come from Bath, sir—but my mistress wishes to know'——

"Whether I love you or not? Tell her I do, Josephine; and, as a proof of it——" By this time, the venerable Lothario had gained possession of Josephine's hand—but the abigail was unrelenting. "By the by, Josephine," he continued, "I don't like to see you, in this cold weather, without some cloak or shawl."

"Oh, I don't require it, sir. My mistress"——

"May go to Jericho—I'll give you a shawl, child; 'tis the handsomest I could find—red as your lips, and soft as your hand—I'll bring it to you this moment—I'm sure you'll like it."

The baronet tript out of the room; and, as if Master Jack had been watching his departure, he stepped in, the moment the coast was clear.

"Josephine!" he said, "I've sought you all over the house. What are you doing here?"

"My mistress sent me, sir, to say"——

"Poh, never mind what your mistress says. I'm going out, Josephine; out for the whole day."

"Are you, sir—and old master, too, sir?—such a wicked old gentleman! — I'm sure I never heard such a man."

"'Tis dreadful, Josephine—you must beware of such dangerous characters—he offended you, Josephine? —he took your hand, I daresay?"

"He did, indeed, sir, much as you are doing now"——

"And said it was white and pretty; and drew you to him, and laid his hand on your shoulder thus, and bent your cheek towards him, just as I am doing now—the naughty man!—and kissed it, Josephine, just as"——

"Hallo! Master John!" shouted the ancient, at that moment opening the door, with a splendid shawl in his hands. "What the deuce are you doing here, sir?—you've frightened the young woman out of the room. I thought you had gone into the Park."

Master John took an opportunity of tearing one of the ruffles at his wrist.

"Why, uncle, what's the matter?" he said. "I had, unluckily, torn one of my wrist-ruffles, and only asked Josephine to mend it."

"To mend it?" replied Sir John, taking the ruffle. "Does the boy think a kiss is a darning-needle? 'Tis too bad, 'pon honour, Jack. Did you ever see ME guilty of any thing of the kind? Answer that, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, really," said the nephew. "I was to blame, and will never do so again. And now, dear uncle, that we are friends again, let me carry the shawl to my aunt. You were going to send it to her by Josephine."

"I was, indeed—but"——

"Oh, no *buts* about it," replied the youth; "my aunt will be delighted with the shawl. So kind in you, dear uncle, to think of the old lady's comfort. Here, give it to me; I'll run with it this moment.

The baronet was left minus the shawl, and holding the torn ruffle in his hand.

"Here's a pretty fellow!" he said. "He robs me of a shawl, and gives it to his aunt; he kisses Josephine, and leaves me a torn piece of muslin. An undutiful boy; but as like his uncle as if they had been twins."

Chapter II.

In a room poorly enough furnished —being no other than the apartment in Frith Street, so obligingly described by honest Farmer Morris to his

young landlord—sat a young lady, apparently in deep dejection; for her eyes were fixed on the floor, and, from time to time, her bosom heaved with an involuntary sigh. She seemed not more than twenty, and was eminently beautiful, in spite of the homeliness of her apparel, and the lowness of her spirits. By her side sat a busy-looking brisk-eyed little woman, who seemed to consider it her duty to entertain her companion, and, accordingly, poured forth an unceasing stream of talk; and, like all people who indulge in a similar loquacity, she only made herself tiresome and ridiculous, instead of gaining the object she had in view.

"Oh, la! yes, ma'am; I remember it as if it was but yesterday. Sally, says he, never be down-hearted—it ain't of no use; and I've had so many afflictions in my time, I'm sure I'm a judge of what's the best way to bear them. First, I thinks patience is the best; for, when my poor, dear husband lived, I had such need for all the patience I could gather together, that I've a stock on hand of it yet. I thought I should have died of all the troubles I have gone through. I never had any children, to be sure, but I've had toothach and rheumatics, and once I broke my arm. Oh, I've had a deal of troubles; but see how well I bear them! There's a picture of me on my husband's grave-stone—he was a statuary mason, ma'am; but whether I'm the lady with no body, looking sorrowful, or the little angel a-blowing on a trumpet, I'm sure I don't recollect."

"Did you say Farmer Morris would be back here soon?" enquired the lady, who had the extremely desirable property of abstracting her attention from the eternal chatter of her comforter.

"Farmer Morris? No," replied the landlady, a little nettled. "I didn't say a word about Farmer Morris. I was speaking about my poor dear man, Mr Williams—as good a man, when he was sober, and not in a passion, and had every thing his own way, and nothing to trouble him, as ever lived in the world; but when he was ill—oh la! if I hadn't the medicines all ready, or the poultices, or the invocations—for he was liable to sudden pains, poor man—he went nearly [illegible] dear!—oh dear!—you can't tell what an awful thing the quiet was for a year or two after he died."

"He has been gone more than three hours," said the lady.

"He has been gone, rest his soul, more than ten years," replied the landlady. "Ah, 'twas just about this time of year, I had got a boiling hot invocation, I remember, ready for him, for I thought at first it was the colic; but before I had time to put it on"——

"He promised to find out Captain Wallace for me," resumed the inattentive listener. "Do you think he's likely to find him?"

"You gave him his address, of course? I remembers once a young lady, who"——

"I don't know any address more than London. He was to send me his direction to Braby, but it never came."

"Oh, then, you've no chance in the world. How is Farmer Morris to find him out? Is he to stop every captain he sees, and ask him if he's Captain Wallace? I remembers a young lady, who walked out into Oxford Street, only to wait for her cousin, who had promised to join her at the corner of Berners Street. She hadn't waited a minute before she felt a hand take her's very gently, and when she turned round—she was very pretty, I must tell you, and very timid—who should she see a-squeezing of her hand, and looking so die-a-way, but a young man she had never seen in her li——Ha!—who are you, sir?—what do you mean, sir, coming into decent people's houses in that manner, and taking a hold on their hands?"

The scream, and these hurried questions, were extorted from the agitated landlady by the entrance of our youthful friend, John Blinkinsop, who had very naturally enacted the part as he heard it described.

"What's your name, sir," continued Mrs Williams. "Is this your Captain Wallace, ma'am?—if so, he's a very free-and-easy gentleman as ever I see."

"Alas! I have not the happiness to be any one in whom that lady takes an interest," replied Master John. "I was sent in search of Mrs Preston, and by the description, I think I have found her here."

"In search of me?" enquired the lady, astonished.

"Mrs Preston receives no visits

here," exclaimed Mrs Williams, in a tone of virtuous indignation, as if her lodgings had been the garden of the Hesperides, and she had been one of the dragons.

"She will not refuse to receive a visit from Sir John Blinkinsop," interposed the youth.

"Oh, if *he* comes here," said the landlady, "that alters the case."

"He's just at hand," replied Master John.

"Indeed?—ah then, I must be off to receive him—the worthy gentleman doesn't mount stairs so fast as he used to do." And so saying, Mrs Williams bustled out of the room, and rushed to the front door.

Master John Blinkinsop gazed with evident admiration on the beautiful woman before him, and was indeed so surprised at the dignity of her manners, and at the total indifference she showed to the mention of his uncle's name, that he had scarcely time to pay her any of the high-flown compliments usual among young gallants at that time, before the worthy landlady, who had begun to suspect the stratagem he had invented in order to get quit of her, returned in a prodigious passion at the invasion he had been guilty of, of the privacy of her lodger.

"Where can Sir John have gone to? I've gone down all the way to the street door—there wasn't a cat to be seen, much less a noble baronet like Sir John. Do you think, young sir, to make a fool of me in my own house?"

"My good woman"——

"Good woman!—Come up with your good woman, I trow!—no more of a good woman than the mother that bore you. My father was a Welsh gentleman descended from kings, and kept a wholesale shop in the city—good woman, indeed!"

"I assure you, madam, I had no intention to offend you," said the youth.

"Where, then, is Sir John Blinkinsop?" enquired the still irate landlady, though evidently a little softened by the altered tone of the intruder.

"Did I say, *Sir* John Blinkinsop? Pray, forgive me for the mistake. I myself am John Blinkinsop."

"The nephew of the worthy baronet! Oh sir, do excuse my rudeness. I never suspected—dear me!—you must think me very ill-bred. I remembers when I was first married to poor dear Mr Williams—I was very young then—an old gentleman—I forget his name now—but he was one of the great lords of the court"——

"My uncle, madam, would have had the honour of waiting on Mrs Preston in person, to welcome her to town, but unfortunately an attack of the colic"——

"The colic!" exclaimed the landlady, in whom a responsive chord was struck by the very word. "Did you say Sir John had an attack of the colic? Oh, what a fortunate thing it is—isn't it, sir?—isn't it, ma'am? that I have got the recipe for the famous essence of wormwood—'tis a certain cure. There was a cousin of my grandfather's, who had a nephew, who had a father-in-law who was a doctor, and a very learned man—I forget his name now; he was the discoverer, and I used to prepare it for my poor dear husband. The poor dear man, he was so subject to the attack! Ah! I remember."

"I can only assure you, madam," said Master John—"that my uncle will be eternally obliged to you, if you will prepare him some of the essence now."

"Will he? He shall have it!" exclaimed the enraptured possessor of the recipe. "Excuse me, sir,—excuse me, ma'am, it won't take me more than ten minutes. I will come back to you the moment it is ready."

With many curtsies—each being faithfully repaid with a bow from Master John, Mrs Williams betook herself to her pharmaceutic labours, and left the young people to themselves. "And now, madam," said the gentleman, "permit me to apologize to you for the liberty I have taken in appearing before you as my uncle's messenger."

"Your uncle, sir? Really, every thing I have seen and heard since I came to this place, is so extraordinary, that I don't understand either the object of your visit or your apologies. Mr Morris, in whose house I had been detained some time, proposed coming to London; and as I was anxious to rejoin a friend in this city, I was glad to accompany him."

"Do you not know, then, madam, that your coming here was arrang[illegible] between my uncle and Farmer M[illegible]

young landlord—sat a young lady, apparently in deep dejection; for her eyes were fixed on the floor, and, from time to time, her bosom heaved with an involuntary sigh. She seemed not more than twenty, and was eminently beautiful, in spite of the homeliness of her apparel, and the lowness of her spirits. By her side sat a busy-looking brisk-eyed little woman, who seemed to consider it her duty to entertain her companion, and, accordingly, poured forth an unceasing stream of talk; and, like all people who indulge in a similar loquacity, she only made herself tiresome and ridiculous, instead of gaining the object she had in view.

"Oh, la! yes, ma'am; I remember it as if it was but yesterday. Sally, says he, never be down-hearted—it ain't of no use; and I've had so many afflictions in my time, I'm sure I'm a judge of what's the best way to bear them. First, I thinks patience is the best; for, when my poor, dear husband lived, I had such need for all the patience I could gather together, that I've a stock on hand of it yet. I thought I should have died of all the troubles I have gone through. I never had any children, to be sure, but I've had toothach and rheumatics, and once I broke my arm. Oh, I've had a deal of troubles; but see how well I bear them! There's a picture of me on my husband's grave-stone—he was a statuary mason, ma'am; but whether I'm the lady with no body, looking sorrowful, or the little angel a-blowing on a trumpet, I'm sure I don't recollect."

"Did you say Farmer Morris would be back here soon?" enquired the lady, who had the extremely desirable property of abstracting her attention from the eternal chatter of her comforter.

"Farmer Morris? No," replied the landlady, a little nettled. "I didn't say a word about Farmer Morris. I was speaking about my poor dear man, Mr Williams—as good a man, when he was sober, and not in a passion, and had every thing his own way, and nothing to trouble him, as ever lived in the world; but when he was ill—oh la! if I hadn't the medicines all ready, or the poultices, or the invocations—for he was liable to sudden pains, poor man—he went nearly mad. Oh dear!—oh dear!—you can't tell what an awful thing the quiet was for a year or two after he died."

"He has been gone more than three hours," said the lady.

"He has been gone, rest his soul, more than ten years," replied the landlady. "Ah, 'twas just about this time of year, I had got a boiling hot invocation, I remember, ready for him, for I thought at first it was the colic; but before I had time to put it on"——

"He promised to find out Captain Wallace for me," resumed the inattentive listener. "Do you think he's likely to find him?"

"You gave him his address, of course? I remembers once a young lady, who"——

"I don't know any address more than London. He was to send me his direction to Braby, but it never came."

"Oh, then, you've no chance in the world. How is Farmer Morris to find him out? Is he to stop every captain he sees, and ask him if he's Captain Wallace? I remembers a young lady, who walked out into Oxford Street, only to wait for her cousin, who had promised to join her at the corner of Berners Street. She hadn't waited a minute before she felt a hand take her's very gently, and when she turned round—she was very pretty, I must tell you, and very timid—who should she see a-squeezing of her hand, and looking so dis-a-way, but a young man she had never seen in her li——Ha!—who are you, sir?—what do you mean, sir, coming into decent people's houses in that manner, and taking a hold on their hands?"

The scream, and these hurried questions, were extorted from the agitated landlady by the entrance of our youthful friend, John Blinkinsop, who had very naturally enacted the part as he heard it described.

"What's your name, sir," continued Mrs Williams. "Is this your Captain Wallace, ma'am?—if so, he's a very free-and-easy gentleman as ever I see."

"Alas! I have not the happiness to be any one in whom that lady takes an interest," replied Master John. "I was sent in search of Mrs Preston, and by the description, I think I have found her here."

"In search of me?" enquired the lady, astonished.

"Mrs Preston receives no visits

here," exclaimed Mrs Williams, in a tone of virtuous indignation, as if her lodgings had been the garden of the Hesperides, and she had been one of the dragons.

"She will not refuse to receive a visit from Sir John Blinkinsop," interposed the youth.

"Oh, if *he* comes here," said the landlady, "that alters the case."

"He's just at hand," replied Master John.

"Indeed?—ah then, I must be off to receive him—the worthy gentleman doesn't mount stairs so fast as he used to do." And so saying, Mrs Williams bustled out of the room, and rushed to the front door.

Master John Blinkinsop gazed with evident admiration on the beautiful woman before him, and was indeed so surprised at the dignity of her manners, and at the total indifference she showed to the mention of his uncle's name, that he had scarcely time to pay her any of the high-flown compliments usual among young gallants at that time, before the worthy landlady, who had begun to suspect the stratagem he had invented in order to get quit of her, returned in a prodigious passion at the invasion he had been guilty of, of the privacy of her lodger.

"Where can Sir John have gone to? I've gone down all the way to the street door—there wasn't a cat to be seen, much less a noble baronet like Sir John. Do you think, young sir, to make a fool of me in my own house?"

"My good woman"——

"Good woman!—Come up with your good woman, I trow!—no more of a good woman than the mother that bore you. My father was a Welsh gentleman descended from kings, and kept a wholesale shop in the city—good woman, indeed!"

"I assure you, madam, I had no intention to offend you," said the youth.

"Where, then, is Sir John Blinkinsop?" enquired the still irate landlady, though evidently a little softened by the altered tone of the intruder.

"Did I say, *Sir* John Blinkinsop? Pray, forgive me for the mistake. I myself am John Blinkinsop."

"The nephew of the worthy baronet! Oh sir, do excuse my rudeness. I never suspected—dear me!—you must think me very ill-bred. I remembers when I was first married to poor dear Mr Williams—I was very young then—an old gentleman—I forget his name now—but he was one of the great lords of the court"——

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"Do you not know, then, madam, that your coming here was arranged between my uncle and Farmer Mor-

ris—that these lodgings were secured for you by the old gentleman—and that his whole care will be devoted to making you comfortable and happy?"

"You astonish me, sir! What can your uncle, Sir John Blinkinsop's object be in showing me so much attention?"

"Why do you ask the question, madam? even his great age cannot have blinded him to so much beauty—and if, madam, you will allow me to add, that any attention which it is in my power to show you, it will be the happiness of my life to offer. Your misfortunes, no less than your loveliness, must interest every feeling heart."

"My misfortunes—ah, sir!"——

"But they are ended, I trust, for ever; and as a seal of our friendship, never to be dissolved, I venture to imprint one kiss on your fair hand."

So saying, he raised her hand to his lips, and at that instant presented a pleasing picture of philanthropy and disinterestedness to the astonished eyes of Sir John Blinkinsop. That very irate and somewhat breathless individual could scarcely find words to express his sentiments on the interesting occasion.

"Jack, again!" he said at last—"why, what the mischief has brought you here, sir? you good-for-nothing, intolerable"——

"I heard, sir"——

"You heard? yes, sir—you're infernally quick at hearing things you've no business with. Madam, pray excuse my unceremonious —— Many people in the Park, sir?"

"A good many, uncle."

"And the horse? your new Arabian?—he carried you well, I hope!"

"Capitally. Sir Clement Willoughby offered me a hundred pieces more than I paid."

"Then why the devil, sir, don't you take yourself off and sell him?——I must beg your pardon, madam, for the insolence and presumption of this young gentleman."

"He has been modesty itself," said the lady, bewildered at the scene.

"Oh, he has, has he?—why, you
y, haven't you to play rackets
your respectable friends, Pickle
Pollexfen? and give your judge-
on Lady Pentweasle's portrait?
t keeps you here?"
shall I have the honour to assist you down-stairs to the chariot, sir?" enquired the nephew, with every appearance of respect.

"I shall assist you out of the window, you impertinent fellow!" said the uncle. "Off, I say!"

"Your gout, uncle; remember your gout, my dear sir," replied the youth.—"My uncle, madam, is a great invalid—and his feeble health and great infirmities occasionally affect his temper"

"Feeble health!—I'm as strong as a lion. Infirmities! where are they?" said the ancient—affecting more than his usual juvenility. "I haven't an ache in the world."

"The invocation is quite ready," exclaimed Mrs Williams, bustling into the room with a small bottle in her hand; "and here, I declare, is old Sir John himself!"

"Old Sir John!" repeated the baronet, astonished. "What the deuce has the fellow been up to now? What do you want, old woman?"

"If it weren't that you were ill, sir, I should be angry at your rude way of speaking to a lady in her own house," replied the landlady; "but I forgive it all. I'm delighted to see your honour here, and also that you have at this present moment a bad attack of the colic. I'll show how I can cure it."

"What does the foolish woman mean, with her colics and cures?" enquired Sir John—waxing more and more angry every moment.

"Mean with them? why, that this blessed invocation is a certain pacific in colics and cramps of all kinds—both for men and cattle. It cures cows and oxen, and sheep, and all four-footed animals, either rubbed in, or drank inwardly. Do try a spoonful, Sir John—you'll find the benefit of it immediately. I cured a very old dog of Mrs Lilyfoot's, at the next door, with it last week. It can't fail to put you out of your pain."

"Is this old woman mad or drunk? Will nobody have the kindness to tell me what she means by all this incomprehensible nonsense?"

"I mad!" exclaimed Mrs Williams, "I drunk! I scorn your words, sir.—The moment I heard from your nephew there that you had an attack of the colic"——

"Oh, *he* told you, did he?"

"I rummaged all my cupboards,

got all the materials into the saucepan, and boiled, and mixed, and measured, and weighed, exactly according to the recipe, and this is all my thanks!—I'll never try to cure any old gentleman again—that I won't. No, if I saw you twisting and wriggling like a worm round a hook; you may twist and wriggle for me; not a drop of this blessed invocation shall you have! No, not one."

In a tempest of indignation, the worthy landlady hurried from the room, and Sir John, in a state of anger not much inferior, turned to his nephew.

"Now, sir—are you not ashamed of yourself? Do you not stand before this lady mute and confounded?"

"Before a lady of so much loveliness, I should think, sir, many must have stood in the same condition."

"What must she think of you, sir?" continued the senior.

"That she has made a deep impression on my heart."

"Hold your tongue, sir! By St George, the fellow's making love to the girl before my face! I give you fair notice, madam, this is the wildest and most unprincipled young fellow in London."

"I was so, perhaps, an hour ago; but now"—a sigh and a deep bow towards the lady, completed the phrase.

"Nonsense, sir! Even this lady's beauty would not keep you constant a week."

"Years!—ages!"

"Stuff, I tell you. Go, sir, and let me never find you here again."

"Madam," said the young man, seizing his hat and cane, "it is my duty to obey my honoured relative's commands. My tongue is condemned to silence; let my eyes express to you, madam, the depth of my respect—my admiration—they speak the language of my heart—farewell. Good-luck t'ye, nunky," he whispered, as he recovered from his bow, and rushed past the old gentleman, who was more and more astonished at the easy impudence of his nephew.

"He'll be hanged yet before he dies, that fellow; and yet he's a clever dog, too!" said the uncle, half relentingly. "'Pon my word, madam, you mustn't think all us young fellows as impudent and conceited as the one you have just seen."

"I find no fault with him, sir," replied the lady.

"Oh, you don't! Then it may perhaps save us a great deal of unnecessary conversation if we come to the point at once. I admire you, madam—I love you." The baronet, as he said this, made preparations to throw himself on his knee, but a twitch of the gout brought him once more to the perpendicular. The lady, in the mean time, looked at him with contempt.

"There is no sight more melancholy, sir, than that of an old man imitating the vices, without retaining the excuses of youth. If you persuaded your dependent to bring me here, in order to insult me with such propositions, your conduct was base and dishonourable; if to triumph over my distresses—my loneliness—my misery, it was cruel and unmanly. A gentleman—have you no honour? No fear of what the world would think of such behaviour? No remorse? No thought of a future? Old man, have you no fear of death?"

Sir John Blinkinsop had probably been used to all kinds of receptions in the course of his experience, but it was evident that this was of a nature different from any he had hitherto encountered. He stammered, and bowed, and took snuff, and twirled his cane, but could by no means manage to withdraw himself from the proud, contemptuous look of the offended beauty.

"Madam," he said, "'pon my word—I don't know how it is—there must be some mistake here."

"It shall be rectified erelong," replied the lady; "meanwhile I leave you to reflect on what has passed."

When the baronet was alone, he seemed lost in the multitude of his thoughts. As his vices—like his fine clothes—were only put on for the sake of appearances, and in the main he was the kindest hearted and most benevolent of men, he felt a deep interest—but of a far more praiseworthy kind—in the lady who had so unceremoniously rebuked him.

"She's a good woman—a *phœnix in terris*—a vestal—a miracle; and if I can serve her in any way, I will. In the mean time, I'll be even, if I can, with Master John; and as he has wormed out the secret of my *incognita*, I'll go and do the same by *his*—I'll go and see the [illegible]able goddess that keeps h[illegible] live by

needlework in Wardour Street, up such a prodigious number of stairs. If she should be really an angel, Jacob's Ladder is all prepared. I only hope I shall not break my neck in the attempt to climb it."

Chapter III.

The young person towards whose lodgings Sir John now directed his way, was indeed worthy of all the encomiums his nephew had bestowed on her; and an acquaintance, which had arisen from that young scapegrace's admiration of her beauty, was in a fair way of ending in a fit of sober, serious love. Of this he seemed in some measure conscious himself; and it is not unlikely that he endeavoured to cure himself of so dangerous a disorder by indulging in the flirtation, of which we have recently been witnesses. The young lady—whose name was Harriet—had had a long and melancholy conversation with a tall, handsome man, with much of a military air; and who, being her only brother, and indeed her only friend, had added to her uneasiness by relating to her the ill success of some efforts he was making to better their fortunes. In short, not to keep the reader in suspense, he was no other than the Captain Wallace so tenderly enquired after by Mrs Preston. Believing her still safely domiciled with Farmer Morris, he was in complete ignorance of how much she was in want of his assistance. Deeply musing on the unhappy situation of their fortunes, Harriet was seated in her lonely room, mechanically plying her needle, when the door was gently opened, and Mr John Blinkinsop appeared.

"Well, you see I've kept my word—I haven't come to see you for three whole days."

"You've come, perhaps, about the embroidered waistcoat?" replied Harriet, endeavouring to smile. "It is quite finished."

"Not I! I came to see you, to hear you, to admire you; and all the waistcoats in Europe have nothing to do, I assure you, with my visit."

"I have often requested you to cease from such idle and useless compliments. They are of no use; and"——

"But they are, dear Harriet; they are safety-valves to a real admiration. I should die if I hadn't the opportunity of making a few pretty speeches to you now and then."

"And for the sake of selfish gratification you act the hypocrite, and try to persuade me you are sincere."

"Am I not sincere? What proof can you require? Do you think me indeed the frivolous, unthinking being you sometimes call me?"

"Oh, no!" replied the girl; "I see within that outside many noble, many generous qualities; and the discovery of them surprises me more at your persisting in offering me visits which, in our relative position, can be little else than insults."

"By heavens, you do me but justice! I'm not a thoughtless, far less a dishonourable man; and you—are you sure you practise no hypocrisy on *me?* I'll tell you what, Harriet, I don't believe that you are a milliner, any more than that you are a queen."

"I *am* a milliner."

"You have not been used to it; fingers like these to drive thimbles all day—the thing's ridiculous! Why do you toil in that absurd manner, as if your bread really depended on it?"

"My bread *does* really depend on it."

"Indeed!" The truth of this reply seemed for the first time to make its way to the young man's understanding—for, like most people in the possession of great wealth, he found it difficult to believe in the actual existence of poverty—to realize it in his own mind as a real stern reality. He did so now. By an involuntary impulse he drew forth his purse, and slipt it under her work; but she observed the action. If for an instant she felt offended, a look at the true sympathy and unfeigned respect of the young man, restored her to good humour; but she firmly, though kindly, refused the gift. We have seen that Mr John Blinkinsop was not much in the habit of restraining his inclinations. In a moment he had taken the purse, no little piqued at the manner in which his offering had been received, and thrown it through the window.

"To the devil with all the yellow dross that ever was coined, if it causes you a moment's uneasiness! I was wrong—I confess it; but believe me

I meant it as no weighing of your merits against gold. No, I respect you for yourself; and I could, if our positions—if it weren't—in heaven's name, what tempted you to be a milliner?"

The young lady saw, from the confusion of these questions, and the youth's manner altogether, that some strange thoughts were passing in his mind. If she guessed what they were, and, in the hurry of the discovery, neglected to withdraw the hand which Mr John had seized, it is probable that a very few seconds would have restored her to herself, and her hand to her own possession; but, at that moment the door was opened, and Captain Wallace walked hurriedly into the room. He started back on seeing a stranger; and scarcely heard his sister as she informed him that their visiter was Mr Blinkinsop, of whom she had already spoken to him.

"'Tis too much honour," he said, bowing stiffly.

"You are really so little at home," began Master John.

"I have business, sir. I have but this instant been witness to an extraordinary event. From one of the windows of this house some fool has thrown a purse full of gold."

"Some fool?" said Master John.

"Yes, some fool, sir; a sensible man would scarcely take such a way of amusing himself. The blackguards in the street are busy fighting for the money. There is a complete uproar. The police are there."

"Sir, let me tell you," cried Mr John, driven out of patience, "that *I* threw the money out of the window; and I will trouble you to withdraw the word *fool* you were so ready with just now."

"What! *you!*" exclaimed Captain Wallace; "you throw money into the street from *my* sister's window!—you make *her* the object of curiosity to the neighbourhood!—Sir, I withdraw the word *fool*, if you are offended with it, and put *villain* in its place."

"Then, sir, you shall give me satisfaction," cried Master John, furiously.

"This minute—on the spot!" replied the other; "or where you will."

"Come, then, come!" said Mr John, and hurried him from the room. "I know a place where we can settle this—come!" They were both too much enraged to hear the sobs of Harriet, as she threw herself nearly fainting on her chair. By the time, however, they reached the spot selected for the duel, which was in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens, they had both become a little more cool, although they continued equally determined. The younger, who was also the offended party, stopped when they had reached a lonely part of the park, and desired his opponent to draw.

"One word, sir," said Captain Wallace.

"Not a syllable," cried the other; "you were ready enough with the insult. The satisfaction must be as immediate."

"You shall have it, sir—to that I give you my honour—but I will speak before I take my sword into my hand."

"Blood first—words afterwards."

"It might be too late then," said the cooler of the opponents. "It is not of myself I mean to speak, but of two persons who are dearer to me than life—my sister, and one dearer still."

"You are not going to shelter yourself behind a petticoat?" enquired Master John. The other merely smiled, and calmly proceeded.

"You have insulted me. I have insulted you. The blood of one of us shall flow. Let that be a settled point. You, sir, are rich and prosperous. I am poor and unfortunate. And how can I think without uneasiness of the fate of my wife and sister if I fall!"

"You should have thought of that before. 'Tis too late."

"That is not the answer that a noble and generous enemy would give. In a quarter of an hour from this time, the fate of one of us will be decided. If I die, what will be the answer you would wish to have given to my question?"

"I will take care of the ladies; and now, to work."

"Not yet. There is one other thing. These ladies are young—are friendless. Will you give me your word that you will enable them to reach an ancient connexion of our family in Scotland, and that you will not see them personally?"

"Yes."

"Here is my pocket-book," continued Captain Wallace, throwing it on the ground; "if I die, you will open it, and see who and what I was.

If you keep your word, the blessing of a dying man will follow you; if not, my blood will cry out against you. Now!" The captain put himself in position, but there was something in his manner, in the tone of his voice, and the strangeness of his behaviour altogether, that struck the usually thoughtless youth he was opposed to, and moved some of the better feelings of his nature.

"You spoke, Captain Wallace, of my finding from your pocket-book who and what you were. May I"——

"No. You may not. I am an officer, let that suffice."

"Well, sir—but remember that by your own showing, you have the fate of others on your hands, besides your own"——

"I know it, but my resolution is taken; defend yourself."

"One moment," said the young man; "you tell me you are poor—if I should happen to fall, here is a roll of notes which will help you to escape. And now, sir, I'm your man."

The youth flung a well-filled pocket-book on the ground as he spoke. His adversary looked at him with an expression of gratitude that ill accorded with their mutual position, and crossed his sword. Instead, however, of vigorously attacking, he made two or three false lunges, and immediately exposed his breast. It was only by great dexterity that the young man avoided sinking his sword's point into his heart.

"How!" he exclaimed. "Would you make me a murderer, sir?"

"Again," said Captain Wallace; "let us proceed." And resumed his attitude.

"You puzzle me," said Master John; "and, moreover, you interest me very much."

"Have you had satisfaction, sir?"

"I almost think I have. Wasn't your life but now in my power?"

"It was."

"Why, then," said the youth, sheathing his rapier, "by all the laws of honour, I am not only satisfied, but have killed my man; for though I didn't choose to use my advantage to its full extent, still, metaphorically, you are defunct. And as your executor under the will you made a few minutes ago, I open all papers of the deceased, and this document among others." So saying, he stooped down, and opened the pocket-book, and started back on seeing a letter——"To the Lord Dunbar—these."

"How! is this letter to you?" he enquired; "is your name not Wallace?"

"Wallace is my name," said the other; "but the ill-judged pertinacity of the partners in the vain attempt of '45, in which my father lost title and estates, still forces a rank on me to which, till it is restored by our present sovereign, I confess I have no right."

"So you are not a Jacobite, sir?"

"No sir—I see sufficiently the causes of the overthrow of the rightful line to rejoice that their efforts at restoration were defeated. I speak without prejudice on the subject, for I can have no interest in such matters now. The ministry are very properly determined to punish the sins of the fathers on all succeeding generations; and I shall hereafter make no further effort to alter their determination."

"And Harriet is your sister?" enquired Master John. "I knew it from the first. She was no more a milliner than I am. And believe me, sir, from the moment I saw her, I was only deterred by a foolish prejudice—which her virtues and beauty were gradually overcoming—from offering her my heart and hand."

"Your *hand*, sir!"

"Ay! And let me tell you, sir, when you talk of giving up your efforts to alter the ministry's resolutions, you don't know what influence a few county members may have on their deliberations. My uncle, sir, has the command of five or six seats, and I've a great mind to take possession of one of them myself, as he has often asked me, for the mere pleasure of badgering the government into an act of justice. But let us go, my dear fellow, to show Harriet we are both alive. And yet I'll deny myself the happiness of seeing her for a while. I'll bring my uncle's consent, and if he hesitates a moment, I'll bring him to judge for himself."

But all was turned topsy-turvy in the baronet's establishment since last we saw him. A letter had come addressed, "To the Lady of this House," which had naturally fallen into the hands of his maiden sister, Miss Arabella; and no little amazement the said epistle caused in the bosom of that innocent and good-natured old maid.

It came from Mrs Preston, and contained a complaint of the conduct towards her of the gallant Sir John Blinkinsop, and pleaded so earnestly and so eloquently for protection, that the tender Arabella was moved, and sent for her to St James's Square, to concert measures together. When two women unite their wits, it is impossible for one poor individual of the harder sex to escape their machinations. The pert Miss Josephine, and the rigidly moral Peter Mell, were equally scandalized and astonished when that prim functionary received instructions to inform his master that the young lady who had recently been closeted with Miss Arabella was anxious to see him *alone*. The virtuous indignation of the censorious frizeur had some little time to evaporate, for SirJohn was unfortunately from home. His nephew had hurried from the Park, and in as articulate a manner as his agitation would allow, had related the incident of the morning, the discovery of Harriet's rank, and pressed him to consent to his union. But the uncle prized himself so much on his knowledge of the world, that he, of course, did not believe a syllable of the fine story of the pocket-book; and devoutly believed that his poor nephew was the dupe of a couple of sharpers. By way of ascertaining the point for himself, he pretended to take a day or two to come to a decision; and as soon as he had an opportunity, hurried off to Wardour Street, and arrived in due time at Harriet's room. Delighted at her brother's safety, and at the happy termination of the duel, her looks were radiant with joy. Sir John paused at the door, astonished at so much beauty, and apologized in his most fascinating manner for coming into her presence unannounced. But his reserve soon wore off, as he was one of that charming class of philosophers who believe all women to be the same—and that the modest are only a little better actors.

"I come," he said, "expecting to find a pretty girl, and behold—an angel!"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Oh! we shall understand each other before long. You are Miss Wallace, I believe? I have no doubt that so much beauty is adorned and heightened by talents equally superb."

"And may I ask, sir, what induced you to come up so many stairs in search of my poor talents?"

"To admire them."

"Then, as it is always distance that lends enchantment to the view, I pray that you will in future admire them a long way off."

"Your wit is inimitable. I can hardly breathe under such a rapid fire."

"Perhaps, at your time of life, your difficulty of breathing may be more naturally accounted for by your exertions in coming up stairs."

"You're sharp, madam; but I'm fond of repartee—especially from such lips as yours."

"I beg, sir, you will cease such language. I expect my brother every moment, and"——

"You *have* a brother, then? It's a curious fact in natural history, that all pretty milliners have strong fellows of brothers. Has this one been your brother long, my dear? You understand me?"

"No, sir, I do not understand you; but I see from your manner that you intend to insult me, and I must insist on your immediate departure."

"What a curious fancy!—'pon honour, child, you are very amusing. Remember that you are not now dealing with a raw inexperienced boy—but with a man of the world. Let us explain: Do you know me, madam?"

"More than I desired, sir. I insist on being alone, sir. These apartments are mine."

"And wretched apartments they are for a girl of your spirit and beauty. You shall have finer rooms than these—you shall have all that your wishes can claim—horses, carriages, servants."

"Away, old man!—away!" cried Harriet, starting up, and looking like a nymph pouring forth her indignation on a satyr. "I will bear your insulting propositions no more. Who you are I know not,—what you are, I guess, and will not stain my lips with mentioning—retire!"

The indignation was too real to be mistaken for acting, even by Sir John. A strange feeling began to steal over him, that she was in reality the pure and noble being his nephew had painted her, and as we have seen already that his sentiments were a great deal better than his morals, he felt anxious to atone for his conduct.

"I assure you, 'twas but to try your temper I spoke as I did," he began. "If I have offended you, I'm sure you'd forgive me if you knew my motive. I beg, Miss Wallace, you'll compose yourself—the time may come when all this will be explained."

"Never, sir—but ha! here's my brother!" In a moment she altered her manner, for she was afraid of a repetition of the quarrel in the morning, and said—

"Brother, this gentleman is a stranger who came into my room, in search of a person he hasn't found."

"And has found a person he was not in search of," muttered Sir John.

"We are strangers here, sir," said Captain Wallace; "and I'm afraid can be of little use in directing you."

"Oh! I beg you'll take no trouble, I shall find my way myself; and as I have been fortunate enough to make your acquaintance, I shall be too happy if you will permit me to renew my visit."

"You see, sir, from the style we live in, that we can make no new acquaintance," replied the Captain, stiffly.

"No? I tell you the time may arrive when you will be delighted to see me."

By this time he had got to the door, and was nearly knocked over by the hurried entrance of Master John.

"What! Uncle?—how kind!—how good!—you came, as I begged you, to see my Harriet, to judge for yourself. Well? you approve?"

"His uncle!" cried Harriet; "what have I done! Ah, sir, your examination was somewhat rough—forgive me for the rudeness of my answers."

"Your answers, child?—Oh yes! I recollect. Suppose we make a compact, and forget both the answers and questions. Do you agree?"

"'Tis so friendly in you, nunky," interposed the nephew; "I can never thank you enough."

"For what?"

"For consenting so kindly to my marriage. You are pleased with my choice?"

"How can I be otherwise—so much elegance!" replied Sir John.

"And so much tenderness!—Ah, uncle, I'm a happy man!"

The nephew took one hand, and Harriet took the other.

"There!" cried Sir John, joining their hands together, "didn't I tell you that the time would come when you would be delighted to see me?"

An attentive observer might have perceived that Sir John, though unable, and unwilling perhaps, to state any objection to the match proposed by his nephew, yet did not altogether feel satisfied with the figure he cut in the matter. He begged the whole party, however, to adjourn to St James's Square, and he endeavoured to recover his self-estimation, by half an hour's stroll in Bond Street. Pleased with the result of his cogitations, and restored to good humour, he proceeded home, and was met by Peter Mell, who, in a state of most exasperated virtue, informed him that a young woman was waiting for him alone in his study.

"A young woman, Peter? Is she good-looking?"

"Better than she deserves, as far as I can see," replied the surly Cato; "but the world's all gone mad together—Miss Arabella knows it."

"The deuce she does? that's unlucky."

"Oh, not a bit, sir!—She's as bad as the rest of them. She made no objection."

"Indeed? Oh, it must be some middle-aged, charity-collecting, snub-nosed, old dowager! Tell her I'm busy, Peter. Do you know where she comes from?"

"From one Mrs Williams's in Frith Street, as Josephine overheard."

"Whew!—That's a different matter; bring me my other wig, Peter—the blond—the two-and-thirty year old one; I wouldn't look a day older for the world; get me my silk and silver waistcoat. I never thought the prudish damsel would have changed her mind so soon. Now, then—keep my sister, if you can, from troubling herself about the visit."

"Oh, she's engaged, sir! Master John has brought a young lady with him, and another gentleman. They're all in the drawing-room."

"That's good," said the baronet, and tripping as lively as his gout and stiffness would allow, he opened his library door. He stopped short behind a screen, on hearing a deep and most melodious sigh.

"Sweet creature! I've touched her," he thought; and advancing, recognised the beautiful Mrs Preston,

although she now wore a bonnet, and kept a thick veil over her face. The shawl she had worn in the morning was closely drawn round her, and her attitude plainly showed that she was anxious to make the most favourable impression she could.

"Enchanting visiter," said Sir John, "I knew that so tender a bosom could not remain obdurate long. You are getting reconciled to London I hope, and forget the loneliness and dulness of Braby Manor? Nay, don't take away your hand!—a beautiful little hand it is, and worthy of the incomparable person to whom it belongs. You don't speak, fair enslaver! You were more talkative this morning, when you carried on a conversation with that audacious rascal, my nephew Jack. Don't listen to him, my dear, in future. I told you his admiration wouldn't last long, and this very day he has made proposals to another, and been accepted. No, my angelic creature, trust to a man of maturer years, and believe that this embrace——"

The lady rose when he put his arm round her waist, and screamed for help—throwing up her veil at the same time, and revealing to the horrified Sir John, and the party who rushed in from the adjoining room, the laughing and mischief-loving countenance of his old maiden sister, Miss Arabella Blinkinsop.

"What, John!—Can your own sister not escape your politeness?" she said, tapping him on the shoulder.

"For shame, nunky!" said Master John; "'pon my honour you ought to take example by me. Do you ever see *me* try to kiss my aunt, sir? I'm ashamed of you!"

"Why, what the deuce is all this rumpus kicked up about?" exclaimed the baronet; "haven't I a right to salute my sister in a brotherly manner, without all the idle people in the neighbourhood coming in to be witnesses? But how's this, Arabella; I see friends here whom I scarcely expected?" pointing to the real Mrs Preston, who was leaning on Captain Wallace's arm.

"This shawl, among others," replied the sister; "it belongs, my dear brother, to this young lady, who came to return the visit you did her the honour to pay her this morning; and had the happiness of discovering her husband in our nephew's brother-in-law, Captain Wallace."

"Wallace! madam, I thought your name was Preston?"

"So it was, sir, while my husband prosecuted his claim with the government; but now, thanks to your kindness, we are reunited—never, I hope, to be divided."

"And what the deuce am I to do?" enquired Sir John; "I never can venture for a moment to pay my respects to a pretty girl, but she's snapped up by some unprincipled fellow before my face. There's Jack has taken away one; Captain Wallace another; and it would give me great satisfaction if you would tell me what will be left for me to do?"

"Better get some one to mend your wrist-frills, uncle," suggested Master John, with a malicious allusion to the scene with Josephine.

"Why, if you have really no one else to be attentive to," said Miss Arabella, "I don't care if you exercise your powers of pleasing on *me*. I hope all your affection wasn't confined to the *shawl?*"

"Confound the shawl, and the wrist-bands, too! No, Arabella; I think I shall take a lesson from today, and turn a steady, sensible, old fellow, as I ought to be. You and I will exert ourselves in making our house a comfortable home for the young people, and as a first proof of my reformation, I imprint this kiss, oh, respectable sister, on your venerable cheek."

The cheek was no longer turned away; and it is recorded in the annals of the Blinkinsop family, that Sir John, from that period, conducted himself with such perfect propriety, that he gained the entire approbation of the moral and sententious Peter Mell; it being related, that the only fault that individual could discover in the baronet's character, was a remarkable indifference to the fashion of his wigs, and a total neglect of the skill and science bestowed on their adornment.

MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

The public life of the Marquis Wellesley had so long closed, that his actual death left no chasm in public action; but he had borne a great part in the most signal triumphs of our most remarkable time; had achieved a name in British history, and will not be forgotten in that still nobler and more comprehensive history, which is formed of the acts and characters of eminent men in every age and nation of the world.

In this brief memoir, it is not our purpose to enter into personal details. We should prefer giving that general view, which connects a memorable man with his time. It is for biography to give the family picture, the peculiarities of mental costume, and all the minutenesses which separate the individual from his species. The highest aspect of all public character, is not the portrait, confined to the costume of its age, but the statue, representing to every age the countenance and form of the man, unencumberd by casual habiliments—fit to take, and taking its natural place in the gallery of illustrious minds. Marquis Wellesley, (Richard Colley Wellesley,) was the oldest son of the Earl of Mornington, and born in Dublin, June 20, 1760. The Earl was a man of taste, who had resided much abroad in early life, and had brought with him from Italy a degree of musical cultivation, which, in a professor, would probably have produced distinguished excellence. He has left, at least, one proof of his talent, which will remain while music survives in England—the celebrated glee, "Here in cool grot;" the happiest imagination of "Fairy" harmony in the annals of song. But the Earl wanted a faculty, less captivating, but more important in his position, that of managing his estate. The property of the earldom, at no time large, gradually decayed in the midst of those musical raptures; and the young heir found himself encumbered with a nominal title, and the succession to little more than a long accumulation of debt, which, however, he manfully took it upon himself to discharge. His mother survived her husband half a century, dying in 1831, at the age of eighty-nine. She possessed a powerful understanding, had been very handsome in early life, and was formed to shine in courts. But she had the unexampled fortune of living to see four of her sons raised to the Peerage of England by their own abilities; to see them acting in the highest public capacities; and to be the mother of the first soldier of England since Marlborough.

But much depends on situation. The young earl remained on the benches of the Irish house for nineteen years—a cypher. The accomplished scholar, the brilliant statesman, the splendid administrator, continued sunk into the cushions of the Irish peerage. The illness of George the Third, which produced the regency question, at length rescued him from indolence and from oblivion. The Irish Whigs, like their brethren in England, always selfish, saw nothing in the royal affliction but a call to office; and, always perfidious, saw nothing dishonourable in the disloyalty by which their object was to be obtained. In England, the contest was of a more imperial nature, and it was for power; in Ireland, it had the meanness of provincial faction, and its object was plunder; in England, the lion was loose, and he roamed the land seeking what prey he might devour; in Ireland, it was the jackall tracking his steps in the dark, and glad to feed upon the remnants. What in England was bold assault, in Ireland was stealthy circumvention. The English debates exhibit the majesty of national council; great abilities exerted for great occasions; and even the offence of party in some degree effaced by the brilliancy of its talents. The two great antagonists of this day would have given distinction to any rivalry, in any period of the world. The truth was, that the two leaders of the Ministry and Opposition were more than heads of parties; they were the personifications of principles; the principle of establishment against the principle of change. Conservative and destructive in another shape, but relieved from the meanness and meagreness which in some degree belong to all merely civil contests, and magnified and ennobled by the strong excite-

ments and vast interests which belong to a time of war. Pitt and Fox were the two great historic figures standing in the front of a picture, of which the background was filled up with falling thrones and the terrors of nations. In England, Fox failed, and worse than failed. His eagerness for power was so excessive, that he became utterly regardless of the means. Cautious in the first instance, and broaching the old Whig doctrines, he gradually plunged into more confused maxims, forgot the language of the constitution, and adopted the strongest phraseology of the courtiers of James. Pitt listened with contemptuous triumph, and forced him from one extravagance into another, until Fox, probably to his own indescribable astonishment, found himself scoffing at the power of Parliament, bowing down at the footstool of the heir of the throne, and abandoning, in his passion for place, every doctrine of his party. "I'll *unwhig* the gentleman," was the merciless promise of Pitt, which he as mercilessly performed. While his unlucky rival was rolling through the surges which he himself had raised, the great minister stood calmly by, with his line in his hand. Never was political shark more completely hooked. Pitt played the bait before him with masterly skill, suffered him to have a hope of office, until he was made rash and reckless by the nearness of the temptation. Night after night exhibited him ready to spring, yet afraid to seize; until at last, by the insane declaration, that the prince had *a right* to the regency, he swallowed the hook, and was hauled up once for all.

In Ireland a distempered state of the national mind had given all party a lower cast; intrigue was more perfidious, faction alternately more foolish and more furious; and while courtiership stooped to language and conduct of singular servility, patriotism, as it termed itself, voluntarily surrendered its last virtue to the embraces of the rabble. This was one of the periods at which the constitution trembled. If the Prince of Wales had been then appointed regent, the government must have been Whig; and on the eve of the French Revolution, England would have been in the power of a cabinet pledged to principles which must have laid us at the mercy of France.

But the empire was not to be yet undone. The hopes of Europe were not to be played away by a knot of political gamblers. England had been sufficiently humiliated by being made the subject of such a game, without being ruined. The Roman emperor who was taken prisoner by the Parthians—and after having been forced to give his neck for the Parthian king to mount his horse from, had his skin, after death, turned into the cover of a royal footstool—was not to be the model of her fate.

The malady of the monarch gave way, and the nation was in a burst of rejoicing. This was, of course, the sign for Whig despair. As the empire rose from its dejection, the Whigs went down; until at last, like the wild beast, or the marauder, retiring further into the forest with every successive advance of day, the faction disappeared, not to return until some new calamity should fall upon the empire.

Yet the contest, even in Ireland, was not totally without its fruits, for it brought forward the young Earl of Mornington. And the king was no sooner in a condition to reward, than the earl received the order of St Patrick, was made a member of the Irish Privy Council, and was chosen member for the royal burgh of Windsor.

The feelings of a man of untried yet conscious ability, must be strongly to be envied at a crisis like this in the life of the Earl of Mornington. Public life, in all its extent and all its brilliancy, had suddenly opened before him. He had been transferred from a country which he had long felt incapable of exciting him to display his fine faculties, to a country where his faculties might find their amplest action, and where the rewards of success were as vast as the field of battle was boundless. In the biographies of memorable Irishmen compelled by their professions to fix their career wholly in Ireland, vexation at the narrowness of their sphere is strikingly discoverable. With England close at hand, yet virtually inapproachable, they affect to scorn what they cannot enjoy, and to avenge themselves on fortune by bitterness against the country from which they have excluded themselves. This accounts for the remarkable circumstance, that nearly all the leading Irishmen who remain

in Ireland are Whigs, while nearly all who fix themselves early in England are Tories.

Whether Wellesley would ever have made himself conspicuous in Ireland, with the obstacles of an embarrassed property, an unexciting prospect, and an ambiguous and dependent political position, is now beyond knowledge. But nothing is more unquestionable, than that, from the moment when his ambition was kindled by the broader hopes offered to him in this country, he was obscure no more. He became a close attendant on Parliament, a vigorous ministerial member, and a speaker of equal grace and fire. His "Speech on the War with France," attracted great admiration. From this period, the elegant, and rather indolent man of fashion, was transformed into the practical, vigorous, and ardent statesman. After sitting for a short time at the Board of Control, he was appointed Governor-General of Hindostan;—the times required him. The French monarchy, flung into the sea of revolution, had sent a wave of that tide of blood and change to the extremities of the world. The progress of Bonaparte, after alarming the thrones of Europe in its earliest career, had come to shake the thrones of the East. The Turk and the Persian capitals were to have been only stages in that march which was to turn from Calcutta upon London. Like the bounds of the celestial horses in the Iliad, the strides of his ambition were so vast, that the globe was not to have room for a third. By a singular, but not casual coincidence, Lord Mornington took with him to India that brother who was yet to be the conqueror of Napoleon. The wars for the preservation of India trained Wellington to that mastery of soldiership by which he was, in after days, to work the deliverance of Europe. Our Indian policy has always been defective. It has always had the natural result of "halting between two opinions"—inefficiency of result following from inadequacy of design. It is true, that we have done great things; but the real question is, how much more might we not have done? On a review of our Indian history, it will be found, that all our eminent successes have arisen from violations of our plans; and that those successes were always connected with a peculiar force of character in the governor-general, which acted for itself, and acted *against* the system of the Company; thus, the unhesitating boldness of Clive compelled the Company to become a dominant power; thus, the keen energy of Hastings compelled it to subjugate the native princes, until the colony became an empire; and thus, the lofty and comprehensive conceptions of Wellesley compelled it to assume an authority which would suffer no rival from the mountains to the sea. The vice or virtue of the instruments is not the question. Clive was a personal lover of gold, though a pre-eminent soldier. Hastings we have always considered criminal, in the high degree of sanctioning native atrocities, which he might and ought to have prevented. We charge him with neither cruelty nor avarice. Our charge is, that of having lent the name of England, and the strength of his personal opinion, to those native powers which both robbed and slew under the pretext of British authority. Wellesley was free from the offences of both; but he equally broke through the limitations of the Company, and urged them into involuntary empire.

The revolt of Tippoo Saib showed the weakness of the old policy. He had been beaten to his capital by Lord Cornwallis, and ought to have been stripped of all power. But the old spirit of compromise, the imprudent prudence of the old system, interposed; and though cutting away from the Sultan of Mysore a portion of territory enough to irritate, left him in possession of a great country, full of military resources, and inhabited by a hardy population of soldiers.

The Sultan of Mysore felt himself seated on a dependent throne. Tippoo hated the British power less with the wrath of a rival than the rage of a wild beast. His mutilated power rankled in his whole career; and not merely to defeat, but to destroy, the English collectively and individually, was the first passion of his nature. He even caused a model of a tiger to be made, devouring an Englishman, with a machinery within, representing the groans and cries of the prey. And this was the savage whom our absurd lenity replaced on the throne; and who rewarded our lenity by spreading hostility to us throughout all India. His

memorable father, Hyder Ali, had predicted of his furious temper, "that it must ruin him and his country." "This fellow," said he, "by his rashness, will knock down all that I have spent my life in raising." It was not the fault of our policy that the prediction was not falsified—it was the merit of the Marquis Wellesley that it was fulfilled.

On his arrival in India he found war preparing on every side. The feeble policy of Cornwallis had excited contempt among a people who never relax their authority, while they can exercise their power. The Nizam, the Mahrattas, and the Mysore, were a tremendous line of battle against the single British force, composed almost wholly of natives. It was also notorious, that communications had been established with Europe; and that the movements of French fleets and armies were directed to Hindostan. Bonaparte was in Egypt, publishing those wild but magnificent proclamations, in which he denounced the British empire, summoned the Eastern world to vindicate its liberties, and declared himself to have left Europe solely for the purpose of erecting a new throne of irresistible power and dazzling lustre, for the general glory of the eastern world.

Nothing is more striking in history than the punishment of arrogance. Those Egyptian proclamations, which were meant simply to indulge the vanity of the French general, and stimulate the haughtiness of his nation, were the original source of his Egyptian ruin. They fixed the eyes of Europe upon him, and actually compelled England to make a sudden exertion to recover Egypt. Nothing is more probable, than that Bonaparte, if he had been content to proceed in Egypt, simply as the establisher of a colony, would have been but little molested. There would certainly have been no eagerness to risk an encounter so distant and difficult. There was no inclination in Europe to attack him. His position in the first was evidently regarded nearly as the position of the French army at this moment in Algiers; and which withdrew a large French army from Europe, to waste away by climate and conflicts with the Arabs; and one which, in his instance, stripped France of its most famous officer. He might thus have quietly but progressively extended his power, until it was too solid and too great to be shaken by an European invasion; and the command of Egypt, to which Syria would have been in a few years the inevitable addition, would have made him the first potentate of the East, the master of the Indian commerce and intercourse; and not improbably, at last, arbiter of the Mediterranean.

But the extravagance of his proclamations, and the threats of a march to India, forced the English government into the field—a most reluctant field—for there is no question, that the British government pondered long, and in great perplexity, on the chances of success or defeat in this dangerous and novel expedition. The late Lord Melville obtained the credit of having either originated, or pressed this memorable measure; and no nobler trophy can have been raised to the remembrance of an injured statesman. The result was the most signal victory. The French army surrendered; Egypt was cleared; and Europe saw with astonishment, France with shame, and England with justified exultation—28,000 French soldiers and employés sent home, prisoners to 20,000 gallant sons of Britain! Those proclamations extended their ruin to India; the Sultan of the Mysore, inflamed by their promises of boundless victory, prepared his armies openly to share the spoil. A feebler governor-general would then have attempted to stay hostilities, by concessions and compromises, until a French expedition from the Mauritius had ascended the Ghauts, or until the hidden fire which was at that hour circulating through every Indian kingdom, had burst into a blaze. But the days of indolence and etiquette were passed away. In defiance of strong contrariety in his council, and many a melancholy prediction alike from the timid and the seditious, he sent a powerful army straight on the capital of Mysore. After a brief siege, Seringapatam was taken by assault, Tippoo falling on the ramparts; and the country, by a single blow, was delivered into British hands. This victory was so sudden, the destruction of the enemy was so complete, and the evidence of British promptitude was so decisive, that the Duke of Wellington, then in command of the Mysore, wrote to the governor-ge-

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The Sultan of Mysore felt himself seated on a dependent throne. Tippoo hated the British power less with the wrath of a rival than the rage of a wild beast. His mutilated power rankled in his whole career; and not merely to defeat, but to destroy, the English collectively and individually, was the first passion of his nature. He even caused a model of a tiger to be made, devouring an Englishman, with a machinery within, representing the groans and cries of the prey. And this was the savage whom our absurd lenity replaced on the throne; and who rewarded our lenity by spreading hostility to us throughout all India. His

memorable father, Hyder Ali, had predicted of his furious temper, "that it must ruin him and his country." "This fellow," said he, "by his rashness, will knock down all that I have spent my life in raising." It was not the fault of our policy that the prediction was not falsified—it was the merit of the Marquis Wellesley that it was fulfilled.

On his arrival in India he found war preparing on every side. The feeble policy of Cornwallis had excited contempt among a people who never relax their authority, while they can exercise their power. The Nizam, the Mahrattas, and the Mysore, were a tremendous line of battle against the single British force, composed almost wholly of natives. It was also notorious, that communications had been established with Europe; and that the movements of French fleets and armies were directed to Hindostan. Bonaparte was in Egypt, publishing those wild but magnificent proclamations, in which he denounced the British empire, summoned the Eastern world to vindicate its liberties, and declared himself to have left Europe solely for the purpose of erecting a new throne of irresistible power and dazzling lustre, for the general glory of the eastern world.

Nothing is more striking in history than the punishment of arrogance. Those Egyptian proclamations, which were meant simply to indulge the vanity of the French general, and stimulate the haughtiness of his nation, were the original source of his Egyptian ruin. They fixed the eyes of Europe upon him, and actually compelled England to make a sudden exertion to recover Egypt. Nothing is more probable, than that Bonaparte, if he had been content to proceed in Egypt, simply as the establisher of a colony, would have been but little molested. There would certainly have been no eagerness to risk an encounter so distant and difficult. There was no inclination in Europe to attack him. His position in the first was evidently regarded nearly as the position of the French army at this moment in Algiers; and which withdrew a large French army from Europe, to waste away by climate and conflicts with the Arabs; and one which, in his instance, stripped France of its most famous officer. He might thus have quietly but progressively extended his power, until it was too solid and too great to be shaken by an European invasion; and the command of Egypt, to which Syria would have been in a few years the inevitable addition, would have made him the first potentate of the East, the master of the Indian commerce and intercourse; and not improbably, at last, arbiter of the Mediterranean.

But the extravagance of his proclamations, and the threats of a march to India, forced the English government into the field—a most reluctant field—for there is no question, that the British government pondered long, and in great perplexity, on the chances of success or defeat in this dangerous and novel expedition. The late Lord Melville obtained the credit of having either originated, or pressed this memorable measure; and no nobler trophy can have been raised to the remembrance of an injured statesman. The result was the most signal victory. The French army surrendered; Egypt was cleared; and Europe saw with astonishment, France with shame, and England with justified exultation—28,000 French soldiers and employés sent home, prisoners to 20,000 gallant sons of Britain! Those proclamations extended their ruin to India; the Sultan of the Mysore, inflamed by their promises of boundless victory, prepared his armies openly to share the spoil. A feebler governor-general would then have attempted to stay hostilities, by concessions and compromises, until a French expedition from the Mauritius had ascended the Ghauts, or until the hidden fire which was at that hour circulating through every Indian kingdom, had burst into a blaze. But the days of indolence and etiquette were passed away. In defiance of strong contrariety in his council, and many a melancholy prediction alike from the timid and the seditious, he sent a powerful army straight on the capital of Mysore. After a brief siege, Seringapatam was taken by assault, Tippoo falling on the ramparts; and the country, by a single blow, was delivered into British hands. This victory was so sudden, the destruction of the enemy was so complete, and the evidence of British promptitude was so decisive, that the Duke of Wellington, then in command of the Mysore, wrote to the governor-ge-

neral, only to know what new conquest he was desirous to achieve. "The army," said he, "only waits to know of what countries the governor-general wishes to take possession?" Triumph never assumed a more lordly language.

The measures by which the conquest was secured were as decisive as those by which it was obtained. The territory was divided; Seringapatam, with the provinces on the coast, including the port of Mangalore, were ceded to the Company. A small territory was given to each of the British allies, and the remainder was created into a sovereignty for the descendant of the family who had been excluded by Hyder. This last act was the only unwise part of the whole transaction; the conquered territory ought to have gone with the capital. It should have become the property of England; and instead of burdening the people with a renewal of the native tyranny, and placing in power one who must soon learn to regard himself as a dependant and degraded sovereign, have exhibited to the people of Central India the example of the happiness, freedom, and opulence of a British government on the broadest scale. It is only thus that we ought to keep, or can reconcile India. Before the East had resumed its tranquillity, the active mind of the governor-general projected an expedition against the Isle of France, from which India had been so lately threatened. But he was recalled from this conception, by an order to co-operate with the British forces in Egypt, and then pressing the French up the Nile. Six thousand sepoys, under the command of the gallant stormer of Seringapatam, Sir David Baird, were sent on this service; and though they did not arrive until after the surrender of the French, they remarkably exhibited the resources of an empire which, after conquering India *from* Europe, could thus bring her Indian force to mingle in European conflicts, and fight on the shores of the Mediterranean, by a march unequalled since the days of Alexander.

But India was still to be the scene of British victories. The flame kindled by the Mysore war, and trampled down in the ruins of the throne of Tippoo, was suddenly awakened among the Mahrattas; and the most powerful and warlike commonwealth of Hindostan took the field with an overwhelming force. The governor-general, undismayed by the danger of a contest which threatened to shake the whole fabric of the British power, poured his troops into the field with a rapidity which first startled the enemy by its evidence of daring and decision, and next broke them by the genius of its leader. "Colonel Wellesley" was now a major-general, and in command of a separate division of 5000 men. False intelligence led him in front of the Mahratta army of 40,000, and 100 pieces of cannon. He might have retreated, but he disdained escape, and thought only of adding to the renown of the British arms. He attacked the enemy's army; they manœuvred ably to outflank him, a movement which their immense superiority of numbers rendered easy. A singular instance of that sagacity which in war is every thing, is recorded of the British commander in that anxious moment. The general determined to anticipate this attack by turning the opposite flank of the Mahrattas; but a river in his front presented a formidable obstacle; it was pronounced by the staff to be impassable. The general observed a few huts grouped on the opposite side of a particular part of the river. "Those huts," said he, "would never have been there without a ford. Try." They tried, there *was* a ford, the troops passed over; the famous 19th dragoons fell upon the Mahratta infantry in the confusion of their flank march; the British infantry burst after them, and the victory was won. The rest of the war was a series of skirmishes and submissions, until Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar gave up the contest; and a large accession of territory rewarded the gallantry of the army. The governor-general had already been rewarded for the triumphs of the Mysore war, by the title of Marquis on the Irish establishment.

In 1805, he returned to Europe after the most brilliant administration ever known in India. If he was not a warrior like Clive, he was superior in the purity of his conquests; if he was not a financier like Hastings, he left that memorable personage far behind in the dignity of his motives. But uniting, in the conduct of his viceroyalty, some share of the great

qualities of both, without their defects, he had one quality which they both wanted, and which yet was essential to complete the character of a governor of India—Wellesley was by nature magnificent; a dangerous attribute on the scale of a private fortune, but a most salutary one at the head of an empire. In the midst of a vast country—where pomp was a national study, and where the costliest architecture, the most superb costume, were the distinctions of the palace and the king—Wellesley outshone them all in the nobleness of his palace, the splendour of his body-guard, and even in the embroidery of his attendants. But he was also, what neither Clive nor Hastings was, a scholar; and he knew all the power and the policy of scholarship. He not merely built the palace of Calcutta, but he founded and patronised the college for Indian literature; and in the same spirit, stimulated every attempt of native and European to bring to light the vegetable, mineral, and physical treasures of the "Golden Peninsula."

It is not to be presumed that this bold and dazzling progress was pursued without impediment. By those who could not see the strong distinction between splendour and glare, between stateliness and ostentation, he was charged with wasting the Company's revenues on public extravagance. But the truth prevailed, and the expenditure was found to be as essential as it was stately; the natives rejoicingly exclaimed that the days of Aurungzebe were returned! and even the cavillers at home were shamed out of an economy which could only starve its own resources.

But there is no charge so congenial to a bitter spirit, made with such facility, or entertained with such malignant readiness, as the charge of peculation and profusion. A weak adventurer, of the name of Paul, set himself forth as the accuser of the Marquis on his return. Paul was the creature of others, less weak, but more wicked than himself. His charges gradually lost all weight, and were ultimately abandoned. But he had by this time contracted that passion for publicity, which constitutes the true material for the patriot of the rabble. He became a demagogue. In this game, he wasted the money which he had made in India by contracts for clothing the troops. "Paul the tailor" was a favourite name among that obscure section of Whiggism, which fed his vanity, and was fed upon his purse. He involved himself in a duel with Sir Francis Burdett, was wounded, and died of the wound. Nothing is proverbially more difficult than to predict the fortunes of a public man. The highest offices of the state seemed the natural possession of the Marquis on his return. At the age of forty-seven, he had fixed his name in Indian history, and was recognised in Europe as the most successful guide of that vast and remote influence which England exercises over the East; and which, to foreigners, has something mysterious in its extent and power. In England, his abilities were acknowledged, even by those who most questioned their exercise; and while his grace of manner rendered him attractive in the circles of high life, and his accomplished scholarship gave him weight among the learned, his experience made him important to whatever side he espoused, while his eloquence made him popular and effective in the legislature. From this period a change palpably took place in his political feelings; he had commenced his public life as a high Tory—the strenuous advocate of the rights of the monarch, and the bold defender of the constitution; he now gradually lowered the vigour of his advocacy, and suffered himself to study the virtues of opposition; he becomingly played the neutral for the regulated period, and had already touched the border of the parliamentary rubicon, when the most extraordinary event of modern times interposed, and gave him a nobler occupation than, with a vexed spirit, measuring the remaining distance between himself and Whiggism.

In May 1808 the glorious Spanish insurrection burst out, to the astonishment of Europe, the rejoicing of England, and the immediate alarm and ultimate ruin of the French empire. The time, the place, and the circumstances, were equally surprising. No transaction of European kingdoms, within memory, so nearly justified the name of miracle. For three hundred years Spain had remained nearly tor-

pid; she had never recovered the stunning blow of the Armada. The land, once famous for the first soldiership of Europe, filled with trophies of every art, and ruling the mightiest colonies on the globe, had sunk into a lethargy so deep, that its crown was conveyed from hand to hand, with scarcely a glance from the national eye. The nation, from the slave of a throne whose despotism found its only palliation in its inactivity, sank into a French vassal. Under this still deeper humiliation, it had remained for a hundred years, like the slumberer in the Arab tale, giving signs of life only by groaning in its sleep. The burlesque and the prey of France in peace, the slave and the sufferer in war; its ships, its troops, and its treasure were all at the disposal of its taskmaster, until it sank out of the European system, and nearly out of European knowledge, but as a farmyard for the supply of France, a dockyard for her fleets, and a dungeon for her criminals.

If the thunderbolt that was to smite the diadem of France, had fallen from the long-gathering and deep-rolling clouds of German war, its origin and its course would have been comprehensible; but it sprung up and blazed from a feculent and lazy pool; from the depths of a nation which had been stagnant for centuries; and which none of the successive tempests of Europe had been able to ruffle even on the surface. Of all the great influential events of the world in our age, this the most nearly approached to the supernatural. And the nature of the contest was scarcely less formed to baffle all calculation than the origin. From the immensity of force on one side, and the measureless feebleness on the other, no man, accustomed to the ordinary operations of war, could have supposed that the struggle could last a month; the truth being, that Spain was conquered, in the customary sense of the word, before she ever made an attempt to resist. The French armies were in possession of all her fortresses; all her high-roads were regular French lines of communication; her capital was under a French viceroy, with a powerful French garrison; her ports were in French hands, wherever they chose to seize them; her frontier was wholly open; and, with Pampeluna and Perpignan, the keys of the Pyrenees, held by French garrisons, the mountains themselves were only a French province. For the first time, and in the fullest sense of possession, the phrase of Louis XIV. was realized—"There were no Pyrenees!" The Spanish mountains were French posts and fortresses. Spain was occupied by a French army of 200,000 men, while she had scarcely a disciplined soldier. She was assailed by Napoleon, the conqueror of the continent, while she had not a single officer capable of commanding a brigade; and to meet the mighty resources of the French empire, swelled by the plunder of Europe, she had but a bankrupt exchequer and a desolated country.

But the whole crisis was beyond human calculation. That Napoleon, the keenest of all sovereigns, should have been so infatuated as to make war in Spain, while he had, for years, been as much master of all its resources as if he had had the key of its treasury in his pocket—that he should have dethroned Charles IV., when he was as much his "prefect" as if he had sat in the civic chair of Paris—that he should have turned Ferdinand into a prisoner, when he had him already as a slave—and that he should have forced the Spanish armies and people to face him in the field, at the moment when he might command every soldier, every ship, every peasant, and every dollar of the kingdom, by a nod to the cabinet of sots and simpletons at Madrid—are matters of wonder; but they are not the less matters of history; and, most of all, they are matters of retribution. "Spain was my ulcer," was the expressive language of the tyrant and usurper, when time and torment forced him to speak the truth. It was this wretched and criminal abuse of his power—this ultra-atrocity of his foul and fiery heart, that especially brought his ruin. He might long have scourged with impunity infidel and corrupt Germany, or superstitious and barbarous Russia; but the cold perfidy, the callous avarice of possession, and the merciless and savage lavishness of blood which marked the Spanish invasion, were worthy of a direct and deeper infliction, and the blow was solemnly and finally given.

But the improbabilities of Spanish resistance were still to be augmented by a circumstance wholly new in national affairs, and yet raising the most serious of all obstacles to the progress of the war. Spain, which had known nothing of popular government from the fall of the Roman empire, became suddenly a hive of popular governments. Spain, which for centuries had known nothing of kingship but as the name for a succession of indolent epicures lolling on a velvet chair, and eating, drinking, and sleeping themselves into the grave—suddenly saw a king in every village. Spain, of all countries the least conscious of public opinion, where life passed in a long lassitude, and the embroidery of a grandee was regarded as the noblest spectacle of nature, suddenly threw up from its depths a race of bitter graspers at power, exciters of popular passion, and cravers after the right to plunder in the national name. The land of fat monkery and stolid pomp became filled with the evil spirit of republicanism. The juntas usurped every thing, convulsed every thing, and paralyzed every thing. The war alone, probably, rescued Spain from imitating the wildest excesses of European revolution; for it forced Spain to compress her power, gave her the salutary lesson of adversity, and at once let out her corrupted and boiling blood in the field, and broke up those little gatherings of power which success and superiority would have ripened into national pestilence.

To thwart the democratic impulses of Spain, and direct them to the great necessity of the state, the expulsion of the French armies, was the work which Marquis Wellesley was now summoned to perform. In 1809 he embarked for the Peninsula, and had painful evidence of the perplexity of Spanish affairs. The juntas received him with acclamation; but they instantly thwarted all his proposals. The people were rejoiced at the evidence of English sincerity given in the mission of one of the most distinguished of English statesmen; but they did nothing. Cadiz exulted in the presence of a brilliant functionary, who gave unrivalled entertainments; but the junta, giving him the honour of their presence, gave him no more. Madrid, and the great provinces of the kingdom, were still in the enemy's hands; and the Marquis soon found, that a mission which might have regenerated a nation, had inevitably sunk into a pageant. His character was not fitted to stoop to this humiliation; and, after an interview with his brother, probably to deplore together the stubborn absurdity of Spain, and the growing hopelessness of the Spanish cause, he set sail for England. Some results, however, followed. Cuesta, in whom age, infirmity, and obstinacy, seemed to be the only qualities for command, was displaced from the head of the army; a regency was appointed, and a project for the convocation of the Cortes was formed.

Those were the important periods of the public life of this remarkable man. Here it ought to have closed, if variety of employments were not preferable to great services, and the attendance on the wavering and shifting steps of party were not more fitted to give fame, than splendid independent conceptions, realized by bold and unaided execution. It is painful to see such a man standing in ante-chambers, coalescing with the Greys, and finishing his last political hours with the white rod of Lord Chamberlain in the hand which had grasped the sceptre of Hindostan, and was worthy to wield the thunderbolts of the British empire.

He died September 25, 1842, in his eighty-second year; and was buried, by his own desire, at Eton.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART IX.

THE HISTORY OF EMMA FITZJONES CONCLUDED.

WHEN I reached the infirmary, a young man, standing at the street-door, looking pale and anxious, took off his hat, and bowed respectfully. I recognized him as an old acquaintance, but a difficulty of remembering names, which I have experienced from childhood, and still suffer, prevented my addressing him by his title. I returned his salute, and walked on. He followed me up-stairs; and, when we had ascended the first flight, he touched me with an infirm hand softly upon the arm.

"You know me, sir—don't you?" said he.

"Yes, by sight, very well. What is your name?"

"I am Simmonds's grandson," he replied. "The old gentleman is dying up-stairs, sir."

"What!" said I, "poor Simmonds of Cambridge?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, whom I immediately knew again. "He's going, poor old man—very fast. How is he now, ma'am?" he enquired, turning upon a nurse who passed us at the moment. The latter made no answer, and proceeded on her way. "Oh, I am sure he is sinking!" he continued, bursting into tears, and crying aloud.

"Don't you be a fool there!" thundered a voice from an enormous hall-chair, which wanted only a few articles of furniture to render it a snug box, fit for the retirement of a beadle or a porter in the evening of his life. "Don't you be snivelling there, just by them wards! What do you think patients is made of?"

"How unfeeling they all are!" exclaimed the grandson. "Come this way, if you please." We mounted another staircase, and arrived at a large door. The young man was about to open it, when he stopped suddenly.

"It's no good," he said; "I can't go in. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I have come so queer all over me, that I can't move a step."

"What are you alarmed about?" said I. "Is Simmonds in that room?"

"Yes sir, and he is dying, I am sure. I can't bear to look at him. I never saw a man go in my life; and a man that's related to you, and that one knows—oh dear me!" and the grandson roared and blubbered afresh.

"You are a coward," said I.

"No, I am not," he answered quickly. "I fought a man on *Parker's Piece* double my weight, and licked him too. This doesn't feel like being frightened. It's an awful feel. Did you ever see any one die, sir?"

"Tell me—how did Simmonds get here? Does he know of my coming?"

"Oh yes! he sent me after you, sir; but I didn't like to leave the place any more than I liked to stop in it—so I gave the boy threepence to run to your inn. By the by, he owes me threepence—for I gave him sixpence, and asked him to get change."

"Who told him that I was in Huntingdon?"

"I did, sir. I was sitting at the window in the ward, by his bedside, when you and another gentleman went out at the street-door. I thought, somehow, it was you, and yet you looked older a good deal than when you was up at college. But when you began to walk, I was satisfied at once; for you know you always used to stoop and swing your arms, and so you did directly; and then I called out to grandfather that I was quite sure Mr Stukely had just left the house. The bed-maker told me that you had just been to the matron, and then grandfather made me run to her to get your address; and, when I got it, he told me to fly to you as fast as I could, or he should be dead before I got back; and I really thought he would, and so I sent the boy."

"How came he here? Is he very poor?"

"Oh, not at all poor! He has saved up a pretty bit of money, we all know; but he has been very stingy of late, and wouldn't spend a penny on him-

self. Soon after you left Cambridge, sir, he came over here, and has been leading a rum sort of random life ever since, going into one cheap lodging after another—and never stopping in one longer than a week at a time. He never would tell any of us what he wanted here. Father thought the old gentleman was demented, and so he sent me here to look after him, afeard that he should destroy his existence, or even make away with his money. I have been with him for the last two months, but he almost starved me to death, and I was thinking of going back, when this terrible illness came upon him, and laid him on his back. I wanted him to have the doctor at home, but he wouldn't think of it, for he said it would cost money—and he had none to spend. He made me apply for an admission-ticket to this place, and here he has been since Monday week."

"Tell him I have arrived," I said.

"Oh, no! Go in at once—there's a good gentleman," replied the youth. "He is very anxious to see you. I thought he would have jumped out of bed with joy when I told him you had been in the house."

"But I may alarm him if I go in too suddenly."

"Oh no, no! I am sure you won't, sir—oh, pray, do go in!" he continued, shaking from head to foot with fear. "You'll find a nurse in the room. Perhaps I shall be better in a little time. I'll wait here, sir, and if you want me, call. Oh, dear me! It's the house I think. There's such a smell of sickness in it, that it makes your heart drop within you."

I opened the door without another word, and entered a ward filled on either side with beds, every one sustaining its own sick occupant. I walked along the room, and passed the beds in order. In the last I discovered the well-known countenance of my ancient friend—but how much altered! There lay, indeed, poor Simmonds—every month that had elapsed since our last meeting having fallen upon his aged head with the weight and power of a twelvemonth. He had arrived at the outer-gate—the portals were opening, and Death waited to guide the paralyzed old man gently into the lovely land beyond. It was no leap for him to whom life had become already a load too heavy to be borne—an impediment, and no upholder of the spirit, matured and unimpaired, and riper than ever for its heavenly employment. There lay my good old friend—his hoary locks, scanty and long, shading, as with a delicate and silver veil, the eye that lacked its speculation; there, breathing hard and quickly, but quiet as a child that knows no sin—neither alive nor dead—he tarried for the word that should command him hence, and find him not unwilling to be gone. I hesitated for a time to break the slumber on which he seemed to move so smoothly homeward, and would not have committed the unrighteous act, had not the sleeper breathed my name, and given me reason to believe that my presence was still needed to bring perfect peace to him who had arrived so near to it. I answered him, and the dying man opened his eyes quickly, as the dreamer starts from his horrid brain-world into truth and reality. I called him by his name, and told him that his old friend Stukely was at his side.

"Poor lad, poor lad!" he gasped, and stopped for breath.

"Do you know me, Simmonds?" I enquired.

"Yes, yes," he answered, staring into my face; "the boy told me you were here. How did you find me out?" It took him some time to say as much as this. He ceased a dozen times to recover breath, and he spoke in a whisper.

"Do not distress yourself, Simmonds," I said. "Give me your hand. I will talk to you."

"The screen, the screen!" he exclaimed, drawing from the coverings his dried-up trembling hand, and pointing with a bony finger to the opposite side of the apartment.

"What of it?" I asked, noticing the moveable partition which he referred to.

"Bring it here. They'll let you. They put it before the man that died last night. It will be my turn soon. I want to speak to you. Why need they hear?"

I communicated his wish to the attending nurse, and his request was instantly complied with.

"And now, sit down," he said, "and tell me—is it true?"

"What?" I enquired.

"Are you ruined?" he whispered. "Have you nothing left in the world? Did they succeed?"

"I have had my full share of worldly trouble since we parted, Simmonds; but I cannot complain now."

"Where is your poor father?" he asked.

"In heaven, I trust, Simmonds."

"What!" he said, interrupting me. "His troubles killed him, then, at last? Ah, I thought they would! It was much for one man to bear."

"Did you know my father then? How—when did you see him?"

"When he came to look for his runaway," replied the old man, who gathered strength as he proceeded, possibly from the mental effort that the reminiscence occasioned, or it might be only from the physical excitement. "When he came for you, sir, time after time, waiting up two days this time, and three days the next, and then going back to London, post-haste, to prop his falling house, or to bury his poor wife, who took to bed with her a broken heart—and never rose with it again. Poor gentleman!"

A fit of coughing checked the speaking man, and he motioned to me eagerly for the medicine that lay at his bedside. I gave it to him, and he said, murmuring to himself,

"Yes, that was the time!"

"He was grieved, Simmonds, not to find me—was he not?"

"Heart-broken, sir!—like his wife; but he was a man and she a woman. A man may live with a broken heart, but a woman can't."

"Simmonds, I had a loving father, and I behaved most cruelly towards him."

"Where did he meet with you at last? We scoured the country for you, but could get no news at all. When he left me to go to London, he went first to Huntingdon. He told me he would write to me. He never did; but I knew that he lived in the city, and so I travelled by the coach to London. I had never been there before, and I was seventy-eight and more. I couldn't find him in the city, and I came back again; but I set out for Huntingdon again, and here I have been, looking for you and him, sir, ever since."

"How glad I am to meet you, Simmonds!"

"Yes; I heard two young doctor gentlemen yesterday, at the next bed, laughing at me to themselves, and saying they were sure the old man couldn't last the night out; but something inward like kept telling me I shouldn't go 'till I had heard about you. Now I am satisfied, and I don't care how soon the Lord thinks fit to take me. My business is nearly settled here."

"Tell me, Simmonds—can I do anything to help you?"

"How did matters turn out, sir, with your father? You'll excuse my rudeness."

"As badly as they could. He died a ruined man!"

"And what, in heaven's name, are you doing, sir?"

"I believe I shall do well. I have suffered much, Simmonds, but my prospect brightens."

"Don't be angry with me, Mr Stukely. I don't mean any harm—but if you would, sir"——

He hesitated.

"Speak on, old friend," I said. "I am not so vicious as I have been. You remind me that I have need of your forgiveness."

"You never wronged me, sir, in your life. I couldn't bear to see you led away. I have saved a little money, sir—it's very little—not above ninety pounds. You wouldn't, would you?—might I be so bold—I"——

The poor invalid grew flushed and nervous in the endeavour to express himself, and his voice thickened, and the medicine was once more had recourse to.

"Will you accept it, sir?" he said at length. "I have no further use for it. I mean no offence, but I was bold enough to put it by for you. It is hardly worth your having, but it may be useful. Your good father, sir, was very kind to me."

"I do not thank you the less, Simmonds, because at the present moment I have no need to take advantage of your kindness. I am not wholly unprovided for. Heaven has furnished me with a friend who will not easily desert me. Would that he were here now to witness your generous conduct!"

"But indeed, sir, the money is your's. When I heard it whispered in Cambridge that you were quite undone, I put it on one side; and I have

got it here, sir, under my pillow, all in bank-notes—tacked in my waistcoat. Do take it!—I shall die the happier for it."

I thanked Simmonds for his kind intention, but firmly declined to accept his gift. Was there not one without who had a fair and legal claim upon the grandsire? Had he not established it by a perseverance and self-denial that had already threatened to give way, so difficult were they of endurance? In any extremity I would not have di-turbed the grandson's right. Now, I had not even the temptation to do him wrong. We spoke together of my college days, and Simmonds recounted to me many a touching passage in my father's short acquaintance with him, that carried to my heart the bitterest sorrow and self-reproach—both how vain and ineffectual! The enfeebled sufferer soon overtasked his strength. At first he paused, delayed, and stammered, then resumed without success, at length ceased from exhaustion! I placed his head upon the pillow, and held his hand in mine. He breathed with difficulty. Soon, however, his lips moved again, and his eye fixed full upon me. I checked him, but the embers of life flashed up for an instant, and the spirit would not be controlled.

"Do you remember, Mr Stukely?" he said, and stopped.

"What, Simmonds?" I asked.

"When you were reading up at college—a Sabbath-day—I spoke to you?"

I saved the old man further speech. I remembered well the circumstance that crossed his faded memory. He had found me at my studies one Sunday morning. He had begged me to desist. I laughed at him, and refused.

"Yes," I replied, "I recollect it, friend; what of it?"

"I have often thought," continued he, "you missed every thing after that. Nothing prospered. How could it? I am dying, Mr Stukely. Promise one thing to poor Simmonds."

"I will; what is it?"

He pressed me tightly as he might, and entreated with his lack-lustre eye —"*Do not work again upon the Sabbath.*" Singly the words fell from his pale lips, and with their earnest utterance he ceased to speak. I gave him the assurance he required, and he thanked me with his looks. Vain were fresh attempts at conversation. Life ebbed apace—his eye closed—he slept and breathed. I sat at his side for an hour. He remained in the same condition. The screen was removed, and air was permitted to flow with balmy softness over the patient's cheek. What could it now do more than fan the death-fire that was already kindled there? As I sat by him, the nurse advanced to me. "The poor old man," said she, "slept in that way all day yesterday. He may linger on for some hours yet. When he goes off, it will be as sudden as the snuff of a candle, and about as quietly." I gave the nurse my address, and told her that I would gladly remunerate a messenger who should bring to me, before nightfall, an account of the patient's state. If he should rally and ask for me again, I hoped she would immediately recall me. She promised to do so, and I took my leave of her. At his place near the door, I found the grandson, eating with apparent enjoyment, and with much avidity, a mass of bread and cheese.

"Is he dead?" he asked immediately.

"He is not," I answered. "He sleeps. Go to his bedside, and watch him closely. You may lose him before you are aware of it."

"Oh, I can't!" he cried out; "I couldn't go into that room again for all the world. Let alone grandfather, there's that fellow with the *hairysippperless* a bed or two off of him. He's enough of himself to sicken a chap for a week. I can't go in, sir. I couldn't, to save my life."

"This is very unbecoming," I replied. "You seem to have a great deal of feeling. It should teach you better things."

"It's no use talking, sir," he answered quickly, and walking back a step or two. "I have got a fright upon me, and I can't conquer it. I have been overcome ever since the morning; and I could as soon walk into my grave alive as into that there horrid room."

"Very well," said I, "attend to me then. I am afraid the sun has risen upon poor Simmonds for the last time."

"You think so—do you, sir?" roared the youth, interrupting me. "Oh dear me, I guessed it—poor old man!—I guessed it!"

"Moderate your grief, and listen

Should he die to-night, you are his nearest friend. Look under his pillow."

"What!" he exclaimed, "afore he's buried? Oh bless your heart!"

"When you please. But look in time—for there's a treasure which will be your own."

"Why, what do you mean, sir?" he enquired, his countenance displaying an awakened curiosity.

"Beneath his pillow," I continued, "he has placed his waistcoat. He sleeps upon it now, and there, sewed up in it, are ninety pounds. You will see the old man buried decently, of course. The rest of the money is yours to convey to Cambridge to your father."

"What!" said he, "grandfather got ninety pounds there!—I thought the old man had been saving up. What! Under his pillow, with all them thievish nurses running in and out! I am very much obliged to you indeed, sir—Oh, here's a chance I've run! Why, ten to one they have grabbed it since you came away. I hadn't better lose a minute. If father knew it, he'd break my head in two."

He said no more. He bounded from me like a deer. His painful affection was forgotten. The loathed chamber and the grisly occupants no more thought of. Mammon had revealed himself in one bright corner. What foul irregularity and odiousness cannot he adjust and dignify, or render with a touch invisible! Alack for human nature! With the rapidity of light, the grandson flew to the grandsire's bed. With the vehemence of natural love, I beheld him, as I quitted the place, smoothing softly and with care——that grandsire's pillow!

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when I was summoned for a second time to the Infirmary. At four o'clock poor Simmonds had been pronounced *in articulo mortis*, and the attendant did not fail, according to my parting injunction, to make me acquainted with the fact. It was little that I could do in this extremity for the faithful gyp. The grandson sat at the foot of the bed, and held down his head for grief or shame. I told the nurse that the youth was furnished with the means of providing for his relative; and he made no answer. I concluded therefore that he had found his prize. Twenty-four hours afterwards, Simmonds breathed his last; and a purer soul never winged its timorous way upward to the gates of heaven, doubtful of its right to enter there.

* * * *

It was evening before Mr Clayton resumed the narrative of the unfortunate Emma Harrington. I would gladly have postponed the task to a more fit and suitable season. For one day, I had seen and heard enough of human misery—for one day, I had had enough of chastisement; but I chose rather to indulge the wish than to express it. It was a sharp cold evening, and we placed our chairs on either side of a cheerfully burning fire. Candles were brought, and the hangings of the window closely drawn.

"Shall we proceed?" asked Mr Clayton.

I answered in the affirmative; and he produced the manuscript, opened it, and read.

I recount my history, and you believe it is a fable. You marvel at the hideous picture, and deny it to be human. So did they all. You cannot conceive Man the monster. You are proud of Humanity, and cannot suffer the veil to be drawn, and the naked soul to stand in light. Stukely, I ask not men to take for granted this miserable tale. I carry my appeal to the bleading heart of woman. There I found my claim to be believed. Dreadful as is my fate, think not that it stands alone in the domestic history of despotism. Tyranny is unbounded when its sphere of exercise is circumscribed. Cruelty is unrestrained where no eye can watch its deadly strokes; and merciless it is, oh, rest assured, where its victims are the uncomplaining and the weak. A hundred and a thousand gentle sufferers shall bear witness to the faithful record of my mother's wrongs, and find in them the echo of their own uncredited and unheeded injuries.—She died, *murdered* by my father. I speak calmly and without passion. I have no softer word to express the numberless acts of persecution beneath which she sickened, drooped, and fell.—I passed the bitter night of her decease with her and about her bed. I was frantic. What was to be done? Whither should I go? I was dull, stupid, and confounded when I ceased to rave, and I stared at the

dead body without a sigh or a tear, passionless and unconcerned as the pale object before me. For days I had anticipated her death; but now that it had come, my senses were stunned. A tremendous blow had fallen—so tremendous, that the common emotions of Nature were superseded by a breathless tranquillity, supernatural and intense. I could not think, nor attempt to view my new position. And I felt no pain. The time for that had not arrived. The smart does not accompany always the first infliction of the wound. The shock precedes the pang by many an hour. There was a void at my heart—that I knew full well. The *aching, agonizing* sense of loneliness—*that* was yet to come. And my father, too! the intoxicated maniac—he persisted in his violence and tumult; and remained hour after hour at our door, execrating the poor inanimate thing that had been carried from his clutch, and showering on my head a hundred fearful menaces. If he ceased for an instant, it was to renew the clamour with redoubled vehemence, and with still fiercer exclamations. I heeded him not. I neither called upon him to desist, nor vainly sought to appease him by informing him of his loss. Dreary, desolate, terrible night! Millions of happy souls were carried through thy hours in gentle and unruffled sleep. What had I done as yet to be condemned to watch thy lazy dismal progress in that black chamber—at that most fearful season? But the night passed away—daylight had already gleamed—the angry man was silent. My guardian angel profited by the moment—took pity on me, and closed me in his arms. I slept. For an hour, all was forgotten; and the sleeper whose eyes had shut in Paradise had not visions more glowing than my own. Strange, mysterious existence! What puppets are we in the great Show of Life, urged by a machinery intricate and inscrutable, and helpless as dependent when moved by the resistless springs of an invisible world! I awoke to be for one moment ignorant of my bereavement—unconscious of the scene that had been enacted not three hours before—fresh from a heavenly dream did I awake, oblivious of the past, quiet, peaceful, and happy. For one brief instant only did I stand on the bright eminence, and breathe the grateful atmosphere. Down was I dashed, and with one exertion of memory plunged into an abyss of misery—from which I rise now—only now, Stukely, when my grievous sins are purged, and pardon and felicity are secured.

The morning was already far advanced, and I knew not how to act. The servants had in all probability acquainted my father with the dissolution of his wife. I feared to approach him. I considered, and resolved to remain with the departed. The determination was scarcely formed before my father himself joined me in the apartment. He looked alarmed and agitated, and his hands shook with more than their usual trembling motion. He approached the bed, and removed the covering from the cold one's cheek. I chilled and sickened as he did so. I imagined that he sighed. Could it be possible? I looked up at him—and believed that I saw the dull eye suffused with tears. With my whole heart I hated him; but a gleam of sorrow and of pity passed across my spirit—and I forgot the natural cruelty of the man in commiserating the wretchedness of the slave. I thought not of his unnatural persecution. I remembered only that he had been tempted and was lost. He replaced the sheet—walked to the door, and bade me follow him.

"Come, Emma," he said in a subdued voice, and with a tone that fell upon my ears strangely from his lips—"come to my room."

He departed, and I followed him. He closed the door of his library upon us, and he told me to be seated. I trembled, and complied with his request. He sat down also, and he pressed his face as tightly as he might against the palms of his quivering hands. He removed them. I was not mistaken—the stony heart was touched and softened——he wept.

"Where is your brother, Emma?" he asked.

I did not answer.

"Tell me," he continued—"where is your brother? I must know soon—better now."

I burst into tears.

"You will kill him—you will kill him!" I exclaimed in agony, remembering my mother's ceaseless anxiety and fear, and dreading now more than ever the interview that she hers

would never have permitted. "Do not ask me; I must not say."

"This has been the cause of all," he said, in an offended tone. "Why this secresy and under-handed system? She has pursued it till she has irritated and made me mad; and I have been driven to the wine when kindness would have lured me from it."

It was false. It was the self-convicted criminal bribing his conscience to be merciful. I did not dare to tell him so; but I did my mother justice, and rejected the excuse.

"Where does he live?" he asked again.

"Oh, I cannot tell you! I must not if I would."

"Very well!" he answered, rising from his chair, and walking quickly about the room. "Very well—let it be so."

I rose likewise to go away; but he prevented me.

"Stay," said he; "you shall go to him. It is not necessary that you should acquaint me with his place of residence. You shall go, Emma, and tell him what has happened. He must be present at the funeral. You can prepare him for that day—no one better. He is a violent boy, I know!"

"What!" I ejaculated. "Is he to come home, then?"

"Yes," replied my father. "And you will see him previously, and reason with him on the propriety of behaving well. We have had misery enough. He is a fiery and ungovernable youth. I never liked his eye. He never loved *me*. He was always an unnatural boy. You shall do it."

He moved nervously up and down the room, and spoke with excitement, quickly and by starts. It was not difficult to detect the feeling that was at work, and that compelled from his recreant heart every word that he addressed to me. *Fear* overthrew him—the fear of meeting face to face the child and champion of the unhappy wife. I had been deceived when I attributed to him the expression of a nobler emotion. I rejoiced at my discovery, and hoped that it might yet hinder an interview, the possibility of which I regarded with affright. But I was mistaken; my father dreaded to meet his son—still more he dreaded to confront him unprepared and at any moment. Henceforward he must live in constant apprehension. Any thing was better than this—and he resolved, therefore, to see him at once on the best terms he could command, rather than leave the meeting in uncertainty and environ it with peril. I was accordingly commissioned to bring him once more home. A sadder business it had never been my lot to undertake; and gladly would I have declined it, if the fear of something sadder still did not haunt me night and day, and render the crisis the least of evils to endure. Before setting out, however, on the unpropitious journey, I succeeded in extracting one promise from my father. Without it, I had refused to execute his wishes—and this, and any other, he would have granted speedily to insure compliance with his will. It was, that he would on no account, and whatever might be the temper of my brother, use angry terms or violence towards him—that he would receive him kindly—make no mention of his former conduct—and permit him, the very day succeeding my mother's funeral, to return to school, and to remain there until his future plan of life should be decided on.

"It was a wise arrangement," said my father, "and should be acted on."

The love of his miserable life, and the fear of losing it—the strongest passions of the tyrant-coward's heart—rendered him capable of every act that should give security to these. It was on the third day after my mother's decease that I left the parsonage for my brother's residence. My father gave his company to the market-town, and his morbid anxiety hardly prevented him from taking his seat with me in the coach. Pleased would he have been to travel to the very school-gate, and to have waited there for the result of our conference. I had never walked with him in my life. The situation was a novel one, and no less novel than it appeared unnatural. My feelings were shocked; nature suffered a violation when he offered me his arm—and my heart expressed its shame when I accepted it, in the eloquent blood which it sent tingling to my cheek. Every joint in my frame, every limb and feature, revolted at the act. My knees shook—my feet crawled—and my face was turned towards the earth, as though abashed, and hopeless to find sympathy and recognition in the bright pure sky. To link my

arm in that—oh, sickening effort and impossible! One imperceptible touch, and I withdrew it again for ever. I was in the coach, and I watched him closely as he sat in the parlour of the inn before which the vehicle waited. He had already said *Farewell*, and wished me safely back again. He had already, for the twentieth time, reiterated his earnest wishes in respect of my brother; imploring me to soothe and pacify his boisterous and angry temperament, and to assure him of his father's readiness to forgive all previous transgression.

"It was my duty now," he added, "to give my brother good advice; and he and I would be the better for it."

Not content with these parting words, he remained in his seat for a few minutes, and then hurried to the coach again.

"Mind," said he, whispering to me for the sake of privacy, "Mind, no word, on either side, of what has happened. He returns directly—and no unnecessary irritation. That's as we agreed."

I nodded to him in acquiescence, and he retired once more to the room. There he resumed his seat, but rose again restless and unsettled, and with eyes and lips moving unsteadily, as if distressed with anxious thought. Then the sudden and loud smacking of a whip, startled and called him to the window—reminding him of the very few minutes that were permitted him to convey whatever he might deem necessary to impress upon my mind; and he held up his finger to fix my attention on all that he had previously said, and looked pleadingly into my face until I turned loathingly away. Another glance enabled me to view him seated at a table, with the ready companion of all his hours. The wine-bottle was before him; and his trembling hand conveyed glass after glass to his lips, with fatal rapidity. At the end of a quarter of an hour, all our preparations were complete. The luggage was secured—the ostlers and other men had retreated from the coach—and the driver had mounted his box. My father was again at my side. The men laughed as he approached me, heated as he had become with the drink, and wild in demeanour, and the coachman winked knowingly to the innkeeper, who stood at his own wide door. I blushed to the forehead. The wheels rattled on—for a minute my father kept pace with them—and before he desisted, I was able to collect enough to fill me during my journey with alarm and wretchedness.

"Let the villain come," he exclaimed in the drunken burst of passion, "and try to murder me again!"

It was noon on the following day before I reached the sweet village in which my brother had passed so many years of his life. All was quiet and pensive in that happy valley; and I envied the ruddy and open countenances of its young inhabitants, whom the welcome sound of wheels had brought speedily about us. Many a smiling girl stood there, naked of foot, ill-clad, worse fed, whose ripe affections no early blight had poisoned, whose days of lawful and unmingled joy had passed unharmed through every change of bud, of blossom, and of fruit. Childhood's eternal summer had kindled in her heart the flame that brightens as it burns—the immortal stream of hope, never to wax dim or be suppressed. The light had never penetrated to my poor heart—all there, was blank, and chill, and dark. The face of one young child beamed with ingenuousness and beauty; she knew the house of Mr Percival. I made her my conductress to the school. How few of us are satisfied with happiness itself! I offered the little girl a few coppers for her pains; she declined them, but asked me to take her with me to my home—to remove her from the shadow of an angel's wing, and to surround her with the terrors of the condemned! It was a holiday at the school. The younger boys were in the playground, vociferating and labouring at their games. The senior scholars had been permitted to walk abroad, and were not expected home till evening. Amongst the latter was my brother. I was invited by Mrs Percival to remain in the house until his return. But I hoped he would not be far from the school; and the longing that I had to see him more than half assured me that I should meet with him. I went, accordingly, in search. A gardener was at work on the lawn. I stopped as I passed him, and enquired if he knew Frederick Harrington.

"Do you see that, mum?" said he, pointing to a jug of beer that was at his side.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, do you see it, mum? 'Cause that's his'n. He is the only young gentleman in this here school as knows what eddication is, and as larns manners. Whenever Muster Pusseyval wants to enjoy hisself, and gie's the young gentlemen a holiday, Muster Harrington could no more pass this here gate to go into the village without giving I a summut for luck, than I could swallow it without drinking his health. I'm a-going to make this here nosegay for him."

"What, for his sister?" I asked eagerly, believing for the moment that he had received some intimation of my coming, although I could not imagine how.

"Not exactly, mum; but a *very* near relation," and he winked coarsely as he spoke, and grinned unmeaningly.

"Tell me," I continued—"where can I find him? Which way does he walk?"

"P'raps, mum," answered the gardener, "you'll think I am romancing, but I mean neither more nor less than I am going to say. He's so very industrious, that whenever he goes out for pleasure, he always follows the plough. Now, what can you make of that? Can you *transmit* that?"

I concluded the man was tipsy, and I walked on without further conversation.

He permitted me to reach the gate, and then he ran after me.

"If you really want Master Harrington," he said, addressing me, "I can tell you where he is; but you must'nt split, mum, to the governor. If you goes through the village, and turns down the lane at the end, you'll come in about two minutes to a public. That there's *The Plough*, and if you'll enquire for him there, why, there you'll find him. I shouldn't be no ways disheartened to drink your health, mum, on the same occasion."

Drink again! was the horrid word to ring for ever in my ears! Was there not one spot of earth free from the enslaving passion? The very sound was cloying. I gave the beggar the means he asked, and turned from him with disgust. But what had he said of my brother? Whither had he directed me to go? What could he mean by asking me to keep his occupation secret? What was that occupation? What, on such a fair invigorating day, could induce him to forsake the beauteous scene, in the midst of which I stood elevated and exulting, in spite of all my care and misery—so powerful for good, so very bright was all I saw? What lure enticed him to the alehouse—that nursery of crime—that grave of all the home affections? I had no leisure for consideration. I was already in the lane, and the sign of the public-house was dangling from the low roof before my eyes. The gardener had surely mocked me, and I asked for my brother at the door of the unsightly hut, with no expectation of hearing news of him. But I was deceived. The coarse proprietor of the house surveyed me curiously, whispered to a clown who was busy within the bar, and then nodded familiarly, telling me that the gentleman would soon be with me. The lout mounted a staircase that conducted to an upper room, and in an instant afterwards, I heard a loud laugh that I recognised for my brother's, notwithstanding the unusual and rough exuberance with which it was sent forth. Then did I remember, for the first time since I had quitted home, that he was as yet ignorant of our loss—that I had yet to impart it to him, and to depress his gaiety with the most melancholy news that had ever been conveyed to him. I endeavoured to summon courage for the task. Again I heard the wild and extravagant laughter, but this time in fellowship with other tones of merriment, that proceeded from another gladdened heart. What could my brother Frederick want here? In another minute he appeared at the top of the steps, followed by a youth of his own height, and apparently of his own age. That youth was James Temple. My brother was strangely altered. I had not seen him for eighteen months before, and he had become a man. The ingenuous and handsome countenance of which I had been so proud, had assumed an air that startled and confounded me. The open and generous expression, which stamped on every feature the impress of a young, a glowing, and an honest heart, was gone; and recklessness, immodesty, licentiousness, and turbulence, were mingled and concentred in the face on which I looked with shame. He had risen from a game

at cards, for he held a few in his hand when he quitted the room above. Perceiving me, he threw them instantly behind him, and a moment afterwards he was at my side. His friend retired, and we were alone.

"What has brought you, Emma?" he asked at once, quickly—his eyes glaring as he spoke. "It has happened, then—has it? He has killed her at last. Now, don't wait—don't go round about. Let me know the worst without words."

"She is dead," I answered.

"The monster!" he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth, and clenching his fist, reminding me of the violence of his childhood. "The villain! he shall answer it. Now, tell me, Emma—did he use outrage? Disguise and conceal nothing. The law shall follow him to the grave. If it could follow him beyond it, and fix him in everlasting fires, by heaven, I wouldn't spare him the smallest pang. He shall feel it, or may I die this moment! I tell you again, Emma, attempt no hiding of his guilt. I shall discover every thing; and if it costs me my life, I'll have blood for blood."

"Oh, Frederick," said I, interrupting him, and terrified at his passion, "you cannot know what you say—how dreadfully you talk! Your Bible never taught you this."

"My Bible!" he answered with a sneer that deformed his every feature, and rendered fiendish the face that nature modelled from an angel's. "Bah!—cant and priestcraft! Talk of something else."

"I will talk of nothing else, Frederick," I returned, "until you have recovered your reason, and cease this blasphemy. We have no friend left us now but *Him*. Beware how you lose that friend—and draw down upon your head the vengeance of an insulted heaven!"

"Heaven!" he replied, in no way softened by my appeal. "Heaven! What have you received in the way of good from heaven, that should teach you to be its warm defender? Don't you be ignorant and weak enough to be imposed upon by all you hear. Why has heaven permitted my father to rob me of comfort, happiness, and peace of mind, since the hour that I was sensible of life, and capable of enjoyment? Why has heaven permitted him to persecute my poor mother for months and years, until the persecution killed her? Why has heaven not separated them before?—and in separating now, why has heaven destroyed the innocent, and left the murderer to live and riot as he pleases. Don't turn away from me," continued he—"that's the way with all of you. Answer me—let me know what can be said to this? I'll listen to reason, and to nothing else. If heaven has permitted all this, what is it better than hell—what is your God"——

"Frederick," I cried out, "I'll hear no more. I am too young to reason with you—but my soul revolts at what you say. I want no other argument to persuade me you are wrong. I will trust the rising indignation that spurns your reasoning with fear and shuddering, and cannot tamely bear the violation you would madly perpetrate. Tell me—who are your companions?—what are you doing in this house? You have been reading impious books. Something has warped your better judgment, and has made shipwreck of your happiness."

"Do not talk dogmatically of things you do not understand," he said sarcastically. "Who taught you to call books impious? Have you ever read them? Oh, to be sure, there's no purity in them—no purity in any book but that of which my father is the authorized interpreter—whose doctrines he has taught and studied for so many years, with such advantage to the world, and so much profit to himself! I wish you joy of your book, and I hope you are pleased with its delegated minister. Miserable humbug!"

I endeavoured for a little time to collect myself, and to get language to express the feelings which were battling in my bosom. I knew him to be wrong. I was satisfied that his reasoning was unsound, and that in a moment, an experienced mind could have hurled him with confusion from his untenable position; but I was distressed, grievously shocked, and flurry prevented thought. I had nothing to say, and, grieved beyond expression to find him triumphing where discomfiture should have abashed and routed him, I could only weep, and as a weak woman, rely for eloquence in my tears. The cold and heartless les-

son that he had learnt, had not robbed me of his natural affection. He took me to his arms, and sought to console me.

"Never mind these things, sister," said he, pressing my hand. "We will never speak of them again. We have nothing to do with them. Right or wrong, they can never make me love you the less. I must be every thing to you now, Emma—brother, mother, and father; you may trust me. Tell me of our poor mother. Let me hear every thing connected with her end—mind, Emma—every thing. Why do you cry so?" he continued. "I could not help speaking as I did just now. I will not refer to the subject again. These abstract questions should not make us miserable."

"Oh, Frederick!" said I, "that man has much to answer for. You are to be commiserated. You have been thrown upon the world. You have never known the value of a mother's hourly communications. You have never listened to truth dropping into the ready heart from the lips of love, that give a sanctity even to holiest things. You would not think as you do had you been at home, and had that home been peaceful as it should have been. You have depended from childhood upon the purchased kindness of strangers. You have grown up, as dear mother often said, not as she would have trained you, but as providence allowed you. You will get older. You will meet with good and pious men, and you will be more grieved for this unhappy way of thinking than I am now. But what awaits our wretched father, who is the cause of all?"

"It may be as you say. To please you, I will think it may be. But tell me, Emma—how fared it with poor mother?"

Frederick received from me a circumstantial account of our home proceedings since he had last been with us. I had come to him with my heart full of accusations and reproaches against the author of all our woes; and to his ready sympathy, of which I was sure, I looked forward for my solace and alleviation. But the mood in which I had discovered him, and the principles by which I found him to be actuated, suggested another line of conduct, which the safety and happiness of us both rendered it incumbent upon me to pursue. There was no need to spur him on to vengeance—it required not a heart-rending recital of our history to inspire him with the desire of vindicating his departed mother's injuries. Those injuries he had brooded over until a spark, a word, had become just necessary to ignite the heated and long cherished animosity. I found it difficult to mitigate the conduct of my father. From what point of view, indeed, did it admit of palliation? Still, against my very conviction, I was led on, by the impetuosity of Frederick, until I beheld myself extenuating every fault of our common persecutor, seeking for excuses where the glaring and enormous guilt denied, even in the most forgiving, a hope of pardon for the offender. The more my brother spoke of revenge and retribution, the stronger did I plead for his intended victim—the warmer were my entreaties for forbearance and oblivion of the past. I put in a favourable light all that had passed, since the death of our mother, between my father and myself. I told him of his sorrow when she had gone, and his earnest desire to see his too long absent son. I did not fail to add, that it was by his express wish that I had undertaken my present journey, and that, in spite of all that I had urged to the contrary, he had resolved to have him home without delay.

"Who knows, Frederick," said I, "but that the melancholy death of our poor mother may have struck terror and remorse into his soul, and have startled him from the path down which he madly plunged year after year? Let us hope that he has awakened to a sense of his wickedness. We cannot mend what has happened. Ought we to prevent our happiness for the future? Every thing depends upon our conduct during the next few days. Come home, as he proposes. Let it be on the day of the funeral—you will mark him well on that day. If his sorrow is sincere, his repentance genuine, neither of us can withhold our pardon to the sinner. It will be our duty then to provide for our future peace and quiet. Should he exhibit no true evidence of amendment—should he be the same ungovernable tyrant, you need not remain with him another day. He has promised to provide for

you—until he does, you can still reside with Mr Percival. If you love me, Frederick, and value my peace of mind, you will put an end to violence and tumult. I am worn out with them. Think not of heaping up the load of infamy and disgrace that has already buried our good name beneath its foul deformity; no good will come of that, to you, to him, to any of us. Level it, if you can, with the earth, and let its existence be forgotten amongst men.'

I repeated my entreaties, and I subdued and cooled his heated temper. I received his faithful promise. He believed that I was right, and that it was useless to avenge what never could be repaired. He would not seek to do it. He would revisit home, as I had requested him, upon the day of the funeral. If his father was indeed as I had described him, he would be silent with respect to his former conduct, and no syllable from his lips should disturb the welcome and much-envied harmony. If it should be otherwise, he would absent himself at once, and await at school the determination of his parent with regard to his future prospects. With this understanding we separated—my brother returned to the school, I remained at the inn, from which the coach set out that evening that was to convey me to my home again.

Left to myself, I remembered that I had made no enquiry respecting the employment which had called him to the public-house. I had not spoken to him, either, of his companion, who had left him as he caught sight of me. I desired eagerly to be informed of these. In my heart I believed that no good had drawn him to the hut, and a corresponding sentiment was entertained in respect of his friend and associate. I had scarcely permitted myself to form the latter opinion, before a gentle knock at the door of the room in which I sat, introduced to my presence the very gentleman himself. He entered the apartment with a very modest demeanour, and bowed profoundly; then, somewhat confused, he enquired if he had the happiness of addressing Miss Emma Harrington? Colouring highly, I answered in the affirmative.

"I have considered it my duty, Miss Harrington," he proceeded, "to apologize for what must have appeared to you an unbecoming rudeness. Before you leave us, may I hope that I am forgiven?"

He spoke in a sweet voice, and unhesitatingly, as one used to talk—confidently and well. I did not understand him, and I blushed more deeply than ever.

"Do not think ill of me," he continued, "because you found me where, in truth, my tastes would never have seduced me. Your brother has no doubt told you why and how I came there?" He stopped for my reply.

"Do you mean the inn, sir?" I asked, in ignorance of his drift.

"Yes," he answered, with a faint smile. "Yes, Miss Harrington, if you will condescend to honour it by that title. He has told you—has he not?"

"No. We did not speak, sir, on the subject. Do you come from him now? Have you brought a letter from him? Has he sent a message? He has not changed his mind, I hope?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Miss Harrington," continued Mr Temple, "your brother is my dearest friend. I have known him for years; I love him as a brother."

The young man spoke with fervour, and my heart warmed towards him as he said the words.

"He is worthy, sir," said I, "of your affection. He has a noble heart. He *had*," I continued, checking myself; "and I pray to God it may continue so."

"Yes, Miss Harrington," continued the gentleman in a musing tone, "he *had;* and let us hope he has. I risk much on his account. Do not suppose that for one in whom I took a common interest, I could perform so much. For him, and him alone, do I venture to such haunts as that in which Miss Harrington surprised us both this morning. If I retreated hastily, and quicker than good manners would permit, it was to spare an explanation that would have pained us all to hear."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I; "I do not quite understand."

"It would be useless to disguise the fact," he said, interrupting me. "Your brother has been in danger. He has been surrounded by companions who have led him into dissipation. He is safe now. I have never deserted him. I never will desert him. I have injured my own character by follo

ing him throughout his career of folly. I am satisfied to be spoken ill of, whilst I know that I have done my duty. Should you hear your brother's friend, James Temple, mentioned with disrespect, you will know the reason why."

I was still at a loss to gather the exact meaning of Mr Temple's words. I begged him to be explicit.

"A few words, Miss Harrington," he returned, "will explain as much as you desire to hear. The whole is, in truth, very little; but I wish you to do me justice. Pardon me if I say that injustice never accompanied beauty so perfect as your own. Frederick has been tempted to the wine-cup and the gaming-table."

"You do not mean it!" I exclaimed, starting with affright, and dreading to hear more.

"He has been tempted, and withdrawn from them," he added, in a louder voice. "I have watched him daily and hourly. I have seen him gradually falling beneath the wiles of wicked and designing men. I have interfered to snatch him from the trap. I have succeeded, and am happy."

"Then, indeed, we owe you much, sir. We are grateful for the act."

"I am more than overpaid to hear it from your lips. Do you return to —— so soon?" he asked.

"Within an hour, sir," I answered. "You know my place of residence?"

"I am your brother's nearest friend. I know your melancholy history. Although far from you, I have ever had a lively interest in your welfare. Need I say that it is increased a hundred-fold by this delightful interview? Frederick and I have passed hours in bewailing your unhappy fate. Better days await you."

"Yes," I answered; "I do believe it."

"Nature," continued Mr Temple, "is kind. If she wounds—she heals. We do not always suffer."

"God is kind," I answered, "and often kindest where he seems most cruel."

"True," said Mr Temple. "Nature is but another word for the same idea. It is something more tangible.'

"What is that?" I asked.

"Oh—closer to the senses—easier to conceive. We worship nature whom we see—and this is true religion. How the heart overflows with adoration on a bright sunny day, on any spot of earth that is glowing with the variegated charms of the voluptuous goddess! How free and generous—how prodigal she is of all her gifts, giving alike to the rich and the poor, and preaching, with a voice as loud and expressive as her own thunders, the doctrine of a universal love!"

"But, what is all this, sir, to the poor sufferer?" said I, stopping him. "Sunny days bring little warmth to the bare heart of the orphan."

Mr Temple ventured to contest the point, and continued to panegyrize in the loftiest terms the principle which, he contended, existed, and governed throughout the whole visible world. It was a strange theory, and new to me. I could not realize it, nor adapt it to my own preconceived notions of the everlasting Deity. Of the latter, in the affairs of this world, he seemed to take no account. He ended and began with *Nature*. All things were wrought by and through her, and we had only to submit to and obey her laws. There was a mystery about all he said; but he spoke with eloquence, and with a fervour that animated his countenance, and gave brilliancy to an eye that shone with the fire and impetuosity of unsophisticated youth. I was struck and pleased with his earnestness; and oh, how much did I regard him for his kindness towards my unfriended and neglected brother! It is very true, that here and there, in the vehemence of his argument, I was startled and unsettled by propositions which my native sense of truth at once rejected as unsound and perilous; but his expression of the heresy did not give rise to anger, nor permit me to think unfavourably of the speaker. I could not, at that distance from the moving springs that worked within his crafty and inhuman heart, discover the motive and design of every word that fell, poisonous and sweet, upon my ears. What if his theory were dangerous and false, I believed his soul was pure, and flattered my imagination with the thought that I could see it beaming in his face. Hence, although he enforced the doctrine of personal unrestraint, and argued that the indulgence of what are deemed unlawful wishes, is sinful only when unnatural, and in opposi-

tion to the benevolent laws of nature; and further than this, pursued the theme, and drew the ready inference, that all are justified who obey the dictates of the passions; I did not express my indignation at the insidious and demoniac lore, and strike the tempter dumb upon the very threshold of his scheme. I have but feebly portrayed my first interview with the destroyer. I do not hope to convey to you the full impression of that short conference. I do not desire it. I have dwelt through many a weary hour upon this introduction into misery and guilt—for such it proved to be—and I have found, the deeper I have pierced, the carefully strewed seed of all the aftergrowth of crime. I ask you to explain the reason why the unprotected and the orphan are the chosen victims of your fellow-men? Why are they so greedily pursued, so cruelly deprived of that small share of happiness that belongs to their condition? James Temple knew me to be the most unfortunate of my sex, the most deserving of his pity and respect. He saw me for a moment, and resolved upon my ruin. His first well-calculated step I have described. For a season the second was delayed.

The morning for my mother's funeral arrived. Stukely, my pen falters, and refuses to trace the narrative which it sickens me to recall. And yet it must be told. I have brought you to the climax of human wretchedness. Read and believe. I tell you that the strange tale is true—horrible it may be, it is—and yet I have survived it. Who doubts its authenticity? Let him carry it to the drunkard's habitation, and call around him first the miserable wife, and then the sobbing children, and let him astound their ears with the history that is their own. Oh, think not for an instant that exaggeration deforms the unsightly picture. The ugliness surpasses not the truth. Would that both could strike the conscience of one domestic murderer with effectual sorrow and remorse. The morning of the funeral had come. Ten o'clock had struck, and my brother had not yet appeared. He had arrived from the school late on the preceding evening, and had retired immediately to rest. I had received him, for my father had gone to his bed some hours before. I told him that our breakfast hour was nine o'clock, and he promised to meet his father at the breakfast-table. I did not sleep that night. How could I? I walked restlessly about my room, longing for the morning to come, dreading its approach, and growing more and more anxious and alarmed as the clock warned me at intervals of its advance. At six o'clock I rose. Another sleeper in the house had been disturbed before me, and was already moving. This was my father. I found him in his library. He looked pale and wearied, and his usual tremor unhinged his whole frame. When I opened the door of the apartment, he started from his seat, and was frightened.

"Ah—yes," said he, recovering himself, "it is you; be seated, Emma. He has come, of course?"

"He has," I answered.

"Well—and he is well-disposed, is tranquil, as he should be on the sad occasion?"

"He has said little," I replied. "He has not yet risen. It was late last night when he reached home."

"Well, I shall see him soon. Does he return to-morrow?"

"It is his intention."

"Good. He will be soon provided for. I have obtained for him an appointment in India. Tell him so. It is better that he should pass the little time that he will remain in England away from home. It may save a breach. I cannot brook contradiction. I do not wish to gall and irritate him. He is over-hasty, I have heard. But he seems peaceable, and disposed to keep so, I think you said?"

Early as it was, the wine-bottle was already on the table.

"Father," said I, pointing to it, "what is that?"

"Not another drop," he exclaimed impressively; "not a sup, as I am a living man. I should have shaken to pieces had I not appeased the nerves with *one* draught. But I have swallowed it, and I am quiet. I shall taste no more; take it away." At the very moment that he made this request, and as I approached the table to comply with it, he raised the decanter mechanically, and poured from its contents another glassful. Without a word or a sign, and as if unconscious of the act, he drank it off. To such an extent was he the slave of habit, that I am satisfied he was ignorant of hav

transgressed the rule which he had laid down for himself the very second before.

"Father," I exclaimed, "for heaven's sake be cautious! Who shall answer for the effects of a single dram? Cease to be master of yourself, and I foresee the consequences. As sure as I am speaking, there will be mischief that never can be forgotten or repaired. Be warned in time, and avoid to-night the furious insensibility, from which you will wake to-morrow to imprecate yourself, and loathe the very light in which you walk. For your own sake be advised, and flee, for this one day at least, from the horrible temptation.

"Oh, trust me!" answered my father, made uneasy by the terms in which I had ventured to address him, "trust me—I will be wise. Here—take the key of the cellar. Let one bottle of wine remain for dinner. Produce no more. If I ask for more, refuse it. You have me in your keeping. It is for you to prevent the mischief that you dread."

I secured the key with eagerness, and taking him at his word, placed beyond his reach every means of gratifying the insatiable lust. Breakfast was announced, and Frederick still was absent. I could not eat. Food had never been acceptable to my father so early in the day. We sat in silence, and the cloth was removed untouched by either of us. Shortly afterwards, a rustling and a moving about were heard directly overhead, and subdued talking on the stairs. A chill shot through me. The men had come to prepare the body for its last short journey. I wept, and my father sat over the fire, looking into it, and thinking, it may be, on the eternity into which he had hurried the uncomplaining sufferer. What an eternity for him!—I left his presence, and stole to the busiest chamber in the house, desirous of another leave-taking. The coffin was already closed. One person only was in the room, and that was poor Frederick, weeping at the coffin's foot, with the uncontrollable fulness of a heart-broken child. I walked to his side, and placed my hand in his. He closed me in his arms, and we had not a word to say, until the heart had wrung its last tear through his drowned and quivering eye.

"Did I not," he said at length,—"tell me, Emma—did I not obey her?"

"You did," I answered. "You never disobeyed her."

"But did I not offer a hundred times to come to her rescue? Did she not forbid it?"

"You have done your duty, Frederick. She was satisfied you had."

"If I thought otherwise, I could not live another hour. I am sure she was wrong; but I do not reproach myself for a strict compliance with her wishes."

"She is in heaven," I rejoined, "and smiles upon you for your filial love."

"Where is *he?*" he asked, turning from the subject. "I have not met him yet."

"He has expected you for the last hour or two. Come to him. He desires to see you."

"No—not at present. I shall wait here until the ceremony compels me to endure his sight. We are better and safer asunder. We will follow her to the grave in company. That is all he can require of me. I am happier alone. I could not talk with him."

"You will do nothing harsh and cruel, will you?" I asked, imploringly.

"No good can come of it. I will not give you pain unnecessarily, dear Emma. Death is no punishment to such a man. Torture for years, such as he inflicted, he deserves. It cannot bring her to life again. Would that it might!"

I had many things to do on this eventful morning, and I was obliged to leave my brother sooner than I wished. My anxiety prompted me to be continually at his side; for, in spite of his assurances, I had little confidence in his power of forbearance. I knew that an angry word or look could overthrow a mountain of good resolutions, and render him as helpless as an infant in the hold, and at the mercy, of his excited and unfastened passions. I was aware, too, from many observations that had fallen from him, that his code of morality was lax, and justified to his mind acts that were criminal in themselves, and in the judgment of the world. His religious views had become fearfully dimmed, and he needed only the stimulus and the opportunity to become the sport and prey of notions

that lead only to destruction. On these accounts, I trembled for him, and begrudged every moment that I passed away from him. Ill-fortified he was to be alone in any place. Here, where he walked in the midst of danger and evil solicitation, he needed a hand ever present to guide him, and to warn him of the mine that one inconsiderate step would set thundering beneath his very feet.

At eleven o'clock, the small procession that constituted the ceremony of my mother's humble funeral was marshalled, and ready to proceed. My father and I were in the library, and waited for my brother. I heard his footstep on the stairs, and my heart beat painfully and quick. He descended slowly, and did not appear to delay or pause. In another moment he entered. I looked at my father, and he winced under the hard trial. He looked uneasily about him—cast his eyes upon the ground—towards me—to the attendants—anywhere but there where fear, shame, and acute vexation, all commingled, rendered one object intolerable to the sight. Frederick was very pale, but he looked subdued and placid. Perfectly collected, and in a distant manner, he bowed to his father, and the latter returned his greeting with a silent recognition, that betrayed at once the agitation of his mind, and the small ability that he possessed to check and hide the gnawing agony that seared his sinful soul. There was no warmer salutation. Not a word was spoken. The silence of death prevailed in the room, far more crushing, because inconsonant with the occasion, until my father was reminded that it was time to go forward. I saw them depart—I marked them, when they followed side by side the remains of the deceased through the long avenue that led to the churchyard. Still not a word was exchanged. A handkerchief was in the hand of my father—the mourner's ensign! Frederick was overcome, and wept aloud and violently; his sobs and moans were carried through the air, and conveyed to my own distressed and heaving heart. I closed the casement, and escaped them. I was alone. I knew not that it was a useless prayer that nature prompted me to offer up for the safety and welfare of the beloved's soul. Had I been told so, I would not have believed the chilling tale. No sooner had I lost sight of the mournful retinue, than, overborne by an impulse of love, I fell upon my knees, and implored God to give comfort and repose to her whom He had taken to himself. I did not rise until sweet assurance calmed my spirit, and gave it boundless confidence and hope. I desire no arguments to prove my fabric an unsubstantial and aerial vision. The wise may smile at my credulity, or pity the ungrounded heresy. Reason, stern teacher as she is, must never take from me the hold that Feeling gives me on yon invisible world of beatific spirits, linking me in deep, ineffable communion with the loved of old, and sustaining me with intercourse that knows no break—that has no cloud.

It takes but a little time to separate for ever the living from the dead, to place the latter in the cold, cold earth, and to render them, as though they had never been, objects for the memory, subjects intangible but by the unbounded never-dying mind. The last office was performed, and father and brother were once more in the house together. I know not what had passed between them during their short absence. Certain it is they had spoken. The partition that had previously separated them was broken down, and communication, if not of the most friendly character, was, at least, unreserved. In spite of the evident attempts made by my father to appear at ease, awkwardness and anxiety were manifest in every word and movement. Once having addressed Frederick, he could not remain for an instant silent, but turned from one subject of discourse to another, regardless of connexion or relation, as if silence were impossible to bear, and the least repose brought with it peril and alarm. Frederick, on his part, was taken by surprise, and by degrees regarded his parent with a kindlier spirit than I had ever ventured to expect from the impassioned boy. He listened to his father's questionings, and he answered with respect. A ray of joy stole across my heart, and, for the moment, I flattered myself with years of unmolested happiness—of harmony and peace. Not a word was said of the sad occasion that brought us again together. That was avoided studiously. But Frederick's future prospects were spoken of, and the na-

ture of his employment explained to him. He seemed pleased with the pursuit, and eager for active, profitable life. Notwithstanding, however, the favourable aspect which matters had assumed; notwithstanding the bright gleam that passed through our home, lighting it up with unaccustomed lustre, I did not lose my timidity, nor wholly rely upon the sudden and violent reaction. I lingered near father and son, and, as though filled with the presentiment of what was too soon to happen, could not for any interval lose sight of them without anxiety, and an oppressive dread of danger.

The dinner hour arrived. We had no visiters. My father, Frederick, and myself sat down to the meal, and the previous conversation gave place to heaviness and ungraceful silence. The solitary decanter of wine was on the table. My father drank from it sparingly, but Frederick emptied it with greediness. It was melancholy to behold the family sin taking possession of his soul so early in life; and I would gladly have persuaded myself that a desire to drown present grief, and no habitual vice, displayed itself in the eagerness with which he quaffed, glass after glass, the fatal liquor. Before the close of dinner, the bottle needed replenishing. My father looked at me enquiringly, but I did not heed him, for at the same time my eye was on my brother, and a glance enabled me to ascertain the heated and perilous condition towards which he was rapidly advancing. I took no notice of the hint. The repast was finished, and without a syllable I left the table. Against my own conviction, I forsook my guardianship, and only to avoid a greater evil. For two hours I remained in my own room. I would not have quitted it again that evening, had not the never absent and tormenting anxiousness that accompanied every hour of my brother's sojourn with us driven me back again to observe the progress of the new made reconciliation. I tripped confidently to the dining-room, opened the door, and was staggered, bewildered, and confounded by the view that I encountered there. Could I trust what my eyes presented to my waking mind? Or did I dream? Had I lost my recollection, my reason, in the conflict that my brain had undergone? The first object that I perceived upon the table was *a key!* the *duplicate* of that which I possessed—the conductor to the wine-cellar. Wine of different kinds crowded the board, some in bottles, unopened; some in the like half emptied, and next to them vessels drained of their last drop. My father was transformed already into the wretched object that wine had ever rendered him. He had become wild, mad, and ignorant of his acts—his words—his thoughts. Frederick himself had partaken of the fearful beverage until excitement glared in every feature of his disordered countenance, and his veins swelled with the hot and bounding blood that passed along them. It was an awful season. One inconsiderate word from either—one exclamation—one dangerous half whisper might be destruction to them both. Careless children were they at the mountain's edge, unconscious of danger, and ready to take the step that dashes them to pieces. Who should have courage to venture near, and drag them backward from the yawning breach? Who would risk life now for the chance of sparing it? Oh, such a one was needed here to speak the word that might appease and save the helpless men who had ventured to the very brink of ruin! In my father's face, I could not trace mischief. Was it possible that fear had still controlling power, and still protected him when every other feeling had given way beneath the maddening drink? Would for his own sake that it might be so! Yes, drunken anility and not ferocity seemed to be the prevailing humour. How long it would endure depended on his companion and antagonist. Frederick had grown loquacious, his voice was thick, and it grew hoarse with exercise. There was spleen in every word he uttered, and anger, contempt, and bitterness. Ferocity, too, sparkled in his expressive eye, and corrupted every other feature. How he sat there, playing and trifling with his trembling prey, conscious of his power, and sharpening his appetite for mischief with the contemplation of his sacrifice! So might the young and bounding tiger, and so a human being with unbound passions, burning for revenge, and ripened even for murder, by the hateful and inciting juice. Neither of the men was disturbed at

my approach. Each was too busy with his own peculiar thoughts. The chair of Frederick was drawn close to that of his father—his hand was upon his father's arm—his bloodshot eye was strained towards his father's sottish face. I remained at the door, fixed to the position in which my entrance had first placed me, and fearful of accelerating harm and evil by the progress of an inch.

"Tell me what you preach," exclaimed Frederick, laughing aloud and unmeaningly; "which side of the question do you espouse? They tell me you are a—what is it? a Calvinist. Who is he? Did he love wine—did he drink as jollily as we do? Oh, you are a rare old sinner! ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed on, and swallowed a glassful in the midst of it.

"Do not talk so wildly," said his father, endeavouring to escape from his side.

"And why not?" answered Frederick, rudely stopping him. "Who are you to order, and to say how a man is to speak or behave?"

"I do not wish to molest."

"No, I'll take devilish good care you shan't," said my brother, interrupting him. "I say, parson, haven't you broken your heart in fretting after your son? Hasn't natural affection almost killed you? Why, what did you think had become of me? Do you believe in that black heart of yours, that you are really on the road to heaven? Come, no flinching! Answer me like a man. Here, take your glass, I'll drink to our better acquaintance. We shall know one another better for the future."

My father writhed under his infliction. He had a character to sustain which he had never studied—for which he was but ill prepared. He burned to burst the chains by which he felt himself enthralled. The dread of consequences kept him as submissive as a beaten slave. Mine was the cruel lot to observe in silence and in horror. A bumper was quaffed in honour of the taunting toast, and Frederick was again pursuing his doomed victim.

"Look there," said he, pointing to me; "that's your daughter. I am told that you have behaved most lovingly to her. Look at her, man," he continued, seizing him by the wrist, "and see what a colour your kindness has brought upon her cheek. Look—she is paler than the lily, and that we know is joy's own colour. You'll go to heaven for that too. Why, you are a noble fellow to preach and pray, and tell us what we ought to do! Look me in the face!"

My father shook with rising passion, and he bit his lips, and drew his breath with difficulty.

"Look me in the face," continued the infuriated Frederick, for he had lashed himself to rage—"and let me see a pious monster—a religious fiend—a holy devil! Now, hear me. I have spent many an hour of my most miserable life — made miserable by you, in longing for this moment. I have looked forward to this interview till I have almost gone mad in waiting for it. I have walked for half a night listening to the wind screaming amongst trees, howling about tombstones, and over green graves, trying to keep down the horrible temptation that I have felt for years, to be your murderer. Hear, and understand me, I repeat it calmly—*to be your murderer*. I have seen the blooming and the young, without a crime, without the feathery burthen of an unconscious fault, cut down in beauty, and removed from the earth which they were just beginning to adorn and dignify—and *I knew you*,—the tormentor of your kind, the vilest of your race, in whose atmosphere to live was to breathe pollution, and to suffer death—I knew you to be alive, glorying in your defilement, pouring sorrow, distress, and misery on all who came within your reach, and rendering life a curse to all who had connexion with you. Do you think, I ask you, that I could deem it wrong to remove for ever from the world the source of endless woe? One blow could do it. One blow, and in an instant, there was peace for the most deserving. I could have struck you down, I could have dealt the blow without remorse—without one aching thought. Why then came I not to give it? I will not tell you,—but there was good reason for my absence. You were preserved not through my forbearance. The cause that interfered between me and my strong desire exists no longer. Now, I am free to act. Now I am here, and, monster, what prevents the accomplishment of what I have wished so long?"

"You dare not do it!" cried my father, starting from his chair, and eluding by the suddenness the griping hand of Frederick.

"You lie!" impiously replied the drunken boy, and following him as he proceeded from his seat.

It was my time to act. No longer capable of self-control, I placed myself between the angry men, and entreated the aggressor to desist. My influence and power over the unfortunate were gone.

"Stay you there," said he, placing me at a distance from them, "or begone, and do not intermeddle. I am tranquil, and am master of myself. We have a long account to settle; and it must be called over item after item."

"I do not fear you," muttered my father, gnashing his teeth, and looking fiercely at his son. "I do not fear you, most unnatural villain!"

"Well said, unnatural father!" cried Frederick, in a laughing tone; "then sit you down, and we'll converse. You need not fear me. You say I dare not punish you for all your guilt; and I say, *You lie.* I *dare;* BUT I WILL NOT. The time is past. You have not me to thank for it. Live, die, and be detested, when and where you please."

The words were grateful in my father's ear, hideous as they fell on mine. He lost dastard timidity with their utterance, and acquired insolence and bluster. Secure of life, he had no motive to withhold his abuse, and it spirted out, as usual, upon the head of the powerless and innocent. He aimed his shafts at the coffin of my scarcely-buried mother. Alas! he knew not the holiness with which that mother's memory was enshrined, even in the heart of the irreligious and much-offending Frederick.

"You have had a good instructress!" was the ready sarcasm. "Your mother"——

"Name her not," shrieked Frederick; the blood rushing from his cheek at the same moment, leaving it pale, ghastly, and fearful to behold. "Name her not. I dare not name her. I dare not trust myself to listen to the sound."

"She was punished for the usage I received from her, and so will you be, and so will she," continued he, pointing spitefully at me. "You will be smitten both, as she was smitten, when I cursed her for her cruelty—vilest of wretches, as she was."

"Be warned!" cried Frederick, swelling with anger, and struggling for composure, which he could not find. "Be warned, I say! Speak to him, Emma—save us both!"

"Warned! warned!" said the roused lunatic, presuming on the assurance he had received. "Who threatens me? Do you remind me of the past? I have not forgotten it. The curse will wither the hand that was uplifted against your father, as it has visited and destroyed her who bore the miscreant, and taught him lessons that will avail him when he pines in hell. She was born to be my plague; and I glory in my deliverance. Were she here again, again would I be quit of her. I hated and despised her. I have lived to trample on her grave!"

He said more than this—more than I desire to remember or record. He persisted in the same strain, associating the most disgusting epithets with my mother's name, and outrunning sense in his eagerness to vilify her. Drunken, unmeaning gibberish supplied him with terms that would have excited ridicule and compassion within the breast of any one but him who listened to the speaker, enraged and irritated until reason was immersed, and could no longer serve him. One horrible expression, too infamous to be repeated, was fatal to them both. It was but half-uttered before Frederick leaped from his seat, and seized his fellow-drunkard and his father by the throat. The latter fell and his assailant with him. One shrieked with terror, and struggled furiously; the other foamed, and held the prostrate man down with a hand of iron. I saw no more, but ran from the apartment, screaming aloud for help, and about to fall with fright and agitation.

The servants had asked permission to leave home at the close of dinner, in order to visit the grave of their mistress, before it should be finally and for ever shut. It was a request that had its origin in affection, and I complied with it at once. They had been faithful and true friends; for years had shared the affliction of my mother, and on her account had borne anger and submitted to reproach. We were about to lose them now. Ingots of gold would not have pur-

chased their services for my widowed father. They had already set out on their errand of love, and the house was deserted. No one there could help me, and I flew into the village. Within a hundred yards of the parsonage I encountered old Adam. He was the family confidant, and in a few words I made the miserable business known to him. The poor fellow quickened, as well as he might, his aged feet, and, full of useless regrets and ineffective guesses, accompanied me to our abode.

"Oh, miss," said he, "why did the young gentleman return? What a pity he didn't keep at school! I should say no mischief has taken place. What is your opinion? Oh, to be sure, it was the maddest trick that could be played—just running into danger. Dear me, dear me, how thoughtless we all are! You don't mean to say, miss, that you left them on the ground, and fighting too! Your brother could never be so sacrilegious as to strike a man in orders! If he was wicked enough to insult his father, he must respect the cloth. Dear me, dear me! pardon me, Miss Harrington, your's is a remarkably unpleasant family."

We reached the house in time to meet Frederick rushing from it vehemently. He had a wild and vacant look, and he was paler than ever. Old Adam retreated a step or two as the wretched youth approached him. Frederick took no notice of him, but seized my hand, which was steadier than his own, and spoke to me, panting for breath.

"You are a witness, Emma," he exclaimed, "I implored him to be quiet. You heard me. He would not. He has himself to thank for it. Oh, the accursed drink! It is the ruin of us all. I vowed that I would use no violence—that I would not be angry, I promised you faithfully—for your sake it was right. The wine betrayed me—set me in flames. Oh, Emma, Emma," he cried out, bursting into tears, "what is to become of you? What is to be done? All gone—all gone!" I endeavoured to pacify him. "No, no," he cried, putting me gently from him; "you mustn't kiss me now. Enter there—there—in that room, don't curse your brother, Emma. I will spare you one trial—you shall not see me on the gallows! Good bye—poor girl—I did not mean it, Emma. It was the drink—the drink!"

We did not permit him to proceed. Horrified by his words, I started from him. Adam had already preceded me, and we entered the dining-room at one and the same moment. *He was a corpse.* There, on the floor where I had left him, he lay a motionless clod.

Stukely, receive the command of a dying woman, and hold it sacred. Do not shun and utterly discard the drunkard of your acquaintance. Have pity on him, and shock his ear with the unparalleled but faithful history of his fellow mortal. The sight stupified me; I hurried from it, and went to join the—assassin! He was gone. He had fled—whither? Ah, whither could he flee, friendless in the world and alone? I returned to the house. Adam met me on the threshold. His eyes were full of tears. He took me by the hand—closed the door, and locked it. He was very much alarmed, but he tried to keep calm.

"Miss Harrington," said he, "may God forgive me for what I am about to do! The servants, you say, are out?"

"They are."

"How long will they be absent?"

"I cannot tell you, Adam. They may be returning now."

"We have no time to lose, then. You must not speak of this. Oh, we are doing wrong, Miss Harrington, but I am a weak old man, and hardly know indeed the right from the wrong. I pity you. Don't betray your brother. Don't let your lips sentence him to death. I have looked well about him. There's not a mark. Every one knew your father's ailment. A sudden death will not surprise the world. It has been long expected. It is a dreadful situation to be placed in, but what are we to do? Do you understand me, Miss? Hark—there's some one walking up the avenue. Fly! fly! unlock the door, and oh! do not let them hear you for the world!"

I ran with speed. The domestics had come home. I joined them on the lawn, and, reckless of all consequences, I spoke the falsehood. In less than an hour it was spread through the whole village. The parsonage was thronged with applicants and visiters. Adam

was with me for my support. Not one presumed to doubt the tale. It corresponded with the universal expectation. Many wondered why it had not happened many years before. Some had remarked, during the day, the curious look that the parson carried with him, and had all but said he wouldn't see the night out. An inquest was held upon the body. I kept my room that day. The coroner would not distress the lady's feelings by requesting her to be present at the inquisition. The jury concurred in the propriety of this forbearance; "for indeed," the foreman said, on behalf of all the rest, "the melancholy case was but too clear." So deemed the coroner, and so the world. The verdict was returned, and registered, and declared most wise by every one —Mr Harrington HAD DIED *of apoplexy.*

"I remember the inquest well," said Mr Clayton, laying down the manuscript for a moment: "I read the report of it, and call to mind an observation that was made by a juryman respecting the youth himself. You will hardly believe that reading that account, as an uninterested person and a stranger, a suspicion crossed me unfavourable to the son. I was more than half afraid that he was connected in some way with his father's death. How strangely do things come about!"

"What misery was here, sir!"

"Yes, you will hardly smile at the wine-bibber after the perusal of such a history. How little do we think that the small vices of mankind, like the scarce-noticeable mountain springs, are the distant sources of unfathomable depths. Let us conclude the tale."

The obituary (continued the narrative of Miss Harrington) announced my father's death. I could trace the hand of Adam in the composition of the precious memorandum. Thus it ran:—"*Died, on Wednesday last,* SUDDENLY, OF APOPLEXY, AND UNIVERSALLY RESPECTED (!), *the Reverend Arthur Harrington, rector of* ——— *in Kent.*" In a few days the circumstance of the minister's death was forgotten —he was no more thought of. The young proprietor was about to be ordained, and to return to his cure. The parishioners looked forward to his arrival. The affairs of my father were wound up. It was no difficult matter. He had left behind him little more than was enough to purchase his interment. The whole of his handsome fortune had been dissipated, squandered, and lost, in the encouragement of his fatal passion, and in the blind recklessness which it had engendered and supported. He had mortgaged, borrowed, and sold, until his income could scarcely meet the claims which were in existence against him. His very furniture had become the property of another; and for the last three years of his life, the generosity and good feeling of a creditor, alone permitted him to enjoy the use of it. I was left in the world literally penniless. A few jewels of my mother, of inconsiderable value, and my own clothes, were every thing that I possessed. With these I quitted the parsonage, and for the emergency, retreated to the cottage of an humble but kind-hearted woman in the village. She was now my truest friend. Indeed, I had no other in the world. My sudden extreme poverty had made manifest a hundred faults that were not visible before, and every virtuous eye was glad to look another way, and not be wounded with the sight of them. I resolved to go to service, the last resource of the abandoned daughters of the improvident. My education had not been of a high order, still I had not been wholly neglected. My mother had been for years my teacher, and I had profited under her patience and instruction. I would endeavour to find employment as a governess, but, failing this, pride should not prevent me from becoming a servant maid. I needed peace, and freedom from my own thoughts. These secured, it mattered little how and whence they were obtained. I had arranged to go to London, that great mart and centre of assiduous life, and it wanted but a day to the period fixed for my departure. My kind hostess gave me a volume of advice, and prepared me for the great struggle into which I was about to cast myself; pointed out the dangers of my condition, and laid down rules of conduct which it was indispensable for me to follow if I hoped for comfort and success. It was on this day, and at the moment of her enforcing

her good counsel, that a visiter arrived to aid us with his best wishes and experience. It was Mr Temple.

"He had read the account of my father's dissolution, and he had not lost a minute in offering his condolence and assistance at the trying season." It was a benevolent act on the part of my brother's friend, and I thanked him for his consideration. "It was not worth my thanks," he answered, and at the same time he asked for Frederick.

"He is gone," was my reply; "whither I cannot tell you."

"What, left you!" he exclaimed, as if indignant at the thought; "left you here, alone, at such a time! It is impossible Miss Harrington, a stranger could not do it. Surely he is ignorant of his father's death. He cannot be so insensible to duty. I will not believe it of the man to whom I have given my friendship and my heart. Nature could never wrong herself so far. Is this true, good lady?" he enquired, turning to the hostess.

"I don't wonder you're surprised, sir," was the reply. "You are a gentleman of feeling. Indeed it is true, sir, though incredible to believe. The day his father died, sir, he left the premises, and hasn't been nigh nor by, sir, ever since."

"I will not believe it—for I cannot. Instinct in animals is not to be suppressed, and has its claims and laws from which it will not fail. The heart of man cannot do violence to itself. Love will never be restrained."

"Ah, how beautifully you talk, sir!" said my friend. "I quite enjoy to hear you. But what I say is true. Master Harrington is gone away, and young miss is all alone."

"No, my good woman, not alone! Pardon me, Miss Harrington, if, in the absence of your brother, I assume a brother's privilege. Pray, confide in me. Can I help you? Let me be of service to you. Deal frankly with me. Let me see you placed comfortably and happily in life; it is all I ask—I require. I say too much perhaps. In truth I hardly know what I say or do. I can never forget the interest that was excited in my bosom by our first interview. I am agitated now by what you tell me of your brother—by what I see of your lonely, perilous condition. Do not think me overbold and impertinent, if I ask you of your circumstances? Are you provided for? Are you independent?"

"I have no reason to blush, sir, when I acknowledge to you, that I am at this moment relying for my bread upon the friendship and bounty of this kind person. My father has died insolvent, and I am without a home."

"Miss Harrington, you alarm and agitate me beyond expression! I was not prepared for this communication—it has taken me by surprise! This charitable lady must not go unrewarded. Take this from me," he said, addressing her, and placing a guinea in her hand, "not in payment of what you have done—no money could discharge that obligation—but as a testimonial, slight as it is, of your beneficent and unworldly conduct. And tell me, Miss Harrington, I beseech you, what is it that you propose to do?"

"To go to London without delay, and seek a situation."

"A situation! In heaven's name, as what?"

"I am not particular," I replied. "I can use my hands in many ways. I have no doubt that I shall meet with one to which I can accommodate myself without much difficulty or repugnance."

Mr Temple paced the room in great uneasiness of mind.

"No, no. I must not permit it," he said at length. "Fate has brought me here that I might arrogate to myself the right to act on your behalf which a brother has renounced. You would sink under the degradation and indignities to which you are about to expose yourself. It must not be. I cannot allow it. Do not be hasty—do not act without forethought and consideration. Permit me to consider for you. Surely there are many ways of providing for you suitably to your education and cultivated habits. I have many friends—they would be proud to serve you. Indeed, to whom would it not be an honour to save loveliness from contumely and insult?"

I am a woman. I was then a girl, by nature susceptible of flattery, and, from my cruel situation, unused to the accents of tenderness and respect. The terms in which Mr Temple addressed me, flattered and gently agitated, but did not displease me. I was grateful for the warm interest which

he evinced in favour of a friendless orphan; and his handsome, manly countenance, could not tend to diminish the impression that his generosity had wrought. My truant woman's heart already encouraged half-formed visions, the secret sight of which crimsoned my cheek, making it blush with fear and maiden shame. I endeavoured to dismiss them, but, alas! could I be insensible to the fact, which was apparent in every word he uttered? It was impossible to avoid the conviction, that a feeling deeper than that of ordinary philanthropy had been excited in his heart, and that I was an object of his passionate love no less than of his compassion. To have resolved to decline all favours at his hands at the moment of making this discovery, would have been the step of prudence and of duty. I did not take it. It was not that my vanity was gratified and my better judgment overborne. Loneliness and desertion, which stared me in the face, heightened and improved the hope that I would scarcely trust myself to entertain, and yet entertained with unbounded gratitude, towards the man who had inspired and emboldened it. It was difficult to find an answer to the tender entreaties of my kind adviser. In truth, I knew not what to say. I thanked him for his counsel, and acknowledged that I thought it well to act upon it—to delay my journey—and to consider well the many disadvantages that would accompany my sudden change of life. "If," I added in conclusion, "he could secure me the countenance and aid of his good friends in the prosecution of my object, he might feel assured that I would not willingly discredit his introduction."

"Do not talk so, Miss Harrington, I implore you," he replied. "You cannot conceive my agony and distress. To see you reduced to the necessity of labouring for your livelihood is more than I can calmly bear. Something must be done for you. I am so shocked by what I see and learn, that I find it hard to fix my thoughts. When I have recovered from the stupor, do not doubt but that I may devise some plan for your future life, that will be congenial to your tastes, and worthy the adoption of the best and fairest of her sex."

Mrs Wybrow, my simple-minded hostess, applied her white apron to her eyes, and wept copiously. "Ah, sir," said she, with feelings very much warmed, I fear, by the handsome present that she had received, "if all the young gentlemen in the world were like you, how different things would be! I am sure if Miss Harrington liked to live here for ever, she should be as welcome as the day is long. I have told her myself, that she is running too fast into this sort of thing; and as you say, sir, if she only waits a little, something may turn up quite *congealed* to her taste."

"Do you really not know where Frederick is?" asked Temple, after having kept silence for a time.

"I do not, indeed," I replied, and shuddered.

"Can you not guess?"

"I cannot."

"Have you any reason to believe that he will soon return?"

"I believe," I answered, shedding bitter tears, "that I shall never see him more."

"I am resolved," said Temple, in a determined tone—moved to it, as I imagined, by witnessing my tears—"I am resolved, Miss Harrington. I will go instantly to town, and see my friends. You cannot be in safer and in better company at present than with this kind and feeling lady. You shall shortly hear from me—sooner, perhaps, than you expect. I do not reckon too much on my influence and power, when I assure you that you shall be well provided for. The beginning of your life has not been happy. The end of it may be happiness to yourself, and to another"——

He hesitated, and gazed at me expressively. I blushed, and bent my head.

Mr Temple remained in the cottage until a late hour in the evening, when he departed in a chaise which he had hired to convey him to the neighbouring market town. The favourable estimate which I had formed of his character did not suffer by his behaviour during the day that he passed with us. His conversation was agreeable and animated. He had a hundred subjects at command, of which I had never heard, and to which his appropriate language and his fervour gave a charm as resistless as it was injurious. Now he played with Mrs Wybrow's children, gave them pence, promised toys, submitted to be beaten, cried in joke, and per-

formed a host of tricks to make the young ones scream with joy, and to seduce the easy and maternal heart of Mrs Wybrow. Then he read to me, produced a book, his constant fellow-traveller and best friend—a book of plays—glowing, it is true, with high and passionate poetry, but startling the delicate and unaccustomed ear by the boldness of its subjects, and the freedom as well as laxity of its expression. I should have deemed the perusal of that work unlawful, had not the unhesitating tone of Mr Temple—the absence of all constraint as he spoke the passages, given a stamp to them that, to my inexperienced judgment, entitled them to currency. Had they been wrong to hear, he never would have read them. His memory, too, was stored with verses—short poems, breathing love, and sanctioning a liberty of thought and action that was not always limited; or if so, not too strictly. These he poured insidiously into my willing ear, carrying them to their destination with the voice of trembling passion, and the look of melting love that was not to be mistaken. He took his leave at length; and his departure was the signal for panegyrics, which the middle-aged, but still inexperienced Mrs Wybrow, had been yearning to deliver for many hours before.

"Well, he is indeed," said she, "the picture of a gentleman. It's no use disguising it, he's over head and ears in love. I couldn't help thinking as he sat down there, what a pretty couple you would make. He's fit for you, Miss Harrington, and you're deserving on him. My stars, what a clever man he is! How he talks! Why, how many books should you think he has got by heart? And isn't he liberal. Only think of giving me a guinea, and the brats about eighteenpence a-piece—quite a fortune for 'em. Now, I should say, he's gone to London to see about no sitiation at all, but just to ask his father leave to marry you, and to make arrangements for the wedding. I don't know what you may think, Miss, but if I was a queen—now that would be just the man that I should fancy."

Her praises were not displeasing to me, although I did not tell her so. She spoke during the evening, and until late that night, of little else than Mr Temple, and I feigned to ply my needle most industriously, whilst I hugged in silence every syllable to my heart, and lost myself in a bright world of fancy, more beautiful and less substantial than the wildest dream of night. For the succeeding week, the subject of our conversation was the same, and lost nothing of its interest and pleasantness. At the end of the the week, the following note reached me through the post:—

"My Dear Miss Harrington,—Permit me to address you thus familiarly, although I have not yet the pleasure of your personal acquaintance. I have heard of your misfortunes, and affliction commands our sympathy and regard even for a stranger. But a stranger you are not. My son, from whom I have heard the unfortunate history of your life, is well known to your brother, and slightly, I believe, to yourself. He is ardent, and has pleaded your cause with a warmth that was not to be resisted, had I been unwilling to listen to the claim that your case was justified in making upon the good feeling of one of your own sex. Would that it were in my power to offer you more than a quiet comfortable home. James has acquainted me with your desire of becoming a governess. My children need an instructress and a friend—are you willing to become both to them? If so, let your reply to this letter be your appearance at our house. I will meet you as a daughter, and endeavour to make amends for your late sufferings and many trials. Come, and I will receive you with open arms. I am anxious to serve you. The coach which leaves —— on Saturday next, will bring you to the *Golden Key* Inn, in Fleet Street. Any person there will direct you to our residence, and a hackney coach will convey you to it. If you are silent, and I do not see you on the day I mention, I shall conclude that you have already obtained employment. If you have not been so successful, permit me to be of service to you.—Believe me,

My dear Miss Harrington,
Your sincere friend,
Agnes Temple."

"Queen Square, London."

Before I had half finished this epistle, the white apron of Mrs Wybrow was handled with very nervous

gers, and was at last called to its usual work—the work, in fact, for which it seemed that it was put on and worn, viz. the cleansing of her eyes. She was completely overcome by the terms of the letter; and as she had but one way of expressing joy and sorrow, she sobbed until I had finished, and she could speak.

"Well, Miss," said she, "gentlefolks have the perlitest, nicest way in life of saying things! It's as good as a sermon to read that letter. I am so glad on your account, you cannot think, Miss Harrington"——

Words were superfluous to good Mrs Wybrow. Feeling did all for her. She stopped, and cried, and then once more attempted—

"It's a long lane, Miss Harrington, that has no end. I was sure that it would all be settled. Oh, how happy you will be! Now, I'll tell you what I must do. I must make some of them nice cakes that you are so very fond of, and you can take them up for the dear little children. Oh, I daresay, they are beauties! Then Mr Temple liked our cream so; there'll be a pint of that; and then we'll find something for the old lady herself. What should you say to one of them sides of bacon—that streaky side? I'll warrant you, that will eat delicious."

I did not write in answer to this letter. I did not consider. My heart was too full of gratitude to indulge for a moment the thought of wrong. What wrong could there be in such voluntary goodness? The shadow of suspicion did not darken the fair prospect that was now before me. The Saturday arrived. I had made every arrangement for my departure during the intervening days. Mrs Wybrow had loaded me with her humble presents. I bade her affectionately farewell. I was on my journey. I arrived in London. We reached the inn. The first face that I beheld there was that of James Temple. He awaited the arrival of the coach, and he assisted me to alight. He looked pale and anxious, and the smile with which he greeted me lacked the smallest cheerfulness. He bowed, but did not speak. I was led into a private apartment by a waiter at the inn. My luggage followed me. All was hurry and confusion. Mr Temple had not yet presented himself. "He has sent, no doubt," thought I, "for the hackney coach." How grieved I was to see him looking ill. There was a gentle knock at the door. I requested the visiter to enter, and Mr Temple presented himself. He looked worse than ever; there was a wildness about him that I could not understand; he was perplexed and excited, and he evidently wished to say something that his mind would not permit him calmly to utter.

"Miss Harrington," he said, at length, "I am the most unfortunate, the most miserable being in existence."

"What has happened?" I asked, alarmed.

"Miss Harrington," he repeated, "you cannot be insensible to the existence of a passion, which at this moment possesses and consumes me. I have made it evident to you in a hundred ways. I could not conceal it from you. We are not master of ourselves. I saw you and loved—ardently loved you. From the moment that I beheld you, your image has followed me by night and day, sleeping or waking—wheresoever I have been."

I was terrified by his vehemence, and the suddenness of his declaration; but I had not a word to speak.

"Do not despise me for this behaviour," he continued, "but listen, I implore you, to what I have to say. Before you hate me, hear and pity me. I left you, and returned immediately to London. I told your history to my mother; she was deeply moved at the recital, and the result was the invitation to her house which has led to your present visit, and to this interview, which I would have given worlds to purchase. She knew not then of the love that I bore towards the object of her compassion. She knows it now; and—oh, miserable wretch that I am!—refuses you admittance to her house."

"Oh, what have I done, sir?" I asked instinctively.

"Nothing," answered Temple; "nothing that does not redound to your honour, and adorn the beauty that nature has lavished unsparingly upon you. But my mother is unthinking. She doats upon me, and persuades herself that I have fallen into the hands of a designing woman."

My cheek burned with indignation; I was about to reply, but Mr Temple checked me.

"Ah, Miss Harrington!" he con-

tinued; "it is because I know you are the best and most artless, as you are the loveliest of your sex, that I am driven mad by the cruel insinuations of my mother. I know you. She does not. The sight of you would carry conviction to her heart, as it has filled mine with unspeakable and unbounded love."

"Let me return to the cottage," I said in agitation; "I shall be very happy with Mrs Wybrow until I obtain a situation. I will return at once."

"Miss Harrington," exclaimed my lover, falling upon his knees, "do not pronounce my death-warrant! Emma, dear Emma! for you are dearer to me than life itself—I have revealed my passion to you—do not treat it lightly. Drive me not to an act which you will never cease to lament and mourn. Do you hate me? Do you regard me with indifference? Say but the word, and I will molest you no longer. I will drag myself from your presence, and finish my wretched existence far, far away from you. Let me be satisfied of that."

I did not answer.

"Dearest Emma," he continued, "I am not indifferent to you. That blush assures me I am not. Your silence speaks more eloquently than words. Then do not leave me. Listen to me, and be merciful. The sudden anger of my mother will abate. The natural goodness of her heart will return, and no one more bitterly than herself will regret the hasty determination which she has formed. She will ask your pardon, and acknowledge that she has done you injustice. All I ask, implore you, is to permit her present feeling to subside. Be sure it will do so. Remain here for a few days. Why not here as well as in the country? For the sake of one whose happiness, whose life depends upon your decision, comply with the request. In a day or two—perhaps to-morrow—all hindrances may be removed, and the present trial will be remembered only to enhance our real felicity. I know my mother. She is passionate, but she is loving and good at heart, and would not injure the worm beneath her feet."

He remained upon his knees. He continued to entreat—the protestations of his ardent passion were reiterated. What was the friendless and unprotected girl to do? What had she to say whose heart was already touched, whose reason was ensnared and bound? I consented to remain at the inn for a few days—but for a few days only. This was a stipulation. Temple was overjoyed and grateful for what he termed the act of considerate love; and he told me that every thing should be done for me to render my temporary stay agreeable and cheerful, and not a moment should be lost in effecting a removal from the place, and an alteration in his mother's views. The subject was then dropped. Temple saw that I needed refreshment. He rang the bell, and requested the man who answered it to prepare a dinner for—his *sister*. The waiter bowed obsequiously and went away, and then I remonstrated against the falsehood that he had spoken.

"It must be done, dear Emma," he replied, "to secure civility and respect. Who suffers by my saying so? Besides, are you not my sister? Am I not your brother? Have I not pledged myself to assume that sacred office, and do a brother's duty by you!"

Stukely, vouchsafe me now your pity, and withhold your scorn. I cannot chronicle the daily steps that led to my disgrace. You have guessed already that the letter was a forgery. It was. Is it strange that I did not suspect it until my ruin gave a new colouring to that and every other thing? It may be so. It is strange, perhaps, that a word spoken against the man on whose integrity and faith I would have staked my life—and did my honour—would have roused indignant unbelief. But so it is. I remained at the hotel for a week. New obstacles arose—difficulties increased. The heart of Mrs Temple was obdurate. She still denied me admission to her house. Why did I not return to ——? Because the tempter would not have it so. His love increased, in proportion to my hardships. He could not live without me. Destruction should follow my refusal of his hand. Well, I did not refuse it. I consented to become his wife. Why did I not? I tell you, because the tempter would not have it so. The declaration of his love—his goodness—his ardour—his respectful manner—his zealous endeavours to administer to my comfort

and peace of mind—his manly form—his handsome countenance—his gentlemanly bearing—these were not lost upon me. My heart succumbed. I loved him passionately. His presence became necessary to my happiness. I was dull and melancholy if he were away. I could think of nothing else. It was bliss to have him at my side—imprisonment to dwell without him. I have said enough. What will not woman do for the man she trusts—in whom she collects the fulness of her ripe affections! I was at the mercy of your fellow man. What inhuman monster ever profited so savagely by opportunity? I FELL.

I have asked your pity. You will not accord it; for you know my later history, and there exists the crime committed against yourself, that can never be blotted out or pardoned. Months of unkindness—for unkindness followed possession quickly—did not entirely extinguish the love I felt for my betrayer. I accompanied him to Cambridge. It was there that he opened his door, and bade me seek amongst men a better friend than he could now afford to be. It was there and then that I first saw you; and the horror that I felt of being thrown upon the world reconciled me to the crime of listening to your love. I have been punished for the act, and I have lived to repent it. Stukely! do not curse my memory. May Heaven bless and protect you! My last prayer is for your happiness, and for the welfare of the sinful and most wretched boy, who wanders through the world with the guilt of blood upon his soul—a father's blood!"

The history was finished. Mr Clayton closed the manuscript, and we were both for many minutes silent. My friend at length spoke, in a musing tone—

"Wine, wine!" said he. "Wine, whose praises are clamorously rung around the festive board, and whose virtues supply the song with brilliant thoughts and ardent syllables, what need of eloquence and verse to sound thy fame, whilst *murder* and *seduction* bear ghastly witness to thy potency! Is there a greater crime than these? Name it, and Drunkenness shall claim it for a child!"

A LAY OF THE LEAGUE.

Air—"GREEN SLEEVES."

I'LL sing you a song of a worshipful set,
Who have done us some favours we shouldn't forget;
Such makers of mischief I never have met,
Which nobody can deny.

If you wish me to tell it, the League is their name,
Who long shall enjoy Eratostratus' fame,
Which consisted, you know, not in praise, but in blame,
Which nobody can deny.

That worthy, 'tis said, burnt, with impious brand
A structure that graced and that hallowed the land;
And these, too, at arson are trying their hand,
Which nobody can deny.

In blowing the coal they seem never to tire,
But still at the bellows they pant and perspire;
They'll set every thing soon, but the Thames, sure on fire,
Which nobody can deny.

The League and its leaders, so solemn and sage,
Are counted the pleasure and pride of the age,
And will shed a new light upon poetry's page,
Which nobody can deny.

The classic cognomens of Cobden and Sturge
Suggest to the muse an emetic or purge;—
But further we sha'n't a comparison urge,
Which nobody can deny.

Such crowds of their creatures the country infest,
Not Pharaoh's familiars were half such a pest;
Such broken-down bagmen as lecturers dress'd,
Which nobody can deny.

There's Acland, who laurels in Cleveland would cull;
And Sidney, renowned for his thickness of skull;
Not Sidney the witty, but Sidney the dull;
Which nobody can deny.

Their tracts and their yarns, long, and flimsy, and thin,
All prove that the chief end of man is to spin;
And that every thing else is a shame and a sin;
Which nobody can deny.

A spider's the thing that seems best to unite
The virtues that give a good Leaguer delight,
Still crawling, and spinning, and venting its spite;
Which nobody can deny.

Our Colleges now must be cast in the shade,
Our Churches at once into factories made,
And learning and loyalty yield to free-trade;
Which nobody can deny.

The farmer and landlord unpitied may fall,
The merchant and shipowner go to the wall,
So that Manchester rise on the ruins of all;
Which nobody can deny.

The Leaguers long managed our vitals to suck,
And had certainly merit, as well as good-luck,
With their true Devil's dust, and their system of truck;
Which nobody can deny.

When others were starving, their profits were sure,
By crimping full many a raw country boor,
And piously grinding the face of the poor;
Which nobody can deny.

But Time, the old tell-tale, has opened to view,
The worst they can say, and the worst they can do;
We have found out their aims, and their impotence too;
Which nobody can deny.

All England rejects the disgusting intrigue,
Which scarce now imposes on Taffy and Teague;
So let this be the finishing kick to the League;
Which nobody can deny.

REVOLT OF THE WORKERS.

THE EMPLOYER AND THE EMPLOYED.

A SPECIAL commission for the trial of the rioters in the manufacturing districts has issued, and its labours are finished. The best justification of its appointment is to be found in the manner in which it has executed its trust; and the importance of the results, moral and political, which it exhibits. English judges have once again vindicated their title to the lofty position which they have ever occupied in the public regards. The government, by its energy and promptitude, has justified the general confidence which elevated it to power. The guilty have been punished—the law has been upheld—the honest and industrious have been protected in their thrift. It is an episode in the history of our country, exhibiting "the body of the times" without its minute anatomy, which might be safely left for the example and improvement of future generations.

But we cannot stop here. We are committed to the general question, as implied by the heading of our article, viz. the late revolt, as connected with manufacturing economy. In our last Number, we charged upon the Anti-Corn-Law League "the guilt and odium of being at the bottom of the late rebellion." As far as a firm and unbroken chain of evidence, embracing acts done, and words spoken, *can* establish an accusation, our case is already complete. We are prepared, if it were necessary, to fortify our position out of the facts which have since transpired. It will suffice, however, to recapitulate such evidence as has been already produced.

In the first place, it appeared that the League, by its agents, lay and *quasi*-clerical, had, for a long time, put forth its energies—guided and brought into effect by the most approved machinery and contrivances of popular agitation—for the purpose of creating a general discontent against the laws which regulated trade and the admission of foreign corn; that, in the manufacturing districts especially, these agents had laboured long and perseveringly to promote discontent, by opening the eyes of the people to certain fancied public wrongs; that the ordinary poverty which invariably forms a part of the *conditions* of society in large manufacturing communities, was rooted out from the obscurity—which, as an exception to the general state of things, it had hitherto occupied—and dragged to the question; and that, having built upon these hypotheses, the agitators excited the urban masses, both by precept and example, to discontinue the use of certain articles of general consumption, in order to force the tradespeople to a "demonstration" against the existing corn and provision laws.

In the second place, it appeared that the Leaguers, as well by their speeches at "conferences," "conventions," and public meetings, as by pamphlets, hand-bills, and the like, cheated the people into a belief that they were wasting in a hopeless decay; that their rulers would not listen to them; and that their only alternative was, to resort to certain specified methods of obstructing the trade and manufactures of the country—such, for example, as putting an end to industry, by cutting off the supply of fuel, or "stopping the factories." Thus, it was proclaimed, that, before justice and liberty could preside over the fortunes of the people, the fires must go out, the smith's iron must cool upon the anvil, and the reel and the shuttle must stand still!

Lastly, it appeared that these appliances having proved either insufficient or too tardy in their operation, the Leaguers had placed themselves at the head of the Chartists; hoping that, by procuring themselves to be proclaimed prime movers in the "Complete Suffrage Union," they might contrive to break the neck of that galling opposition which punctually confronted them on the platforms of public meetings, whenever the abstract question of a total and unconditional repeal of the corn-laws was agitated in broad daylight. In this way, by one adroit move, they hoped to silence the voice of their enemies, to disarm opposition, and to secure to themselves an immense accession of physical force.

The nature of the conditions precedent to this compact between Leaguers and Chartists may be easily

conceived; since the Leaguers were the parties to propose those conditions. The purpose on the part of the former, was manifestly to employ the latter to the best possible advantage. A "pressure from without"—of the machinery for which the League found itself utterly destitute, was in immediate request. The Chartists, as an organized body, were ready at hand without the pains of organization; and, moreover, too necessitous, in point of means, to require much preparatory agitation. All that was required by the Chartists was the unconditional espousal of the "five points." The leaders of the League did not hesitate for a moment.

They rushed at once *in medias res*, and became the leaders of "a complete suffrage" movement. For a time, this unholy alliance remained passive. But the moment for action at length arrived. The League hit upon a threatened reduction of wages, as the test whereby to try the patience of the work-people. The test answered the purpose. The operatives turned tail and became restive. Now was the time for the Leaguers to retire, and for the Chartists to act. Discontent amongst the masses had been forced to a point at which it would show itself with effect, if men could be found with courage enough to direct the storm. Chartism had never had such "a chance" since the days when John Frost stepped forward—and earned the penalty of expatriation. The Leaguers told the Chartists as much, and more than this. They showed them the breach through which they might storm the citadel, whilst they retired to wait the result! They coaxed or thrust them on to the scene of action, and sneaked into the side-wings to watch the fate of the drama! It failed! Where were the Leaguers? Not on the stage before the public to share the disgrace; but every man in his own snug house, chuckling over the success of the common villany of the League, and rejoicing in an impunity secured by hypocrisy! Where were the Chartists? Before the world; exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm: to the vengeance of the offended laws!

This is literally and absolutely the state of the case. Thus we have summed up the evidence against the League.

But let us not be misunderstood. We are no defenders of Chartism or Chartist doings. We rather rejoice to find that the anti-national dogmas of Chartism have at length presented themselves in such a shape as to be tangible to the law. It was time that men should be taught that there were in this kingdom, not only wise and good men to admire, but wise and good laws to uphold the constitution. It was time that the working man should be taught that he could never be secure in intimidating and oppressing his employer, by whomsoever he might be aided and abetted. It was time for him to learn that the law, so far from giving him authority, would punish him severely, for such a proceeding. Therefore, we repeat, we are glad that the government has been discreet and firm enough to uphold the law by a special example. It has done no more, as it has done no less, than was necessary to make good its claim to the confidence of the whole nation.

Lord Abinger, in his charge to the grand jury at Liverpool—a charge the soundness of which has brought upon him much reviling from the *liberal* press—observed: "What gave rise to the immediate occurrence which was the commencement of these transactions has not, at present, been ascertained. Whether it was owing to the *imprudence or to the indiscretion of any of the master manufacturers;* whether it originated in the schemes of any persons *who considered that a general turn-out might be advantageous to their peculiar political objects;* or whether, when it commenced, it was not checked as early as it might have been by greater activity in the magistrates—all these are matters at present left in obscurity, and that time alone can develope. But certain it is, from the information to which I have referred, that the *disaffection* of the common people, of the labouring classes, *does not seem to have originated in any voluntary feeling—if I may so express myself—of their own respecting their privations, or respecting the high price of provisions.* They all seem to be sensible, they all have intelligence enough to know, that the price of wages must depend on the price of provisions; and therefore I think they are prepared to see that those who promise them an increase of wages, by a diminution of the price

of corn, are not per... be trusted." Lord Abinger ... glances at the labours of the League. He could not help it. No man who sits down, in a candid and honest spirit, to investigate the causes of the late insurrection, can help it. Look in what direction he may, the evil spirit of the League meets his eye in some form or guise. Here, the railing Rabshakeh of some dissenting meeting-house, shrieking with counterfeit pathos and sympathy, bewailing the imaginary wrongs and distresses of the people—perhaps pointing to the broad acres of some neighbouring gentleman, whose halls were never polluted by his breath; at the same moment hurling the anathemas of bitter and unsanctified schism at the devoted heads of the landlords, and denying them the common charities of Christianity: in another direction, a hired missionary of the League, dispensing its poison in the shape of lying and exciting tracts, addressed to the prejudices and passions of the work-people; in a third, a hireling lecturer, with the voice of a Stentor, blurting out the cant plausibilities which go to make up the stock in trade of his fraternity, and putting all reason out of countenance; in a fourth, some merchant or manufacturer of the League, perhaps hurried to the verge of insolvency by random and reckless speculation, either harranguing the shirtless and unwashed, "in public meeting assembled," on the subject of "cheap bread and high ... or handing in his report from ... ference;" accom- ... no re-

you ... to have said, ... would *go for the repeal* ... would stick with them *upon laws*, he would stick with them *upon any question* they would propose." If the other master manufacturers of the League had been equally indiscreet and unguarded in open daylight, the guilt of the League could never have admitted of doubt in any quarter. But the master-spirits of the movement worked in secret, behind a curtain which shielded them effectually from the public gaze. The public eye never fell upon the hand that pulled the wires; nor could it penetrate the securely-fitting mask which concealed the features of the operator. All that could be done was to secure the actors, who were palpable to the vision and within reach. Thus the planners and instigators of crime—the real criminals—too often escape, when those who are innocent *in degree* (but still, in fact, guilty) are punished. It is indispensably necessary to the domestic peace and security of the country that it should be so. Every man is presumed to be far acquainted with the laws whi... maintain public order as at least know when he is infringing them; when he does infringe them i... serious degree—as men did du... the late riots—by every known ... ciple of justice and equity he ... to be punished, and that severel... is no valid excuse for him to sa... he has been encouraged and in... by others. His own conscien... own bosom, is, in such a case, ... of his condu... that he

large proportion of Irishmen. Of course they were almost all of them Roman Catholics; but it would be interesting to know the religious creeds of the remainder. Our impression is, that it would be found that most of them are Dissenters; and furthermore, that those who declare themselves members of the Established Church, have not been in the habit of *attending* church. A *moral map* of this description, as furnishing an index to the bearing of certain religious principles upon the moral and public conduct of the citizen, would be not less useful than curious. This, however, is a digression. We were going on to say, that although we highly approve of the energy and promptitude of the government, and of the labours of their commissioners at Manchester, we think that a great deal of indictable matter in the speeches of the Leaguers, and their hireling agents, has been overlooked. Without going further, there were expressions quoted in our last Number of a peculiarly seditious character; and we have do doubt that, if a searching investigation had been carried into the League's quarters, much more might have been found. We know, from experience, how difficult it is to get at the right sort of evidence, when offenders have been acting secretly and aloof from the public gaze; but we are still strongly of opinion, that if the offices of the League had been entered and taken possession of at the outset—this step being accompanied by a general apprehension of its chief agents, and a seizure of its papers—a clue would have been found that would have led to far more important revelations than the world is at present in possession of. As it is, we have only captured a handful of those pugnacious and hot-headed Chartists, who, seeing a chance of important gain to themselves, blindly rushed forward at the word of command, (from the League,) leaving the main body far behind to retreat safely at their leisure; and, hot foot, penetrating so far into the ranks of their opponents as to render retreat impossible and capture certain. We repeat, that their fate was deserved, and that their punishment is only adequate to their crimes; yet we may be permitted to regret that those who sent them, and whose tools they were, have been *suffered to escape* with impunity. If Chartist cunning had only been equal to Chartist boldness; or if it had led them to be only half as circumspect as their instigators, justice would have been foiled, and the law would have been cheated of its victims—public tranquillity would have been maintained—the League would still have been unsuspected; and the Chartists would still have had some character left wherewith to carry on "a peaceful agitation" in favour of the "five points." And here we must abandon the public acts and secret machinations of combined Chartists and Leaguers, for a more important and less transparent branch of our subject.

We confess we approach this second part of the text with extreme diffidence. Men can agree well enough about effects, because they are present and palpable to the apprehensions of all, and present but a very small margin for dispute. But when they come to discuss causes, the harmony is broken up; for the prejudices of some, the dogmatism of others, and the peculiar idiosyncrasies of yet a third party, lead them to branch off into their own theories. Men's *actions* admit of no dispute, because they are present and palpable to the sense; but about their *motives*—the *springs of action*—men never can be agreed, because every one will draw his argument from his own breast, and insist upon its application. In the inquisitions of philosophy, whilst effects are acknowledged, causes are hotly disputed, and the controversy quickly strikes off into a thousand channels. Hence we are lost in endless conjectures, and each man is left to hug his own theory. Not that the matter which we are upon is quite so desperate. It is not capable of being probed at many points, though there will be no lack of persons each anxious to draw an arrow from his own quiver; and, having drawn the bow, insist upon it that he has hit the mark. Now, although we maintain—and, as far as proof *can* go, we apprehend we have *proved*—that the *immediate* cause of the recent insurrection is referable to the machinations of the Anti-Corn-Law League, we don't mean to maintain that the proceedings of the League are the remote as well as the immediate cause. That is a question which we shall take the liberty of leaving open for the present. We shall be told, a

doubt, that the distress of the people forced them to rebellion. It did no such thing. That the people were distressed is true enough, but distress (as such) is not necessarily an element of rebellion; and if it had not been taken advantage of by designing men, there is a strong probability that no insurrection would have occurred. Englishmen are not, by nature, either ruffians or madmen; and, we may add, there are no people on the face of God's earth who bear their privations with such graceful patience and noble fortitude. But if the artful and cunning taunt them whilst in that condition, their temper gives way, and their privations then become an active element and incentive of their fury. But it would not suit the purpose of our antagonist to permit us to enlarge upon this point. He would push us beyond it, and demand to know the *cause* of the distress. A score of voices answer him in the same moment. "The Corn-Laws, and the consequent dearness of the first necessaries of life," exclaims one. "The decay of trade, and the consequent scarcity of employment for our teeming and superabundant population," suggests a second. "Overtrading, which has called from the field and the plough, to the factory and the spinning-jenny, thousands who, now that trade has gone back, and glides once more through its old channels, are thrown out of employment." "Very true," chimes in a third; "but what gave the first impulse to overtrading? Was it not the facility of commanding capital afforded by the new Joint-Stock Banks to persons who had not two sixpences in the world to rub together, and who till then had never dreamed of competing with the substantial capitalist? Yes, yes; men who, to begin with, had little or nothing to lose, rushed headlong to the mercantile gaming-table when the very midsummer madness of speculation was at its height—borrowing and using other men's money, until they had run up a debt which they could never hope to liquidate; and then—'*fastigia nulla retrorsum*'—there is no way of gracefully retracing their steps, and down they come from their dizzy height with a crash that destroys some, cripples others, and alarms the whole community. Then comes the recoil, the effect of which falls chiefly upon the working classes, who are deprived of their employment, and in their turn become sufferers." Thus each has his peculiar "*fons et origo mali*"—each his panacea. With none of these is it our purpose to meddle, though with some of them—always excepting the Corn-Law dreamers—we partly agree. We would just ask, however, how they are to be remedied? Not by legislative interference, for they are beyond its reach. Men cannot acquire wisdom by act of Parliament; nor can they be made honest by an order in Council. If we consult experience, we think it will be found that periodical distress is inseparable from the vicissitudes of trade; that it is one of the conditions of trading and manufacturing economy, which must, in its turn, and in the ordinary course of events, be fulfilled. So long as we export so large a proportion of the products of our manufacturing skill, the demand for our goods must be regulated by the fluctuations between prosperity and adversity which obtain amongst our customers abroad. Thus we have presented to us a conjunction of remote causes, which must equally baffle the sagacity of the statesman and the theories of the politician.

Admitting, then, the *fact* of distress in the manufacturing districts, without stopping to investigate its *causes*, we come at once upon that peculiar condition of society in which distress, when worked upon by bad men, may be made so dangerous to public order. Now, it is undeniable, that if the moral and sanatory condition of the labouring classes presented a picture of health, contentment, domestic happiness, and a sufficiency of the comforts of life, accompanied by an honourable independence of character, chastened by moral and religious feeling, and based upon that self-reliance which is invariably the offspring of conscious integrity, the incentives to insubordination must be comparatively remote and powerless; whilst, if the reverse of all this be apparent, the inducements must be equally strong in the other direction. That the dark side of the picture is presented to us in the manufacturing districts, is a fact admitting of neither doubt nor qualification. The more prominent causes (for their name is legion) of this state of things are easily enumerated:—

1. Mutual ignorance of employer and employed.

2. Moral and religious destitution and ignorance.

3. Insufficient habitations, bad draining and ventilation, producing domestic discomfort and moral depravity.

4. Exclusive factory employment of the females, causing total ignorance of domestic economy.

5. The want of public walks and healthful recreation.

It is impossible to search out and drag to the light *all* the evils which afflict the "operative" body, but these "five points" are the most salient and palpable. If the legislature could realize the compendious notions of a Caligula, it might unite them in one neck, and strike off the whole at a blow. But no single legislative enactment can cure a series of evils whose ramifications stretch out in so many directions, and are bound up with so many obscure relations. The legislature may do something, but much more must be delegated to private exertion.

On the first of our "five points," we have already dwelt at some length. "*Ignorance of each other*," lies at the bottom, and is undoubtedly a fruitful source of that antagonism which has, unhappily, so long subsisted between master and man. It is a violation of one of those first principles of the social compact which have been recognized and insisted upon from the earliest ages of the civilized world. That valuable injunction of Solon—γνῶθι σεαυτόν—an injunction thought worthy to be written up and placed first amongst the "seven wise sayings"—is not more binding upon individuals than (if we may presume to coin a companion to it) γνωσατε ἀλλήλους, should be upon communities. Next to "knowing one's self," as indispensable to moral self-culture, is to "know one another;" as indispensable to the profitable cultivation of peace, harmony, and well-being in a community. Mr Parkinson, in the excellent pamphlet from which we quoted last month, urges this strongly, and tells us, that even the affluent members of the large manufacturing communities are, for the most part, ignorant of each other; and that the intercourse of men is confined to "those connected with them by the ties of relationship, similarity of taste and occupation, or the contiguity of neighbourhood." The same observations apply, of course, to the working classes. And how could the state of things be otherwise? All large manufacturing communities must necessarily present a peculiarly artificial state of society. Whether regard be had to the rich or the poor, such communities are composed of strangers attracted there by the successful pursuit of trade and manufactures. Each strange capitalist imports, or, at any rate, attracts, a certain number of strange work-people, who, in like manner, are strangers to the older residents. We are now contemplating the early formation of manufacturing communities. This goes on to an indefinite point, but must stop somewhere; and *then* the numerical *status* of the population is chiefly maintained by generations which spring up on the soil. We may add, all manufacturing towns are composed of distinct neighbourhoods, which hold little or no intercourse the one with the other; and, again, the exchange of residents, owing to the work-people leaving one mill for another, is constantly going forward; so that the people have but little opportunity of forming acquaintances. But although the rich, as a class, may be ignorant of each other—the poor, as a class, ignorant of each other; it by no means follows that the rich should be ignorant of the poor—the employer of the employed. It is precisely this state of things which renders the artificial condition of society so dangerous to society itself. And herein consists the grand distinction between manufacturing and agricultural communities. In the latter, the labourers are born and bred upon the land which in after-life employs and maintains them. Their employers have known them from their infancy—perhaps their fathers and grandfathers before them; they are acquainted with their condition, their wants, their habits, and can always give an account of them; so that, if they leave one employment, they don't seek another without a character to back them. Hence it is that we so seldom hear of "combinations," and "unions," and "strikes" against the masters in the agricultural districts;—indeed, so intimate is the knowledge of each other, so close the connexion, so mutually

responsive the sympathy—for in some instances, but not in so many as formerly, the single labourers of both sexes lived under the same roof with their employers—that such an unsightly posture of affairs is almost an impossible contingency. We are here presented with the nearest approach which exists in this country to a natural state of society. It is manifestly the only healthy state; and therefore we wish to see the social condition of the manufacturing districts assimilated to it as nearly as possible. The first step towards the attainment of this desirable end will be gained when each master manufacturer (as suggested by Mr Parkinson) "keeps a book, in which is always entered the names and residence of each workman, the number of his children, the amount of his wages, the time of his entering, and the time of his quitting such master's service, with the reason for the latter. Next in importance to this, is, that each master, or, if there be a firm, one of the partners, either "pay the workmen, or, if that be impracticable, that he be as frequently as possible present at the time of payment, by which means he will gradually become acquainted with their persons and circumstances, and they with him." Above all, let it be a *sine qua non*, "that the master, or some confidential servant of equal education and influence with the master himself, become (under all circumstances) *personally* acquainted with every workman in his employ." This accomplished, other methods of drawing the work-people closer to their employers may be resorted to with incalculable advantages. One evil in particular ought to be done away with. We mean the practice of paying wages in public-houses. The mischief which springs out of this single custom is incalculable—unfathomable. In most instances, the public-house or beer-shop is rented by the overlooker of an adjacent mill, who has a direct interest in the sale of spirits and beer to the work-people. On this point, we cannot do better than quote the evidence of Mr Peter Fairbairn, an extensive mechanist at Leeds.*

"Have you ever observed any effects produced in the habits of the labouring classes, in respect to drinking intoxicating liquors by the mode in which they are paid their wages?—Yes; there are two modes in which wages are most frequently paid; and both these modes are prejudicial in their effects. The first effect is connected with the place of payment. Some masters pay at the public-house, others pay the men at the counting-house after the work is completed. The effects produced by payment at the public-house, are, to oblige the workman to drink. He is kept waiting in the public-house during a long time, varying from two to three hours, sometimes as much as five hours. The workman cannot remain in the house without drinking, even if he were alone, as he must make some return to the landlord for the use of the room. But the payment of a number of men occupies time in proportion to their numbers. We find that to pay our own men in the most rapid way requires from two to three hours. The assembled workmen, of course, stimulate each other to drink. Out of 100 men, all of whom will, probably, have taken their quart of porter or ale, above a third will go home in a state of drunkenness—of drunkenness to the extent of imbecility. The evil is not confined to the men; the destructive habit is propagated in their families. At each public-house a proportion of the poor women, their wives, attend. According to my own observation, full ten per cent of the men have their wives and children in attendance at the public-house. The poor women have no other mode of getting money to market with on the Saturday night, than attending at the public-house to get it from their husbands. They may have children whom they cannot leave at home, and these they bring with them. The wives are thus led to drink, and they and their children are made partakers at the scenes of drunkenness and riot; for there are not unfrequently quarrels, leading to fights, between the workmen when intoxicated."

This, we believe, is but too true a picture of the pernicious effects of this method of paying wages, as it exhibits itself throughout the manufacturing

* Report to her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor-Law Commissioners, on an Enquiry into the Sanatory (Mr Chadwick calls it Sanitary!) Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain. *Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty, July*, 1842.

districts. Of course, the workmen thus imbibe permanent habits of drunkenness and improvidence. Some of the effects of these habits are described by Mr Fairbairn.*

"One consequence of these habits is the loss of time at the commencement of the week, and the comparative inefficiency of the workmen when they do come. The workman who has been absent from drunkenness comes to his work pale, emaciated, and unnerved. From my own observation in my own branch of manufacture, I should say that the quantity and quality of work executed during the first day or so, would be about one-fifth less than that obtainable from a steady and attentive workman."

Then, we are told by the same authority, that men afflicted with these habits are most dangerous to the internal peace of a manufacturing community. "Another consideration for the master," he observes, "is the fact, that such workmen, the most idle and dissolute, are the most discontented; and are always *the foremost in mischievous strikes and combinations.*"

With regard to the other plan of paying wages, *i. e.* in the counting-houses, Mr Fairbairn points out some grave disadvantages, and suggests an alternative which masters would do well to adopt:—†

"Payments to large numbers at the counting-house is still, however, attended with much inconvenience and evil. The payment of the number of men employed at our works, (between five and six hundred,) would, as I have stated, occupy between two and three hours. This mode of payment, therefore, implies the keeping of a large crowd together during that time. During that time appointments are made of meetings at public-houses to drink, that would not otherwise take place. It also generates discontent; it gives an opportunity, by assembling a crowd, for any discontented or mischievous person to operate upon a large mass of people. Formerly the business of my manufactory, and the welfare of the working people, were very seriously interrupted by strikes; and I could not help observing the facilities which such meetings gave to such mischievous persons.

"What is the mode of payment which you have adopted?—I send the pay clerk *into each room in the manufactory* immediately after the dinner hour, and *he pays each man individually.* Each man is scarcely taken from his work half a minute. I may observe that some masters, to save themselves trouble, so as to avoid the inconvenience of getting small change, will pay several men together. This again leads to the public-house, where the men commonly go to get change to divide the money amongst them; I therefore avoid paying any two men together, and subjecting them to temptation as well as inconvenience and cost."

Combined with these salutary improvements of existing evils, measures bearing more immediately upon the domestic condition of the operatives might be adopted with great benefit. For example, a personal superintendence and inspection by the master, or some confidential servant, of the internal domestic arrangements of the operatives' house,‡ especially if conducted in a kindly and benevolent spirit, must produce the best results.

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* See Report quoted above. † Ibid.

‡ Mr Ashworth of Tarlow, near Bolton, says—(Sanatory Report, p. 239,) "Although we felt very unwilling to do any thing which happened to interfere with the domestic management of our work-people, still the urgency of the case at the time (fever) seemed to warrant such a step. We therefore ordered an examination of every cottage in our possession, both as regarded cleanliness and ventilation, as well as bedding and furniture.

"The striking difference exhibited in the state of these cottages—the neatness and cleanness of some, the gross neglect of others, appearing to have no relation to the amount of income, convinced us that an occasional repetition of these visits would be essential, in order to effect any permanent improvement amongst them.

"These periodical visits have now been continued through a series of years; and, as no invidious distinction or selection was ever made, do not appear to have been viewed in the light of an intrusion. A week or two of notice being mostly given, a laudable degree of emulation has been excited as to whose house, bedding, and furniture should be found in the best order; my brother or myself have occasionally joined in these visits. By these means we were made acquainted with the wants and necessities of the various families in our employ."

Weekly subscriptions of a few pence towards providing decent clothing, baby-linen, and the necessary appliances for females in child-bed—this department being conducted by the wife or daughter of the master or superintendent—the awarding of annual premiums for the best regulated households, including cleanliness, neatness in the dress of the parents and children, and so forth, could not but have the best effect. Under a system of this nature, combinations and strikes would speedily go out of fashion; "Trades Unions" would languish for lack of support; and Chartism itself would go stark out for want of breath to fan the flame. It would be the first move in a great moral reform of the condition of the urban masses, which would bring them to a nearer approach to an absolute moral regeneration than the world has yet seen. We would hear no more idle complaints about infringements of the truck laws; for masters and men would be brought more closely together than they have hitherto been, and their mutual and indivisible interests would become apparent and recognised on both sides. It is a triumph of the affections over the selfishness of men, most devoutly to be wished. We write in a sanguine temper, because we are sure of our points.

This point gained, the second—"*moral and religious destitution and ignorance*"—is comparatively easy of remedy. The influence attained by the master over the man, is of itself a point gained in the direction of moral improvement. An exhortation to attend the religious services of the church, or some other place of worship, at least once during the Sabbath, would scarcely go unheeded by one who had already manifested his respect for the exhorter, by endeavouring to stand well in his regards. At any rate, before any other plan be had recourse to, let persuasion be tried. Taken in its ordinary acceptation, we never could respond to the cry of "educate the people." That "knowledge is power," we don't dispute; but not that sort of knowledge which the brawlers about education would confer upon the people—knowledge, whose morality is easy, and at the best doubtful; whose religion is accommodating, and at the best unsound. Yes, if you please, lead the thirsters after knowledge to the well, by all means, but not to that well whose springs have been poisoned at their source by modern empiricism. "*Bring up* a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." That is the kind of education prescribed by the highest and most sacred authority known to this world. Ay, and it is the true etymological meaning of the term too! Unaided by precept and example, mere book instruction is abortive for all good purposes—building your house upon the sea-shore—exhibiting your statue without a pedestal. The first steps must be learned *at home*—must be taught by virtuous and exemplary parents. Home makes the man and the Christian—school, the philosopher and the sceptic. Both may be combined, are constantly combined, and the cultivation of the affections and the intellect goes hand in hand; but no good fruit ever yet sprung up in the fields of learning and science, that was not reared and fostered in the domestic nursery. One reason why we insist primarily upon the domestic improvement of the working-classes is thus made apparent. It is the first advance in the right direction; and, without it, education and every thing else is mere moonshine. Some of the manufacturers have connected efficiently conducted schools with their mills, and have thereby produced a certain amount of improvement. Let them persevere by all means. In absolute ignorance there can be no advantage; but, above all things, let them keep an eye upon the moral training of their youthful dependents.

"*Insufficient habitations, bad draining and ventilation, producing domestic discomfort and moral depravity,*" is point the third. It was shrewdly observed by a French writer, that "*les esclaves pendent tout dans leur esclavage, jusqu' au désir d'en sortir,*" which may be all very true of those who have never tasted the sweets of a better condition; but even in that case no man can be said to employ himself unprofitably who endeavours to awaken them to a sense of their degraded condition; provided always, that he has it in his power to place them in a better. With regard to the labouring population, however, and their habitations, the maxim does not apply. Although they may not know the advantages of supe-

rior dwellings and efficient drainage and ventilation, they are miserable enough, surrounded as they are by filth and squalor, and having no incentives to order and decency presented to them in the shape of a salubrious neighbourhood and an improved dwelling. The effect upon the health of badly constructed and badly situated houses, small and crowded rooms, bad ventilation, and the want of proper drains to carry off the refuse and stagnant water lying before their doors, is too apparent to require illustration. The moral influence of such a state of things, and particularly that which attaches to the indiscriminate mixing of the sexes in crowded sleeping-rooms, is not less deplorable. Moreover, the work-people have no sufficient inducement to keep the interior of their homes cleanly and decent, whilst the exterior is so revolting to the senses, and whilst they are surrounded on all sides by filth and misery. Their homes have no attractions for them in the shape of comfort and repose; and the consequence is, that they resort to the public-houses, and there contract habits of drunkenness and dissipation, making shipwreck alike of their health and substance. We have an illustration of this in a letter from the chairman of the Bedford Union, to Mr Weale, the assistant commissioner of the district.*

"A man who comes home to a poor, comfortless hovel after his day's labour, and sees all miserable around him, has his spirits more often depressed than excited by it. He feels that, do his best, he shall be miserable still, and is too apt to fly for a temporary refuge to the ale-house or beer shop. But give him the means of making himself comfortable by his own industry, and I am convinced by experience, that in many cases he will avail himself of it."

Mr Chadwick himself relates an instance equally to the point:

"I visited some other dwellings not far from the one above described, and met with another instance of a female who had been brought up as a servant in a well-ordered house, and who, for her station, had received a very excellent religious and moral education. Before her marriage she had been distinguished by the refinement with which she sung national airs, and for her knowledge of the Bible and of the doctrines of her church. Her personal condition had become of 'a piece' with the wretched stone undrained hovel, with a pig-sty before it, to which she had been taken. We found her with rings of dirt about her neck, and turning over with dirty hands *Brown's Dictionary*, to see whether the newly-elected minister was 'sound' in his doctrine. In this case no moral lapse was apparent, but the children were apparently brought up under great disadvantages.

"There, however, as in most cases, the internal economy of the houses was primarily affected by the defective internal and surrounding drainage, that produced the damp and wet, and thence the dirt, against which the inmates had ceased to contend. On enquiry of the male labourers in the district, it appeared that almost every third man was subjected to rheumatism; and with them, it was evident that the prevalence of damp and marsh miasm from the want of drainage, if it did not necessitate, formed a strong temptation to the use of ardent spirits. With them, as with the females, the wretched condition of the tenement formed a strong barrier against personal cleanliness and the use of decent clothes."

We have incidentally mentioned the gross immorality which is engendered by persons of opposite sexes being crowded together in the same sleeping-room. Mr Baker, in his report on the condition of the labouring classes in Leeds, produces a case which decency forbids us to lay before our readers. It lifts the curtain and presents to us a moral leprosy, bringing even parents and their adult children of opposite sexes into illicit contact. It is a picture that would raise a blush on a front of bronze, and make even the most heartless and indifferent shudder. Now, these are evils loudly calling for legislative interference; indeed we are not aware that they can be reached by any other means. It is very certain that, as long as they are allowed to exist, all other efforts to improve the condition of the working-classes must prove utterly unavailing. The "Building of Small Tenements Bill" will effect something, but we must also have a general sewering,

* Sanatory Report, 1842, p. 262.

draining, scavenging, and street improvement act, applicable to the whole kingdom; the indiscriminate mixture of the sexes above a certain age in sleeping-rooms, should also be checked without delay, and if possible put down altogether. That the operatives themselves will make any decided effort towards their own regeneration we scarcely dare venture to hope, since custom has so far familiarized them with those hideous violations of decency and morality as to have almost engrafted them upon their nature. If they were *conscious* of the gross impropriety of their mode of living, we cannot doubt that they would lend a willing hand in the work of their own reformation; but habit has blunted their moral perceptions to such a degree, that, we fear, nothing short of legislative interference will be of any avail. We remember, some time ago, how hotly the soi-disant liberal press assailed Mr Locke, one of the trustees of the Duke of Bridgwater's estates, for having addressed a circular letter to Lord Francis Egerton's tenantry at Worsley, warning them that young married couples would not be permitted to live under the same roof with their parents. For this, Mr Locke was flatly accused of holding Malthusian doctrines; his object all the while manifestly being the preservation of decency and morality amongst the Worsley tenantry—who are, for the most part, employed in the coal-mines—by preventing the congregation of too many persons of opposite sexes under the same roof. Would that all owners and superintendents of cottage property would pursue the same course. Acts of Parliament would then be uncalled-for and unnecessary.

With regard to the fourth point—"*exclusive factory employment of females, causing total ignorance of domestic economy*"—much more might be said than the space allotted to us will admit of our saying. It must, however, be abundantly manifest, that if *all* the time of the female part of our manufacturing population, except such intervals as are devoted to meals and repose, be consumed in the factory, the domestic duties must be wholly neglected. Take away the household goddess—the presiding spirit of home—and home becomes a desert rather to be shunned than sought. It is the peculiar *gift* of woman to create around you, and make you sensible of, domestic comforts. Amongst the manufacturing population she has no such attributes, or, having once had them, they have died out through desuetude. All—mother, daughters, father, sons—desert their home for the factory. Who, in contemplating such a state of things, can help recalling Wordsworth's lines?—

> "Men, maidens, youths,
> Mother and little children, boys and girls,
> Enter, and each the wonted task resume,
> Within this temple. * * *
> * * * * * *
> The habitation's empty! or perchance
> The mother left alone—no helping hand
> To rock the cradle of the peevish babe;
> No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
> Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
> Of household occupation."

But we are denied even the consolation of the conjectured alternative. The mother is not "left alone." She goes too, and her domestic concerns are neglected. The home of her husband and children has no charms for them, and they desert it for the beer-shop. The Committee of Physicians and Surgeons at Birmingham, in their report to the Poor-Law Commissioners, place the case in a strong light:—

"The females are from necessity bred up from their youth in the workshops, as the earnings of the younger members contribute to the support of the family. The minds and morals of the girls become debased, and they marry, totally ignorant of all those habits of domestic economy which tend to render a husband's home comfortable and happy; and this is very often the cause of the man being driven to the alehouse, to seek that comfort after his day of toil which he looks for in vain by his own fireside. The habit of a manufacturing life being once established in a woman, she continues it, and leaves her home and children to the care of a neighbour or of a hired child, sometimes only a few years older than her own children, whose services cost her probably as much as she obtains for her labour. To this neglect on the part of their parents is to be traced the death of many children; they are left in the house with a fire before they are old enough to know the danger to which they are exposed, and are often dreadfully burnt."

We need add nothing to this testimony to warrant us in protesting

against the present system, and demanding an alteration. To abolish the labour of females altogether, might be an unnecessary hardship towards the working classes; but that their hours of labour should be curtailed to such an extent as would admit of their paying some attention to domestic duties, we fancy few people, with a spark of feeling or right judgment about them, will venture to dispute.

The fifth and last grievance is—"*the want of public walks and healthful recreation.*" This want, however, ought only to be supplied *conditionally;* for if you do not, first of all, or at all events simultaneously, improve the working man's domestic comforts, make his home attractive, and establish a better footing between him and his master, by providing public places of recreation, you not only hold out a premium to idleness, but you provide him with a convenient rendezvous to concert with his fellow-workmen schemes of insubordination and tyranny towards his employer. On the other hand, provided the condition of the labouring classes be improved in other respects, there can be no doubt that not only would public walks and places of recreation prove highly beneficial to the health of the population, but that they would abstract them from the spirit vaults, beer-shops, and other haunts of dissipation and vice. We have an example at hand. Mr Chadwick, in his "Sanatory Report," quotes this case:—

"On the holiday given at Manchester in celebration of her Majesty's marriage, extensive arrangements were made for holding a Chartist meeting, and for getting up what was called a demonstration of the working classes, which greatly alarmed the municipal magistrates. Sir Charles Shaw, the chief commissioner of police, induced the mayor to get the Botanical Gardens, Zoological Gardens, and Museum of that town, and other institutions, thrown open to the working classes at the hour they were urgently invited to attend the Chartist meeting. The mayor undertook to be personally answerable for any damage that occurred from throwing open the gardens and institutions to the classes who had never before entered them. The effect was, that not more than 200 or 300 people attended the political meeting, which entirely failed, and scarcely 5s. worth of damage was done in the gardens or in the public institutions by the work-people, who were highly pleased. A further effect produced was, that the charges before the police of drunkenness and riot were on that day less than the average of cases on ordinary days. I have been informed of other instances of similar effects produced by the spread of temperate pleasures on ordinary occasions, and their rivalry to habits of drunkenness and gross excitement, whether mental or sensual."

We have now run over the five prominent evils which, in our judgment, most deeply affect the urban masses. The remedies which we have, *currente calamo*, prescribed, may not be precisely those called for by the peculiar character of each case. Upon one point, however, we cannot permit ourselves to be misunderstood. Whatever the treatment, *it must be uniform, and simultaneously applied to each and every case.* By this method, you will bring the whole functions of the body "operate" into healthy action at the same moment. But if you cure only one evil at a time—for example, if you restore the women to their households without draining and cleaning the streets; or, as we have just suggested, if you give public walks to the people without improving their homes, and placing them on a better footing with their employers—you only cure one evil by increasing the rest. Therefore we repeat—Let the amelioration of the working classes be uniform—simultaneous!

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

Part IX.

A Naples Day.

There is a sea-breeze abroad to-day. At home it is too warm for work, so we sally out of our good inn, the *Crocelle*, and, turning to the right from its gateway, find a walk in the direction of Pausilippo and the Chiaja impossible from the heat; in all that long line of street, so crowded in the evening, there is not now one creature on foot, to give us encouragement. Our way to the Toledo, indeed, is all up hill, and through the disagreeable quarter of St Lucia, equally noisy night or day, and swarming in all seasons with fishermen, inactive or at work. Here, brown and unwashed nakedness, from seven to ten years old, runs rampant in happy unrestraint. A long line of stalls, with their one-sided screens, on which, when there is no fish, (which happens often,) heaps of clam and other shells are laid out, not for the hungry, but for the curious. The high parapet sea-washed wall behind this place of merchandize is the ottoman of many a Lazzaroni, thoughtless of the fall he might have if he either slipt or slept. But a Lazzaroni never comes to mischief!—A scene already! A soldier in green uniform has just singled out a little urchin (not a sea one) from this motley population, and is beginning to cane him severely. Such a little boy! What a brute the fellow must be! Will nobody interfere? Then, we will; and as the boy bellows, we valorously step over to his rescue. Beaten, but not corrected, he now delivers up from under his shirt a smart silk handkerchief, and, on threats of ulterior punishment, out come several more—a third and a fourth—from between his other rags and his ribs. A third party now approaches from behind a stall, where he has been waiting the result, to reclaim his own; and two other soldiers, hard by, who have been on the same service, are seen bringing back other spoils of the Indias in abundance. In short, you never go out at Naples without losing your *foulard*, or whatever else can be fished out of your pocket, and the punishment on detection is very properly summary. A picturesque row of lemonade booths, displaying each its painted Madonna, or saint who patronizes lemonade, attends us up to Naples; and the revolving barrels of iced water are as active as the tongues of those that turn them. But be sure that, if before one of these stalls you follow the instinct of thirst, your refreshment will cost you dear, inasmuch as one of those little rascals who tracks your progress, will, in equal obedience to *his* instinct of theft, as infallibly have extracted your handkerchief as he did ours, even while the soldier was scourging the small vagabond whose stripes had excited our ill-merited compassion. The Neapolitan is the cleverest picker of pockets in the world. A fine light hand has he; and so far from hiding his hand *in*, he shows it *on* a *napkin*, which used to be *Scotch* for a "foulard." He says he likes the English, and hates the French; *à raison*, for *we* carry our handkerchiefs in our pockets, while the Frenchman never takes his *out of his hat;* his purse and money are in his waistcoat, and go where he will, he is the man, *par excellence*,

—— A *tergo* quem nulla eiconia pinsit.

We were in a shop near the Museum, looking at some old coins. Enters a peasant from the Abruzzi, (at least he dressed the character well,) with a huge double-handled basket full of curiosities. "There's the *carica*," he proceeds, "with which I have been entrusted by Signor A—— of Ruvo," (a place we had not yet heard of;) "it is a village in Calabria, signor! high among the mountains, a famous place for antiquities; *tutti prodotti sagro-santi dei scari*—all sacrosanct productions of excavations, like the rest of the things you see in my shop." "Where is your list?" "Eccolo!" He reads. "Twelve skulls in good preservation; seven with the teeth perfect, and each with a *moneta di bronza*" (the coin for

Charon!) "between his teeth. Here they are," said the peasant, counting them. "How much?" "A scudo a-head." "No, that is too much; besides, we have too many already." "Make your own price, only give me a couple of lines (due righe) to the padrone, to show him I have not pocketed the proceeds. Bene, bene! my dears," (to his daughters,) "put these heads on the shelf under the Venice glass, and take care in moving them that the mould and the coins don't fall out." "Lascia fare!" answered one of the girls, putting down her needle-work. "Certi *Phalli*," pursues the old gentleman, reading his list again. "Oh, quelle! here they are in bronze! *Scusi, signor*, what did the ancients do with these?" This *phallic* question, addressed to us in the presence of the young ladies, would have tied our tongues had we really *known* what the ancients did with them; but the easiest way was not to hear the question, and the old dealer, fearing that his daughters might mislay the interesting objects, took them into his own custody, and put them under a glass cover, amidst rings and snuff-boxes. "Three crowns for two Phalli! Why, I sold better last week to an Englishman for six carlines a-piece!" Then came a collection of ancient coins fresh from the graves, in which they had probably lain a *whole month*, together with stone of terra-cotta lamps, smelling strong, not of the mould, but of the *moule*. When we had seen all, we said, in the simplicity of our hearts, that we should like to go to Ruvo (Rubium). "So would not we," says the old man; "for although our trade draws the richest of its materials from these mountains, another trade flourishes there, and brigands are as eagerly on the look-out for *current* coins as we are for old ones. It is almost the only place where these rascals now exist. But fifteen years ago! Do you remember, girls, the morning I came back to you, long after you thought I was dead, and would hardly believe your eyes for joy?—it was the year before your mother died." "*Anzi!* how can we forget it?" "Fifteen years ago," resumed the old man, seeing that he had found a ready listener, "I was travelling among others with a man who had spent largely in the purchase of old *lace*, on the advantageous disposal of which he counted greatly, and a young Englishman, furnished with a letter of credit on Torlonia. Ten miles on this side of Ruvo, fire-arms on both sides of the road! We start up, (we had all been nodding,) and see our driver fall off his horse, which lay shot under him. In another half minute the road is occupied with a party of gaily-dressed robbers, all of whom have a voluminous sash, and a huge knife stuck in it. In a very business-like way they bid us dismount, and pinion and blindfold us, and then wait for orders from Captain Panecchi, who presently approaches, whistling. 'A good day's work,' we hear him say: 'how many prisoners?' '*Eccellenza, tre.*' 'Of what country?' 'Two Italians and an Englishman.' 'What booty?' The lace was exhibited, and did not seem to be estimated at any thing like its value. 'Call your wife, Antonio, women know the value of these things better than we do; and undo the bandages, we need not keep our prisoners blindfold.' He came himself to remove the fillet that was round my eyes, and said, he was 'sorry to put me to inconvenience, but that all trades must live.' 'Ah! Signor Capitano,' said I, 'we are both Abruzzesi! I have spent many a pleasant day at St Lorenzo, and many of your friends are mine, for which reasons don't take all the little I have been so many years acquiring.' He was sorry to rob me, but his was a net for all, and all must be fish that come into it; 'the Englishman is *Thunny*, and you but a *Sardine*, but both are *fish*; but here comes the wife of Antonio, to tell us the value of the lace.' The lady pronounced, to the delight of the band, and the consternation of its owner, to be '*bel assai*, and worth a great deal.' 'Now, search Monsieur l'Anglais,' said the captain, changing his accent and language, and speaking more gravely than he had hitherto done. Accordingly, our fellow traveller's pockets were searched; he was relieved of his watch, chain, ring, and shirt-pin, and at last the order on Torlonia for 2500 scudi came under observation. 'Bravo!' said the captain, 'that's the same as money! here, sir, sign your name!' He next dispatched one of the gang to a place two miles off, with orders to bring an individual whom he named, without

a moment's loss of time, and we retired into a cave, where a dinner and wine was served, but where the conversation did not prove equally exhilirating to all the parties. To a man who sat next to *me* at dinner, the captain said, 'Where did you get that smart scarf?' 'From Orlando, who took it from an old woman going to market, having first to knock her down, because she refused to give it to him.' 'Did he?' said the captain, and fierce he looked as he said, 'then, if he does not wish me to shoot him, and hang him afterwards like a dog, let him be off *instantly*—he has disgraced us!'"—We asked if Orlando took the hint? "Do you think he *wanted* to be shot?" was the reply.—"Dinner over, the messenger returned with a person of very respectable appearance, who seemed aware of his company, but not alarmed for his life. 'Just take this letter to Torlonia at Rome, draw the 2500 scudi, and be back within the week; horses and a carriage are here, so that nobody at —— need know any thing, and place this *white feather* so as to be seen, as you return; but if you return without the money, or blab, all your fields shall be fired, (it was harvest time,) and your house razed to the ground. 'I am too old, and can't go on this mission,' objected his townsman, 'but my nephew shall, if you will let me tell him.' 'Do so, but let him understand the conditions!' *Eh bene! è partito il nepote, ed è ritornato in sei giorni;* and then we were liberated." "And how had you fared all this time?" "Never better in my life!—the Captain by degrees became familiar with us, and at last told us his story. He had been in the French service for fifteen years, and returned afterwards to live at St Lorenzo; got into scrapes with all the young women; had been reprimanded for incontinency over and over again by the priest, who at last threatened to get him put into prison. So he told him, *he should never find fault with him again;* murdered him and his brother that night, and the next day was *abroad in the Abruzzi!* He had lived there twelve years since, had never committed another murder, and kept tolerable discipline. He had thirty men; might have double the number, but was not ambitious; in short, he claimed to be a *galant'uomo*, and assured us that his men revered him." Of the women, (nine!—muses,) he could not speak too highly;—they were good wives; cooked well; and were kind to strangers. "The Englishman," he added; "got redress: *His* loss was levied (so willed the Pope) on the commune where the robbery took place; but *I*," said he, "very unfortunately being of that same commune, never got a farthing!"

Coiners, Old and New.

"Well," said we to one of these dealers in old coins, of whom we sometimes purchase; "we have chosen what little there was to choose, and there are the remainder." "*Bene, Signor!* there was not much for *conoscenti* like *you*, but (drawing a chair very close to us) I know some one who has some fine coins to sell—in fact, a monk, who has but little knowledge in the matter, and if I myself was not in the same condition, I might have made a good thing of it. Oh! that my education had been attended to! as it is, (cunning rascal!) I must make use of other people's eyes in place of my own. Would you, for instance, Signor, who know every thing, make a visit with me to this monk. You may tell me the value of his coins as a whole, and afterwards take from me what you select at your own price. I only want you afterwards to be so far my friend, as to point out the rare ones which you may not want—leave me alone for settling with him." "When shall we go?" "On Sunday, if you can, because the monk will be sure to be at home, the distance is eight miles." "*Andiamo,*" said we; "*Parliamo,*" said he; and when Sunday came, off we go in a one-horse chaise. "To what order does the monk we are about to visit belong?" "They call themselves *gli pii operarii, ossia la congregazione dei Liquoristi;* their office is to go about doing good works, and," added he slyly, "taking whatever zeal brings them from the faithful. Their founder was an advocate, who having gained an unjust cause for

his client, took it to heart, entered holy orders, had success in the church, became bishop, founded this religious community, died, and was canonized." "But now as to the coins! Can we *bargain*, or are we expected to take them at his price?" "No! to be sure; bargain *hard!* protect your interest! we must do all that." "I suppose your monk has shown them over and over again." "As we are out of that lying city now, and your own frankness encourages me, I will tell you the truth—*nessuno!* nobody has seen his collection. He is my confessor; after my last month's confession, says he—'Your affairs, you know, are secret with me; be mine so with you. I have some very fine coins, bought at different places during the last six years of my perambulations and preachings. I have also a few stones, and vases, and other things that I should like you to buy.' Accordingly, he showed me some specimens, but, as he asked me too much for a dealer to afford, I declined, and the thing went off. I and my son went again last week to confess, and he renewed the subject on a different footing. 'Can you not find me a *stranger*, some rich *heretic* of an Englishman, who would buy the whole?' On this hint I am taking you, Signor—I don't think he knows much about the value of them, and I may oblige both parties at once." *That* he said was the *truth*, and so we found it to be in all but that the pious proprietor *did not know what to ask.* We rang the convent bell and entered, but Father Respoli was shy, and seemed far from welcoming us. He had heard another bell which he preferred, summoning the convent to dinner. "Was the business pressing?" (from the stair-top.) "Why, *rather*, inasmuch as we had been half roasted to come and see his collection." "*Figli miei*, come up then! I will dine later." "He knows what we have come about, depend on it, but does not want to speak before witnesses." These removed, however, he rushes *in medias res*, neither offering wine, or biscuit, or fruit from the fine convent-garden, or even a sight of Nola, or Monte Somma, at whose base we are, nor any thing whatever, except a chair. The door shut, he lifts the lid of a great trunk crammed with treasures, some of which, after duly enquiring whether or no we are Catholics, he actually entrusted to our hands, and he let us know that wholesale commerce is the thing in his contemplations—all or none! and the price astounding: we suppose he wants to build a new wing to the convent! Finding, however, that we are not the least inclined to deal after *this* fashion, he takes up the retail line like a man who is used to it. Of the coins we put some aside, and the first step is made. 'Come!" says our dealer from the lying city; "*facciamo affare!* to business, to business!" The monastic man scarcely seems to hear! he turns with a pre-occupied air to us, in whose *spiritual* condition (he is not thinking of *coins*, not he!) he has taken an interest—"And so, Signor, you are a heretic!" "Why, it seems we are generally *called* so, but at any rate, we are not bigots." "Ay!" said he; "but there is but one faith, *figlio mio!*" putting his hand paternally on our sleeve, "one truth—one, and no more on earth; our church is ready to interpret to all who will." If we had not opened our eyes a little at this address, we should have been famously done by a Vitellius. "Rank forgery!"—we tell him so. "Vitellius," replied he, coolly, "was a heretic." "As to the emperor's *creed*, father, *in omnibus caritas!* we have nothing to do with it now, but only with his coin." Upon which, taking the suspected *denarius* out of our hand, and looking at it, "*In dubiis fides!*" said he. "Doubtless!" we rejoined; "but in relation to that coin, it is impossible to exercise either *faith*, *hope*, or *charity*; so let him go!" and down he went. "Ah, coins are coins! said the Padre; "but, *caro figlio mio*, I was speaking to you of *graver matters.*" "Come! come! what are we to pay for these we have put aside? "Two hundred piastres," said he; "*ne più ne meno.*" Marvellous promptness, we thought, for a man, strange to secular interests, and who had to make up his mind in a second! The Neapolitan who had come with us laughed outright, and addressing us, "How much would you give for this, *were it in my shop*, Signor?" "In conscience," said we, "certainly *not five scudi.*" "And, as I am a *galant'uomo*, you should *have* it!" "At what do *you*, Padre, estimate it." "*Figli miei*, not for less than

twelve scudi, and if thus disposed of I am a loser!" and so we continued bargaining, and doing nothing, the man of the shop proposing *fair* prices, and he of the cloister, not choosing us to see the church vacillate, sticking to his text—in short, a more exercised *broker* we never saw, and we retreated, fatigued, and in disgust. We learn that other monks in the same convent, conjoin to other pious works the profitable one of speculating on the ignorance or cupidity of the stranger.

More Dealers.

"Come and see a man who has many ancient things to sell," said a certain guide of ours, an old fellow, very shabbily dressed, but cunning as a lynx, and hungry as a wolf. As we went, we innocently asked if the party to whom we were bound knew much about what he sold? "*Un poco*," said our guide, negligently. "Enough; we hoped to buy cheap and sell cheap." "*Lei non dubite*," and so on we went, *nothing doubting*, into a street, a long way behind the Museum, itself a remote quarter, to the sixth story of a palazzo, of which the occupant was evidently primed to receive us. We entered his den in the pride of connoisseurship; we came out humiliated and convicted of ignorance. We have ourselves often laughed at the easy confidence of coxcombs; and have been compelled to smile more than once at our own pretension here. Courteous salutes passed on both sides. We came to business at once—"Had he any *cose antiche*, or *monete antiche*, to dispose of?" "*Qualche piccole cose*," and of whatever trifles he had we were "*padronissimi!*" "*Vedremo*," said we, impatient to begin, yet unwilling to show our cupidity—seating ourselves the while in his best chair, and putting down our hat with another "*vedremo*." Our attendant, who, nevertheless, had skill enough to have enabled him to dispute the authenticity of some of our recent purchases, retired into a corner to calculate his per centage on our purchases; or it might be, as he said, "to keep his ignorance out of the way." A tray of Sicilian coins was now put before us, and we, knowing that on such occasions we must begin to show we *knew* something already, began to take up and put down several with the most real, unsophisticated indifference as to buying them, and, as it would appear, with *just as little discrimination*: when we saw a *hare* we said "Messina;" when an *owl*, "Athens." We made no error in ascribing the *crab* to Girgenti; the *flying horse* to Corinth; the *bearded wheat* to Metapontus; and the *blossoms* of the *rose* and the *pomegranate* to Rhodes. During all this turning over of his goods he said nothing, but enacted the dealer *quietly*, to see what overtures *his customer* might make.

At length down he came upon us like a hawk! (we had not *bought* enough to buy impunity for having crossed his self-esteem on more than one occasion.) "You have looked at this coin, Signor! what do you think of it?" "Oh, not much—in fact we don't esteem it at all: we have several such in our collection." "Indeed! and where did we get them?" "In a variety of places." More congratulation! The epigraphs, *he* had considered in his poor experience to be rare; in the *Museum* for instance, of which (horrible parenthesis!) he was one of the *custode*, they had but *one*. At this declaration we were quite taken aback, and effectually warned to show more reserve in any subsequent remarks; indeed, we began to think it safer to take our cue from the collector *himself*. But connoisseurs we came, and connoisseurs he was determined we should be, though we would now gladly have dropt that character, and have received a lesson in place of being mockingly consulted. "Did we believe in the existence at all of gold *Antipaters*? Had we seen *Longo's* (curse Longo!) unedited coin, and what did we think of *it*? What class of coins had we made our *particular* study? Which of the *gold* coins at the Museum do we esteem doubtful, or certainly false?" To a battery of such and similar questions we had exposed ourselves, and were baited accordingly as we deserved—always under the provoking disguise of outward respect and homage. To turn the subject, "There," said we, (producing one,) "there is a coin worth looking at!—at least, you don't see a

Prusius every day!" "No, certainly; *when* it is good, it is very good," said our unperturbed friend, as he looked at it slightingly, and returned it, without the least show of gratitude, to our possession. "Is it not genuine, then?" said we alarmed, not so much at his words as his manner, which certainly conveyed a suspicious withholding of his whole mind. "Oh, Signor, it is not for *me* to pronounce a coin false that your superior *judgment* has considered otherwise; the most I can venture to do is to show you *mine;* what do you think of *that* compared with your own?" "Why, really we *should* have said that yours is the false, and ours the genuine, supposing, indeed, either to be suspicious." "Hem! and what did we think of *this*, and *this?*" (producing others.) "Oh, impostures without doubt, as far as our opinion was of any moment." *Quos deus vult perdere!* and so it was. "Nott and Millingen had been in raptures with both. Did we know either of these gentlemen?" "Of the former we knew the high reputation, of the latter we enjoyed the personal acquaintance—and—if, indeed *they* thought so." "Had we looked sufficiently at the hair?" "We had, but we would look again." And as we did so, (now put in the right direction,) we were at once struck with the great difference in the workmanship. We had now little hope of retrieving ourselves, except by showing one of our real gems, our *Lysimachus*, setting, like Macbeth, "*our life upon a* cast," in mere desperation. "*Falsissima!*" Confound those Italian superlatives! "But how could he be so positive?" "Because he knew whence it came; who forged it; when it was forged; how it got abroad," &c. &c. &c. "Was it possible?" "Most certainly." In short, we had been cheated, and cheated again, and cheated a third time, and are now in full possession of full fifteen forgeries of the utmost beauty; all coins of Magna Græcia or Sicily, minted since the battle of Waterloo, by one of those extraordinary geniuses, almost as rare as the coins themselves. Possessed, while yet a boy, with that insatiable sentiment of the beautiful, and filled with admiration for this branch of art in particular, a young German, a Prussian we believe, conceived the project of *so* reproducing the most beautiful coins of antiquity, that the deception should be complete, and the one be sold for the other as often as he chose to bring it out, which, of course, was seldom; in short, so perfect was his success, that the best judges were at fault, and could hardly believe that they were looking upon money made in their own days. "I dare say, Signor," proceeded the instrument appointed by Providence to reduce our vanity to reasonable dimensions, "I dare say that, among other *acquisti*, you may have a gold *Posthumus* in your pocket?" "Alas, we had, indeed! But how did he know that?" "I thought so! Yes, that is it—beautiful counterfeit! Naples swarmed with them last year, and every body bought one *except myself.*" "And how had he been so wise?" "Because he had heard of the death of the celebrated forger above mentioned, and knew that his wife was in reduced circumstances, and must be glad to throw the rest of her husband's works into the market, amongst which, indeed, were many of the moulds themselves, and most eminently beautiful they were. *Au reste*, we need not be humiliated—*in re nummariâ* the wisest had been duped." In unaffected humility we now pocketed our coins, and in place of treating with a person who had shown such superior tact to ourselves as a dealer, which, after all, he was, requested he would do us the favour to pronounce, of such of our recent acquisitions as we had about us, which were false, and permit us to add four or five of his to our medal-box; to all which he bowed a ready assent, and, after a desultory conversation about gems, engravers, and dealers in virtu at Rome and elsewhere, we went forth undoubtedly wiser than we came. "That's a clever man rather," said we to our guide as we went down-stairs. "*Si, Signor! capisce un poco*—but not like your Excellence!!!" The vagabond!

Our divulged and divulgated attachment to the *veneranda rubigo* brought us acquainted with a number of unavowed people, and a few out-of-the way mysteries. In Italy, whatever is antique is also forged. Such forgery is a branch of the national industry, and pays well. Your forger of Sicilian coins (the finest that the world has ever seen) gets a livelihood

by *Reverses;* and we happen to have spoken with several blameless persons of this profession, whose ingenuity, as it is not exercised in the currency, is of course only a felony *quoad* the antiquarian, on whom it imposes. *Hiero* must come to life again before penal laws for counterfeiting his image and superscription can alarm; and it is not every one that can now tell *what is or is not Cæsar's.* A man named *Cocco* made his way up-stairs one morning to offer us a *Pescenius.* "Cocco! oh, I think I have met with you before?" "*Eccellenza, non mi ricordo.*" "No, I don't mean your person, but your handiworks. Do you happen to know any thing of this Vitellius?" "*Si, Signor; quanto l'avete pagato?*" He wanted to know what his forgeries had become worth in the market! We found this fellow clever, and had a great mind to take lessons of him, as we did of the *fuocista* at Rome, but we had not time; so contented ourselves with asking him questions. As, how did he make that Macrinus? by fusion or by the hammer? the mould or the dye? (for both are still practised.) "Seldom by casting, though we do it in this way much better than the old forgeries; our best moulds now-a-days not being made of *scagliogla,* as formerly, but of grape ashes, wrought up with white of egg, out of which composition the coins come clean and perfectly immaculate. But the hammer and die costs but little more; and when once the die is made, the multiplication of the piece is much easier." "Ay, but to make *the die* you can only copy the coin, and may fail, whereas the mould cannot make a mistake." Accomplished either way, great is the success of the fraud! Taste, smell, handle, weigh, and examine the coin in your microscope, but taken in you will often be. Our friend Cocco, however, who could so well impose on others, could not, he assured us, be deceived himself, unless by *his own works,* which were, as he said, such complete *fac-similes,* that if he were not very careful, when engaged in their manufacture, to keep the originals separate, he should be apt to mistake! He could tell a coin without looking at it; feeling it *with his hands behind him* enabled him to say, not only if it were genuine or false, but whether, in the latter case, it were the work of a *maëstro,* like Becchi, or a common coiner. "The deuce you can!" "Sicuro! Abbiamo il genio assai sublime, in nostra arte. When *I* forge, nobody but *il solo Fondatore del mondo* can find it out!" We must however say, that he showed us nothing in support of these braggart assertions of ability.

The Museum—(Gems.)

We are at the foot of the grand stair guarded by its two unknown river gods; and though the *terra-cotta* apartment, and those in which there is deposited such an unrivalled collection of ancient glass, have already their doors open, and the custode seems waiting to receive us, and in want of customers, the cameos and intaglios, collected chiefly by the Casa Farnese, are destined to be the objects of our undivided attention on the present occasion. And what gems are here! compared with the very finest of those which antiquarian commerce offers to the collector, even in Italy. One's first impression, on a review of this cabinet, would naturally be to give up the pursuit in despair; in fact, such magnificent objects as are here deposited, hardly ever come into the fair and open market of competition; never, indeed, except when the satiety or the death of the possessor launches them upon the turbid stream of a great London or Paris sale; an event that may take place every quarter of a century, or oftener; but when princes become the collectors of such precious objects, when a Leo or a Lorenzo launches the revenues of Rome or Tuscany on the works of Dioscorides or Almon, it requires nothing less than the ruin of a dynasty to dislodge them; and even then, it is in favour only of the new conqueror. They are now before us, these famous Farnese gems! There they lie disposed on their large table, covered over with plate glass, and set in ebony as a pane is in its window frame. Thus arranged, of course you only look *upon* them, but as these are

things which, if you cannot hold them up to the light and look *through* them, all the beauty of the material, and much of the exquisite quality of the work is lost, an ingenious contrivance has provided for this enjoyment without risking the security of objects so liable to *disappear*. The *horizontal* plane of the table, in which the gems are *set*, is hinged to its bed over which you lean, and may be made by turning a winch to become an *inclined* one, and raised to any slant you please till it even form a right angle to the frame-work; you now look on the gems *with the light admitted on them from behind*, as at a window of stained glass; and may delight your eyes with the cloudless perfection of Sardonyx, Cornelian, Sapphire, Emerald, and Garnet, in all the richness of the various material!—

"*Natura maxime in minimis admiratur*," says Pliny: we will not say this of art, but may safely maintain, that neither bronze, nor marble in their noblest forms, can possibly exceed the beauty and perfection of these our favourite productions; to say nothing of the pleasure imparted by their elegance and finish, the antique gems are always *instructive*. We love to see genius concentrating its energies on contracted space, and the subject of a learned dissertation is often contained within the circle of a ring. These works, of course, always require a *lens*, and some habit in the use of it. A piece of plastic black wax, softened by the heat of the hand, transfers the intaglio to an impression, without examining which, again and again, nobody buys! *Here*, of course, you are not allowed to handle coin or gem at all; or if permitted, it must be by a private and particular concession.

—— "Tibi non committitur aurum,
Vel *si quando* datur, *custos* adfixus ibidem,
Qui numerat *gemmas*, unguesque observat acutos."

So cut your nails as a measure of precaution before you go.

One magnificent production only, of this class, is not under the protection of the plate, nor does it need the microscope. Placed in the middle of the room, your attention is immediately drawn to an onyx-agate, as big as a soup-plate. A sculptured head of Medusa occupies the convex side, worked into its thousand serpents of nut-brown hair, each of them alive and glossy in their multitudinous coils. As to the inside of the *patera*, what would be a *landscape* on a Sèvres plate, or a coat-of-arms on an English, is here a mythological story told on a gem; the white figures that compose the dramatis personæ of the enormous Cameo, standing out on a ground of the colour of tortoise-shell. Two lovely female figures, in a recumbent position, are as full of grace and perfection as the Venus of Cleomenes! The budding breasts, each no bigger than a *pea*, fascinate the eye. The round arm of one, which holds a cup to drink from, is full of sexual softness; and the whole umbilical region and its *contorni* are so exquisite, that Canova never chiselled, nor Titian painted, object more seductive! The subject is an apotheosis; and the object Alexander. Certain air-balanced genii (we must not call them angels) or heralds, from Olympus, hover over the young hero, whose translation thither this highly-wrought production of the finest age of art is supposed to represent. These air-borne figures float in a sky as clear as if it were painted, in robes that follow lightly the direction of the breeze. The old River God is the finest Nile we ever saw, has all the fluidity of form necessary for his character, and looks more dignified we think for *sitting*, in place of adopting the conventional mode of making him overturn an urn in a recumbent posture. After all, is he a river god? And does his Cornucopia mark him for the Nile, even with the Egyptian intimation of the Sphinx below to unravel the enigma? The heroic or apotheosed figure in the centre has passed, not without some contestation, for Alexander, and the Isis, in place of her usual implement, the *Sistrum*, is charged with ears of corn. In commenting on this matchless cameo, Winckelman appears to us to reason almost in a circle, compelling symbols into services they are not bound to execute, in order that all these figures which bear them may have their hands full.

Whoever would see the well-known Andromeda of Guido, that boast of the Farnese ceiling, faithfully anticipated and arrayed in all the beauty of microscopic *sculpture* 2000 years before it was imagined a second time in

painting, let him look at a cameo here, of two inches broad, where a vast porcellanous sea is full of breakers and white horses, and the Tritons, who are never sea-sick, are blowing the great news upon their horns! Here, too, is a *Ganymede*, a beautifully formed youth of most immaculate skin, his lower limbs encircled in the clutch of an eagle of unmistakeable credentials, who wafts him off, at short notice, to that hoary old sinner Jupiter, waiting for him above on a buoyant cloud. The mighty plumage is unfurled to shelter and defend the youth, who, with a *laisser-aller* negligence, flings his arms over the vigorous pinions, and rides off, full of the fine place he is going to. All this within the small area of an inch and a-half of cameo!! The enormously massive rings we see here, many of which would weigh an ounce, convert into history the apparent hyperbole of Juvenal: that a finger should *sweat*, and in Italy, under such as these, is no license of poetry. Even their wedding-rings were as ponderous as the links of an infrangible chain ought to be. One of these, with its betrothal upon it, was the property of Diomed's wife, and found by, if not on, her skeleton, at his garden-gate. All the colours of the oilman, just as they were found in his shop, and still suitable and saleable in any shop; eggs in their entire state, or with the broken shell of the careless cook; the *groceries* of the family—pepper, almonds, *pinocchi*, the fruit of the *Caroubier*; the medicines that had not yet been sent out by the apothecaries; and the *last* loaves ever baked in Pompeii—all these add to the interest of the gem apartment, in which, also, there is a press full of fine silver saucepans, (a recent discovery,) and goblets, rich with ivy and vine leaves and berries twining beautifully around them, and gold bracelets of two pounds weight, for such arms as could bear them, and lighter works of art in gold and silver filigree, which, if they lay in a shop-window in Bond Street or Piccadilly, would call in many a customer to ask their price. The plate, whether molten, or hammered, or engraved, has, for beauty of form and workmanship, never been surpassed; and, as to gold chains, fibulæ, bracelets, pins, &c., it is well known that the ancients perfectly anticipated the complicated linking and invisible soldering of Venice, Trichinopoly, or Malta, while they also rivalled the exquisite engraving and raised work of Benvenuto Cellini. Who can think without horror of the times when the legionary barbarian, *Roman* though he were, *broke* cups of the *precious metals*, to hang the fragments on his horse's mane:—

"Tunc rudis, et Graias mirari nescius artes,
Magnorum artificum *frangebat pocula* miles,
Ut Phaleris gauderet *equus*."

II. Painting.

The paintings cut from the walls of Herculaneum or Pompeii are more instructive than whole tomes of archæology. What a number of curious facts have we gathered, in this one day, respecting the interior of Roman houses—the furniture, the trades, the toilet, the *comestibles*, the fruits, fishes, the beasts and birds, that were familiar objects to their inhabitants! Attracted by the real beauty of some of the specimens, let us first look at the ladies, and endeavour to make out something about them. That they must have liked dress, as now, is evident by the toilettes here displayed. Of the total number of female figures, about two-thirds wear ear-rings, almost all have necklaces; many wear wrist-bracelets—some few carry them on the fore-arm, while it is remarkable that, on the fingers of one or two only, there are rings—rings then for women were not in favour or in use. They appear, without exception, to have taken as much pleasure as their descendants in the management of their hair. We once went over the whole series of empresses in the Florence gallery, where marble has rendered hair dressing *monumental*, and would not answer for it, that the surpassing ugliness of several coiffures will never be revived. Here, on the contrary, where all the knots, and curls, and braidings, and nettings, are represented by a more perishable art, taste had so much improved, that we venture to say, a Parisian

coiffeur would, notwithstanding his equal vanity and skill, be compelled to admit that his art has received small improvement or addition since Pompeii was destroyed. Here we have a lady, whose loose tresses, still in the hands of her maid, fall beautifully over her shoulders; and here the simple *ammonite* curl is just gathered up, and going to be confined, as now, by the tortoise-shell comb. Behold! the *tiara* twist and the *flat band* of our own days had already been adopted. We are glad to find that some of these ladies could *read*. That is probably the housekeepers' diary in their hands —that roll of papyrus which occurs in these paintings more than once. Of many, the features are really very handsome; some, no doubt, are portraits, and some seem to have that general air of "women of fashion" that none, as it is supposed, but the privileged class ever acquire. In short, there is nothing like Herculaneum and Pompeii in all the world! Both have furnished materials for volumes—of which volumes the very titles occupy several pages in the preface to the "Museo Borbonico." If nothing but one street of an ancient city had been excavated, the interest would be immense; but all the objects of daily use in the domestic life of the Romans were found in these streets, and *every year is adding more!* For ourselves, we found incessant interest in the *paintings* of the museum, taken from these walls—more, indeed, than elsewhere; besides the progress of that first of arts, so exactly ascertained, and the branches in which it was originally defective or excellent exposed. The *figure* drawing is sometimes admirable—wonderful! in other pieces it is false and faulty. The *expression* is often marvellous—the *grouping* not seldom well conceived, and the story, of course, well told. One has only to study the Æschylus, and a female figure sacrificing to Melpomene; either of the Medeas; the Perseus liberating Andromeda; the discovery of Orestes by Electra; to be satisfied on this head. The attitude of the Medea, in full front of the spectator, with the two children in the back-ground, is incomparable, and fit for the study of a Siddons. The sacrifice of Iphigenia is finely conceived. Then there are some pretty fancies: Cupid fixing an ear-ring into a lady's ear; or putting his head into the helmet of Mars—who has removed it, as an embarrassing article of dress, during a little colloquy with Venus. The sale of *Loves*, of which there is a cage-full, was an early discovery in Herculaneum. A female seller of that mischievous sort of poultry is taking one out by the wings, for the choice or approval of a lady purchaser. The representation of common objects identifies them as our own. The napkin-press; the hooped frame for airing clothes over charcoal; the caraffes for water; the ink-stand; the trussed fowls; the fish of to-day's market; the triglia, or red-mullet, in all its fresh pink colour; the hedge-birds; the Etruscan vases, *painted into ornaments*. There is no end to these things! A concert, in which one party plays the harp, another blows the double-flute, and a third sings *from musical notation* on a sheet held in the hand. How well they painted *water!* There is the head of Medusa, of which the *reflection* is seen in the sea below. A bottle of clear glass half full, with the play of light on it, and a drinking-glass inverted over the neck of such a bottle—as they sometimes lay the cloth at taverns. There is a quadriga, (this, however, is on a *a vase*,) in which two of the horses are *bay*, one *white*, and one *black*. Guercino had probably that vase and that quadriga in his mind when he painted the *Aurora*.

III. Sculpture.

In the contemplation of *chefs d'œuvre* any where, it is scarcely worth while to record one's assent to general admiration. You arrive, you behold, you feel the feeling that has been agreed upon, and which you must be a very considerable coxcomb to refuse; and it is not likely that you will add any particularly *discriminative* criticism to your general act of homage. Consider who has been here before you! Still, if you *do not* enquire for yourself, you will derive little advantage from your visit. On the whole, we doubt whether it is better to confront acknowledged excellence with all the

printed criticisms *in your head*, or go *abnormis sapiens*, and test your opinions afterwards by those collateral aids. At all events, never go any where with a *poet* for *a guide*. If you do, depend upon it, you will find no Elysian fields, and unjustly suppose yourself incapable of the right feeling in the right place. Childe Harold *raves*, before the Venus of the Tribune—"*We* are *men*," forsooth, in presence of the beautiful goddess, and so avaunt criticism! How much were art depreciated by such nonsensical appeals to nature, which, were there any thing in them, it would be positively immoral to take one's daughters or one's nieces into the apartment of the Apollo or the Antinous; but in contemplating the nude of antiquity, there is no appeal to the imagination. You calmly engage in the study of a more perfect canon of beauty, and there the matter ends. As to the Venus, apart from her security on the general principle, her surface is so time-stained—so removed from fair—so spotted and speckled, that the most exquisite of living forms would be repulsive with half her cutaneous imperfections. If, after all, you feel bound to the allotted number of ! ! ! ! in Mrs Starke, it cannot be helped—we despair of you; for our own part, our sense of obligation is reserved for those who point out to us such objects as we might *else have overlooked*. We can all see sunflowers! There is also a provoking accident to which, we may hint, one is exposed in all great collections: for false medals which the connoisseur has bought, patience! he can just say nothing about it, and make haste to get rid of them; but of almost every statue he beholds, the integrity has been wofully impaired. A beautiful thing, is it not, that Faun with the little Bacchus astride on his shoulders? but how humiliating to be obliged to read, after your admiration, that when it was found in the *Agro Romano*, the said Faun was *headless*, and that as to the *Bacchus*, his *seat* and his two little thighs are the only bits of antique about him! Venus herself is far from entire. The *easy* leg of the Barberini Faun is modern; and of the famous *group* in this collection, the *Toro Farnese, almost the whole* is a restoration.

The museum at Naples is rich in *possessing* two *equestrian figures*; these always went first, whether in earthquakes or in popular commotions:

——"*immeritis frangunturcrura Caballis.*"

We have here a consular father and a proconsular son, both suitably mounted. They were found exactly a century ago in the theatre at Herculaneum. We used to talk at Rome (where we all became coxcombs more or less) about the *andante* of the Aurelian horse, and affected to be afraid of being rode over whenever we mounted the Capitolian staircase; and we have set our friends by the ears, and tested their jockeyship to determine, off hand, *how* the imperial charger *moves his legs*—whether in *parallel planes or diagonally*. Winckelman says it is a *peculiarity* of these consular steeds at Naples, that their motion is "*tutto da un lato*; the pace is the *amble*, the easiest for aldermen, or any man astride, and one which they teach to this hour, not only to the *horses*, but, for the great satisfaction of the traveller, to the *donkeys* of the two Sicilies. In Sicily Proper we were particularly charmed with the manner in which these animals advanced, and do here recommend the *manège* as worthy of all imitation by the proprietors of the long-eared race at Brighton and Margate. Children yet unborn shall bless us, if we procure so desirable a result! The horse of Nonius Balbus is all alive! his ears are acting independent parts, according as noise distracts them. One of the ears, by its twitch, has disturbed the well-combed mane; and observe the mane! Tattersal never turned out a finer. Hog-maned are the Greek horses of the Parthenon; hog-maned are those of St Marc; and the horse of M. Aurelius is also cropt—a barbarism that one cannot endure, with the antique for an apology. The gem engraver relinquished a great advantage in consenting to follow the sculptor in this mane-clipping. All the cameos we have seen have cristated manes; in one of the Metopes only is the flowing mane, we believe, to be seen. Nonius Balbus stood till 1799 in the court of the palace at Portici: it was time to house him! The cavalier had his head shattered by a cannon-ball, at that time as plenty as blackberries.

In one of the rooms, you cannot turn without obtaining, as in a model

academy, a back, front, or side view of the Goddess of Nudity; but amidst these, the Venus Kallipyge is decidedly the favourite of amateurs, and deserves to be so. Taste has exercised itself in the fuller appreciation of the merits of this undoubtedly fine model, by an appeal to *touch*. Every connoisseur has thought it his duty, by passing his hand over those more salient parts that have earned, and richly earned, the epithet, to appreciate them better; and consequently, the marble has acquired some stains, as well as a polish, not its own. A statue of the shameless wife of Septimius Severus, who figures here as a Venus on her own account, was modelled, like Canova's *Paulina*, from herself; and throws the *originality* of Napoleon's sister (whose naïve reply to an English lady who observed she must have found it *very cold*,—"Ma chère, il y'avait *donc* du feu!" is well known) into the background. The chef-d'œuvre on this side of the gallery is, in our opinion, the Wounded Gladiator; he still stands, but if you look at him, you see it cannot be for long. He is wounded, and it seems mortally—that pinched appearance of the parted lips, that giddy stare, make up an *ensemble* of expression, which assures, without fear of mistake, that the governing power of the brain and nerves is about to be lost, and that fall he must. The Faun already alluded to, picking grapes from the hands of a young Bacchus, whom he is carrying across his neck, is one of the most pleasing pieces of *merely natural* sculpture we ever saw, and had it been perfect, we would elect this fine production into our national gallery, without shrinking at price. Of inimitable workmanship, also, is the fine fragment of the Psyche. The Farnese group of the Bull, one of the finest compositions in antiquity, used to stand abroad in the garden of the Villa Reale, and is very properly removed hither to save it from further injuries. Europe is not yet in possession of a cast of this celebrated performance. To make one only one-third of the original size, which they are now doing for Louis Philippe, incurs an expense of 20,000 crowns, if our information be correct. One does not see *why* the size should be reduced, such reduction requiring the assistance of the first-rate *artist*, while the wax mould would demand only the figure-maker—the *artisan of Lucca*, the *missionary* (so we have called him,) *of the fine arts*. This celebrated group was found in the baths of Antoninus, and was intended to be looked down upon from some position above. The Laocoon came from the baths of Titus—the Apollo was fished out of the sea at Antium. The sleeping Faun slept in the ditch of St Angelo; the Venus—we forget that part of her biography. There is a room full of parti-coloured marble, wrought into statuary columns, only pleasing (as they serve no architectural purpose) from the rare beauty of the stone. They have some busts here of mixed materials. Manlia Lotilla's fair marble face is contrasted with a robe of oriental alabaster, and looks well in spite of it. A full-length figure, we forget of whom, is clothed in a dressing-gown of marble *chintz*, which reminds you of the tailors' shops in the Palais Royal. In one composition a bronze face, feet, and hands, start out of alabaster garments, and are bizarre enough. The Diana of the Ephesians, with her triple row of breasts, like the guns of a three-decker, is a queer heathenish device, of which the allegory is doubtful, and the effect false.

IV. Egyptiaca.

Egyptian galleries in Museums may have their own, but it is always an inferior interest, presenting you with the Sistrum, the cat-faced Isis, the stiff, long-footed idol, the hieroglyphic beetle, and rolls upon rolls of blackened papyrus. We yawned as we looked up at the Ibis, and were about to go elsewhere in search of metal more attractive, when the cicerone of this particular portion of the museum leads us to a large vase, whose exterior is a tissue of hieroglyphics—raising the lid, he bids us ben over it and smell. The vessel was half filled with an opaque, resinous-looking mass of very fragrant and peculiar odour, of which there were ral pounds. This substance of perfumery, this concrete of a *ba*

of the remotest ages, is a recent discovery, having been found with two other empty vessels of the same distinction, but a few months ago. In the middle of the room, we admired a fine figure in touchstone, about two-thirds of the natural size, representing a young female sitting *à l'Egyptienne*, with her hands on her knees. Modern curiosity and gallantry has been trying the quality of its gold pencil-cases on the lady's legs ever since she was disinterred, which is only six months back. In addition to these objects of curiosity, rather than of art, a great and an unpleasant surprise awaits us at the end of the gallery; where, on passing between two rare columns of coloured Brescia, valued at 3000 scudi, and used as pedestals for black and white Ibises respectively, we find ourselves among a whole family of real naked black mummies in their retirement! A man and a woman, (man and wife, the custode assures us,) with their mouths open, varnished with a dark bituminous matter, some of which, not used up, stands by in a pot beside them, are fitter objects for a Hunterian collection, or an anatomy school. The long hair of the female head makes it look like Medusa's. Of both, the hands are crossed over their bodies—the conventional attitude of the Egyptian dead. Hard by, and still erect, in a cypress coffin-case, stood a female, measuring *seven feet high!* Her face and bust are exposed; the rest of her body wrapped up in the dead-clothes.

V. Coins.

The room containing the ancient coins in the Museum, is never open. It is, therefore, like so many other cabinets, as useless to the public as though it did not exist. Twenty-five years have elapsed since this collection was deposited here, and it is not yet arranged. We afterwards obtained a private admission. The Cavalier *Arellino* sat patiently, (we hope,) some twenty minutes, while we looked at three or four trays. But you always feel on such occasions as if you were intruding. Your hoarders of, or dealers in old coins, are the most uncommunicative set of mortals breathing—yellow as the old metal of which they are the owners—short and unsatisfactory as their legends, they obtain enormous per centage by the disposal of what is rare, out of what they buy in the lump. Your reigning, or lately deceased sovereigns they contemn, and are not ashamed to say that twenty Napoleons are not equal to one Nero; nor fifty Victorias to a Faustina or a *Julia Pia*.

Papyrus.—The Papyrus rooms, furnished wholly by Herculaneam, *ought* to be, rather than are, interesting. There are three long apartments hung round with what looks like bits of ragged tinder in frames. The cabinets are full of rolls of it, looking like charred wood. The largest unrolled piece was about sixteen feet, and contained a short work by Philodemus, bits of whose ethical treatises adorned the walls. The process by which they unroll these, picking their way by fine pointed instruments, and insinuating leaves of gold-beater's skin behind the layers, to connect them, requires great patience. The results, it is well known, have been surprisingly small, considering the chances. We could read the letters of the author's name at one end of a roll, which all rolled one way. In some, the roll began at *each* end and met in the *middle*. We saw the frames on which the necessary extension is effected, and from which they copied, and we rubbed our fingers on the *precious* charcoal, and having done all that strangers do, went to the Glass-works.

VI. Glass.

The collection here, considering the material, is vast. The window-pane of Diomed's house is about as big as a boy's slate, and really could have transmitted very little more light than the bull's-eye in the roof of a cabin. A large portion of the ancient glass was made by distending the soft material, by blowing; but a good deal also was *cast in moulds*. There are some square

bottles, exactly like the greybeards in which they sell Hollands. The round, or rounded figure, is, however, the general one, and few of the forms are *elegant*. One piece of glass is very remarkable; it came from Pompeii; it is a polygon, quite transparent, like rock-crystal, and resembles one of Hauy's models of crystallization. All the glass, almost of whatever form, is opalized by decomposition of both surfaces, and if you were to clear out the contents, you would have so much shale or talc; the theory of this decomposition of glass we really do not know. Of coarse earthenware there is a great deal, and of all shapes and sizes, from an "*amphora* to an *urceus*." Some are mere pickle jars, some are *marmites* for soup-making. There is a good deal of a heavy "*ironstone*" ware, like ours in Staffordshire. One pot of coarse material has been *repaired*, for the sake of its size, and *clamped*, just as our china-menders put in their rivets of copper-wire, with holes drilled in each side of the fracture to secure the ends of the wire. Nothing new under the sun meets us anywhere. Our Portland vase is no longer *unique*—a title it long enjoyed: they lately discovered in a tomb at Pompeii—and here it stands on a magnificent silver foot, worthy of Cellini!—a vase half as tall again as ours, and wrought exactly in the same style—in short, a cameo of opaque white enamel, on a black ground. It bears three small compartments, full of Cupids; the rest is a rich labyrinth of vine twigs and leaves, a reticulated basket-work of the most finished art. There is, by its side, a small dish or patera of *purple* glass, similarly treated in white relief; but it has been injured—cruelly injured.

VII. Vases.

Of these we have little to say. The finest in the world are here—though the Gregorian Museum is becoming very rich. Those with the *white* ground are by far the rarest. What ought we to infer from the infinite variety of size, shape, and ornament of these coveted productions? Why, surely, that they were the *ornamental china*—the *Sèvres* and *Dresden* of antiquity! Of the Vasa Myrrhina nothing is known, unless the Portland vases are of that kind. We believe such vases to have been an ornament of the Roman drawing-room, and not made for *use*, generally speaking.

AN ADVENTURE DURING THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

TWENTY years ago I was studying at a German University. The Greek insurrection excited a good deal of attention at the time, and many of the professors, as well as the students, were enthusiastic in the cause of the regeneration of Greece, for so the struggle between the Greeks and Turks was then always called. I conversed much with the Germans who returned from Greece; they had invariably lost every spark of enthusiasm, and uttered dire lamentations over the ingratitude of the Greek race; this ingratitude they owned was more deeply insulting in a country which afforded such execrable commons and bad lodgings as the classic Hellas. Their conversation ended by producing in me a conviction that their accounts were coloured with a sombre hue, in consequence of their absurd expectations of becoming heroes in six months, or rich men in six weeks, having been disappointed. A German who goes abroad to make his fortune is always far more impatient and insatiable than any other adventurer. I have all my life sought after truth in the fantastic mirror of history. The fancy struck me, that the Greek revolution would afford any one, who could venture to live in the tumult, an interesting view both of history as it really is, and of history as it is represented in the reflection of the historian's mind. Awake to the folly of the German heroes who returned with empty stomachs, but blind to my own, I resolved to terminate my university studies in "the tented field."

In order to arrive on the scene of action only half *a griffin*, I determined to acquire some little knowledge of the language and habits of the people I was about to visit. There was one Greek studying at the university; he was older than I was, and went little into society, for he was silent, and his manners were repulsive. I became acquainted with him, communicated my project of visiting Greece, and engaged him to give me lessons. In a few months I thought myself qualified to venture into the land of heroes. On the morning before my departure from the university, this Greek, whom I shall call Alecco, informed me that circumstances required him to visit Leghorn without loss of time, and that I should meet him at Rome.

Next day saw me on the road, accompanied by several friends, (some of them were choice spirits, whose names are now not unknown to fame.) I could say much of my visit to Munich; not then a city so renowned as it is to-day. King Ludwig had not covered it with gilding and glory —nor had Lord Palmerston enriched its liberals with the peculation afforded by loans to Greece. Palmerston himself was still a Tory, and his beloved Armansperg was the half-starved led captain of the Prince-royal, not the envied illustration of Whig benevolence; or, as Maurer calls him, Palmerston's nabob. At Venice I met two Greek princes, (Caradja and Cantacuzene were their names,) quarrelling bitterly concerning their respective pretensions to the sovereignty of the state which was to arise out of the Greek revolution. I left them as they had almost resolved to sign a partition treaty: somebody advised them to settle their quarrel in Greece by aiding the people, but both the princes agreed that Prince Soutzos would then overreach them both, for nobody can succeed, quoth the princes, who comes on the field too early in a revolution. I have since heard that these princes, Caradja, Soutzos, and Cantacuzene, all came too late, and did too little, to become great men in the land.

At Rome I met Alecco. His appearance was changed for the better; and he proposed accompanying me to Greece. We took the road by Naples, Bari, and Otranto, where we embarked for Corfu. The short sea voyage converted Alecco from a gentlemanly Italian into a shabby looking Frank Greek. The terror of King Tom was great, and Alecco disappeared. Before my departure, he returned to tell me that the Greek for whom he had a letter of credit was utterly ruined by the revolution; but he had not absconded, like a Corfiote count who had been made treasurer of a charitable institution, with its chest full of dollars. Alecco proposed to continue the voyage as my servant. The story appear-

ed very probable—for I then knew nothing of Corfiote counts or Corfiote patriotism—and we proceeded together. Many of my readers have travelled in barbarous lands; some have served in the ranks of a revolutionary army; both know, that in such circumstances there is little which distinguishes the manner of living of the master from the servant. Alecco lived as I did, and was just as much my companion as he had been before his misfortune. We never appeared to have any very decided relish for one another's wit, but we never had a difference of opinion or a dispute—perhaps as we had no sympathy, we never agreed in any thing, and consequently were what people call "the best friends possible."

We arrived at Argos some time before Nauplia fell into the hands of the Greeks. A young Englishman, named Abney, attended by his physician, had arrived a few days before me, and armed a body of fifty men. I found him encamped in one of the most dangerous positions of the blockading army; he had placed himself under the orders of Niketas, and occupied the road between Aghionoros and Chilimodhi. The Turks, from Corinth, constantly made attempts to force this pass, in order to convey provisions to Nauplia; and the Turks of the garrison of Nauplia, pressed by famine, repeatedly broke through the Greek lines, and escaped to Corinth. It was suspected that these attempts were rendered successful by bribery—many Greeks were said to be willing to receive the money of their enemies and abandon their posts—but suspicion never pointed out the agents of this treason. Niketas, Andreas, Londo, and several of the Greek chiefs, frequently urged Abney not to remain in the position he had occupied; and when he persisted in retaining it, they sent him a few chosen soldiers to strengthen his little band.

I remained in the camp, but hardly as a soldier, rather as

> "One who saw,
> Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
> But mingled not; and 'mid the din, the stir,
> Lived as a separate spirit."

Alecco remained with me, but I employed a soldier named Demetri as my personal attendant; no gayer, braver, or more active man, ever breathed. Demetri and I grew attached, and he was always by my side; even at night he rolled himself up in his capote and slept at my feet. Alecco and Demetri disliked one another, which was perfectly natural, but neither ever made a complaint to me of the other.

It happened that I went to pay a visit to Abney one morning, as his physician returned from Zante with a considerable sum of money. It was a beautiful day in a Grecian autumn; we walked, and talked, and rode, and shot, until fatigue compelled us to remain quiet; and then we enjoyed our supper of barley cakes and salt Moreote cheese, with as much gaiety as if we had feasted on every delicacy. Rarely is it the lot of any one to spend such a day, and fate never permits a repetition. I hoped that it was possible, for I felt a strange interest in the gallant young man, of whom, however, I knew little more than the name. Before lying down to sleep in our capotes we took a few turns in the moonlight, and the autumnal air had a feeling of northern coolness, that made our minds naturally recur to England. After a long silence, Abney abruptly addressed me—"You propose going to Smyrna as soon as we get possession of Nauplia. I have a favour to ask. I have a portrait of singular value with me, which I wish to send to England, for I fear it may get into danger by remaining with me; allow me to give it to you, with the address of my bankers in London, to whom you must send it in a packet, sealed and delivered to Messrs Lee and Sons of Smyrna." I promised to execute the commission, and received the portrait. Abney promised to recount a very singular and interesting history, relating to the connection of the portrait with himself. The miniature was that of a most lovely girl, richly set in diamonds of great value; but the story could not have related to any thing Abney could have personally known; for nearly a century must have elapsed since the portrait had been taken.

We soon retired to rest, and in a few minutes were sound asleep. It must have been about two hours after midnight, when we were roused by a sudden storm. The lightning and

hail were terrific, and we were hardly on our feet before a cry was raised that the Turks were in the camp. A severe skirmish took place in the dark; but it lasted only for a few minutes. The enemy retreated, carrying off their own dead, and taking our horses and baggage, with all Abney's money, which had arrived from Zante. Assistance had arrived quickly; Niketas himself among the first, and my faithful Demetri, who had come to see why I had not returned to my usual quarters, though they were several miles distant. When the fires were lighted, it appeared that both Abney and myself were severely wounded, and we were laid on a rude bed of carpets together. His wound prevented him from speaking, but he put his hand to my breast to ascertain if the portrait was safe, pressed my hand, and almost instantly expired. His grave is in a little chapel at Aghionoros.

My own wound compelled me to retire to the village of Aghios Georgios. I brooded much over the singular circumstances of Abney's death, and resolved, as soon as my health would permit me to travel, to carry the portrait over to Smyrna to fulfil my commission, even should I return immediately after to Greece. Demetri always affirmed that the assailants by whom I had been wounded were robbers, not Turks, and many circumstances led me to adopt the same opinion. The mystery kept my mind fixed on the events of that sad night. Abney's physician was soon after attacked by fever, and escaped with some difficulty to Zante.

During my illness, Alecco displayed great attention to my wants; he brought me the best foreign doctors who visited the camp, and kept me well-informed on the politics and intrigues of the day. He had gradually become a person of some political importance; but, though he was certainly no coward, he kept aloof from military action. I had not seen him for several days, when he came to me in a great hurry the morning after the Greeks entered Nauplia. The Greek government, at his intercession, had destined me a house in Nauplia, and he urged me to take possession immediately, or it would be impossible to keep the soldiery from occupying it. My horses had been stolen when I was wounded, and I was very indifferent about the token of national gratitude offered to me. Alecco, however, had horses ready, and I set off. In the evening I found myself established in a very dilapidated and dirty, but not inelegant Turkish house. The gates of the fortress were closed before Demetri could enter with my baggage; Alecco had disappeared to pass the night with a conclave of politicians, and I was alone in my palace with a couple of muleteers. I paced the *musifir oda*, with its gilded but tarnished roof, and looked out of my windows on the port, with something of the feelings with which Andrea Doria must have walked the streets of Genoa before

"The ocean waves his wealth reflected;"

and I smiled as I mumbled, not without vanity,

"It is a nation's gift to her deliverer."

It was late ere I went to sleep, but, as usual, before I closed my eyes, I ascertained that Abney's miniature was safe. Demetri awoke me in the morning entering with the baggage, and I perceived that the portrait had been stolen during the night; the two ribbands which bound it round my neck and across my breast had both been cut. I communicated my loss to Demetri; we sent to the police; examined the muleteers; I summoned Alecco, and he had every *telali* and jeweller examined. Large rewards were promised if the miniature should be found, and it became the subject of general conversation. The search was carried on with unrelaxed activity, and Demetri, seeing that it was the sole object of my thoughts, devoted all his energies to the enquiry. His sagacity, cunning, and activity, astonished me; and he more than once undertook little excursions to find out some of the soldiers who had served with Abney. We discovered more than one robber, but not the one we sought.

Alecco, in the meantime, had grown a person of consequence, though he continued to wear a black German student-looking coat, covered with brown braid and an infinity of browner buttons. He sometimes invited me to his quarters to meet the most distinguished men of the revolution, and though I had conceived a great dislike to my old companion, I often accepted his invitation. I attributed my

own dislike to the aristocratic insolence, which feels a repugnance at dining with a man of education who has been a servant.

It happened one day that while Demetri was absent at Hydra in pursuit of a man whom Alecco pretended had heard something about the portrait, Alecco invited me to sup at his house. I intended taking a bath before supper, and Alecco urged me to try a small and elegant bath in a splendid Turkish house, in preference to the large one I had been in the habit of frequenting. When I visited the bath, I found only one person, whom I recognized as a Polish Philhellene lately arrived at Nauplia. The ceremonies of the Turkish bath are generally known. The bath-keeper found an opportunity of seizing me by the throat —the feeling of strangulation was instantaneous, but I saw a woman enter with a dagger in her hand and a large towel. After an interval, I found myself stretched on a cold marble floor, and felt the blood trickle from my side; as I opened my eyes, they fell on the dagger I had seen in the woman's hand lying on the floor, and I heard two persons moving beside me. In an instant I sprang up—seized the dagger, and darted forward through an open door. I found my way to the street door, which was locked, but I saw the key hanging beside it; as I was reaching it down, the man and woman both arrived armed with Turkish sabres—weapons utterly useless in such untutored hands, so that I easily defended myself with my dagger until I had opened the door and gained the street.

The first person I met, as I rushed naked and bleeding into the puplic street, was George Mauromichalis, who, after filling the office of president of Greece, was executed, at the age of twenty-six, for the assassination of Count Capodistrias, his successor. I seized him by the arm, told him my name, (for I perceived that a naked man was not easily recognized by his acquaintances) and begged him to secure the bath-keeper, who had attempted to murder me. He had always a kind and gallant heart. On this occasion he immediately shouted to the soldiers in sight to follow, and rushed into the bath. As I turned to follow him, I saw the face of Alecco in the gathering crowd; the expression it wore struck me even at that moment as very singular.

The bath was long searched in vain for the culprits. I pointed out the spot where the attempt to strangle me was made, and traces of blood were visible on the lately washed floor. When the search became tiresome, many of the spectators expressed doubts of my veracity; some thought I had wounded myself to raise a subscription to get away from Greece; others seemed to fancy I might have killed the bath-keeper. I stood naked and almost fainting—even my clothes could not be found, and many seemed to doubt whether I had possessed any worth finding when I entered the bath. George Mauromichalis took my part warmly, and the Maniotes silenced the crowd by asserting I was a great man, for I was the friend of their chieftain. A concealed door was at last discovered and broken open, but, though a few droops of blood were visible on the floor, no trace of any human being could be found, until a Maniote soldier pointed out to his chief a stone in the floor which seemed to have been lately moved. The marble was soon raised—a large vault was seen below —and crouched in a corner we beheld the bath-keeper and his wife. The cavern contained a heap of putrid bodies covered with quicklime, and the scarce lifeless body of the Polish Philhellene I had seen on entering the bath. My clothes were found tied up in a bundle; and I own, that even amidst the horrors that then surrounded me, I felt some satisfaction in putting on the richly embroidered dress, which caused my instant recognition by many of the crowd, who exclaimed, "It is the Englishman! Why did he come here without Demetri or his tchibouke?" The culprits were dragged away by the police.

The wound I had received was so trifling, that it is strange it should have been inflicted, since to it I owed my life. I returned home, but the party met at Alecco's. He had been himself compelled to set off for Athens on some public business, and left a message for his guests not to mind his departure. In the days of war, such events are too common to be remarked; and, when George Mauromichalis mentioned this to me next day, I could not help saying, that I had seen Alecco's face, with the ex-

pression of a hungry wolf, gazing on me as I rushed out of the bath, and that he had not thought fit to come in to help a friend in such a scrape.

I shall not attempt to describe the loathsome discoveries which were revealed at the examination of the bath-keeper and his wife. Many singular robberies were discovered; the bodies of many young Greeks and Philhellenes, who had arrived from Europe to assist in the war, flushed with enthusiasm, were identified amidst the remains in the cavern. They were generally persons having valuable property about them, and who were murdered very shortly after their arrival. The body of a young Englishman, who was supposed to have joined the camp before Corinth, was also recognized. While the police was following up this examination, and endeavouring to trace out the stolen property, in the expectation that it might aid me in recovering the lost miniature, Demetri returned from Hydra. He had secured the person Alecco had sent him to meet; and, by his inimitable sagacity, had discovered that there was an understanding of some kind between Alecco and this man. He at last extracted the secret, that Alecco had planned the attack on Abney's post, and that Alecco entered my house, and robbed me of the portrait.

I now felt certain that there was an understanding between Alecco and the bath-keeper, and I burned with the desire to bring him to justice, as well as with the wish to recover the portrait. Accidental circumstances had evidently induced the villain to fancy that he was watched, both by Demetri and myself. George Mauromichalis was now summoned to my councils, for his power and political influence might prove necessary to aid me in my plans. After a careful and secret cross-examination of the bath-keeper in the presence of the chief of the police and a distinguished Greek statesman still living, he confessed that Alecco was his accomplice—that Alecco had planned the whole business—and that, the day after my assassination, they were to have sailed to Smyrna together. Next day, George Mauromichalis was compelled to visit Argos on political business. A slight indisposition, and the pain of my wound, kept me in the house. On that very day, the police, urged by some powerful personage, whose name is even now only an object of suspicion to me, hurried over the trial of the criminals. The bath-keeper was condemned to be hanged next morning, and the woman to be strangled in prison at the same hour. I heard nothing of all this until Demetri came in breathless from the coffee-house—to which he regularly repaired at daybreak—with the news. I hurried to the gate of the town, and reached the glacis between the putrid marsh and the magnificent fortress of Palamedi, just in time to witness the bath-keeper hung up on a low gibbet, composed of a triangle formed by three short beams. I hastened to address the chief of the police; he told me he had received his orders suddenly, and that the woman had just been strangled in prison. Alecco, it was evident, had found powerful friends, and not a moment was to be lost, if I was ever to recover the portrait. To think of bringing him to justice was clearly ridiculous; he was a far more powerful personage than myself.

I walked slowly along the road towards Tyrinth, and sent Demetri back to Nauplia, to bring out our horses for a ride to Argos, where I spoke of passing the night with George Mauromichalis. When he arrived, I struck to the right, and gained the road to Ligourio, beyond Aria. Embarking at Piadha, I reached the Piræus before midnight. I requested the custom-officer to send off instantly one of his men to inform Alecco that a messenger had arrived from Nauplia, who desired to see him at the earliest dawn, and to speak with him alone in the house of the custom-house officer. My plan removed all suspicion; Alecco seemed to expect a messenger, and the spot did not raise a doubt, so he sent word that he would meet me. I removed the custom-house officer, and every other person, except Demetri, asserting that our meeting must be private. When Alecco entered the room, he found there was no retreat, for Demetri and I were both in the Albanian dress, with our hands resting on our yataghans. I told him, that I had obtained proof of his possessing the portrait—of his having been the accomplice of the bath-keeper—and of his possessing friends so unprincipled and powerful, that my only chance of ob-

taining justice, was by taking the law into my own hands; adding coolly, that there might be danger in sparing him, but with my position, and supported by the friends I had secured, there was not the slightest in stabbing him on the spot. He attempted to speak, but I drew my handgiar, which was the signal for Demetri to unsheathe his yataghan, and lay his powerful hand on Alecco's shoulder. The villain was no coward; he looked calmly first at one, then at the other, as if calculating the chances of an attempt to escape; he saw it was hopeless, and, without uttering a word, he took the portrait from his breast. His caution awakened mine; before receiving it, I returned my handgiar, and cocked one of my pistols; then I examined the diamonds to see if he had purloined any. When I had secured the long-sought treasure, we called the custom-house officer, and sat down to drink coffee and smoke together. I kept Alecco in my presence until Demetri had secured a boat, nor would I allow him to take leave before our sails were spread with a fair wind for Hydra.

My intention was to have proceeded, without loss of time, to Smyrna. Circumstances detained me for many days at Hydra; and one night as I returned to the monastery where I lived, from the house of Jacomaki Tombazi, an attack was made on me by two soldiers. They suddenly left me, but my friend Dr Dumont (now a distinguished medical officer in the service of King Otho) was that very evening assaulted by assassins, and received four wounds, but was spared when the villains saw his face. It was conjectured that I was the person sought after, and that a change in my dress had deceived the assassins. Demetri was furious; he declared that Alecco must have bribed the assassins; and he left me, in spite of all my entreaties, to punish the attempt which had been made to murder his master. From Smyrna I sent the portrait to England. Years after, I became acquainted with its romantic history.

In the spring of 1823 I returned to Greece. Demetri soon joined me. He owned that it had been his intention, when he left me, to slay Alecco the moment he saw him. On his passage to Athens, he found himself in the boat with Dumont's assassins. Every body was delighted with Demetri; even these banditti were charmed by his careless wit. They became his tools, confessed that they had been employed by Alecco to murder an Englishman, and owned that they were not ignorant of Alecco's communications with the Turks. Demetri then conceived the idea of a rich revenge; the delight of having Alecco executed seemed greater than that of executing him. Demetri watched him, surprised his correspondence with Omer Vrioni, revealed his treason to Odysseus, who condemned him to death in a very summary manner; and my former college companion, Alecco, was hung over the empty tomb of Themistocles. A satire, I suppose, both on the classic and romantic schools, for Odysseus detested equally Maurocordatos and Colettis.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Illustrated by "The Etching Club."

Illustrated books please, and have pleased, from infancy to age, many a generation. There was, indeed, a cold period of our literature, when it set itself up to be independent, but it did nothing to be remembered; the book-stalls now reject the insipid publications; it is difficult to say what becomes of them, for trunk-makers will have nothing to do with them; the veriest linings are now embellishments. Do they go to the colonies, or some Ilerda in New Zealand? Even there the old cannibals embellish themselves, and love ornament. Not a book now-a-days can dare to show its face simply "*pumice mundus.*" That would be bringing "its nose to the grindstone" to little purpose. It must come out "splendid." It must be strictly "pictorial." And if it be poetry, and poor and beggarly enough, let it come out emblazoned; for emblazonry, like a coat-of-arms, is a proud covering to poverty. The public, like Mr Puff's players, can never have too much of a good thing; so, in this ornamental editorial art, there is rather a surfeit. Then ensues a temporary nausea. As to the Annuals, it has become more than temporary; but we must doubt in that case there being too much of a "*good thing;*" and, as to the "Book of Beauty," it is "*splendidè mendax.*"

In childhood, we learned more from pictures than the letter-press. Indeed, the pictures caused altogether the reading. Even in boyhood we could not get on without "*cuts;*" and one way or the other had enough of them, and so gained proficiency. There was in those days a happy fashion for children, of having the fireplaces embellished with tiles, representing landscapes and figures from Æsop's fables. They were just well enough done, and with sufficient defiance of true perspective, to give scope to the imagination; and when the cheerful fire shone upon the polished surfaces, we became wise from reflection, delighted with our little selves and all creation. It was a sad day for the rising generation when this fashion expired. Our fireplaces then put on the mourning of black lead, and have worn it ever since. Childrens' books, too, then had their own most appropriate ornaments. The variegated gilt bindings will be long remembered—a rich foretaste of the treasures within; but the *rational age*, as it was called, put all that aside, and even gingerbread ceased to be gilt. Away went, too, the delightful stories, exciting all wonder, from the Giant-killer to the "Seven Champions," and the ever-amusing Æsop's fables. Some wise Utilitarian teachers found out that it was impossible for beasts to speak—what a discovery!—and that it was teaching children untruths to say "the Fox said,"—so away went Æsop's fables, pictures and all. The new tree of knowledge had neither fruit nor leaves. There was nothing left worth climbing for. Then came the days of "*Goodyism,*" that left childhood a blank—whipped when naughty, and more miserable when too good. The only embellishments to these books, then, were a frontispiece of a most sour-visaged author, and a funeral urn as tail-piece to the hymns. When naturally ready for all joyousness, you were asked if you were prepared for death. It is not to be a matter of wonder if the next generation broke out into extraordinary wickedness; Nature, and its active imagination, could not be pent up with impunity. Imprint upon the memory by picture: the "*subjecta oculis fidelibus*" are not easily forgotten. If a boy were made to draw every day's lesson, he would be sure to be wise in time. We remember one who was wise as a boy, (and is wise as a man,) a fellow-schoolboy when we were both urchins, who made little pen-and-ink drawings of every fable in Phædrus, as he learned it, at the end of his book, about an inch in length. What was the consequence? He had literally every lesson at his fingers'-ends. What the further consequence? He became so ripe a scholar, that he carried away all honours at the university, and is now the most distinguished head of a distinguished college. All this rose out of illustrating Phædrus. For ourselves, we well remember we looked

on, as he drew them, with wonder, then with envy, then with emulation; and now, without meaning to boast above measure, simply say, we are Master of Arts. But our friend is far more—*omnium artium Doctor doctissimus.* If he had not illustrated Phædrus, he might have worn an apron, (unepiscopal,) have sold grocery, and given a fig for learning.

Nor can we forget a set of prints that came out in our boyhood illustrating *Pilgrim's Progress.* They were very dark and mysterious. We made instant progress ourselves, dreamed of them, and became poetical from the shadow only of John Bunyan. We were a little staggered, we confess, in our early faith, by *Bloom's History of the Bible*—a curiosity of a pictorial book of that day. Each print (and there are many) is a donation of some living saint, duly recorded. This shows what mischief may be done by bad illustrations. It was impossible to "honour our father and mother," Adam and Eve; we felt convinced mankind had not degenerated from such originals Luckily Raffaele's Bible came early in our way, and we ceased being profanely jocose; and here we must add, that we rejoice to learn that Raffaele's Bible is coming out, ably, very ably done by a foreign engraver of great reputation and fidelity, and is to be distributed very cheaply by the Society of Christian Knowledge. This is as it should be. It will be a good Church catechism. Then we have, cheap enough, Burnett's Cartoons, which may be on the walls of every school-room—for why should they be left bare?

Animum picturâ pascit inani. Yet why *inani*, when such living pictures are to teach? We do most heartily rejoice in the revival of illustration. It comes upon us, too, with all facilities, appliances, and means to boot. The power of renewing by electrotype will secure good impressions *ad infinitum;* yet it is fortunate, perhaps, that art has had its difficulties to encounter. We have gained something in simplicity of design and effect, by our early workers being without the temptation to attempt too much; so that we have first the bare and bold design broadly executed. We could not spare Albert Durer. He is still a master, and teaches, and may yet bring many a truant in the labyrinths of art back to first principles. Whoever can duly admire Bonasoni's engravings from Raffaele's designs, will not regret that the invention of etching came *afterwards*, nor regret that it *did* come; and what wonders have not the graver and the needle in co-operation produced? There is not so cheap a luxury in all this world of luxuries as fine engravings. Admirable transcripts of works, worth thousands of pounds, to be had for shillings! Fine engraving is perhaps mostly adapted to pictures of the highest class; and, like the pictures, should be of sufficient size, and may be framed and hung up as pictures. For illustration, we like more visibly to behold the artist's hand, the very designer's hand; and, for this, etching is the best, and next to etching wood-engraving, where the drawing is made on the block by the painter himself. The advance of late years in wood-engraving is very surprising. Bewick of Newcastle-on-Tyne was the first among us who brought to it original genius. His "Quadrupeds and Birds" are so complete in their kind, that notwithstanding all improvement in wood-engraving as an art mechanical, nothing has been done in their way at all to be compared to them.

His little tail-pieces so perfectly tell what he means, and what he means is so good, of such complete truth, that they perfectly satisfy. You forget the size entirely; the little picture enlarges itself, till it ceases to be thought of as a picture at all. It is nature, and of its own size; has, perfect, its own propriety, its moral poetry. Let us turn a moment to the delightful volume, a treasure in itself; and were there but one impression of it in the world, and no means of obtaining a transcript, we should be afraid to put a value upon it. Here is the young squire on his white pony, and the old family coachman on the old horse behind him, and the spotted dog. How well preserved is the fit action of each figure! The holiday-look and pace of the youth, and the staid carriage of the faithful domestic, and habitual harness movement of the family coach-horse, and the favourite dog that happily unites the two figures, and the daylight air of the piece, all make up a little history of the squire's house, and is thoroughly English! Here the horse is aristocratic. Then comes the

"common cart-horse"—turn over the leaf, and see him worn down in service, his very tail a bare stump, nothing to hide his sharp rump-bones. See him patient of the cudgel, going his foundered pace, carrying the miller's bags and the miller's man upon them; and by the good look-out of the faithful dog before him, you know he is blind, and the carriage of his head shows it, and the dog knows it well; and the landscape—the home scene—how simple and true it is!—and what could be altered in this? He would be an impudent man that would touch a line. There is in Bewick, too, a kindness, a sympathy, with brute creation; and he is ever teaching man to be no brute. If not always refined, he is always strong and natural, and of the best tendencies. But we did not take up the pen for the purpose of writing a critique on Bewick. We are not aware that he illustrated other works than those of natural history. But before we open the volume which it is our purpose to criticize, we ought to notice one illustrator of books, because we think he has done more than any other to raise the character of illustration; and we think him far best in this line of art; and that his pictures are not to be compared to his early, and finished, beautifully finished, drawings which he executed for the *Novelist's Magazine*. We mean Stothard. No one has, ever since his day, come up to him in this walk. There is character, feeling, and grace. His "Clarissa Harlowe" is a most touching history, were there no letter-press of Richardson's. What unmeaning trash was before Stothard, and what wretched affectation since! We cannot but think his genius best seen in these illustrations. The grace, beauty, and vigour, where required, in his little figures, are quite surprising. We should occupy too large a space were we to enter upon so wide a field as the many more modern illustrations offer. We would merely remark, that of some, the more, strictly speaking, pictorial parts are the worst; the more ornamental borderings and devices generally the best; and that even this decorative skill is often ill set off, and injured by the somewhat staring and ill-drawn pictorial display. Our business now is, however, with *Thomson's Seasons*, a new edition, "with Illustrations by the Etching Club." We have already noticed favourably the "handiwork" of the Etching Club, in their first essay, *The Deserted Village*. In that work they were really "The Etching Club." In the present instance the painter's *hand* is still seen, though the execution of cutting on wood is by other artists. We are told that "the designs were drawn on wood by the artists themselves; and have been engraved with the utmost attention to similitude, so that we behold in effect the very drawings." If we had not been told so much, it would not have been difficult to have discovered this truth in the book itself. And unquestionably a singularly beautiful book it is. The exterior is chastely elegant—the group of the four seasons, gilt upon the deep clear blue of the cover, is full of beauty and all propriety. If, as Collins has said,

> "In yonder grave a druid lies,"

it may be fairly said of this year's offering,

> "The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
> To deck its poets' silvan grave."

Yet is this no grave, nor is the poet the harsh "druid." Here he comes forth again to the world, fresh as his own Spring, and vigorous throughout as his Winter. We are not quite sure that we should now like *The Seasons* without their illustrations. Is it because they have given their delight? And, though we can enjoy more than one spring and one summer, hope to enjoy many, it is always with a variety. We do not remember one quite like another; and that little variety nature ever offers, is found for the reader in these pictures that accompany the text—literally accompany, for they are together, and we are inclined to think a slight change in the type of the letter-press, where immediately accompanied by the drawing, would have been an improvement. Every season should speak for itself by picture, as well as in the poetry. If we find any thing in the illustrations a little "out of season," we turn to the poet, and excuse the artist. For example, spring should be all of tender joy and hopefulness; yet here is a subject of positive suffering from poverty, and the concluding one is of death. If it be a fault, we find it must be laid to the poet's account. Spring is surely of life and of this world's perfect fresh-

ness. It was not judicious in the poet to show us a perfectly happy pair to adorn his Spring, and not let them see *his* Summer. Though he tells us their "gentle spirits are freed," we ask, freed from what? when all he has been describing of them has been their happiness; and the spring-tide reader does not at all sympathize with them in their "flying" to *other* "scenes" of love and bliss. We are not prepared for it, when *this* earth, in its spring, is the subject; at any rate, he should have carried on the idea of a world of perpetual *spring*, to which they are gone—love and bliss is too vague. Thomson's Spring thus becomes, like Falstaff's honour, naught to "him who died o' Wednesday." It may be very venturous in us thus to criticize Thomson, and in his very Spring; but we do it to justify Mr Cope, who, in that last scene, has preserved quite as much beautiful repose as the poet. We have, however, begun at the end, ominous of ending at the beginning. Yet not so. We will therefore turn back to the frontispiece, "by John Bell." It is in every sense of the word *figurative*. Separate are the Seasons, yet make a whole well. The figures are expressive and graceful, and of good relief. The decorative argument, of arabesque and flowers, surmounted by a rainbow, by Mr Rauch, is extremly elegant, and exquisite as a specimen of wood-engraving. Mr Bell has joined with Thomson in invoking Spring, for he too says, or sings, as clear as any bell, "Come, gentle Spring," and gentle Spring comes in light outline, with all her many loves. These emblematic figures just come and go lightly; they are not home-dwellers upon this earth, that must provide "grist for the mill," and where butchers and bakers would take orders even of Pan and Apollo. Mr Stonehouse, therefore, is called upon to bring us to our senses, and gives a capital leaf, a ploughing party, about as natural as may be; then, by a side blow, sets a freighted ship upon the waters, and shows you the same in harbour at the bottom of the page, with all her merchandize, having taken full advantage of Thomson's "trade wind," and compliment to England, to be "the exhaustless granary of a world." A punster would have turned the vessel into a steam-engine, or at least a steamer, for she (the vessel) is sailing right in upon the prophetic line,

> "His force deep-darting to the dark retreat,
> —— Sets the steaming power
> At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth."

But the further we are off from the steam-engine the better; and so thinks the poet, and takes us to

> "Where the deer rustle through the twining brake."

He has quitted the "town buried in smoke," and so has Tayler, and he has painted to the life, and from the life, the "deer,"—and capital they are, startled though they be; we rejoice in their freedom, drop the rifle, and eschew venison. We do not so much like Mr Tayler's blazing straw, the next subject; but the insects must be killed. Mr Tayler has rather stretched the neck of the white horse, we think, unnecessarily attending the operation with the chance of suffocation. But the next illustration promises a suffocation of quite a different kind. Far more than one kiss may be expected, when so very small a parasol keeps off the "stealing shower," from two such engaging lovers as Mr Horsley has sweetly represented

> "Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves."

It must inevitably take place, and with a multitude of "leaves;" but we fear, as the poet after intimates, without the proper *license*. Mr Horsley has done justice to their innocence and happiness, and that is no bad prelude or introduction to the next scene, by Mr Redgrave, "The Golden Age." And there they are, happy creatures, in idlesse all: the upper group, somewhat in Nature's "tights," well fitting and becoming. Yet we like them best below, a little less scrimpingly clad. Most elegant is the dancing figure; it is like one from Raffaele's pencil. It is a sweet group, well expressing the verses,

> "Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
> Was known among these happy sons of heaven."

The "golden age," alas! was not long for man. Aware of this equally with the poet, Mr Tayler dismisses these "sons of heaven" for those

sons of rivers, that, as Thomson says—

"Fix, with *gentle* twitch, the barbed hook"

into the mouths of the innocent fish. Two capital river scenes he presents us with—one wild, the other more home: "the gentle twitch" is not forgotten. A gentler "twitch" is, however, *in petto*, for here comes Mr Cope, regularly twitched by the

"Busy-footed May;

and he is leading her down one step—quite enough, as she is busy-footed, and nothing loth to proceed; and Cupids and figurative maids are inviting her onward. And there is the bee-hive beside her, to remind her of the "honey-moon." And there it is below; he is crowning her with a garland, and a sweet figure is descending at the side scene, and "a' to pu' a posey for his ain sweet May." But this is too rodomontade happiness for human creatures, who, in the next scene, are turned into "the bowery walk" of life by Mr Creswick. We think he did not quite like his task of taming down. Sweet it is, but not of his happiest pencil. He is more at home while "pendent o'er the plaintive stream." This is a very sweet bit—a scene for the loves of birds. Here they may nestle, amid thick foliage and the music of the stream. Sorry, indeed, must the reader be, to see all this "nestling" twined to misfortune. It is not always comfortably off at the "Hen and Chickens." Mr Redgrave has, in subject 13, portrayed the "gentle pair," their young craving food, and they wanting it. We knew it was Redgrave's "gentle hand" at first sight. But we hold Thomson inexcusable for such an introduction of misery into his Spring; so, for a little comfort, we turn to subject 14, and enjoy Mr Creswick's "Rural Seat." Tranquil and pleasing it is, and homely—possibly slightly too homely. The next is, however, wild enough, "The Steed," by Mr Tayler.

"The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,"
"Tossing high his head,"

is as well executed as imagined. He has just reached the brow of the hill, not a moment to remain; you see his strong fore-legs trembling to be off. And what an eye the creature has, and what use he makes of it! The pair galloping off below into the wild country, is a poetical explanation of the subject. This is very well for wild creatures, but man, thinks the poet, wants more tranquil happiness; so he just begs Mr Tayler to let his horse go, and to walk quietly, and show the way to Hagley Park; which he does. You are introduced to "Littleton the friend," and his "Lucinda," "with soul to his attuned;" and so, by the by, is the waterfall, for it is complaisant enough not to burst its trifling embankment, and inundate Hagley Park and House, which is below it. Perhaps Mr Tayler thought that Thomson meant to represent this peculiar kindness of the river by the line,

"Then Nature all wears to the lover's eye
a look of love."

But, to carry on the idea of a river, it is an undoubted fact, that some people, not content with "looks," are "over head and ears" in love; therefore Mr Horsley is called upon to show us a specimen of a lover; and there he is, in fits of the passion, the worst of which are letter-writing and dreaming. Mr Horsley has been faithful; let us leave his lover sick a-bed—for he must be incurable—and turn to subject eighteen, and learn from Webster and Redgrave

"To teach the young idea how to shoot;"

and, though we write this on the 1st of September, we do not mean "to make game" of either artist. Here are two sweet groups—out-of-doors and in-doors; it is difficult to say which please most. Pleasure is, it has often been remarked, upon the verge of pain—and a very unpoetical pain it is, to put an end to human earthly happiness. The melancholy fact is before us; there lie the gentle pair; their friends and children are doubtless in mourning, and so are we. As we before said, we do not blame Mr Cope, but his author; we only think he need not have entitled the subject a "tail-piece to Spring." Having with the poet and painter put an end to Spring, we crave a little leisure to dry our tears; for we must prepare for Summer, too, that ever comes in "a melting mood."

There is nothing like music between acts. We have been lying on the sofa, waiting for Summer in idea, feeling it in reality—window open, inhaling the genial air, and have been rewarded for past labour with most spring-like music. An itinerant has been under our window, with one of those cheerful pianoforte instruments that have happily dismissed the gizzard-grinding organs from our streets. He first accompanied the instrument with whistling very exquisitely, then broke into a most charming bird accompaniment, imitating the blackbird and thrush deliciously. But the best was the rivalry between the instrument and the bird. The little creature would seem to break into ecstasy upon its fancied success, and at other times to languish in dying tones, as it would give up the contest.* The delusion of its being the voice of the bird was perfect, with a sense and meaning, a taste and feeling, the bird never had; yet shall we ever respect the little songsters the more—no description could ever so give the sensation of spring. The poor fellow, we believe an Italian, has wonderful skill; would not such powers make a whole theatre thrill with delight? He would inevitably put down any orchestra we ever heard. Pan would have made him his chief musician. We remembered Thomson's description of birds, and turned to it. Good as it is, the charm had been out-charmed.

"The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes in thought
Elate to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove,
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent."

The itinerant, after all, has beat the poet. How weak is "o'er the kind contending throng superior heard," to the graduated rivalry of the mock-bird! But the poet, too, is the mock-bird. He introduces Philomela for the very purpose of emulating and imitating the perfect Mantuan. Let us take a little recreation before the heat of Summer, and compare the passages.

"Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd; to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
Where all abandon'd to despair she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and on the bough
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound."

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* The rivalry of the bird was without doubt the invention of the poor itinerant. Little did he dream what classic authority had gone before him. Vincent Bourne, too, was a mock-bird of no small powers.

"*Strada Philomela.*

"Pastorem audivit calamis Philomela canentem
Et voluit tenues ipsa referre modos.
Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans
Argutum fidâ reddere voce melos.
Pastor, inassuetus rivalem ferre, misellam
Grandius ad carmen provocat; urget avem.
Tuque etiam in modulos surgis, Philomela, sed impar
Viribus, huic impar, exanimisque cadis.
Durum certamen! tristis victoria! cantum
Maluerit pastor non superâsse tuum."

The English poet in his emulation gives us perhaps a little too much for the money—too many woeful words, and dropping of the "*provision*"—a vile word. We follow the poor bird through too many passages of the tale, and lose thereby the one sole image of the lonely bird. How much more simply Virgil pictures the scene, and with how few words, every one wonderfully telling, picturing the savage cruelty, and the grief.

"Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

Thomson has omitted the passage that of all others most excites pity, the unfledged young, *implumes*. We see the soft, scarcely flesh substances, that we should not dare to touch, dragged down mercilessly; for that *durus arator* had premeditated mischief—"Quos durus arator observans nido implumes detraxit." Nor do we like the plural "clowns." The one villain is enough for the picture. How immediate, too, is the consequence! Virgil does not stop to see "her pinions ruffle," and all that "low drooping," and scarcely reaching the poplar shade. It adds nothing, and we doubt the truth; immediate despair would give energy. How much better is it to pass over all that, and see her in her absolute loneliness, with nothing but her sorrow! So Virgil abruptly, purposely abruptly, gives her up to her settled grief—"at illa flet noctem." How much is told in those three words! All the rest, mournful as the strain is, and musical to a degree, is but to say again, "flet noctem;" there lies the interminable sorrow. And now Mr Rauch, by his elegant page of "the Argument," luxuriating in arabesque about the blazing sun, tells us to pass on to the "Dissolving View" of Summer. And ever lead Mr Bell is allegoric, and sends the Summer in upon the stage, like Bacchus discharging himself from his car at sight of Ariadne; and Spring, too, has had her Theseus, and, going off at the side-scene, "averts her blushful face." [illegible] at the bottom of the page is one cool night-scene—all quiet repose—by Redgrave, though, in the text, his name to this subject is omitted. We think Mr Bell a little unfortunate in the male figure on Summer's left hand. He drops his flowers, and throws out his swollen leg, as if bitten by a viper. The grouping is fanciful, and light, and graceful. The sun is just up—not the allegorical, but the real. Mr Taylor shows you the benefit of early rising. "The soon-clad shepherd" is out among his sheep, and shows you he has been up betimes; for his lantern is in his hand. The risen sun is streaming his soft light over the flock—indescribable is the suffusion; it is neither silver nor golden, as poets, ad libitum, feign it—it is a mixture of both; and this effect Mr Taylor has happily represented. We must turn to subject 23, for the more brilliant sunlight. Where Mr Creswick has fancied he had seen it at the Pyramids, Thomson only says, the "desert joys," but Mr Creswick has seen the sun rise from the "promontory's top," or he could not have so admirably represented it; Thomson, alas! never did. It is notorious that he wrote—

"Sabely luxurious, will not man awake,"

in bed at mid-day. That was very well for him, for words are words, and, to one who is not a painter, a dream of the thing is as good as the reality; but Sketcher must be up and doing. And Creswick, "soon-clad," was up one morning betimes, and hit the thing off true to nature, that readers may still lie a-bed to any hour, and enjoy sunrise made permanent. We said he shows the benefit of early rising, and truly, for the day was long with him; and the two next subjects were sketched by him, we see at a glance, between breakfast and dinner. Sweet is the village scene, with its lane, its church, and humble "public," and the dogs basking in the sun. And well described is the "floating shade of willows grey," where the shepherd has reclined with half-shut eyes—an enjoyment not to last long; for Mr Cope tells you, as clear as day, that you must "make hay while the sun shines." And shining it is; and he has not forgotten the poet's expressions—"of happy labour, love, and social glee"—and it is all in a

charming landscape. Tayler's "Sheep-washing" is a capital subject—the fleeces are dripping wet, and men and dog at their post. Nor is his "Rural Confusion" less happy. Two sweet scenes—cattle basking and in the cool water, and the "Monarch Swain," lying under a tree, "his careless arm thrown round his head." The cool water, and enjoyment of it by the cattle, reconcile you to the heat. Hark! "Angelic harps are heard!" a "strain of higher mood." Redgrave was in the "grove of largest grove" —he heard the music, and saw the vision; and there you have it, subject 100. After that, we must shun the busy world, and go for meditation with Creswick, and sit in retired nature's "ample chair, moss-lined." Deep and rocky is the retirement—the recess, where steals the silent dark water. Such a scene Creswick loves; and who does not, that has taste and feeling? Why did not one of the Etching Club venture upon

> "The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd?"—

a peaceful and poetical subject. Mr Bell is impatient to try his hand on demon fury, and plague, and "Nile and Nilometer." Horrors thicken; and further on, we shall fare worse. Fast comes "the elemental war." Old Nile is a capital figure, sleeping on his wide and level waters. When young, he had been, as we see above, wilful, and, like Waterton, rode astride the crocodile; but then it was a tame one, or the buxom Naiad nurses would have lost a portion of their beauty in terror. And terror we have in the next subject, by Stonehouse—"the Mother in the uproar of the Wilderness." To her fluttering breast the mother strains her thoughtless infant. In the background is a settler, or, as Hood says, two—the man and the lion. Above is the sun setting over far-off waters, to show how far it is from England's home—and the green and deadly serpent is among the luxuriant weeds. We are not now in "merry England,"—the demon pours out the phial of wrath above, and below is pestilence. But even here we are not always safe. Tempests are awful things every where—see Creswick—"Blasted Cattle," dead among the rent trees, while lightning sports amid the towers and mountain ranges—

> "The gloomy woods
> Start at the flash, and, from their deep recess,
> Wide flaming, out their trembling inmates shake,
> Amid Caernarvon's mountain ranges loud
> The repercussive roar," &c.

It is a torn and awful scene.

Then follows the melancholy tale of "Young Celadon and his Amelia." Would that some guilty wretch had been struck, had it been even some country attorney, with his villanous indictment in his pocket! Poets will have their way—and it is often one that leads them to waywardness and melancholy. We have cried over Celadon and Amelia so often, when young—very young—that we are disposed to dispatch the dismal scene as soon, and as lightly, as may be; especially as we have a hint from Thomson himself, that Cope's Celadon will be a failure —"But who can paint the lover as he stood?" Cope has, however, done well. The tempest in the wood is better than the catastrophe. It is a much pleasanter sight to be admitted with, and by, Horsley, to his "Musidora bathing;" that is a good rich page, though a better Musidora may be imagined; but we are not Damon—the verses were not for us,—"the time may come you need not fly." Summer is evidently wearing away, and the poet is nearing Augusta; and the dressed ground pleases more than wilder nature. The poet wants the evening party to follow the morning walk, and has evidently neighbours to call upon, and wants more than Amanda alone, or he would not be perplexed—

> "Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
> The choice perplexes."

Creswick feels this, and therefore first takes us to the known view from Richmond; and, as a consequence, puts us in full view of the Tower and the Monument. The Etching Club should have made a tour, and given us more of the villa scenery of the silver Thames. We look in vain for "the Muse's haunt"—"In Twit'nam's bowers"—and "Hampton's pile"—and Esher. We see no reason, then, why Mr Townsend, however well he has performed the task, should hurry us off "to the shouts of hurried sailor"—to the London Docks,

to see "Sweet William" taking leave of his "Susan," while his mother old, or grandmother, and younger brother, stand behind, but little heeded—all right, nevertheless; and we should be disposed to sympathize with him more, had we not taken the unfortunate line of Susan's eye for "Sweet William's" nose, which gave him a ridiculous appearance; we can hardly get over it yet. Would that, according to Gay's version, "a precious tear had dropt from Susan's eye," and obliterated all appearance of a nose! After that parting scene, we want something lively—so we call upon Mr Bell for his magic light, to show off

"The bowers of Amphitrite and her tending maids."

Here they come, all lovely creatures, and Amphitrite herself like a Venus Anadyomene; the modest sun looks not back; the nymphs have not the modesty of Amphitrite, who is certainly "getting up" her fine linen. After this view of Amphitrite and her nymphs, we can scarcely bear the sight of "the ruddy milkmaid" and *her* shepherd, though by the graceful truth and love-telling hand of Redgrave, and accompanied by all the fairy folk: there they are, gallopading, king and queen, Oberon and Titania; while some are scared by crescent moon from the bank their presence yet illuminates. A capital scene is the next, "Effulgence tremulous." We feel confident we know the scene, remembered or sketched on the spot by Mr Redgrave. We have seen this effect, and very much the outline, too, at Clifton.

Why may we not have "the crooked lanes," and "where the glow-worm lights his gem?" And with the poet, who foresaw his work would be thus illustrated, we complain,

"The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck Fancy dreams—the yelling ghost."

The last scene, Redgrave's, is Philosophy directing the helm:—

"While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along."

And such is Redgrave's Philosophy at the helm—wise, sage, devout, solemn, directing; the crew are obedient, and are taught. This is not that conceited usurper of divine Philosophy's name, that cries "Knowledge is power," and has it not. Truth-loving spirits attend the vessel in her course, rejoicing in the radiance Philosophy sheds. Thus Redgrave's offering is "The last Rose of Summer."

Autumn is come, with the fall of the *leaf;* therefore we must turn over a new one. And a good leaf it is as ever put itself forth for the "argument's sake;" yet the argument is not the best of the leaf—*esto perpetua*—may it never fade—and under the electrotype it cannot—let it be one in the arabesque wreath Mr Rauch has woven for himself. It is very graceful. Genius germinates, blossoms, and bears fruit as well as trees; and is known by its sap. The fruit of both seems to ripen in Autumn; and in their Autumn the Etching Club have been most richly productive. Even Allegory, as ushered in by Mr Bell, though he bears the sickle, is nothing *sickly*, but a robust and sturdy fellow, not ashamed of his brown nakedness, showing it manfully, as honesty's best policy, having never a "tailor's bill" to "reform." Doudney & Co. may go to the "Union" for him. If he turns his back upon the dance, it is not because he has *corns* on his feet, but heaps of corn upon his shoulders; and as for the music, never was head more handsomely adorned with ears. Autumn is a Proteus; we would see him in his savage state; we would see Orson as well as Valentine. There is little need to go to Catlin's exhibition for a specimen; if Townsend had gone to New Zealand, eaten cold child for supper—a whole one—and dream'd a true dream, he could not have given a better idea of a savage and his life than he has given. We are incredulous perfectly as to Thomson's version, that man or men, with belt and spear, never

"For his acorn-meal
Fought with the tusky boar."

The grim visage tells you plainly that fatted children were scarce in the market, and that pork was the best substitute—men and beasts, trees and herbage, all are wild. Well done, Townsend! Now, while the animal is cooking, Stonehouse opines that

the savage, with an inkling for barter, may "save his bacon" for our market, under the new tariff. He therefore ably erects his crane at the London docks—"raised the strong crane" brought in the vessel, and

"Choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty."

But "Foreign Commerce" must not be every thing; agriculture is one of the "Fine Arts;" for Townsend shows us the farmers "each by the lass he loves," and nothing can be finer than that. Put "a beggar on horseback," and you know the consequence; but put a farmer on horseback, as Townsend has represented him, and his wheat field before him, and his gleaners about him, young and old, and he will go the softest walking-pace round about, *circum caput egit honestum*; and, instead of the "beggar's gentleman," he has already invited the curate of the parish to his harvest supper, and to that *he* is going; and if he should happen to see, down in some sly corner—as you may see in page 177—one of his labourers loitering with a good wholesome gleaner, by light of sun or moon, he jogs on, and quietly waits a week, for the morals of the parish, to see if the bans will be put up; for he knows that none of that kidney will go to the new Register's sign of the "Fiddle and Broomstick," and call the thing a marriage. "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing;" and Townsend's is more than half done at first sight. But love is too good a thing for one man to keep all to himself; so Mr Stone wishes to show that he is no stone, nor so soft as to be cut out of his share; so he puts his feather in his hat (see page 181,) and acts Palemon to a very pretty Lavinia, Thomson having previously given the hint how to behave himself; for "Free to follow nature was the mode."

Love, however, if pursued too far, would quite upset the whole Etching Club—not so other game. Mr Tayler, therefore, judiciously reminds them that there is a certificate for each; that 'tis 1st of September, and birds are plenty. You will see, page 188, that they are a-field, dogs stanch, and that Tayler is a capital shot. There is a side-hint to beware of poachers.

Thomson has a pretty tolerable share of nonsense, in verse luckily blank, about the "poor timid hare," written, we may venture to say, after dinner, and digestion going on badly, having eaten both slices down each side the back-bone of a "hunted hare;" so he talks of "tyrant man," finishes his humane tirade, and sits down to a supper of prawns and oysters. Mr Tayler must give the "timid hare" and the "stag-hunt," both which he does well, and he couldn't well help it. Landseer and others have been before him, but he leaves quite in the background, and far behind those retiring hills, all the mawkish sentimentality. But we do admire the author's simplicity when he recommends the "sylvan youth," that, if he "must have the chase," to go and attack "the roused-up lion:" and a pretty "sylvan youth" he would make of himself, with his lionizing. And, after all, it is very well to talk of getting a lion, or catching a Tartar; but such wild-fowl don't grow on our gooseberry bushes, and now Van Amburg has engaged the whole company of beasts for his own private theatricals. After this recommendation what to do, the author coolly tells the "sylvan youth," what every sylvan youth, even Sylvanus Urban, knew—

"These Britain knows not,"

that is, lions; so he again exhorts the "sylvan youth" to run full butt against all sorts of dangers, as if they were of the long-lost breed of the "battering-rams." But Cope is the only man to *cope* with him in these fits, and he does it effectually, by setting him down to a good sporting dinner, under which he fairly puts sentimentality "under the table," having "come in at the death" of the sportsmen. Horsley survives, and takes up "the mazy dance." That is the recreation the poet recommends to ladies, in preference to fox-hunting. As he puts it, however, it may be quite as objectionable, for he speaks of love's "chase ambiguous;" and—

"May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress,"

and

"Swim along, and swell the mazy dance."

This would be going on rather "too swimmingly" for the partners in tights, unused to the sight of mermaids with

loose simplicity of dress; Mr Horsley has therefore wisely called in the rural police, who peep behind the trees, while the dancing is afloat, and has confined the "loose simplicity" in stiff busks and strong buckskins. In other respects it is a charming, happy scene, sweetly designed and charmingly executed; in some quiet nook of which Cope saw, and represented on the next page, as a thing that should necessarily follow, "The Nutting," with the nut-brown maid. A couple of pages further on—he takes a nearer view of the "Nut-brown maid" in the vineyard; the upper part of the figure is an admirable specimen of beauty, health, and strength; but she has been in Procrustes's long bed, and had her lower limbs dreadfully stretched. Her countenance showing that the pain of the operation has gone off, we are reconciled, while Mr Redgrave has borrowed her "seven-league boots," to be off to the "Stormy Hebrides" to gather the poet's "ovarious food," commonly called eggs. He sketches boldly, as he should, an adventurous group, and one suspended between sea and air, mid-cliff, to collect the sea-fowls' eggs. We cannot expect to return to vestiges of summer cheerfulness after the visit to the "Stormy Hebrides." Autumn advances apace; the birds are mute, for the most part; and Creswick sketches "the pride of the grove" laid prostrate, and its grave, a saw-pit; and the woodman personifies the great cutter-down. Cheerful, gentle idleness-loving Creswick takes up the melancholy omen, is quite moon-struck, and paints

"The moon,
Full orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds."

Poor Mr Tayler is led far astray by an "Ignis fatuus;" luckily survives to tell the story in subject fifty-nine; and, the danger over, treats "the foul fiend" with no little contempt, caricaturing him as the "Jack o'lanthern." The poor woman staring at him does not at all enter into the facetiousness. For some considerable length of verse, the poet himself is in the dismal vein, and threatening earthquake, "dread earthquake," which reminds him of Palermo.

"Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate,) is seized
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame."

The versatility of a poet's genius is a happy thing for his nerves; he can dismiss all his sensitiveness, or rather expend it in a few strong verbal horrors, take a hint from a word, and bid the fiddles strike up. So it is here. "Feast and theatre are enough"—off he goes, with

"Hence every harsher sight."

So he bids Mr Cope step forth to a warm toast, and single-stick. A warm toast! Yes, a warm toast—and Mr Cope does justice to it. Hear the poet,

"Her every charm abroad, the *village toast*,
Young, buxom, *warm*, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks."

Warm enough, if ever "butter melted in her mouth;" but such a beauty is not to be had for nothing, and if not, like another Helen, the cause of the fight, she encourages it. "Nam fuit ante Helenam, et semper erit post Helenam." The Village Iliad is painted by Mr Cope underneath the dance, and he does not forget the Village Priams, who admire their Helen, and are garrulous, and, like old Trojans,

"Rejoice; nor think
That with to-morrow's sun their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round."

Such a scene very naturally leads Mr Redgrave to select for the next subject the "Prattling Children." Spring being too cheerful, it was thought proper and decent to sober it down; so, autumn being dismal at the close, wanted a little enlivening. Spring ends with death—autumn with as cheerful, happy a home-group of man and wife, and clustering children, as man would wish to see. But winter and hard times coming on, we rejoice that the "quiver-full" is not shot at our gate. We have, however, forebodings—we have a glimse of Mr Rauch's cypress, or some such funeral tree, through the then interposing page, and sigh, as we look at Redgrave's charming subject, and through to the other indistinctly—

"Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."

Wintry age comes on—or, as the same poet says, "Omnes eodem cogimur," we must all be "old cogers," if we live to be so. So let us in sober earnestness prepare for Winter. Light and elegant is Mr Rauch's preparation, though the perspective view indicates rough weather. If Mr John Bell has such a thing as a spare "comforter," and a little fleecy hosiery, it would be a charity to bestow them upon naked Winter and his attendants. It is a boldly drawn, shivering, and ruthless allegory; not very slightly has Michael Angelo been consulted for the figure. We are not quite certain that Winter has not unfrozen his icicles with pretty stiff potations, and is taken off to bed with difficulty; they will find no difficulty in the undressing; there is not a shirt and a half in the company. Allegory most resembles truth in its nakedness. We hasten to the fire which Townsend has made for us, and his "Cottage Hind," is capital, at page 249. There is the "brown deluge" above, the low-bent clouds, and the rain, and cattle from "untasted fields;" but man builds himself a shelter, and there is a blessing on it. Home is unscathed; we peep into the hen-roost—we see there may be a pullet for supper—how good are the two ducks, one trying to gobble down some remnant, at the end of which the other is tugging; we glide easily into the cottager's home, and see comfort without envy. We are, however, soon called out of doors by Mr Tayler, to admire his "Soaring hern." It is a wild scene, exciting wonder.

"With wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds."

Their screams forbode ill, and Mr Taylor proceeds to his melancholy task, to depict the cottager, as

"down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift."

And there he lies, the trees crashing over him: the dog holding him, and looking up to see whence danger comes, is well conceived. Above is the unhappy cottage scene, the anxious look, and waiting, in vain, for the cottager's return; he lies "stretched out and bleaching in the northern blast." Far different is the scene of cottered ease the poet soon conjures up, and Mr Knight so faithfully represents, "Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join." The philosophic calmness of the contemplative figure, and the warm quiet of the room, the log on the fire, the chest, the books, and Homer's bust lighted up by the blaze, that touches, too, the loose slipper of the poet, as he turns it towards the classic hearth, makes us long for winter's evenings, the hissing urn, the easy-chair, and the yet uncut Maga; for, at that particular time, we greatly prefer Christopher North to the "Three Epic Poets," though Mr Bell has put them before our eyes, page 271, in most engaging attitudes. We cannot be always wise, even by deputy; for it is, in nine cases out of ten, but deputy wisdom, when we conceit of the Epics; do, therefore, good Mr Horsley, exert your powers, for you are able, and give us a good rustic's winter enjoyment, whose best contemplation is superstition. Now, then, for a "capital Ghost Story." "Shake your shoulders," said the adroit executioner to the culprit who complained that he only flourished about his sword. He did so, and off fell his head. It was cut off without his knowing it. So we imagine Mr Horsley, with some triumph too, as he well may, says to us, "It is already cut,—look at page 276." It is done, indeed, and perfectly. Above the letter-press we have terror; a man is scared by some clothes hanging on a line by night, they so assume the shape of flying pursuing figures. But underneath is the true, the veritable "Ghost Story." The old woman tells it by the blaze of the fire; her very fingers seem to conjure; the expressions of fear, varied according to the several characters, are excellent. One child hides its head; the other is a tender thing, and is all pity; the maiden is filled with awful wonder, but has less of terror, for she has two supporting clowns beside her; the one on her left is, however, frightened out of his wits, and takes the support he seems to give; the maid is taking off a sleeping infant, but can scarcely hold the candle; there is but one unmoved, the grown middle-aged man, opposite the teller, who auda-

ciously smokes his pipe unconcerned. Now he has heard the story too often, and perhaps knows well the teller, and is aware of the annual embellishments. No, there is another unmoved; the dog, and a good dog he is, and you would like to see his portrait; turn, then, to page 282, and you will see him, as Mr Tayler saw and painted him, watching and listening to the step of the nightly thief. You are quite sure that he knows something sinister is at hand. The night-scene above is true to nature. Winter has hitherto gone on sullenly enough; a little wholesome exercise will set the blood circulating, and dissipate these superstitious fogs that oppress the brain; see, page 284, what skating will do. That must have been sketched from nature by Stonehouse. We feel the cold, the healthy frost, and enquire about our skates. Soon we think of Lapland snows, and "Haste, my fleet rein-deer." It is but to ask and have. Though we have no *dissolving* views in winter, you have only to shift the scene a few pages, and Mr Tayler puts the thing so naturally and poetically before you, that you are satisfied, and will not go to Lapland for discovery. You must stay at home, and survey yourself. Lapland snows will reach your head here, black or brown though it be. Look back, for mayhap you have but a little way to look forward on this side the grave.

> "Behold, fond man,
> See here thy pictured life,"

says Thomson; and we say, too, see here how Cope has pictured it, so that you may ever remember it; turn to page 297. There we are—children are gathering flowers; their sturdy, vigorous manhood takes the maiden, and sweetest is she, by the hand; they are destined to walk the downward course; lower down, the autumnal man is "fading into age;" and age sleeps his last sleep, the hour-glass out, and the grave before him. The figure of manhood is finely conceived; the whole subject is excellent. We but return for a moment to the world of "Luxury and Poverty," to show us that we must not look to the proper adjustment of right and wrong in this world, and to see how well Redgrave has painted both states; and we shut up Winter (and winter will soon shut up us) with Mr Creswick's "Church and Churchyard"—a scene affectingly simple, like the unadorned "Finis," the end of every work—man's last device, which,

> "When we have wander'd all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days."

The volume closes with Thomson's Hymn, and two illustrations by Horsley; the circle of life—in the centre an angel holds the scroll, "the Hymn"—the infant, the child, the lover, the man, play their several parts; the feller of the forest is felled, and the burial is in view; it is a touching, emblematical subject. The last is Silence, an angelic figure in the clouds rising and adoring above this barren world, awaiting another earth of perpetual spring—for "Seasons" will be no more.

We congratulate the Etching Club upon their successful labours. We have purposely omitted much that might have been said on this method of illustrating works. We are indebted to the Germans for the hint given. We could not have touched upon this part of the subject without saying much of Retzsch's outlines. We were aware that we could not have a just space for our remarks, and therefore took the shorter course.

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IMAGINARY CONVERSATION. BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Southey and Porson.

Porson.—Many thanks, Mr Southey, for this visit in my confinement. I do believe you see me on my last legs; and perhaps you expected it.

Southey.—Indeed, Mr Professor, I expected to find you unwell, according to report; but as your legs have occasionally failed you, both in Cambridge and in London, the same event may happen again many times before the last. The cheerfulness of your countenance encourages me to make this remark.

Porson.—There is that soft, and quiet, and genial humour about you, which raises my spirits and tranquillizes my infirmity. Why (I wonder) have we not always been friends?

Southey.—Alas, my good Mr Professor! how often have the worthiest men asked the same question—not indeed of each other, but of their own hearts—when age and sickness have worn down their asperities, when rivalships have grown languid, animosities tame, inert, and inexcitable, and when they have become aware of approaching more nearly the supreme perennial fountain of benevolence and truth?

Porson.—Am I listening to the language and to the sentiments of a poet? I ask the question with this distinction; for I have often found a wide difference between the sentiments and the language. Generally nothing can be purer or more humane than what is exhibited in modern poetry; but I may mention to you, who are known to be exempt from the vice, that the nearest neighbours in the most romantic scenery, where every thing seems peace, repose, and harmony, are captious and carping one at another. When I hear the song of the nightingale, I neglect the naturalist; and in vain does he remind me that his aliment is composed of grubs and worms. Let poets be crop-full of jealousy; let them only sing well—that is enough for me.

Southey.—I think you are wrong in your supposition that the poet and the man are usually dissimilar.

Porson.—There is a race of poets—not, however, the race of Homer and Dante, Milton and Shakespeare—but a race of poets there is, which nature has condemned to a Siamese twinship. Wherever the poet is, there also must the man obtrude obliquely his ill-favoured visage. From a drunken connexion with Vanity this surplus offspring may always be expected. In no two poets that ever lived do we find the fact so remarkably exemplified as in Byron and Wordsworth. But higher power produces an intimate consciousness of itself; and this consciousness is the parent of tranquillity and repose. Small poets (observe, I do not call Wordsworth and Byron small poets) are as unquiet as grubs, which, in their boneless and bloodless flaccidity, struggle

and wriggle and die the moment they tumble out of the nutshell and its comfortable drowth. Shakespeare was assailed on every side by rude and beggarly rivals, but he never kicked them out of his way.

Southey.—Milton was less tolerant; he shrivelled up the lips of his revilers by the austerity of his scorn. In our last conversation, I remember, I had to defend against you the weaker of the two poets you just now cited, before we came to Milton and Shakespeare. I am always ready to undertake the task; Byron wants no support or setting off, so many workmen have been employed in the construction of his throne, and so many fair hands in the adaptation of his cushion and canopy. But Wordsworth, in his poetry at least, always aimed at * * *

Porson.—My dear Mr Southey! there are two quarters in which you cannot expect the will to be taken for the deed: I mean the women and the critics. Your friend inserts parenthesis in parenthesis, and adds clause to clause, codicil to codicil, with all the circumspection, circuition, wariness, and strictness, of an indenture. His client has it hard and fast. But what is an axiom in law is none in poetry. You cannot say in your profession, *plus non vitiat; plus* is the worst vitiator and violator of the Muses and the Graces.

Be sparing of your animadversions on Byron. He will always have more partisans and admirers than any other in your confraternity. He will always be an especial favourite with the ladies, and with all who, like them, have no opportunity of comparing him with the models of antiquity. He possesses the soul of poetry, which is energy; but he wants that ideal beauty which is the sublimer emanation, I will not say of the real, for this is the more real of the two, but of that which is ordinarily subject to the common senses. With much that is admirable, he has nearly all that is vicious; a large grasp of small things, without selection and without cohesion. This likewise is the case with the other, without the long hand and the strong fist.

Southey.—I have heard that you prefer Crabbe to either.

Porson.—Crabbe wrote with a twopenny nail, and scratched rough truths and rogues' facts on mud walls. There is, however, much in his poetry, and more in his moral character, to admire. Comparing the smartnesses of Crabbe with Young's, I cannot help thinking that the reverend doctor must have wandered in his *Night Thoughts* rather too near the future vicar's future mother, so striking is the resemblance. But the vicar, if he was fonder of low company, has greatly more nature and sympathy, greatly more vigour and compression. Young moralized at a distance on some external appearances of the human heart; Crabbe entered it *on all fours*, and told the people what an ugly thing it is inside.

Southey.—This simple-minded man is totally free from malice and animosity.

Porson.—Rightly in the use of these two powers have you discriminated. Byron is profuse of animosity; but I do believe him to be quite without malice. You have lived among men about the Lakes, who want the vigour necessary for the expansion of animosity; but whose dunghills are warm enough to hatch long egg-strings of malice, after a season. *

Southey.—It may be so; but why advert to them? In speaking of vigour, surely you cannot mean vigour of intellect? An animal that has been held with lowered nostrils in the Grotto del Cane, recovers his senses when he is thrown into the Agnano; but there is no such resuscitation for the writer whose head has been bent over that poetry, which, while it intoxicates the brain, deadens or perverts the energies of the heart. In vain do pure waters reflect the heavens to him: his respiration is on the earth and earthly things; and it is not the whispers of wisdom, or the touches of affection—it is only the shout of the multitude—that can excite him. It soon falls, and he with it.

Porson.—Do not talk in this manner with the ladies, young or old; a little profligacy is very endearing to them.

Southey.—Not to those with whom I am likely to talk.

Porson.—Before we continue our discussion on the merits of Mr Wordsworth, and there are many great ones, I must show my inclination to impartiality, by adducing a few instances of faultiness in Byron. For you must bear in mind that I am counsel for the crown against your friend, and that it is not my business in this place to call witnesses to his good character.

Southey.—You leave me no doubt of that. But do not speak in generalities when you speak of him. Lay your finger on those places in particular which most displease you.

Porson.—It would benumb it—nevertheless, I will do as you bid me; and, if ever I am unjust in a single tittle, reprehend me instantly. But at present, to Byron as I proposed. Give me the volume. Ay, that is it.

Southey.—Methinks it smells of his own favourite beverage, gin and water.

Porson.—No bad perfume after all.

> "Nought of life left, save a *quivering*
> When his limbs were *slightly shivering.*"

Pray, what does the second line add to the first, beside empty words?

> "Around a slaughter'd army lay."

What follows?

> "No more to combat or to bleed."

Verily! Well; more the pity than the wonder. According to historians, (if you doubt my fidelity, I will quote them,) slaughtered armies have often been in this condition.

> "We sat down and wept by the waters
> Of Babel, and thought of the day,
> When our foe, *in the hue of his slaughters,*
> Made Salem's high places his prey."

A prey "in the hue of his slaughters." This is very pathetic; but not more so than the thought it suggested to me, which is plainer—

> "We sat down and wept by the waters
> Of Camus, and thought of the day,
> When damsels would show their red garters
> In their hurry to scamper away."

Let us see what we can find where this other slip of paper divides the pages.

> "Let *he* who made thee."

Some of us at Cambridge continue to say, "Let *him* go." Is this grammatical form grown obsolete? Pray, let *I* know. Some of us are also much in the habit of pronouncing *real* as if it were a dissyllable, and *ideal* as if it were a trisyllable. All the Scotch deduct a syllable from each of these words, and Byron's mother was Scotch.

What have we here?

> "And spoil'd her goodly lands to *gild his waste.*"

I profess my abhorrence at *gilding* even a few square leagues of waste.

> "Thy fanes, thy temples,"

Where is the difference?

> "Rustic plough."

There are more of these than of city ploughs or court ploughs.

> "Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls."

What think you of a desolate cloud

> "O'er Venice' lovely walls?"

Where poets have omitted, as in this instance, the possessive *s*, denoting the genitive case, as we are accustomed to call it, they are very censurable. Few blemishes in style are greater. But here, where no letter *s* precedes it, the fault is the worst. In the next line we find

> "Athens' armies."

Further on, he makes Petrarca say that his passion for Laura was a guilty one. If it was, Petrarca did not think it so, and still less would he have said it.

Southey.—This arises from his ignorance, that *reo* in Italian poetry, means not only *guilty*, but *cruel* and *sorrowful.*

Porson.—He fancies that Shakespeare's Forest of Arden is the Belgian

Forest of the same name, differently spelt, Ardennes; whereas it began near Stratford upon Avon, and extended to Red-ditch and the Ridgeway, the boundary of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, having for its centre the little town Henley, called to this day Henley in Arden.

Southey.—You will never find in Wordsworth such faults as these.

Porson.—Perhaps not; but let us see. I am apprehensive that we may find graver, and without the excuse of flightiness or incitation. We will follow him, if you please, where you attempted (as coopers do in their business more successfully) to draw together the staves of his quarter-cask, by putting a little fire of your own chips in it. Yet they start and stare widely; and even your practised hand will scarcely bring it into such condition as to render it a sound or saleable commodity. You are annoyed, I perceive, at this remark. I honour your sensibility. There are, indeed, base souls which genius may illuminate, but cannot elevate.

> "Struck with an ear-ache by all stronger lays,
> They writhe with anguish at another's praise."

Meantime, what exquisite pleasure must you have felt, in being the only critic of our age and country, labouring for the advancement of those who might be thought your rivals! No other ventured to utter a syllable in behalf of your friend's poetry. While he "wheeled his downy flight," it lay among the thread-papers and patch-work of the sedater housewifes, and was applied by them to the younger part of the family, as an antidote against all levity of behaviour. The last time we met, you not only defended your fellow-soldier while he was lying on the ground, trodden and wounded, and crying out aloud, but you lifted him up on your shoulders in the middle of the fight. Presently we must try our strength again, if you persist in opposing him to the dramatists of Athens.

Southey.—You mistake me widely in imagining me to have ranked him with the Greek tragedians, or any great tragedians whatsoever. I only said that, in one single poem, Sophocles or Euripides would probably have succeeded no better.

Porson.—This was going far enough. But I will not oppose my unbelief to your belief, which is at all times the pleasanter. Poets, I find, are beginning to hold critics cheap, and are drilling a company out of their own body. At present, in marching they lift up their legs too high, and in firing they shut their eyes.

Southey.—There is little use in arguing with the conceited and inexperienced, who, immersed in the slough of ignorance, cry out, "*There you are wrong; there we differ*," &c. Wry necks are always stiff, and hot heads are still worse when they grow cool.

Porson.—Let me ask you, who, being both a poet and a critic, are likely to be impartial, whether we, who restore the noble forms which time and barbarism have disfigured, are not more estimable than those artisans who mould in coarse clay, and cover with plashy chalk, their shepherds and shepherdesses for Bagnigge-Wells?

Southey.—I do not deny nor dispute it; but, awarding due praise to such critics, of whom the number in our own country is extremely small, bishoprics having absorbed and suffocated half the crew, I must, in defence of those particularly whom they have criticised too severely, profess my opinion that our poetry, of late years, hath gained to the full as much as it hath lost.

Porson.—The sea also, of late years, and all other years too, has followed the same law. We have gained by it empty cockle-shells, dead jelly-fish, sand, shingle, and voluminous weeds. On the other hand, we have lost our exuberant meadow-ground, slowly abraded, stealthily bitten off, morsel after morsel; we have lost our fat salt-marshes; we have lost our solid turf, besprinkled with close flowers; we have lost our broad umbrageous fences, and their trees and shrubs and foliage of plants innumerably various; we have lost, in short, every thing that delighted us with its inexhaustible richness, and aroused our admiration at its irregular and unrepressed luxuriance.

Southey.—I would detract and derogate from no man; but pardon me if I am more inclined toward him who improves our own literature, than towards him who elucidates any other.

Porson.—Our own is best improved by the elucidation of others. Among all the bran in all the little bins of Mr Wordsworth's beer-cellar, there is not a legal quart of that stout old English beverage with which the good Bishop of Dromore regaled us. The buff jerkins we saw in Chevy Chase, please me better than the linsy-woolsy which enwraps the puffy limbs of our worthy host at Grasmere.

Southey.—Really this, if not random malice, is ill-directed levity. Already you have acquired that fame and station to which nobody could oppose your progress: why not let him have his?

Porson.—So he shall; this is the mark I aim at. It is a difficult matter to set a weak man right, and it is seldom worth the trouble; but it is infinitely more difficult, when a man is intoxicated by applauses, to persuade him that he is going astray. The more tender and coaxing we are, the oftener is the elbow jerked into our sides. There are three classes of sufferers under criticism—the querulous, the acquiescent, and the contemptuous. In the two latter, there is usually something of magnanimity; but in the querulous we always find the imbecile, the vain, and the mean-spirited. I do not hear that you ever have condescended to notice any attack on your poetical works, either in note or preface. Meanwhile, your neighbour would allure us into his cottage by setting his sheep-dog at us; which guardian of the premises runs after and snaps at every pebble thrown to irritate him.

Southey.—Pray, leave these tropes and metaphors, and acknowledge that Wordsworth has been scornfully treated.

Porson.—Those always will be who show one weakness at having been attacked on another. I admire your suavity of temper, and your consciousness of worth; your disdain of obloquy, and your resignation to the destinies of authorship. Never did either poet or lover gain any thing by complaining.

Southey.—Such sparks as our critics are in general, give neither warmth nor light, and only make people stare and stand out of the way, lest they should fall on them.

Porson.—Those who have assaulted you and Mr Wordsworth are perhaps less malicious than unprincipled; the pursuivants of power, or the running footmen of faction. Your patience is admirable; his impatience is laughable. Nothing is more amusing than to see him raise his bristles and expose his tusk at every invader of his brushwood, every marauder of his hips and haws.

Southey.—Among all the races of men, we English are at once the most generous and the most ill-tempered. We all carry sticks in our hands to cut down the heads of the higher poppies.

Porson.—A very high poppy, and surcharged with Lethean dew, is that before us. But continue.

Southey.—I would have added, that each resents in another any injustice; and resents it indeed so violently, as to turn unjust on the opposite side. Wordsworth, in whose poetry you yourself admit there are many and great beauties, will, I am afraid, be tossed out of his balance by a sudden jerk in raising him.

Porson.—Nothing more likely. The reaction may be as precipitate as the pull is now violent against him. Injudicious friends will cause him less uneasiness, but will do him greater mischief than intemperate opponents.

Southey.—You cannot be accused of either fault: but you demand too much, and pardon no remissness. However, you have at no time abetted by your example the paltry pelters of golden fruit paled out from them.

Porson.—Removed alike from the crowd and the coterie, I have always avoided, with timid prudence, the bird-cage walk of literature. I have withholden from Herman and some others, a part of what is due to them; and I regret it. Sometimes I have been arrogant, never have I been malicious. Unhappily, I was educated in a school of criticism where the exercises were too gladiatorial. Looking at my elders in it, they appeared to me so ugly, in part from their contortions, and in part from their scars, that I suspected it must be a dangerous thing to wield a scourge of vipers; and I thought it no very creditable appointment to be linkboy or pandar at an alley leading down

to the Furies. Age and infirmity have rendered me milder than I was. I am loth to fire off my gun in the warren which lies before us; loth to startle the snug little creatures, each looking so comfortable at the mouth of its burrow, or skipping about at short distances, or frisking and kicking up the sand along the thriftless heath. You have shown me some very good poetry in your author: I have some very bad in him to show you. Each of our actions is an incitement to improve him. But what we cannot improve or alter, lies in the constitution of the man: the determination to hold you in one spot until you have heard him through; the reluctance that any thing should be lost; the unconsciousness that the paring is less nutritious and less savoury than the core; in short, the prolix, the prosaic; a sickly sameness of colour; a sad deficiency of vital heat.

Southey.—Where the language is subdued and somewhat cold, there may nevertheless be internal warmth and spirit. There is a paleness in intense fires; they do not flame out nor sparkle. As you know, Mr Professor, it is only a weak wine that sends the cork up to the ceiling.

Porson.—I never was fond of the florid: but I would readily pardon the weak wine you allude to, for committing this misdemeanour. Upon my word, I have no such complaint to make against it. I said little at the time about these poems, and usually say little more on better. In our praises and censures, we should see before us one sole object—instruction. A single well-set post, with a few plain letters upon it, directs us better than fifty that turn about and totter, covered as they may be from top to bottom with coronals and garlands.

Southey.—We have about a million critics in Great Britain; not a soul of which critics entertains the slightest doubt of his own infallibility. You, with all your learning and all your canons of criticism, will never make them waver.

Porson.—We will not waste our breath upon the best of them. Rather let me turn toward you, so zealous, so ardent, so indefatigable a friend, and, if reports are true, so ill-requited. When your client was the ridicule of all the wits in England, of whom Canning and Frere were foremost, by your indignation at injustice he was righted, and more than righted. For although you attributed to him what perhaps was not greatly above his due, yet they who acknowledge your authority, and contend under your banner, have carried him much further; nay, further, I apprehend, than is expedient or safe; and they will drop him before the day closes, where there is nobody to show the way home.

Southey.—Could not you, Mr Professor, do that good service to him, which others in another province have so often done to you?

Porson.—Nobody better, nobody with less danger from interruptions. But I must be even more enthusiastic than you are, if I prefer this excursion to your conversation. My memory, although the strongest part of me, is apt to stagger and swerve under verses piled incompactly. In our last meeting, you had him mostly to yourself, and you gave me abundantly of the best; at present, while my gruel is before me, it appears no unseasonable time to throw a little salt into both occasionally, as may suit my palate. You will not be displeased?

Southey.—Certainly not, unless you are unjust; nor even then, unless I find the injustice to be founded on ill will.

Porson.—That cannot be. I stand

> "Despicere unde queam tales, passimque videre
> Errare."

Besides, knowing that my verdicts will be registered and recorded, I dare not utter a hasty or an inconsiderate one. On this ground, the small critics of the *Edinburgh Review* have incalculably the advantage over us. I lay it down as an axiom, that languor is the cause or the effect of all disorders, and is itself the very worst in poetry. Wordsworth's is an instrument which has no trumpet-stop.

Southey.—But, such as it is, he blows it well.

Porson.—To continue the metaphor, it seems to me, on the contrary, that a

good deal of his breath is whiffed on the outside of the pipe, and goes for nothing. He wants absolutely all the four great requisites—creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, and the pathetic; and I see no reason to believe that he is capable or even sensible of the facetious, as Cowper and you have proved yourselves to be on many occasions.

Southey.—Among the opinions we form of our faculties, this is the one in which we all are the most liable to err. How many are suspicious that they are witty who raise no such suspicion in any one else? Wit appears to require a certain degree of unsteadiness in the character. Diamonds sparkle the most brilliantly on heads stricken by the palsy.

Porson.—Yes; but it is not every palsied head that has diamonds, nor every unsteady character that has wit. I am little complimentary; I must, however, say plainly, that you have indulged in it without any detriment to your fame. But where all the higher qualities of the poet are deficient, if we cannot get wit and humour, there ought at least to be abstinence from prolixity and dilation.

Southey.—Surely it is something to have accompanied sound sense with pleasing harmony, whether in verse or prose.

Porson.—What is the worth of a musical instrument which has no high key? Even Pan's pipe rises above the baritones; yet I never should mistake it for an organ.

Southey.—It is evident that you are ill-disposed to countenance the moderns; I mean principally the living.

Porson.—They are less disposed to countenance one another.

Southey.—Where there is genius there should be geniality. The curse of quarrelsomeness, of hand against every man, was inflicted on the children of the desert; not on those who pastured their flocks on the fertile banks of the Euphrates, or contemplated the heavens from the elevated ranges of Chaldea.

Porson.—Let none be cast down by the malice of their contemporaries, or surprised at the defection of their associates, when he himself who has tended more than any man living to purify the poetry and to liberalize the criticism of his nation, is represented, by one whom he has called "inoffensive and virtuous," as an author all whose poetry is "not worth five shillings," and of whom another has said, that "his verses sound like dumb-bells." Such are the expressions of two among your friends and familiars, both under obligations to you for the earliest and weightiest testimony in their favour. It would appear as if the exercise of the poetical faculty left irritation and weakness behind it, depriving its possessor at once of love and modesty, and making him resemble a spoilt child, who most indulges in its frowardness when you exclaim "what a spoilt child it is!" and carry it crying and kicking out of the room. Your poetical neighbours, I hear, complain bitterly that you never have landed them at large in your *Critical Reviews*.

Southey.—I never have; because one grain of commendation more to the one than the other would make them enemies; and no language of mine would be thought adequate by either to his deserts. Each could not be called the greatest poet of the age; and by such compliance I should have been for ever divested of my authority as a critic. I lost, however, no opportunity of commending heartily what is best in them; and I have never obtruded on any one's notice what is amiss, but carefully concealed it. I wish you were equally charitable.

Porson.—I will be; and generous, too. There are several things in these volumes besides that which you recited, containing just thoughts poetically expressed. Few, however, are there which do not contain much of the superfluous, and more of the prosaic. For one nod of approbation, I therefore give two of drowsiness. You accuse me of injustice, not only to this author, but to all the living. Now Byron is living; there is more spirit in Byron: Scott is living; there is more vivacity and variety in Scott. Byron exhibits *disjecti membra poetæ;* and strong muscles quiver throughout—but rather like galvanism than healthy life. There is a freshness in all Scott's scenery; a vigour and distinctness in all his characters. He seems the brother-in-arms of Froissart. I admire his *Marmion* in particular. Give me his massy claymore, and keep in the cabinet or the boudoir the jewelled hilt of the oriental

dirk. The pages which my forefinger keeps open for you, contain a thing in the form of a sonnet; a thing to which, for insipidity, *tripe au naturel* is a dainty.

> "Great men have been among us, hands that penned
> And tongues that uttered wisdom; *better none.*
> *The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,*
> *Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.*"

When he potted these fat lampreys he forgot the condiments, which the finest lampreys want; but how close and flat he has laid them! I see nothing in poetry since

> "*Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row,*"

fit to compare with it. How the good men and true stand, shoulder to shoulder, and keep one another up!

Southey.—In these censures and sarcasms, you forget

> "Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque."

From the Spanish I could bring forward many such.

Porson.—But here is a sonnet; and the sonnet admits not that approach to the prosaic which is allowable in the ballad, particularly in the ballad of action. For which reason I never laughed, as many did, at

> "*Lord Lion King at Arms.*"

Scott knew what he was about. In his chivalry, and in all the true, gayety is mingled with strength, and facility with majesty. Lord Lion may be defended by the practice of the older poets, who describe the like scenes and adventures. There is much resembling it, for instance, in *Chevy Chase. Marmion* is a poem of chivalry, particularly in some measures of the ballad, but rising in sundry places to the epic, and closing with a battle worthy of the *Iliad.* Ariosto has demonstrated that a romance may be so adorned by the apparatus, and so elevated by the spirit of poetry, as to be taken for an epic; but it has a wider field of its own, with outlying forests and chases. Spanish and Italian poetry often seems to run in extremely slender veins through a vast extent of barren ground.

Southey.—But often, too, it is pure and plastic. The republicans, whose compact phalanx you have unsparingly ridiculed in Wordsworth's sonnet, make surely no sorrier a figure than

> "*A Don Alvaro de Luna*
> *Condestable de Castilla*
> *El Re Don Juan el Segundo.*"

Porson.—What an admirable Spanish scholar must Mr Wordsworth be! How completely has he transfused into his own compositions all the spirit of those verses! Nevertheless, it is much to be regretted that, in resolving on simplicity, he did not place himself under the tuition of Burns; which quality Burns could have taught him in perfection; but others he never could have imparted to such an auditor. He would have sung in vain to him

> "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

A song more animating than ever Tyrtæus sang to the fife before the Spartans. But simplicity in Burns is never stale and unprofitable. In Burns there is no waste of words out of an ill-shouldered sack; no troublesome running backwards of little, idle, ragged ideas; no ostentation of sentiment in the surtout of selfishness. Where was I?

> "*Better none. . . The later Sidney . . Young Vane . .*
> "These moralists could act . . and . . *comprehend!*"

We might expect as much if "*none were better.*"

> "They knew how *genuine* glory was . . *put on!*

What is genuine is not *put on.*

> "Taught us how *rightfully* . . a nation . .

Did what? Took up arms? No such thing. *Remonstrated?* No, nor that. What then? Why, "*shone!*" I am inclined to take the *shine* out of him for it. But how did the nation "rightfully *shine?*" In *splendour!*

> "Taught us how *rightfully* a nation *shone*
> In *splendour!*"

Now the secret is plainly out—make the most of it. Another thing they taught us,

> "*What strength was.*"

They did indeed, with a vengeance. Furthermore, they taught us, what we never could have expected from such masters,

> "What strength was . . *that could not bend*
> But in magnanimous *meekness.*"

Brave Oliver! brave and honest Ireton! we know pretty well where your magnanimity lay; we never could so cleverly find out your meekness. Did you leave it peradventure on the window-seat at Whitehall? *The "later Sidney and young Vane, who could call Milton friend,"* and Milton himself, were gentlemen of your kidney, and they were all as meek as Moses with their arch-enemy.

> "Perpetual emptiness: unceasing change."

How could the *change* be unceasing if the *emptiness* was perpetual?

> "No single volume paramount: no *code;*"

That is untrue. There is a Code, and the best in Europe: there was none promulgated under our Commonwealth.

> "No master-spirit, no determined road,
> And equally a want of books and men."

Southey.—I do not agree in this opinion: for although of late years France hath exhibited no man of exalted wisdom or great worth, yet surely her Revolution cast up several both intellectual and virtuous. But, like fishes in dark nights and wintery weather, allured by deceptive torches, they came to the surface only to be speared.

Porson.—Although there were many deplorable ends in the French Revolution, there was none so deplorable as the last sonnet's. So diffuse and pointless and aimless is not only this, but fifty more, that the author seems to have written them in hedger's gloves, on blotting-paper. If he could by any contrivance have added to

> "*Perpetual emptiness unceasing change,*"

or some occasional change at least, he would have been more tolerable.

Southey.—He has done it lately: he has written, although not yet published, a vast number of sonnets on *Capital Punishment.*

Porson.—Are you serious? Already he has inflicted it far and wide, for divers attempts made upon him to extort his meaning.

Southey.—Remember, poets superlatively great have composed things below their dignity. Suffice it to mention only Milton's translations of the Psalms.

Porson.—Milton was never half so wicked a regicide as when he lifted up his hand and smote King David. He has atoned for it, however, by composing a magnificent psalm of his own, in the form of a sonnet.

Southey.—You mean, on the massacre of the Protestants in Piedmont. This is indeed the noblest of sonnets.

Porson.—There are others in Milton comparable to it, but none elsewhere. In the poems of Shakespeare which are printed as sonnets, there sometimes is a singular strength and intensity of thought, with little of that imagination which was afterwards to raise him highest in the universe of poetry. Even the interest we take in the private life of this miraculous man cannot keep the volume in our hands long together. We acknowledge great power, but we experience great weariness. Were I a poet, I would much rather have written the *Allegro* or the *Penseroso,* than all those, and moreover than nearly all that

portion of our metre, which, wanting a definite term, is ranged under the capitulary of lyric.

Southey.—Evidently you dislike the sonnet; otherwise there are very many in Wordsworth which would have obtained your approbation.

Porson.—I have no objection to see mince-meat put into small patty-pans, all of equal size, with ribs at odd distances: my objection lies mainly where I find it without salt or succulence. Milton was glad, I can imagine, to seize upon the sonnet, because it restricted him from a profuse expression of what soon becomes tiresome—praise. In addressing it to the Lord Protector, he was aware that prolixity of speech was both unnecessary and indecorous: in addressing it to Vane, and Lawrence, and Lawes, he felt that friendship is never the stronger for running through long periods: and in addressing it to

"*Captain, or Colonel, or Knight-at-Arms,*"

he might be confident that fourteen such glorious lines were a bulwark sufficient for his protection against a royal army.

Southey.—I am highly gratified at your enthusiasm. A great poet represents a great portion of the human race. Nature delegated to Shakespeare the interests and direction of the whole: to Milton a smaller part, but with plenary power over it; and she bestowed on him such fervour and majesty of eloquence as on no other mortal in any age.

Porson.—Perhaps indeed not on Demosthenes himself.

Southey.—Without many of those qualities of which a loftier genius is constituted, without much fire, without an extent of range, without an eye that can look into the heart, or an organ that can touch it, Demosthenes had great dexterity and great force. By the union of these properties he always was impressive on his audience: but his orations bear less testimony to the seal of genius than the dissertations of Milton do.

Porson.—You judge correctly that there are several parts of genius in which Demosthenes is deficient, although in none whatever of the consummate orator. In that character there is no necessity for stage-exhibitions of wit, however well it may be received in an oration from the most persuasive and the most stately: Demosthenes, when he catches at wit, misses it, and falls flat in the mire. But by discipline and training, by abstinence from what is florid and too juicy, and by loitering with no idle words on his way, he acquired the hard muscles of a wrestler, and nobody could stand up against him with success or impunity.

Southey.—Milton has equal strength, without an abatement of beauty: not a sinew sharp or rigid, not a vein varicose or inflated. Hercules killed robbers and ravishers with his knotted club: he cleansed also royal stables by turning whole rivers into them. Apollo, with no labour or effort, overcame the Python; brought round him, in the full accordance of harmony, all the Muses; and illuminated with his sole splendour the universal world. Such is the difference I see between Demosthenes and Milton.

Porson.—Would you have any thing more of Mr Wordsworth, after the contemplation of two men who resemble a god and a demigod in the degrees of power?

Southey.—I do not believe you can find, in another of his poems, so many blemishes and debilities as you have pointed out.

Porson.—Within the same space, perhaps not. But my complaint is not against a poverty of thought or expression here and there; it is against the sickliness and prostration of the whole body. I should never have thought it worth my while to renew and continue our conversation on it, unless that frequently such discussions lead to something better than the thing discussed; and unless we had some abundant proofs that heaviness, taken opportunely, is the parent of hilarity. The most beautiful iris rises in bright expanse out of the minutest watery particles. Little fond as I am of quoting my own authority, permit me to repeat, in this sick chamber, an observation I once made in another almost as sick.

> "When wine and gin are gone and spent,
> Small beer is then most excellent."

But small beer itself is not equally small nor equally vapid. Our friend's poetry, like a cloak of gum-elastic, makes me sweat without keeping me warm. With regard to the texture and sewing, what think you of

> "No thorns can pierce *those* tender feet,
> Whose *life* was as the violet sweet!"

Southey.—It should have been written "*her* tender feet;" because, as the words stand, it is the *life* of the tender feet that is sweet as the violet.

Porson.—If there is a Wordsworth school, it certainly is not a grammar school. Is there any lower? It must be a school for very little boys, and a rod should be hung up in the centre. Take another sample.

> "There is a *blessing* in the air,
> Which *seems* a sense of joy to yield."

Was ever line so inadequate to its purpose as the second! If the blessing is evident and certain, the sense of joy arising from it must be evident and certain also, not merely *seeming*. Whatever only *seems* to yield a sense of joy, is scarcely a *blessing*. The verse adds nothing to the one before, but rather tends to empty it of the little it conveys.

> "And shady groves, for recreation *framed*."

"*Recreation!*" and in groves that are "*framed!*"

> "With high respect and gratitude sincere."

This is indeed a good end of a letter, but not of a poem. I am weary of discomposing these lines of sawdust: they verily would disgrace any poetry-professor.

Southey.—Acknowledging the prosaic flatness of the last verse you quoted, the sneer with which you pronounced the final word seems to me unmerited.

Porson.—That is not gratitude which is not "*sincere.*" A scholar ought to write nothing so incorrect as the phrase, a poet nothing so imbecile as the verse.

Southey.—*Sincere* conveys a stronger sense to most understandings than the substantive alone would; words which we can do without, are not therefore useless. Many may be of service and efficacy to certain minds, which other minds pass over inobservantly; and there are many which, however light in themselves, wing the way for a well-directed point that could never reach the heart without it.

Porson.—This is true in general, but here inapplicable. I will tell you what is applicable on all occasions, both in poetry and prose: ἀεὶ ἀφιστεῦσιν: always without reference to weak or common minds. If we give an entertainment, we do not set on the table pap and panada, just because a guest may be liable to indigestion: we rather send these dismal dainties to his chamber, and treat our heartier friends *opiparously*. I am wandering. If we critics are logical, it is the most that can be required at our hands: we should go out of our record if we were philosophical.

Southey.—Without both qualities not even the lightest poetry should be reprehended. They do not exclude wit, which sometimes shows inexactnesses where mensuration would be tardy and incommodious.

Porson.—I fear I am at my wits' end under this exhausted receiver. Here are, however, a few more *Excerpta* for you: I shall add but few; although I have marked with my pencil, in these two small volumes, more than seventy spots of sterility or quagmire. Mr Wordsworth has hitherto had for his critics men who uncovered and darkened his blemishes in order to profit by them, and afterwards expounded his songs and expatiated on his beauties in order to obtain the same result; like picture-cleaners, who besmear a picture all over with washy dirtiness, then wipe away one-half of it, making it whiter than it ever was before. And nothing draws such crowds to the window.

I must make you walk with me up and down the deck, else nothing could keep you from sickness in this hull. How do you feel? Will you sit down again?

Southey.—I will hear you and bear with you.

Porson.—"I on the earth will go plodding on
By myself cheerfully, till the day is done."

In what other author do you find such heavy trash?

"How do you live? and what is it you do?"

Show me any thing like this in the worst poet that ever lived, and I will acknowledge that I am the worst critic. A want of sympathy is sometimes apparent in the midst of poetical pretences. Before us a gang of gypsies, perhaps after a long journey, perhaps after a marriage, perhaps after the birth of a child among them, are found resting a whole day in one place: What is the reflection on it?

"The *mighty* moon!
This way she looks, *as if at them,*
And they regard her not!
O! better wrong and strife;
Rather vain deeds or evil than such life!"

Mr Southey! is this the man you represented to me, in our last conversation, as innocent and philosophical? What! better be guilty of robbery or bloodshed than not be looking at the moon? better let the fire go out, and the children cry with hunger and cold? The philanthropy of poets is surely ethereal, and is here, indeed, a matter of moonshine.

Southey.—The sentiment is indefensible. But in the stoutest coat a stitch may give way somewhere.

Porson.—Our business is, in this place, with humanity: We will go forward, if you please, to religion. Poets may take great liberties; but not much above the nymphs; they must be circumspect and orderly with gods and goddesses of any account and likelihood. Although the ancients laid many children at the door of Jupiter, which he never could be brought to acknowledge, yet it is downright impiety to attribute to the God of mercy, as his, so ill-favoured a vixen as *Slaughter.*

Southey.—We might enter into a long disquisition on this subject.

Porson.—God forbid we should do all we might do! Have you rested long enough? Come along then to *Goody Blake's.*

"*Old* Goody Blake was *old* and poor"—

What is the consequence?

"Ill-fed she was, and thinly clad,
And any man who passed her door
Might see"—

What might he see?

"How *poor* a hut she had."

Southey.—Ease and simplicity are two expressions often confounded and misapplied. We usually find ease arising from long practice, and sometimes from a delicate ear without it; but simplicity may be rustic and awkward; of which, it must be acknowledged, there are innumerable examples in these volumes. But surely it would be a pleasanter occupation to recollect the many that are natural, and to search out the few that are graceful.

Porson.—We have not yet taken our leave of Goody Blake.

"All day she spun in her *poor* dwelling,
And then 'twas three hours' work at night;
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling."

I am quite of that opinion.

"But when the ice our streams *did fetter*"—

Which was the *fetterer?* We may guess—but not from the grammar.

"Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, *if you had met her*"—

Now, what would you have said? "Goody! come into my house, and warm yourself with a pint of ale at the kitchen fire." No such naughty thing.

"You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake!"

Southey.—If you said only *that*, you must have been the colder of the two, and God had done less for you than for her.

Porson.—"Sad case it was, *as you may think,*
As every man who knew her says."

Now, mind ye! all this balderdash is from "*Poems purely of the Imagination.*" Such is what is notified to us in the title-page. In spite of a cold below zero, I hope you are awake, Mr Southey! How do you find nose and ears? all safe and sound? are the acoustics in tolerable order for harmony? Listen then.

"The west that burns like *one* dilated *sun*"—

Are you ready for the sublime? Come on.

"Where in a mighty *crucible* expire
The mountains."

It must now be all over with them if they *expired.* The self-same verse, however, continues to inform us, that, after this operation, they were—what think you?

"*Glowing hot.*"

Southey.—Rather retrograde thermometer!

Porson.—And what do you think the mountains were like, when they were in the crucible after their expiration? Why, they were "like coals of fire."

Southey.—Coals of fire are generally on the *outside* of crucibles. The melting of the mountains is taken from the Holy Scriptures.

Porson.—And never was there such a piece of sacrilege. Away he runs with them, and passes them (as thieves usually do) into the *crucible.* [Here follows "*an anecdote for fathers, showing how the practice of lying may be taught.*"] Such is the title, a somewhat prolix one: but for the soul of me I cannot find out the lie, with all my experience in those matters.

"Now tell me *had* you rather be?"

Cannot our writers perceive that *had be* is not English? *Would you rather be* is grammatical. *I'd* sounds much the same when it signifies *I would.* The latter with slighter contraction is *I 'ou'd*; hence the corruption goes further.

Southey.—This is just and true; but we must not rest too often, too long or too pressingly, on verbal criticism.

Porson.—Do you, so accurate a grammarian, say this? To pass over such vulgarisms, which indeed the worst writers seldom fall into—if the words are silly, idle, or inapplicable, what becomes of the sentence? Those alone are to be classed as verbal critics who can catch and comprehend no more than a word here and there, and who lay more stress upon it, if faulty, than upon all the beauties in the best authors. But unless we, who sit perched and watchful on a higher branch than the *word catchers,** and who live on somewhat more substantial than syllables, do catch the word, that which is dependent on the word must escape us also. Now do me the favour to read the rest; for I have only just breath enough to converse, and your voice will give advantages to the poetry which mine cannot.

Southey (reads).—"In careless mood he look'd at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, 'At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liznin farm.'
Now, little Edward, *say why so*—
My little Edward *tell me why.*"

Porson.—Where is the difference of meaning betwixt

"Little Edward, *say why so,*"

and

"Little Edward, *tell me why?*"

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* "Like word-catchers that live on syllables."—Pope.

by no means uncommon. Here in London it is apt to embrace, in due course of time, another or more.

Southey.—A great deal of bad poetry does not of necessity make a bad poet; but a little of what is excellent, on a befitting subject, constitutes a good one.

Porson.—If ever this poet before us should write a *large* poem, (a *great* poem is out of the question,) he will stick small particles of friable earth together, and hang the conglutinated nodules under a thatched roof, the more picturesque and the more interesting (no doubt) for its procumbent elevation.

> " Strange *fits of passion* have I known,
> And I will dare to tell,
> But in the lover's ear alone,
> What once *to me befell.*"

He has never told lover, or other man, any thing like *a fit of passion*: I wish he could do that.

> " In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
> *Kind* nature's *gentlest* boon"——

What originality of thought, and what distinctness of expression!

> " My horse moved on; *hoof after hoof*
> He raised"——

What a horse! did ever another do the like?

> —— " and never stopped."

A wandering Jew of horse-flesh! There's a horse for you! Could any Yorkshire jockey promise more?

> " What fond and wayward thoughts will *slide*
> Into a lover's head!"

Really! are you aware of that, Mr Southey? But, if they must slide any where, they can nowhere find a piece of harder ice to slide upon.

Southey.—Certainly there is not much warmth or much invention in several of the *Lyrical Ballads*. This species of poetry can do without them.

Porson.—Then we can do without this species of poetry. But invention here is: you never have looked deep enough for it: invention here is, I say again; and a sufficiency for a royal patent. What other man living has produced such a quantity of soup out of bare bones, however unsatisfactory may be the savour?

> " O mercy! to myself, I cried"—

We sometimes *say* to ourselves, but seldom *cry* to ourselves in moments of reflection.

> " If Lucy should be dead!"

Southey.—Surely this is very natural.

Porson.—Do not force me to quote Voltaire on the *natural*, and to show you what he calls it. If the presentiment had been followed up by the event, the poem, however tedious and verbose, had been less bald. In how different a manner has Madame de Staël treated this very thought, which many others have also entertained! Do me the favour to take down *Corinne*. Excuse my pronunciation. " Comme je tournais mes regards vers le ciel pour l'en remercier, je ne sçais par quel hazard une superstition de mon enfance s'est ranimée dans mon cœur. *La lune que je contemplais s'est couverte d'un nuage, et l'aspect de ce nuage était funeste.*"

At the close of the last volume (give it me) we find the consequence. " Elle voulut lui parler, et n'en eût pas la force. Elle leva ses regards vers le ciel, et vit la lune qui se couvrait du même nuage qu'elle avait fait remarquer à Lord Melvil, quand ils s'arretèrent sur le bord de la mer en allant à Naples. Alors elle le lui montra de sa main mourante, et son dernier soupir fit retomber cette main." Here you have the poetical, you had before the prose version of the same description.

Southey.—It is difficult to treat those subjects much better in the *ballad*.

Porson.—Why then choose them? I will however prove to you that it is no such a difficult matter to treat them much better, and with a very small stock of poetry.

Southey.—I am anxious to see the experiment, especially if you yourself make it.

Porson.—I have written the characters so minute, according to my custom, that I cannot make them out distinctly in the inclosure of these green curtains. Take up yon paper from under the castor-oil bottle; yes, that—now read.

Southey, (reads.)

1.

"Hetty, old Dinah Mitchell's daughter,
Had left the side of Derwentwater
About the end of summer.
I went to see her at her cot,
Her and her mother, who were not
Expecting a new-comer.

2.

"They both were standing at one tub,
And you might hear their knuckles rub
The hempen sheet they washed.
The mother suddenly turned round,
The daughter cast upon the ground
Her eyes, like one abashed.

3.

"Now of this Hetty there is told
A tale to move both young and old,
A true pathetic story.
'Tis well it happened in my time,
For, much I fear, no other rhyme
Than mine could spread her glory.

4.

"The rains had fallen for three weeks,
The roads were looking like beefsteaks
Gashed deep, to make them tender;
Only along the ruts you might
See little pebbles, black and white—
Walking (you'd think) must end here.

5.

"Hetty, whom many a loving thought
Incited, did not care a groat
About the mire and wet.
She went up stairs, unlocked the chest,
Slipped her clean shift on, not her best,
A prudent girl was Het.

6.

"Both stockings gartered, she drew down
Her petticoat, and then her gown,
And next she clapped her hat on.
A sudden dread came o'er her mind,
'*Good gracious! now, if I should find*
No string to tie my patten!'"

Porson.—Come, come, do not throw the paper down so disdainfully! I am waiting to hear you exclaim, "Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis." Ah! you poets are like the curs of Constantinople. They all have their own quarters, and drive away or worry to death every intruder. The mangier they are the fiercer are they. Never did I believe until now that any poet was too great for your praise. Well, what do you think—for we of the brotherhood are impatient to hear all about it? Jealous creature!

Southey.—Really I find no cause for triumph.

Porson.—Nor do I; but my merriment is excited now, and was excited on a former occasion, by the fervour of your expression, that "*Pindar would not have braced a poem to more vigour, nor Euripides* have breathed into it more tenderness and passion.*"

Southey.—I spoke of the *Laodamia.*

Porson.—Although I gave way to pleasantry instead of arguing the point with you, I had a great deal more to say, Mr Southey, than I said at the first starting of so heavy a runner in his race with Pindar. We will again walk over a part of the ground.

> "With sacrifice before the rising morn
> Performed, my slaughtered lord *have I 'required,'*
> And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
> Him of the infernal gods *have I 'desired.'*"

I only remembered, at the time, that the second and fourth verses terminate too much alike. *Desired* may just as well be where *required* is, and *required* where *desired* is: both are wretchedly weak, and both are preceded by the same words, "*have I.*"

Southey.—He has corrected them at your suggestion—not indeed much (if any thing) for the better; and he has altered the conclusion, making it more accordant with morality and Christianity, but somewhat less perhaps with Greek manners and sentiments, as they existed in the time of the Trojan war.

Porson. Truly it was far enough from these before. Acknowledge that the fourth line is quite unnecessary, and that the word "*performed,*" in the second, is prosaic.

Southey.—I would defend the whole poem.

Porson.—To defend the whole, in criticism as in warfare, you must look with peculiar care to the weakest part. In our last conversation, you expressed a wish that I should examine the verses "*analytically and severely.*" Had I done it severely, you would have caught me by the wrist and have intercepted the stroke. Show me, if you can, a single instance of falsity or unfairness in any of these remarks. If you cannot, pray indulge me at least in as much hilarity as my position, between a sick bed and a sorry book, will allow me.

Southey.—I must catch the wrist here. The book, as you yourself conceded, comprehends many beautiful things.

Porson.—I have said it; I have repeated it; and I will maintain it: but there are more mawkish. This very room has many things of value in it: yet the empty vials are worth nothing, and several of the others are uninviting. Beside yourself, I know scarcely a critic in England sufficiently versed and sufficiently candid to give a correct decision on our poets. All others have their parties; most have their personal friends. On the side opposite to these, you find no few morose and darkling, who conjure up the phantom of an enemy in every rising reputation. You are too wise and too virtuous to resemble them. On this cool green bank of literature you stand alone. I always have observed that the herbage is softest and finest in elevated places; and that we may repose with most safety and pleasantness on lofty minds. The little folks who congregate beneath you, seem to think of themselves as Pope thought of the women:

> "The *critic* who deliberates is lost."

Southey.—Hence random assertions, heats, animosities, missiles of small wit, clouds hiding every object under them, forked lightnings of ill-directed censure, and thunders of applause lost in the vacuity of space. What do you think now of this? "*An ethereal purity of sentiment which could only emanate from the soul of a woman.*" †

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* *Imag. Conversations*, v. 1. These words are printed as Porson's—improperly, as the whole context shows.

† *Edinburgh Review* on the Poems of Felicia Hemans.

Porson.—Such criticism is indeed pure oil from the *Minerva Press.*

Southey.—No indeed: it is train-oil, imported neat from Jeffrey's.

Porson.—Where will you find, in all his criticisms, one striking truth, one vigorous thought, one vivid witticism, or even one felicitous expression? Yet his noxious gas is convertible to more uses than Hallam's *caput mortuum* that lies under it.

Southey.—Better is it that my fellow-townsman should "plod his weary way" in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, than interline with a sputtering pen the fine writing of Sismondi.

Porson.—If these fellows knew any thing about antiquity, I would remind them that the Roman soldier, on his march, carried not only vinegar, but lard; and that the vinegar was made wholesome by temperate use and proportionate dilution.

Southey.—I do not find that our critics are fond of suggesting any emendations of the passages they censure in their contemporaries, as you have done in the ancients. Will not you tell me, for the benefit of the author, if there is any thing in the *Lyrical Ballads* which you could materially improve?

Porson.—Tell me first if you can turn a straw into a walking-stick. When you have done this, I will try what I can do. But I never can do that for Mr Wordsworth which I have sometimes done for his betters. His verses are as he wrote them; and we must leave them as they are: theirs are not so: and faults committed by transcribers or printers may be corrected. In *Macbeth*, for example, we read,

> "The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal enterance of Duncan," &c.

Is there any thing marvellous in a raven being hoarse? which is implied by the word "*himself*:" that is to say, *even* the raven, &c. Shakespeare wrote one letter more; "The raven himself is hoarser."

Southey.—Surely you could as easily correct in the *Lyrical Ballads* faults as obvious.

Porson.—If they were as well worth my attention.

Southey.—Many are deeply interested by the simple tales they convey in such plain easy language.

Porson.—His language is often harsh and dissonant, and his gait is like one whose waistband has been cut behind. There may be something "*interesting*" in the countenance of the sickly, and even of the dead, but it is only life that can give us enjoyment. Many beside lexicographers place in the same line *simplicity* and *silliness*: they cannot separate them as we can. They think us monsters because we do not see what they see, and because we see plainly what they never can see at all. There is often most love where there is the least acquaintance with the object loved. So it is with these good people who stare at the odd construction of our minds. Homely and poor thoughts may be set off by facility and gracefulness of language; here they often want both.

Southey.—Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful. As pictures and statues and living beauty too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life, by harmony.

Porson.—Ay, Mr Southey, and another thing may be noticed. The Muses should be as slow to loosen the zone as the Graces* are. The poetical form, like the human, to be beautiful must be succinct. When we grow corpulent, we are commonly said to *lose our figure*. By this loss of figure we are reduced and weakened. So, there not being bone nor muscle nor blood enough in your client, to rectify and support his accretions, he collapses into unswathable flabbiness. We must never disturb him in this condition, which appears to be thought, in certain parts of the country, as much a peculiar

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* "Zonamque soluere Gratiæ."

mark of Heaven's favour, as idiocy is among the Turks. I have usually found his sticklers like those good folks dogmatical and dull. One of them lately tried to persuade me that he never is so highly poetical as when he is deeply metaphysical. When I stared, he smiled benignly, and said with a sigh that relieved us both, "*Ah! you may be a Grecian!*" He then quoted fourteen German poets of the first order, and expressed his compassion for Æschylus and Homer.

Southey.—What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or other who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf in the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in.

Porson.—I quoted to my instructor in criticism the *Anecdote for Fathers:* he assured me it is as clear as day; not meaning a London day in particular, such as this. But there are sundry gentlemen who like cats see clearly in the dark, and far from clearly any where else. Hold them where, if they were tractable and docile, you might show them your objections, and they will swear and claw at you to show how spiteful you are. Others say they wonder that judicious men differ from them: no doubt they differ; and there is but one reason for it, which is, because they are so. Again there are the gentle and conciliatory, who say merely that they cannot quite think with you. Have they thought at all? Can they think at all? Granting both premises, have they thought or can they think rightly?

Southey.—To suppose the majority can, is to suppose an absurdity; and especially on subjects which require so much preparatory study, such a variety of instruction, such deliberation, delicacy, and refinement. When I have been told, as I often have been, that I shall find very few of my opinion, certainly no compliment was intended me; yet there are few comparatively, whom nature has gifted with intuition or exquisite taste; few whose ideas have been drawn, modelled, marked, chisseled, and polished, in a *studio* well lighted from above. The opinion of a thousand millions who are ignorant or ill-informed, is not equal to the opinion of only one who is wiser. This is too self-evident for argument; yet we hear about the common sense of mankind! A common sense which, unless the people receive it from their betters, leads them only into common error. If such is the case, and we have the testimony of all ages for it, in matters which have most attracted their attention, matters in which their nearest interests are mainly concerned, in politics, in religion, in the education of their families, how greatly, how surpassingly must it be in those which require a peculiar structure of understanding, a peculiar endowment of mind, a peculiar susceptibility, and almost an undivided application. In what regards poetry, I should just as soon expect a sound judgment of its essentials from a boatman or a waggoner, as from the usual set of persons we meet in society; persons not uneducated, but deriving their intelligence from little gutters and drains round about: the mud is easily raised to the surface in so shallow a receptacle, and nothing is seen distinctly or clearly. Whereas the humbler man has received no false impressions, and may therefore to a limited extent be right. As for books in general, it is only with men like you that I ever open my lips upon them in conversation. In my capacity of reviewer, dispassionate by temperament, equitable by principle, and, moreover, for fear of offending God and of suffering in my conscience, I dare not leave behind me in my writings either a false estimate or a frivolous objection.

Porson.—Racy wine comes from the high vineyard. There is a spice of the scoundrel in most of our literary men; an itch to filch and detract in the midst of fair-speaking and festivity. This is the reason why I never have much associated with them. There is also another: we have nothing in common but the alphabet. The most popular of our critics have no heart for poetry; it is morbidly sensitive on one side, and utterly callous on the other. They dandle some little poet, and will never let you take him off their knees; him they feed to bursting with their curds and whey: another they warn off the premises, and will give him neither a crust nor a crumb, until they hear

he has succeeded to a large estate in popularity, with plenty of dependants; then they sue and supplicate to be admitted among the number; and, lastly, when they hear of his death, they put on mourning, and advertise to raise a monument or a club-room to his memory. You, Mr Southey, will always be considered the soundest and the fairest of our English critics; and indeed, to the present time, you have been the only one of very delicate perception in poetry. But your admirable good-nature has thrown a costly veil over many defects and some deformities. To guide our aspirants, you have given us (and here accept my thanks for them) several good *inscriptions*, much nearer the style of antiquity than any others in our language, and better—indeed much better—than the Italian ones of Chiabrera. I myself have nothing original about me; but here is an inscription which perhaps you will remember in Theocritus, and translated to the best of my ability.

Inscription on a Statue of Love.

"Mild he may be, and innocent to view,
Yet who on earth can answer for him? You
Who touch the little god, mind what ye do!

"Say not that none has caution'd you: although
Short be his arrow, slender be his bow,
The king Apollo's never wrought such woe."

This, and one petty skolion, are the only things I have attempted. The skolion is written by Geron, and preserved by Aristenetus:—

"He who in waning age would moralize,
With leaden finger weighs down joyous eyes;
Youths too, with all they say, can only tell
What maids know well:

"And yet if they are kind, they hear it out
As patiently as if they clear'd a doubt.
I will not talk like either. Come with me;
Look at the tree!

"Look at the tree while still some leaves are green;
Soon must they fall. Ah! in the space between
Lift those long eyelashes above your book,
For the last look!"

Southey.—I cannot recollect them in the Greek.

Porson.—Indeed! Perhaps I dreamt it then; for Greek often plays me tricks in my dreams.

Southey.—I wish it would play them oftener with our poets. It seems to entertain a peculiar grudge against the most celebrated of them.

Porson.—Our conversation has been enlivened and enriched by what seemed sufficiently sterile in its own nature; but, by tossing it about, we have made it useful. Just as certain lands are said to profit by scrapings from the turnpike-road. After this sieving, after this pounding and triturition of the coarser particles, do you really find in Mr Wordsworth such a vigour and variety, such a selection of thoughts and images, as authorize you to rank him with Scott and Burns and Cowper?

Southey.—Certainly not: but that is no reason why he should be turned into ridicule on all occasions. Must he be rejected and reviled as a poet, because he wishes to be also a philosopher? Or must he be taunted and twitted for weakness, because by his nature he is quiescent?

Porson.—No indeed; though much of this quiescency induces debility, and is always a sign of it in poetry. Let poets enjoy their sleep; but let them not impart it, nor take it amiss if they are shaken by the shoulder for the attempt. I reprehended at our last meeting, as severely as you yourself

did, those mischievous children who played their pranks with him in his easy-chair; and I drove away from him those old women who brought him their drastics from the Edinburgh Dispensary. Poor souls! they are all swept off! Sidney Smith, the wittiest man alive, could not keep them up, by administering a nettle and a shove to this unsaved remnant of the Baxter Christians.

Southey.—The heaviest of them will kick at you the most viciously. Castigation is not undue to him; for he has snipt off as much as he could pinch from every author of reputation in his time. It is less ungenerous to expose such people than to defend them.

Porson.—Let him gird up his loins, however, and be gone; we will turn where correction ought to be milder, and may be more efficient. Give a trifle of strength and austerity to the squashiness of our friend's poetry, and reduce in almost every piece its quantity to half. Evaporation will render it likelier to keep. Without this process, you will shortly have it only in the form of extracts. You talk of philosophy in poetry; and in poetry let it exist; but let its veins run through a poem, as our veins run through the body, and never be too apparent; for the prominence of veins, in both alike, is a symptom of weakness, feverishness, and senility. On the ground where we are now standing, you have taken one end of the blanket, and I the other; but it is I chiefly who have shaken the dust out. Nobody can pass us without seeing it rise against the sunlight, and observing what a heavy cloud there is of it. While it lay quietly in the flannel, it lay without suspicion.

Southey.—Let us return, if you please, to one among the partakers of your praise, whose philosophy is neither obtrusive nor abstruse. I am highly gratified by your commendation of Cowper, than whom there never was a more virtuous or more amiable man. In some passages, he stands quite unrivalled by any poet of this century; none, indeed, modern or ancient, has touched the heart more delicately, purely, and effectively, than he has done in *Crazy Kate*, in Lines on his *Mother's Picture*, in *Omai*, and on hearing *Bells at a Distance*.

Porson.—Thank you for the mention of bells. Mr Wordsworth, I remember, speaks, in an authoritative and scornful tone of censure, on Cowper's "*church-going* bell," treating the expression as a gross impropriety and absurdity. True enough, the *church-going* bell does not go to church any more than I do; neither does the *passing* bell pass any more than I; nor does the *curfew*-bell cover any more fire than is contained in Mr Wordsworth's poetry: but the church-going bell is that which is rung for people going to church—the passing-bell for those passing to heaven—the curfew-bell for burgesses and villagers, to cover their fires. He would not allow me to be called *well-spoken*, nor you to be called *well-read*; and yet, by this expression, I should mean to signify that you have read much, and I should employ another in signifying that you have been much read. Incomparably better is Cowper's Winter than Virgil's, which is, indeed, a disgrace to the Georgics, or than Thomson's, which in places is grand. But would you on the whole compare Cowper with Dryden?

Southey.—Dryden possesses a much richer store of thoughts, expatiates upon more topics, has more vigour, vivacity, and animation. Never sublime, never pathetic, and therefore never a poet of the first order, he yet is always shrewd and penetrating, explicit and perspicuous, concise where conciseness is desirable, and copious where copiousness can yield delight. When he aims at what is highest in poetry, the dramatic, he falls below his *Fables*. However, I would not compare the poetical power of Cowper with his; nor would I, as some have done, put Young against him. Young is too often fantastical and frivolous; he pins butterflies to the pulpit-cushion; he suspends against the grating of the charnel-house coloured lamps and comic transparencies—Cupid, and the cat and the fiddle; he opens a store-house filled with minute particles of heterogeneous wisdom, and unpalatable goblets of ill-concocted learning, contributions from the classics, from the schoolmen, from homilies, and from farces. What you expect to be an elegy turns out an epigram; and when you think he is bursting into tears, he laughs in your face. Do you go with

him into his closet, prepared for an admonition or a rebuke, he shakes his head, and you sneeze at the powder and perfumery of his peruke. Wonder not if I prefer to his pungent essences the incense which Cowper burns before the altar.

Porson.—Young was, in every sense of the word, an ambitious man. He had strength, but he wasted it. Blair's *Grave* has more spirit in it than the same portion of the *Night Thoughts;* but never was poetry so ill put together; never was there so good a poem, of the same extent, from which so great a quantity of what is mere trash might be rejected. The worse blemish in it is the ridicule and scoffs, cast not only on the violent and the grasping, but equally on the gentle, the beautiful, the studious, the eloquent, and the manly. It is ugly enough to be carried quietly to the grave—it is uglier to be hissed and hooted into it. Even the quiet astronomer,

> "With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,"

is not permitted to depart in peace, but (of all men in the world!) is called a "proud man," and is coolly and flippantly told that

> "Great heights are hazardous to the weak head,"

which the poet might have turned into a verse, if he had tried again, as we will—

> "To the weak head great heights are hazardous."

In the same funny style he writes—

> "O that some *courteous* ghost would *blab it out,*
> What 'tis they are."

Courtesy and blabbing, in this upper world of ours, are thought to be irreconcilable; but *blabbing* may not be indecorous, nor derogatory to the character of courtesy, in a ghost. However the expression is an uncouth one; and when we find it so employed, we suspect the ghost cannot have been keeping good company, but, as the king said to the miller of Mansfield, that his "courtesy is but small." Cowper plays in the playground, and not in the churchyard. Nothing of his is out of place or out of season. He possessed a rich vein of ridicule, but he turns it to good account, opening it on prig parsons and graver and worse impostors. He was among the first who put to flight the mischievous little imps of allegory, so cherished and fondled by the Wartons. They are as bad in poetry as mice in a cheese-room. You poets are still rather too fond of the unsubstantial. Some will have nothing else than what they call pure imagination. Now air-plants ought not to fill the whole conservatory; other plants, I would modestly suggest, are worth cultivating, which send their roots pretty deep into the ground. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton; were these your pure-imagination-men? The least of them, whichever it was, carried a jewel of poetry about him, worth all his tribe that came after. Did the two of them who wrote in verse build upon nothing? Did their predecessors? And, pray, whose daughter was the Muse they invoked? Why, Memory's. They stood among substantial men, and sang upon recorded actions. The plain of Scamander, the promontory of Sigæum, the palaces of Tros and Dardanus, the citadel in which the Fates sang mournfully under the image of Minerva, seem fitter places for the Muses to alight on, than artificial rockwork or than fairy-rings. But your great favourite, I hear, is Spenser, who shines in allegory, and who like an aerolithe is dull and heavy when he descends to the ground.

Southey.—He continues a great favourite with me still, although he must always lose a little as our youth declines. Spenser's is a spacious but somewhat low chamber, hung with rich tapestry, on which the figures are mostly disproportioned, but some of the faces are lively and beautiful; the furniture is part creaking and worm-eaten, part fragrant with cedar and sandal-wood, and aromatic gums and balsams; every table and mantelpiece

and cabinet is covered with gorgeous vases, and birds, and dragons, and houses in the air.

Porson.—There is scarcely a poet of the same eminence, whom I have found it so delightful to read *in*, or so tedious to read *through*. Give me Chaucer in preference. He slaps us on the shoulder, and makes us spring up while the dew is on the grass, and while the long shadows play about it in all quarters. We feel strong with the freshness round us, and we return with a keener appetite, having such a companion in our walk. Among the English poets, both on this side and the other side of Milton, I place him next to Shakespeare; but the word *next*, must have nothing to do with the word *near*. I said before, that I do not estimate so highly as many do the mushrooms that sprang up in a ring under the great oak of Arden.

Southey.—These authors deal in strong distillations for foggy minds that want excitement. In few places is there a great depth of sentiment, but every where vast exaggeration and insane display. I find the over-crammed curiosity-shop, with its incommodious appendages, some grotesquely rich, all disorderly and disconnected. Rather would I find, as you would, the well-proportioned hall, with its pillars of right dimensions at right distances; with its figures, some in high relief and some in lower; with its statues, and its busts of glorious men and women, whom I recognise at first sight; and its tables of the rarest marbles and richest gems, inlaid in glowing porphyry, and supported by imperishable bronze. Without a pure simplicity of design—without a just subordination of characters—without a select choice of such personages as either *have* interested us, or *must* by the power of association, without appropriate ornaments laid on solid materials, no admirable poetry of the first order can exist.

Porson.—Well, we cannot get all these things, and we will not cry for them. Leave me rather in the curiosity-shop than in the nursery. By your reference to the noble models of antiquity, it is evident that those poets most value the ancients who are certain to be among them. In our own earliest poets, as in the earlier Italian painters, we find many disproportions; but we discern the dawn of truth over the depths of expression. These were soon lost sight of, and every new comer passed further from them. I like Pietro Perugino a thousand-fold better than Carlo Maratta, and Giotto a thousand-fold better than Carlo Dolce. On the same principle, the daybreak of Chaucer is pleasanter to me than the hot dazzling noon of Byron.

Southey.—I am not confident that we ever speak quite correctly, of those who differ from us essentially in taste, in opinion, or even in style. If we cordially wish to do it, we are apt to lay a restraint on ourselves, and to dissemble a part of our convictions.

Porson.—An error seldom committed.

Southey.—Sometimes, however. I for example did not expose in my criticisms half the blemishes I discovered in the style and structure of Byron's poetry, because I had infinitely more to object against the morals it disseminated; and what must have been acknowledged for earnestness in the greater question, might have been mistaken for captiousness in the less. His partisans, no one of whom probably ever read Chaucer, would be indignant at your preference. They would wonder, but hardly with the same violence of emotion, that he was preferred to Shakespeare. Perhaps his countrymen in his own age, which rarely happens to literary men overshadowingly great, had glimpses of his merit. One would naturally think that a personage of Camden's gravity, and placed beyond the pale of poetry, might have spoken less contemptuously of some he lived among, in his admiration of Chaucer. He tells us both in prose and verse, by implication, how little he esteemed Shakespeare. Speaking of Chaucer, he says, "*he*, surpassing all others, without question, in wit, and leaving *our* smattering poetasters by many leagues behind him,

'Jam monte potitus
Ridet anhelantem dura ad fastigia turbam.'"

Which he thus translates for the benefit of us students in poetry and criticism—

"When once himself the steep-top hill had won,
At all the sort of them he laught anon,
To see how they, the pitch thereof to gain,
Puffing and blowing do climbe up in vain."

Nevertheless we are indebted to Camden for preserving the best Latin verses, and indeed the only good ones, that had hitherto been written by any of our countrymen. They were written in an age when great minds were attracted by greater, and when tribute was paid where tribute was due, with loyalty and enthusiasm.

"Drace! pererrati novit quem terminus orbis
Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus,
Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum;
Sol nescit comitis immemor esse sui."

Porson.—A subaltern in the supplementary company of the Edinburgh sharpshooters, much prefers the slender Italians, who fill their wallets with scraps from the doors of rich old houses. To compare them in rank and substance with those on whose bounty they feed, is too silly for grave reprehension. But there are certain men who are driven by necessity to exhibit some sore absurdity; it is their only chance of obtaining a night's lodging in the memory.

Southey.—Send the Ismaelite back again to his desert. He has indeed no right to complain of you; for there are scarcely two men of letters at whom he has not cast a stone, although he met them far beyond the tents and the pasturage of his tribe; and leave those poets also, and return to consider attentively the one, much more original, on whom we began our discourse.

Porson.—Thank you. I have lain in ditches ere now, but not willingly, nor to contemplate the moon, nor to gather celandine. I am reluctant to carry a lantern in quest of my man, and am but little contented to be told that I may find him at last, if I look long enough and far enough. One who exhibits no sign of life in the duration of a single poem, may at once be given up to the undertaker.

Southey.—It would be fairer in you to regard the aim and object of the poet, when he tells you what it is, than to linger in those places where he appears to disadvantage.

Porson.—My oil and vinegar are worth more than the winter cabbage you have set before me, and are ill spent upon it. In what volume of periodical criticism do you not find it stated, that the aim of an author being such or such, the only question is whether he has attained it? Now instead of this being the only question to be solved, it is pretty nearly the one least worthy of attention. We are not to consider whether a foolish man has succeeded in a foolish undertaking; we are to consider whether his production is worth any thing, and why it is, or why it is not? Your cook, it appears, is disposed to fry me a pancake; but it is not his intention to supply me with lemon-juice and sugar. Pastiness and flatness are the qualities of a pancake, and thus far he has attained his aim; but if he means it for me, let him place the accessaries on the table, lest what is insipid and clammy, and (as housewives with great propriety call it) sad, grow into duller accretion and inerter viscidity the more I masticate it. My good Mr Southey, do not be offended at these homely similes. Socrates uses no other in the pages of the stately Plato; they are all, or nearly all, borrowed from the artisan and the trader. I have plenty of every sort at hand, but I always take the most applicable, quite indifferent to the smartness and glossiness of its trim. If you prefer one from another quarter, I would ask, where is the advantage of drilling words for verses, when the knees of those verses are so weak that they cannot march from the parade?

Southey.—Flatnesses are more apparent to us in our language than in another, especially than in Latin and Greek. Beside, we value things proportionally to the trouble they have given us in the acquisition. Hence, in some measure, the importance we assign to German poetry. The meaning of

every word, with all its affinities and relations, pursued with anxiety and caught with difficulty, impresses the understanding, sinks deep into the memory, and carries with it more than a column of our own, in which equal thought is expended and equal fancy is displayed. The Germans have among them many admirable poets; but if we had even greater, ours would seem smaller, both because there is less haziness about them, and because, as I said before, they would have given less exercise to the mind. He who has accumulated by a laborious life more than a sufficiency for its wants and comforts, turns his attention to the matter gained, oftentimes without a speculation at the purposes to which he might apply it. The man who early in the day has overcome, by vigilance and restraint, the strong impulses of his blood toward intemperance, falls not into it after, but stands composed and complacent upon the cool clear eminence, and hears within himself, amid the calm he has created, the tuneful pæan of a godlike victory. Yet he loves the Virtue more because he fought for her, than because she crowned him. The scholar who has deducted from adolescence many hours of recreation, and, instead of indulging in it, has embarked in the depths of literature; he who has left his own land far behind him, and has carried off rich stores of Greek, not only values it superlatively, as is just, but places all those who wrote in it too nearly on a level one with another, and the inferior of them above some of the best moderns.

Porson.—Dignity of thought arose from the Athenian form of government, propriety of expression from the genius of the language, from the habitude of listening daily to the most elaborate orations and dramas, and of contemplating at all hours the exquisite works of art, invited to them by gods and heroes. These environed the aspiring young poet, and their chasteness allowed him no swerving.

Southey.—Yet weakly children were born to genius in Attica as elsewhere.

Porson.—They were exposed and died. The Greek poets, like nightingales, sing "in shadiest covert hid;" you rarely catch a glimpse of the person, unless at a funeral or a feast, or where the occasion is public. Mr Wordsworth, on the contrary, strokes down his waistcoat, hems gently first, then hoarsely, then impatiently, rapidly, and loudly. You turn your eyes, and see more of the showman than of the show. I do not complain of this; I only make the remark.

Southey.—I dislike such comparisons and similes. It would have been better had you said he stands forth in sharp outline, and is, as the moon was said to be, without an atmosphere.

Porson.—Stop there. I discover more atmosphere than moon. You are talking like a poet; I must talk like a grammarian. And here I am reminded I found in his grammar but one pronoun, and that is the pronoun *I*. He can devise no grand character, and, indeed, no variety of smaller: his own image is reflected from floor to roof in every crystallization of his chilly cavern. He shakes us with no thunder of anger—he leads us into no labyrinth of love; we lament on the stormy shore no Lycidas of his; and even the Phillis who meets us at her cottage-gate, is not Phillis the *neat-handed*. Byron has likewise been censured for egoism, and the censure is applicable to him nearly in the same degree. But so laughable a story was never told of Byron as the true and characteristical one related of your neighbour, who, being invited to read in company a novel of Scott's, and finding at the commencement a quotation from himself, totally forgot the novel, and recited his own poem from beginning to end, with many comments and more commendations. Yours are quite gratuitous; for it is reported of him that he never was heard to commend the poetry of any living author.

Southey.—Because he is preparing to discharge the weighty debt he owes posterity. Instead of wasting his breath on extraneous praises, we never have been seated five minutes in his company, before he regales us with those poems of his own, which he is the most apprehensive may have slipt from our memory; and he delivers them with such a summer murmur of fostering modulation as would perfectly delight you.

Porson.—My horse is apt to shy when I hang him at any door where he

catches the sound of a ballad, and I run out to seize bridle and mane, and grow the alerter at mounting.

Southey.—Wordsworth has now turned from the ballad style to the philosophical.

Porson.—The philosophical, I suspect, is antagonist to the poetical.

Southey.—Surely never was there a spirit more philosophical than Shakespeare's.

Porson.—True, but Shakespeare infused it into living forms, adapted to its reception. He did not puff it out incessantly from his own person, bewildering you in the mazes of metaphysics, and swamping you in sententiousness. After all our argumentation, we merely estimate poets by their energy, and not extol them for a congeries of piece on piece, sounding of the hammer all day long, but obstinately unmalleable into unity and cohesion.

Southey.—I cannot well gainsay it. But pray remember the subjects of that poetry in Burns and Scott which you admire the most. What is martial must be the most soul-stirring.

Porson.—Sure enough, Mr Wordsworth's is neither martial nor mercurial. On all subjects of poetry, the soul should be agitated in one way or other. Now did he ever excite in you any strong emotion? He has had the best chance with me; for I have soon given way to him, and he has sung me asleep with his lullabies; it is in our dreams that things look brightest and fairest, and we have the least control over our affections.

Southey.—You cannot but acknowledge that the poetry which is strong enough to support, as his does, a wide and high superstructure of morality, is truly beneficial and admirable. I do not say that utility is the first aim of poetry; but I do say that good poetry is none the worse for being useful; and that his is good in many parts, and useful in nearly all.

Porson.—An old woman, who rocks a cradle in a chimney-corner, may be more useful than the joyous girl who wafts my heart before her in the waltz, or holds it quivering in the bonds of harmony; but I happen to have no relish for the old woman, and am ready to dip my fork into the little well-garnished *agro-dolce*. It is inhumane to quarrel with ladies and gentlemen who are easily contented—that is, if you will let them have their own way; it is inhumane to snatch a childish book from a child, for whom it is better than a wise one. If diffuseness is pardonable any where, we will pardon it in *Lyrical Ballads*, passing over the conceited silliness of the denomination; but Mr Wordsworth has got into the same habit on whatever he writes. Wortleberries are neither the better nor the worse for extending the hard slenderness of their fibres, at random and riotingly, over their native wastes; we care not how much of such soil is covered with such insipidities; but we value that fruit more highly which requires some warmth to swell, and some science and skill to cultivate it. To descend from metaphor, that is the best poetry which, by its own powers, produces the greatest and most durable emotion on generous, well-informed, and elevated minds. It often happens, that what belongs to the subject is attributed to the poet. Tenderness, melancholy, and other affections of the soul, attract us towards him who represents them to us; and while we hang upon his neck, we are ready to think him stronger than he is. No doubt, it is very natural that the wings of the Muse should seem to grow larger the nearer they come to the ground! Such is the effect, I presume, of our English atmosphere! But if Mr Wordsworth should at any time become more popular, it will be owing in great measure to your authority and patronage; and I hope that, neither in health nor in sickness, he will forget his benefactor.

Southey.—However that may be, it would be unbecoming and base in me to suppress an act of justice toward him, withholding my testimony in his behalf, when he appeals to the tribunal of the public. The reader who can discover no good, or indeed no excellent poetry in his manifold productions, must have lost the finer part of his senses.

Porson.—And he who fancies he has found it in all or in most of them, is just as happy as if his senses were entire. A great portion of his compositions is not poetry, but only the *plasma* or *matrix* of poetry, which has something of the same colour and material, but wants the brilliancy and solidity.

Southey.—Acknowledge at least, that what purifies the mind elevates it also; and that he does it.

Porson.—Such a result may be effected at a small expenditure of the poetical faculty, and indeed without any. But I do not say that he has none, or that he has little; I only say, and I stake my credit on it, that what he has is not of the higher order. This is proved beyond all controversy by the effect it produces. *The effect of the higher poetry is excitement; the effect of the inferior is composure.* I lay down a general principle, and I leave to others the application of it, to-day, to-morrow, and in time to come. Little would it benefit me or you to take a side; and still less to let the inanimate raise animosity in us. There are partizans in favour of a poet, and oppositionists against him; just as there are in regard to candidates for a seat in Parliament; and the vociferations of the critics and of the populace are equally loud, equally inconsiderate, and insane. The unknown candidate and the unread poet has alike a mob at his heels, ready to swear and fight for him. The generosity which the political mob shows in one instance, the critical mob shows in the other: when a man has been fairly knocked down, it raises him on the knee, and cheers him as cordially as it would the most triumphant. Let similar scenes be rather our amusement than our business: let us wave our hats, and walk on without a *favour* in them.

Southey.—Be it our business, and not for one day, but for life, "to raise up them that fall" by undue violence. The beauties of Wordsworth are not to be looked for among the majestic ruins and under the glowing skies of Greece: we must find them out, like primroses, amidst dry thickets, rank grass, and withered leaves: but there they are; and there are tufts and clusters of them. There may be a chilliness in the air about them, there may be a faintness, a sickliness, a poverty in the scent; but I am sorry and indignant to see them trampled on.

Porson.—He who tramples on rocks is in danger of breaking his shins; and he who tramples on sand or sawdust, loses his labour. Between us, we may keep up Mr Wordsworth in his right position. If we set any thing on an uneven basis, it is liable to fall off; and none the less liable for the thing being high and weighty.

Southey.—The axiom is sound.

Porson.—Cleave it in two, and present the first half to Mr Wordsworth. Let every man have his due: divide the mess fairly; not according to the voracity of the labourer, but according to the work. And (God love you) never let old women poke me with their knitting-pins, if I recommend them, in consideration of their hobbling and wheezing, to creep quietly on by the level side of Mr Wordsworth's lead-mines, slate-quarries, and tarns, leaving me to scramble as I can among the Alpine inequalities of Milton and of Shakespeare. Come now; in all the time we have been walking together at the side of the lean herd you are driving to market,

> "Can you make it appear
> The dog Porson has ta'en the wrong sow by the ear?"

Southey.—It is easier to show that he has bitten it through, and made it unfit for curing. He may expect to be pelted for it.

Porson.—In cutting up a honeycomb, we are sure to bring flies and wasps about us: but my slipper is enough to crush fifty at a time, if a flap of the glove fails to frighten them off. The honeycomb must be cut up, to separate the palatable from the unpalatable; the hive we will restore to the cottager; the honey we will put in a cool place for those it may agree with; and the wax we will attempt to purify, rendering it the material of a clear and steady light to our readers. Well! I have rinsed my mouth of the poetry. This is about the time I take my ptisan. Be so kind, Mr Southey, as to give me that bottle which you will find under the bed. Yes, yes; that is it: there is no mistake.

Southey.—It smells like brandy.

Porson.—(*Drinks twice.*) I suspect you may be in the right, Mr Southey. Let me try it against the palate once more—just one small half-glass. Ah!

my hand shakes sadly! I am afraid it was a bumper. Really now, I do think, Mr Southey, you guessed the right reading. I have scarcely a doubt left upon my mind. But in a fever, or barely off it, the mouth is wofully out of taste. If ever your hand shakes, take my word for it, this is the only remedy. The ptisan has done me good already. Albertus Magnus knew most about these matters. I hate those houses, Mr Southey, where it is as easy to find the way out as the way in. Curse upon the architect who contrives them!

Southey.—Your friends will be happy to hear from me that you never have been in better spirits, or more vivacious and prompt in conversation.

Porson.—Tell them that Silenus can still bridle and mount an ass, and guide him gloriously. Come and visit me when I am well again; and I promise you the bottles shall diminish and the lights increase, before we part.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT IN 1842.

By T. C. L.

'Twas gloaming, and the autumn sun
Had shed his last and loveliest smile,
When late I ferried o'er the stream
To Dryburgh's mouldering pile.
For I had wander'd from afar,
And braved the fierce Atlantic's wave,
To see the poet's resting-place—
The "mighty wizard's" grave.

I stood within the ruin'd fane,
Beside Saint Mary's grated aisle,
No sound was in that lonely spot,
No voice was on the gale,
Save when at intervals there came
A mournful music, sweet and slow—
The murmur of his own loved Tweed,
That calmly roll'd below.

I linger'd till the harvest moon
Peer'd through the ivy'd loopholes there,
And still delay'd to quit a scene,
So gloomy, yet so fair.
And was it here—life's fever o'er—
In this sequester'd, holy spot,
Lay mingling with its kindred clay
The dust of Walter Scott?

I gazed with feelings strange and sad—
Fulfill'd the cherish'd wish of years;
I leant my brow against the stone,
And melted into tears.
Ah! where is now the flashing eye,
That kindled up at Flodden field—
That saw in fancy onsets fierce,
And clashing spear and shield?

The eager and untiring step,
That urged the search for Border lore,
To make old Scotland's heroes known
On every peopled shore:
The wondrous spell that summon'd up
The charging squadrons fierce and fast,
And garnish'd every cottage wall
With pictures of the past:

The graphic pen that drew at once
The traits alike so truly shown,
In Bertram's faithful pedagogue,
And haughty Marmion:
The hand that equally could paint,
And give to each proportion fair,
The stern, the wild Meg Merrilees,
And lovely Lady Clare:

The glowing dreams of bright romance,
That, teeming, fill'd his ample brow:
Where is his darling Chivalry—
Where are his visions now?
The open hand, the generous heart,
That joy'd to soothe a neighbour's pains?
Nought, nought I see save grass and weeds,
And solemn silence reigns.

The flashing eye is dimm'd for aye;
The stalwart limb is stiff and cold;
No longer pours his trumpet-note,
To wake the jousts of old.
The generous heart, the open hand—
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair—
Are mouldering in the silent dust—
All, all is lonely there!

What if it be? his fame resounds
To far Creation's farthest rim;
No forest, lake, or mountain grey,
But speaks and breathes of him.
Why pours yon stream by Holyrood?
'Mong weeds they look for Muschat's pile.
Why dart yon boats from fair Kinross?
They seek Lochleven's isle.

Why flock yon crowds up Benvenue,
And wander far and linger late?
Dost thou not know the meanest cairn
Genius can consecrate!
Yes! castle, lake, and moated wall,
The outlaw's glen and cavern grim,
Have each a tongue, if thou canst feel,
To speak and breathe of him.

The victor on the battle-field
Looks proudly round and claims the prize;
But thou, beneath us, hast achieved
Far mightier victories!
The hero, when in death he falls,
Nations may hail his deeds divine;
Ah! bought with blood and widows' tears,
His fame is poor to thine!

"Give me," the Syracusan cried,
And saw a globe, in fancy, hurl'd—
"Give me but where to plant my foot,
And I will move the world."
Now, Scotland, triumph in a son,
Who triumph'd in a grander thought;
Great Archimedes, now outdone,
Bows to thy Walter Scott,

Who the gigantic lever plied,
And plies, while we his deeds rehearse,
Swaying, obedient to his will,
A moral universe.
Behold thick Prejudice dispell'd!
And whose the blest, the god-like boon?
The Sun of Waverley arose,
And made the darkness noon.

Deem ye his tales an idle task?
They join'd the poles in kindly span,
Made seas but highways to our friends,
And man to feel for man.
They show'd the proud what worth might glow
Beneath a breast that russet wore;
They gave the hind a rank and place
He had not known before.

Yes! persecuted Hebrew, tell
Where'er a Jewish maid may roam,
She knows, she feels, in every heart,
Rebecca has a home.
The Paynim, in a hostile land,
Throws down his sword, and counts us kin,
Proud that a Briton's bosom glows
For noble Saladin.

Courage in high or low he hails,
Where'er he finds the generous drop,
In Richard of the Lion-heart,
Or him of Charlie's-hope.
Yon cottar feels his class is rich
In nature's nobles—shaming queens;
Ah! not a prattler climbs his knee,
But lisps of Jeanie Deans!

Praise, deathless love, to him who thus
A stubborn tide could backward roll,
Rein in the chafing pride of man,
And triumph in the soul.
The grave, the gay—the child, the sage—
The lovers 'neath the hawthorn hoar;
All for a while their dreams forget,
And o'er his pictures pore.

The force of truth and nature see!
For all peruse and all admire:
The duchess in her ducal hall—
Her milkmaid by the fire!
We laugh or weep, or he may choose
To blend our willing tears with smiles,
At Lucy Ashton's hapless fate,
And Caleb's *honest* wiles!

We see before us strut in pride,
The Bailie, "pawky, hard, and slee;"
The busy lawyers tangling yet
Poor Peter Peebles' plea!
Again we glow with Ivanhoe,
His burning words so charm the sense:
And hear the Covenanter pour,
His strange wild eloquence!

The Antiquary stern and gruff,
Rejoicing in the caustic joke;
Stamp at the name of Aikin Drum,
And quail 'neath Edie's mock.
Tell him of Steenie's fate—or hint
Of dreams his own young days beguiled;
The soul within that rugged husk,
Is gentle as a child.

Where'er the winds of Heaven have blown,
We hear his numbers borne along,
In martial strain—or tender plaint,
The magic of his song.
Long Beauty's lips shall chant those lays,
In music's bower for ever green,
Bold Ettrick's border march renown'd,
And Jock o' Hazeldean.

Yet pause awhile! among the names,
Thy genius steep'd in Pity's dew,
Though thou did'st sigh o'er Mary's griefs,
Thine own have not been few.
Who has not wept, when—dropp'd the veil
O'er homes and hearts to us unknown—
Thou gav'st us but for one brief hour,
A glimpse into thine own?

Ah! bitter were thy thoughts I ween,
With old Sir Henry 'neath the tree,
The gentle Alice by his side—
Thy darling Anne and thee.
Yet though the cloud of ruin fell,
Thy fair horizon to deform,
Thou stood'st serene and unappall'd,
Erect amid the storm.

The last sad scene we would forget,
For kind, loved friends were round thy bed—
So milder fell the parting gales
Upon thy aged head.
Yet oh! how terrible the shock,
When crack'd that strong and manly heart:
Sure Death with faltering tongue pronounced
The dread command, "Depart!"

The grass is trodden by the feet
Of thousands from a thousand lands—
The prince—the peasant—tottering age—
And rosy school-boy bands.
All crowd to fairy Abbotsford,
And lingering gaze, and gaze the more;
Hang o'er the chair in which *he* sat,
The latest dress *he* wore.

Thou wondrous being, fare-thee-well!
Thou noblest, best of human kind,
Who join'd to a Nathanael's heart
A Shakspeare's master-mind.
Light be the turf upon thy breast,
For pleasant was in life thy mood,
And rare thy fate, proclaim'd at once
The glorious and the good.

May flow'rets fair long blossom here,
Sweet birds the quiring concert lead,
To swell thy dear Eternal dirge,
Sung by the "Silver Tweed."
Farewell! farewell! my bosom throbs
With grief and ecstasy to pain,
"Take thee for all in all, we ne'er
Shall see thy like again."

RICARDO MADE EASY; OR, WHAT IS THE RADICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RICARDO AND ADAM SMITH?

With an Occasional Notice of Ricardo's Oversights.

Part III.

You are disappointed, reader—you complain that no wings are yet sprouting at your shoulders—no *talaria* at your ankles. You are compelled to walk on the level ground, like any other students of political economy; whereas you had hoped by our aid to pass from summit to summit along the whole line of difficulties—launching yourself upon the bosom of the air, and viewing the subject to its outermost circumference, as from some centre amongst the clouds. This station of power and advantage you had anticipated through us; and, not having attained it, you look upon yourself as hoaxed.

"Not having attained it!" We are surprised to hear *that*. "No wings!" But there soon *shall* be. And here it will illustrate our course, past and to come, if we relate an anecdote from our own experience, in a little transaction with an insurance office, which, some time back, fell under our cognizance. The object had been—to raise a sum of L.950 by the alienation of a life-annuity. The time occupied in the affair from first to last, from the first overture on the part of the annuitant to the payment of the money by the office, amounted to six calendar months. *That* was wrong: the whole transaction might have been finished in one. But, otherwise, the movement of the case *finally* approved itself to our judgment. This time of six months trisected itself. During the first two months it had been perfectly shocking, in our eyes, to witness the levity and carelessness with which the office conducted its enquiries. Much as this behaviour operated in favour of our own side, we were scandalized at the perfidious facility of this sporting with other people's money: ought the office to have been satisfied so easily with unsupported allegations? ought the demand to have been so lax for documents and official proofs? *Tantamne rem tam negligenter?* But wait a little. The parties were "wide awake," when most we thought them sleeping. At the opening of the second two months, an agent issued from the office, booted and spurred, who, like the infernal old fellow in Sindbad, jumped, as it were, on the shoulders of Annuitant, and through the next space of sixty days continued to trot him about severely. Annuitant, in fancy language, described himself as distressingly punished; and our own opinion of the office was rapidly veering round to the opposite quarter of the compass. At that crisis opened a third stage of the transaction. This also lasted for two months. We shudder at recalling it. *Animus meminisse horret.* Talk of St Dominic, and the vicar-general of the Inquisitors! — why, they were jokes to the office and its agents. Mere torture was the proper name for their procedure; persecution or martyrdom was their engine: And upon the rack it was that they stretched Annuitant. Oftentimes he supplicated; oftentimes he threatened. "By Jove, I'll cut and run, I will—if you persist in this line of scrutiny." "Oh no, you will not"—replied the office; "and, besides, you never would bring yourself to throw void so much painful labour, just at the moment when it is going to tell." That consideration prevailed; the transaction was consummated, and the money was paid. Subsequently we had leisure to review this case; and we then came to understand the policy upon which the office had acted. The scandalous facility of which we had complained, justified itself upon the secret experience of the office, that not one negotiation out of thirty would ever survive the preliminary stage. Why, therefore, should they take any trouble in close researches, which stood the very best chance of issuing in smoke? But no sooner did the affair begin to put on a countenance of likelihood, than the exertions of the office kindled correspondingly. There was now a reason, there was now an interest afloat, which made it *tanti* to bestow trouble, where it had ripened into a high probability of turning out

effective. And in the third stage, when not only the ordinary rocks had been weathered, but a dead certainty prevailed that, barring all concealed facts—no obstacle from any fact already known could prove a final hindrance—naturally enough the office pulled at the oar with the vigour of those who actually see into their port.

Here is a picture of what naturally takes place between a writer and his readers in didactic communications. Under the modern temptations to flighty and insufficient reading, too certain a writer must be—that of all who start along with him, not every hundredth man will be found in his company towards the close. On the first crusade—where the Christian host did not move by sea, but entered Syria overland from the north—the long-headed Jew who was requested to purchase, by anticipation, some individual's share of the booty to be expected in Jerusalem, replied—"My friend, I will speak with you again at Damascus." By that time, and at that point of the advance, vast had been the clearances made by death of spurious claimants. The Jew could now, when the forest was thinned, when so much "proud flesh" had been amputated, see clearly to do business in a regular way. And, on the same principle, in all efforts at stripping a very perplexed subject of its perplexities, the encouragement is great, in the latter stages, to work energetically. Our crew henceforward is small, but all the stancher: and we may take it for granted, that those who have aided in sinking the shaft, will not go off when the ore is coming into the market.

Were it, therefore, altogether within our own discretion, had we the privilege of taking to our present use *all* the space which we might need—we would now, in this very article, No. III. and penultimate, force you (much valued reader) so to work, that before reaching the close of our paper, you should find yourself equal to any possible enigma, and your life made miserable by the work which we had exacted from you. You should complain of us as bitterly as did we of the man, booted and spurred, who "sweated" Annuitant like any Newmarket horse, at the crisis when it had become useful to do so. For we will not cease to reiterate, that it is mere inertiâ of mind in making use of principles, simply the suffering these principles to lie inoperative in the understanding, and also, perhaps, some want of practical address in shaping cases of actual experience for receiving the illuminating action of principles—these habits of indolence it is, and not the absolute defect of resources, upon which must be charged the shameful errors current upon every large question of national economics. Even as it is—that is to say, within such limits as we have—we hope to convince the reader, before we part with him for ever, that in some dozen of cases, actually produced before him, he has a guilty consciousness of having indolently colluded with error; that the principles of truth, which he will not deny to have had slumbering in his mind, were quite sufficient, if properly worked, to have annihilated the doctrines which he will not deny to have tolerated.

Let us walk over the ground again more thoughtfully, and settle all arrears of business under each head, which previously we had by design neglected. *By design*—mark that, reader! We are never to be suspected of forgetting any thing: when we seem to have forgotten, rest assured we had a plot in it.

We will begin with value: upon which subject, after all that has been done—after the great landmarks and boundary limits laid down by Ricardo—and after all the trying artillery practice against these frontier demarcations by a very able anonymous writer in a *Critical Dissertation on Value*, London, 1825—to say nothing of many inferior speculations—there are still many things obscure, fluctuating, and unsteady. A volume might still be written upon the *casuistries* of value. The cases of perplexity in accounting for, 1st, the original or general relations of price amongst numerous objects; 2d, for the special fluctuations of this price, where apparently it ought *not* to have fluctuated; and 3d, for the *non*-fluctuations of this price, where apparently it ought to have fluctuated, where consequently you are incensed at finding that it did *not*—these cases yet survive in clusters; and these are standing *opprobria* to the pretensions of Political Economy as a science. We utterly deny that it is practical lights which are *now* chiefly wanting. On the

contrary, we are all sickened with the overdosing of statistical returns, "blue books," and arithmetical statements. All these are useless, until they have a soul kindled underneath their dry bones by some illuminating theory. Facts are mere brute elements, until they are organized, *i. e.* until they have their relations developed out of some presiding principles: and a "theory" is simply the sum of these relations contemplated by the understanding. When you hear great volumes of harmony swelling on your ear from a cathedral organ, or from the blank verse of Milton, you have a practice *in concreto* affecting your sensibilities. When any man comes forward, and, well or ill, undertakes to explain the laws—the elaborate succession of artifices—by which these majestic impressions are produced, that man offers you a theory. But how then, (as a mere logical possibility,) if *that* is a "theory," can it involve any hostility to practice? Why, it is absolutely abstracted from the practice: so far from warring with the practice, and the truth of practice, a theory must always presuppose the practice. Simply to obtain an existence, all "theories" must fall back upon the practice. How should there be an *abstraction*, unless previously there were an *abstrahend*? How could you decipher the law, the figure, interposed through the mazes of a dance—unless, first of all, you have before you as a *datum*, that particular dance? Therefore it was that we, insidiously angling for the careless, affirmed in one of our previous papers, the inevitability of *some* theory, good or bad, on all questions of Political Economy. "*That* I deny," said Strulbrug.* We naturally, with piperine heat, re-affirm our dictum. And being reasonably filled with hatred for Strulbrug, we announce an essay on the subject of Theory and all its affinities for some paullo-post future occasion. Immanuel Kant wrote an essay on the very same subject. The title, as we recall it, (but we speak from imperfect remembrance,) was this:—"Upon the common saying—*Das ist gut in der Theorie, taugt aber nicht für die Praxis*, i. e. *That is good in Theory, but does not stand valid in Practice.* Had Kant's essay been satisfactory, what more could have been needed than to translate it, and perhaps to add a few illustrations? But it is *not* satisfactory: and for two reasons—1st, That our venerable friend never could explain any thing; no dark meaning did he ever fail to make darker, especially if it were his own; 2d, (which accounts for the disappointment in the *plan* of his essay,) That his primary purpose did not so much contemplate the vicious maxim, as two special cases under that maxim. This one illustration, however, we remember, and will quote from Kant's little paper—as good for our present uses; that, if a man should say of a certain cannon-ball—according to the practical reality, (*i. e.* according to a long series of suspended sheets and blankets through which it has passed, leaving holes to trace its path,) the said ball did in fact

* "*Strulbrug:*" We have met with very great scholars, who (being less at home in mother English than in Pagan Greek) were at fault upon this word *Strulbrug*. To all such persons, let us explain that the word and the idea is Dean Swift's; and it is one which the reader ought to know, as it is the only conception throughout Swift's imaginary Gulliver world, which has to our thinking any strength. It has a shocking reality about it, and is ebullient with his lunatic misanthropy. Two or three years ago, we saw an engraving in some ornamented edition of Swift, representing Gulliver sitting at dinner, whilst a horrid strulbrug is waiting at his elbow, and putting the captain into bodily anguish. A strulbrug, in short, is the burnt-out shell of a human being—the cindery tube of what once was a fire-rocket; from mere horror of dying, still clinging to life, and maintaining a vegetable or mineral vitality, but else extinct as regards affections, passions, sensibilities—a sad, superannuated, walking mummy. In applying this term to our own somewhat hasty disparager, we mean no disrespect. On the contrary, we honour him; and are grateful for many a Conservative service, many a raking broadside which he has thrown in at need. When the Philistines are upon us, then comes the time for valuing *him*. But as a man may be mad when the wind is north-north-by-east, and at that quarter only—so it is to be presumed that he may be a strulbrug as to one particular subject. And on Political Economy, we are satisfied that our Conservative friend, whom slightly we indicate by *alliteration* under this Swiftian name of strulbrug, will die in his bed on this one subject of Political Economy as entirely an old heathen, reprobate and unconverted, as it is possible to be.

describe such a curve, but, according to any theory of projectiles, it ought to have described a far different curve—saying thus, that man, upon a writ issuing *De lunatico inquirendo*, would be found *non compos* in regard to the management of his own property. So monstrous would appear to a jury the assumption of a possible hostility between the truth, as it exists in mathematic theory, and the truth as it is realized in practice. We reiterate, therefore, our positions. A, that true (or more than apparent) contradiction there can be none between theory and practice: and B, that a man must have *some* theory, one way or another, upon any great question brought formally under his notice—that is, the different elements must arrange themselves under *some* relations to each other; and this construction of relations it is, giving significancy and value to what else would have been mere blank counters, which specifically is meant by a theory. And for the present, as regards Strulbrug, we warn him of two things:—1st, That a man of our acquaintance deceives himself into believing that he holds no theory upon a particular question, simply because he holds thirty-five; in fact, he has a new one as often as the problem comes forward under new circumstances; he publishes all of them; he believes himself to have ever kept clear of "theorizing," which he holds in great abhorrence; and, as already noticed, we have counted thirty-five theories, or different modes of contemplating the facts on that one question. And universally, when a man talks loudly against being warped or biassed by theories, what secretly he is tending towards (though often enough unconsciously to himself) is, to fight off the unpleasant constrictions and limitations of self-consistency. He wishes to have the range of all theories, in order that he may owe fidelity to none. 2dly, We wish to press this remark: whosoever considers the impossibility that any maxim or adage, long enjoying vast currency, should substantially prove false; whosoever considers how much of our stupendous economic prosperity in Great Britain, and of our political success in first launching upon Christendom the idea and the model of representative government, must be allowed to have rooted itself in this sagacious jealousy of all untried speculation, (or as popularly it is phrased, of "theory,") will feel satisfied, that merely some error in language has interfered to disturb the coherency of so virtual a truth. Lamentable it would be, that the very wisest of practical rules should be defeated or intercepted by a mere blunder in expression. And we denounce Professor Kant as ripe for the knout, in having left his readers to infer, that intrinsically, or according to its intention, this notion of hostility between theory and practice is false, and purely a misconception. Whereas he ought to have shown to them, (for who can imagine *him* to have been unaware?) that the truth *is* a truth—is a great truth—is of all prudential truths the very largest and most sagacious, but that it wants a little verbal emendation. Simply to substitute for *theory* the phrase "*that which is à priori*," and for "*practice*," to substitute "*that which is experimental*;" this one easy correction boxes the compass of logic—redresses every cavil to which the maxim is at present liable from its inaccurate phraseology—and reinstates the truth as a substantial counsel in its just station of authority. *Theory* can never be classed amongst *à priori* things; of all things it is the most essentially *à posteriori*, or empirical, because inconceivable, except as a set of relations abstracted or disembodied from a known practice. No man, since the world began, has ever undertaken to give a theory without a previous practice, well or ill understood, as the *fundus* of his abstractions; but every day we see clever men endeavouring to extend *à priori* truths into doubtful results, because they will not wait for the tardy process of experiments. Against this it was, and not against theorizing, that Lord Bacon moved by revolutionary warfare; against this it was that Galileo contended, who was so far from lowering the value of theorizing, that in his own person he was the greatest theorist* of that age.

As to political economy, its whole

* For instance, in his dialogues which contain the principles of mechanic philosophy, directed against the Aristotelians, the whole work is one continued succession of theories, set in array against the corresponding theories or decipherings of Aristotle.

theory (as we cannot cease to affirm) resolves itself into a just θεωρία, or contemplation of value. Hydrostatics might be grossly defined as the answer to this problem—Given the possible arrangements of a fluid, to determine its equilibrium. And with even less doubt we may assign, as a comprehensive account of political economy—Given the possible arrangements of value, to determine their equilibrium; that is, when the value of labour, for example, has been disturbed, to show *how* that disturbance of the general equilibrium between wages, profits, &c., will in all cases redress itself.

We have already explained (and it may be thought even tediously) the two great forms of value. One is derived from the *intrinsic* qualities of an article; and a general arrangement of articles under this law, would constitute what might be called the natural scale. But, as society expands, this law gradually gives way to a very artificial arrangement, under which nothing in the article itself, but something entirely alien and *extrinsic* governs the scale—viz. the accident of cost or resistance to the difficulties of reproducing the article. It is useful to notice, that, under the first law, the article is viewed as a power or cause, equal to the creation of certain effects; a candle, for instance, as a power equal to the production of so much light; a piece of turf as equal to the production of so much heat. Whereas, under the second law, the article is viewed as itself an effect from certain known causes, (labour, machinery, &c.,) which will always reproduce that article, but at a known cost upon their several agencies. *Not by what itself can produce, but by what can produce itself,* is it now valued.

And because the very clearest perceptions are requisite as to this divarication of laws, suffer us to retread our own steps by three broad illustrations, undeniably most real and of frequent recurrence:—

1. Slaves are valued alternately under both laws. Enter the slave-market at Constantinople; not in its now ruined state, but as it existed at the opening of this century. The great majority of ordinary slaves were valued, simply as effects derived from certain known causes, adequate to their continued reproduction. They had been stolen; and the cost of fitting out a similar *foray*, when divided suppose amongst a thousand captives, quoted the price of each ordinary slave. Even upon this class, however, although the cost (that is, on our previous explanation, the negative value) would form the main basis in the estimate, this basis would be slightly modified by varieties in the affirmative value. The cost had been equal; but the affirmative value would obviously vary under marked differences as to health, strength, and age. Was the man worth five or eight years' purchase?—that question must make a slight difference, even where the kind of service itself, that *could* be promised, happened to rank in the lowest ranges of the scale. A turnip cannot admit of a large range in its appreciation; because the very best is no luxury. But still a good turnip will fetch more than a bad one, and a large baddish turnip more than a small one equally baddish. We do not, however, suppose that this difference in turnips will generally go the length of making one sort sell at negative or cost value, the other at affirmative. Why? Simply because the inferiority in the turnip A, is owing to inferior cost on its culture; and the superiority in turnip B, to superior cost. But, in the case of the slaves, this is otherwise. Upon any practicable mode of finding their cost, it must prove to have been the same. The main costs of the outfit were, of necessity, common to the total products of the expedition. And any casual difference in the individual expenditure, from sickness or a longer chase, &c., must be too trivial to furnish a ground of separate appreciation. Consequently the mob, the *plebs*, amongst the slaves, must be valued as the small ordinary pearls are valued—simply so many stone-weight on the basis of so much outlay.

But the natural aristocracy amongst the slaves, like the rarer pearls, will be valued on far other principles. Those who were stolen from the terraces and valleys lying along that vast esplanade between the Euxine and the Caspian, had many chances in favour of their proving partially beautiful; by fine features and fine complexions at the least. Amongst the males, some would have a Mameluke

value, as promising equestrian followers in battle, as capital shots, as veterinary surgeons, as soothsayers, or calculators of horoscopes, &c. All these would be valued affirmatively; not as effects that might be continually reproduced by applying the same machinery of causes to the resistance presented by the difficulties; but inversely, as themselves causes in relation to certain gratifying effects connected with Mahommedan display or luxury. And if we could go back to the old slave-markets of the Romans, to the *catastæ*, or wooden stages on which the slaves were exposed with chalked feet, we should meet a range of prices (corresponding to a range of accomplishments) as much more extensive than that of any Ottoman Porte, as the Roman civilization was itself nobler and ampler than that of Islamism. Generally, no doubt, the learned and the intellectual slaves amongst the Romans, such as Tiro, the private secretary of Cicero, were *vernæ*—slaves not immediately exotic, but homebred descendants from slaves imported in some past generation, and trained at their master's expense upon any promise of talent. Tutors, (in the sense of pedagogues,) physicians, poets, actors, brilliant sword-players, architects, and artists of all classes, *savans*, *litterateurs*, nay, sometimes philosophers not to be sneezed at, were to be purchased in the Roman markets. And this, by the way, was undoubtedly the cause of that somewhat barbarian contempt which the Romans, in the midst of a peculiar refinement, never disguised for showy accomplishments. We read this sentiment conspicuously expressed in that memorable passage where Virgil so carelessly resigns to foreigners, Græculi, or whatever they might be, the supremacy in all arts but those of conquest and government; and, in one instance, viz. "*orabunt causas melius*," with a studied insult to a great compatriot recently departed, not less false as to the fact, than base as to the motive. But the contempt was natural in a Roman noble, for what he could so easily purchase. Even in menial domestics, some pretensions to beauty and to youth were looked for: "tall stripling youths, like Ganymede or Hylas," stood ranged about the dinner-table. The solemn and shadowy banquet, offered by way of temptation to our Saviour in the wilderness, [see *Paradise Regained*,] is copied from a Roman dinner; and the philosophic Cicero, in the midst of eternal declamations against luxury, &c., thinks it a captal jest against any man, that his usual attendants at dinner were but three in number—and such a three! viz. old shambling fellows, that squinted perhaps, two of them, doubtless, bandy-legged, and one with a tendency to mange. Under this condition of the Roman slave-shambles as respected the demand, we must be sure that affirmative price would interfere emphatically to govern the scale. Slaves possessing the greatest natural or acquired advantages, would often be thrown, by the chances of battle, into Roman hands, at the very same rate as those who had no advantages whatever. The cost might be very little, or it might be none, except for a three months' voyage to Rome; and, at any rate, would be equal. So far, there would be no ground for difference in the price. But if at all on a level as to the cost, the slaves were surely not on a level when considered as powers. As powers, as possessors of various accomplishments ministering to the luxury, or to the pompous display of some princely household, the slaves would fetch prices perhaps as various as their own numbers, and pointing to a gamut of differences utterly unknown to any West Indian colonies, or the States of Continental America. In that New World, slavery has assumed a far coarser and more animal aspect. Men, women, or children, were all alike viewed in relation to mere prædial uses. Household slaves must also be wanted, no doubt; but in a small ratio, by comparison with the Roman demand: and secondly, they were not bought originally with that view, so as materially to influence the market, but were subsequently selected for domestic stations, upon experimental knowledge of their qualities. Whereas in Rome—that is, through all Italy and the Roman colonies—the contemplation of higher functions on a very extensive scale, as open almost *exclusively* to slaves, would act upon the *total* market; even upon [illegible]rior articles; were it only by [illegible]ni-nishing the final amou[illegible] menial services. The [illegible] that, according to th[illegible]

Rome, slaves were growing continually in price. Between 650–60 U. C. (the period of Marius, Sylla, &c.) and 700–710, (final stage of the Julian conflict with Pompey,) the prices of all slaves must prodigiously have increased. And this object it was—viz. the slave-market, a most substantial speculation, not by any means the pearl market, (as rumour stated at the time)—which furnished the great collateral motive (see Mitford's *Greece*) to Cæsar's two British expeditions.

II. Land is another illustration, and of the first rank. Ricardo ought not to have overlooked a case so broad as this. You may easily bring it under examination, by contrasting it with the case of a machine for displacing human labour. That machine, if it does the work in one hundred days of one hundred men in the same time, will at first sell for something approaching to the labour which it saves; say, for the value of eighty mens' labour; that is, *it will sell for what it can produce, not for what will produce itself;* that is, it will sell for affirmative, not for negative value. But as soon as the construction of such a machine ceases to be a secret, its value will totally alter. It will not sell for the labour produc*ed*, but for the labour produc*ing*. By the supposition, it produces work equal to that of a hundred men for one hundred days; but, if it can itself be produced by twenty men in twenty days, then it will finally drop in value to that price—it will no longer be viewed as a cause equal to certain effects, but as an effect certainly reproducible by a known cause at a known cost. Such is the case eventually with all *artificial* machines; and for the plain reason, that once ceasing to be a secret, they can be reproduced *ad infinitum*. On the other hand, land is a *natural* machine—it is limited—it cannot be reproduced. It will therefore always sell as a power, that is, in relation to the effects which it can produce: not as itself an effect; because no cause is adequate to the production of land. The rent expresses one year's value of land; and, if it is bought in perpetuity, then the value is calculated on so many years' purchase—a valuation worthy on another occasion of a separate consideration. For the present, it is enough to say, that land is not valued on any principle of cost—does not sell at negative value—but entirely on the principle of its powers or intrinsic qualities: in short, it sells for affirmative value; as a power, as a cause, not as an effect.

III. Popish *reliques* put this distinction in a still clearer light. The mere idea of valuing such articles as producible and reproducible, as effects from a known machinery, would at once have stripped them of all value whatever. Even a saint can have only one cranium; and, in fact, the too great multiplication of these relics, as derived from one and the same individual, saint or martyr, was one of the causes, co-operating with changes in the temper of society, and with changes in the intercouse of nations, which gradually destroyed the market in relics. But we are far from deriding them. For the simple and believing ages, when the eldest son of baptism, the King of France, led by the bridle the mule who bore such relics, and went out on foot, bareheaded, to meet them—these were great spiritual powers; always powers for exalting or quickening devotion; and sometimes, it was imagined, for the working of benign miracles. This was their affirmative value; and when *that* languished, they could not pass over to the other scale of negative value—this was impossible; for they could not be openly reproduced: counterfeited, forged, they might be—and too often they were. But this was not a fact to be confessed. They could sell at all only by selling as genuine articles. A value as powers they must have, or they could have none at all.

These illustrations will have sharpened the eye to the two laws concerned. And now, having secured the steady co-operation of the reader, (who cannot but have mastered our distinction,) let us pass forward to active work—hammer and tongs—we, in our final section, as our friends of the insurance office in the final stage of their persecution.

Let us begin by looking back at the old current distinction, adopted in all books on the subject, between *value in use* on the one side, and *value in exchange* on the other. When slightly noticing this venerable antithesis at an early stage of our paper, we contented ourselves with dismissing

it as unsatisfactory: *that* was sufficient for that place. But at length we have reached the point at which an excessive rigour has become useful, and also possible. *Now*, therefore, we request the reader to follow an exposure, which will prove that not one word in the *operative* parts of the formula, (as lawyers distinguish the parts in deeds,) but is liable to a separate impeachment.

First—In any case which concerns the economist, *value in use* cannot stand in opposition to *value in exchange*—it will coincide with value in exchange: look back and consider. Through all the cases brought forward by ourselves—Race-horses, Slaves, Land, Christian Relics—from the moment when the value in use comes at all to challenge attention from the economist, it has ceased to divide *against* exchange value; on the contrary, it *is* value in exchange—it has *coalesced* with value in exchange—it has *become* the value in exchange. So far from exchange value being properly arranged as one member of a division, divaricating or wheeling off against another, it is the common head to both the subdivisions. The reader may soon recover his position on the chart, he will soon be able *s'orienter*, if he recalls his mind to the great landmarks of the case. For the present his eyes are dazzled by the dust, from the clearing away of ruins. But led by the hand through three sentences, he will recover his daylight. Value in use, serviceableness towards some human purpose—this, until it puts on some form of exchangeable value, is simply nothing in political economy. For instance, air—the air we breathe—is so valuable in use that it is indispensable; "without it," as the *Examiner* London newspaper used to tell us every week—"without it we die." And yet, because no man ever heard of its being sold by the gallon—because it never puts on any exchange value—this "article" has no place or station in political economy. Before it can enter the field of political economy, a commodity must enter, or be capable of entering, the market. So that solemnly to provide a category, one cell out of two, for receiving a class of ideas which never are to come into play—to construct a separate machinery for propagating an action which never is to start, already in itself is monstrous.

The true restoration of the antithesis, after which the economist was here blindly feeling his way, is this: the generic idea at starting, which must furnish the subject of division, is—What? Value in exchange, isodynamic rating upon the market scale, equivalence in market power. The *potest*, the *valet*, of any one thing against any other thing in an open market—that is the starting idea in political economy. This it is which we have to divide: to bisect, or to trisect, as the case may be. For what we wish to know about it is—in how many ways can it arise? Every thing is isodynamic with something else, or with some known portion of that something else. What causes it to be so? What forces it to be so? A, for instance, is isodynamic with $\frac{B}{3}$; that is, one B interchanges with 3 A. This is the fact—the simple fact. And for this fact, we now wish to have the reason. Universally, why every thing, and therefore why X, in particular, bears the value which it does bear in exchange—must have arisen on one of these two principles.

1st, Either on the consideration of what X will produce; or 2d, on the consideration of what will produce X.

1st, Either, for example, a horse (suppose a racer) will be valued as against what he can produce—valued as a power for producing stakes, bets, &c.; or 2d, a horse (a roadster suppose) will be valued as against what will produce *him*.

These are the two subdivisions under the generic notion of value in exchange; there are no other—there can be no other. Since the world began, men have purchased articles, either upon the ground of comparative powers for promoting their purposes; which is one estimate; or, as must always happen in advanced stages of civilization, utterly neglecting this natural principle of comparison by intrinsic powers, they have artificially transferred the comparison to the alien or extrinsic question of costs. It is evident that the two scales are perfectly "*disparate*," as logicians term it, surd and incommensurable to each other. Things that are on a level as regards the first scale—viz. equally fitted to procure a certain end, whether profitable or pleasant—will often be found widely apart as to cost; and

vice versa, things on the same level as to cost, will be widely apart on the scale of use. Tincture of opium and Jerry Bentham's "*Church of Englandism*," may be equally good in affirmative value—that is, considered as means for conciliating sleep; an ounce of the tincture, or half an ounce of Bentham, may be notoriously the same thing in mere virtue; but the difference on the other scale, where things are valued as effects produced, and not as forces producing, may chance to be enormous. It may happen that Jeremy Bentham shall cost a guinea, whilst pretty fair laudanum may be had at fourpence per ounce.

It is remarkable enough, that, under all conditions of ignorance or barbarism as to Political Economy, this one rude outline of the initial truth has been perceived. The Greeks, the old heathen Greeks, who were as ignorant as hedgehogs on this subject, nevertheless detected some of the distinctions; and this was one of them. A passage exists in the "*Characteristics*" of Theophrastus, which presents us with this distinction in a lively form, and under circumstances which will prove interesting to the reader. By pure accident, this passage came under the separate review of two eminent scholars—Casaubon and Salmasius. Greater names do not exist on the rolls of scholarship than Isaac Casaubon (concurrent with our Shakspeare) and Claude Saumaise, (concurrent with our Selden or Milton.) Casaubon was distinguished for his accuracy in the midst of his vast comprehensiveness; and every page of his writing is characterized by an overruling good sense. Salmasius, on the other hand, was too adventurous to be always safe. He was the man for riding steeple-chases—for wrestling with extravagant difficulties—or for dancing upon nothing; and, merely as a scholar, he may be described as pre-eminently dazzling; whilst Joseph Scaliger or Casaubon, in the preceding generation, had maintained a steady splendour. Yet, with all the benefit from this caution of his intellectual temper, upon the passage in Theophrastus did Casaubon write the most inexcusable nonsense, whilst the youthful Salmasius, at one bound of his agile understanding, cleared the "rasper" in a style that must have satisfied even the doubts of Isaac. The case is really striking for itself; because it illustrates powerfully the uselessness of mere erudition in contending with a difficulty seated in the matter—substantially in the thing—and not in the Greek or Latin expression. Innumerable are the cases of this irrelation, so generally overlooked, between the question and the qualifications of the expounder. What absurdities, for instance, have been vented in quarto upon the ancient triremes, &c. And why? Because a man, versed in Latin and Greek, is not, therefore, acquainted with the mechanic laws of remigation or of shipbuilding. On the other hand, we have seen, in our own days, a man of humble station, and no scholar at all, who, by a mere mechanic's ingenuity, has thrown more light on the mode of rowing the larger galleys of the ancients, than all the big-wigs who had buzzed over the subject before his time.

So of the case in Theophrastus: it was not Greek, it was Political Economy, that could put it to rights. We will give the very words, construing as we go along for the benefit of non-Grecian readers; and under that plea we hope for excuse from scholars, who hate to have their Greek chewed for them by dry-nurses. Και πωλων τι, *and when selling any article*, μη λεγειν, *not to say*, [*i. e.* it is amongst his characteristic traits not to say,] τοις ωνουμενοις, *to the purchasers*, ποσου αν αποδοιτο, *in exchange for how much he would deliver it*, αλλ' ξρωταν, *but to ask*——Ay, there comes the pinch: '*but to ask*'—What does he ask? All the old files that had been at work from 1500 to 1600, were alike pulled up sharp on their haunches by the two little words (positively no more) which complete the sentence. Τι εξριαχει are the words, which we thus insulate, in order that the reader may try his own skill—whether *he* can do better than Isaac Casaubon. Casaubon, we are concerned to report, construes the words thus—*ecquid invéniat damnandum—what it is that he* (the purchaser, we suppose) *finds to complain of.* But, besides, that such a rendering could not be sustained verbally, it is still worse that this sense, if it *were* extorted, would be irrelevant and punishably impertinent. How would it be any substitution for the plain declaration of what price he asked—to turn round upon a buyer, and in-

sist upon the buyer's saying what blemish could be detected in the article? And then, venerable Isaac, in which of your waistcoat-pockets did you find this word *damnandum?* "We will have no talking," says Shylock; "we will have the bond." And this word has no place in the bond; neither direct and visible place, nor indirect and constructive: neither *totidem syllabis*, nor even, as the despairing brother Jack suggests, (*Tale of a Tub*,) *totidem litteris*. It is a pure furtive interpolation of the despairing Isaac. Had the meaning been really that which Casaubon fancies in default of a better, it would have taken some such expression as, τι ἄρα ἐστιν ἐλεγχειν ὅτι τις ἂν μεμψαιτο—What there is liable to objection which any body would blame? And again, as the Greek expression had been plural, τοις ὠνουμενοις, to the purchasers, whence comes it that the verb is εὑρισκει and not *pluraliter* εὑρισκουσι? Ought Casaubon to have been satisfied with that blunder, so apparent in the syntax?

Altogether it is a black business—a mere murder on the body of Theophrastus, whom generally Casaubon had so admirably explained. Salmasius saw the truth at a glance. And why? Not because he was a better Grecian than Casaubon, but because he was previously in better possession of the subject—*i. e.* of *appreciation*—and its two possible forms: these he had been led to consider by his elaborate researches on the questions of Nautical Interest, (which, in fact, was the first step towards Marine Insurance,) of Anatocism, &c. Accordingly, *his* version blows away, like so much dust, all the laboured talk of Casaubon: it needs no justification: itself justifies itself. Thus it is: "τι εὑρισκει, ad verbum *quid invenit:* hoc est, quid pretium mereat hac res; quanti valeat?" Instead of saying at a word how much he demands, our knavish friend insists upon asking, τι εὑρισκει;—"*What does it fetch?* What do *we* say, gentlemen, for this glorious sabre from Damascus? What price shall I have the honour of naming for these jewelled stirrups from Ispahaun?" The antithesis designed is gross and palpable: that it *is* the antithesis, and sharply drawn, between affirmative and negative price—power price (in reference to the power in the article to fulfil human purposes) as opposed to resistance price, (or price measured by the amount of resistance to its reproduction)—price, in short, regulated by what X will produce in opposition to price regulated by what will produce X—all this (which is but the same idea under three different formulæ) will appear at once by the following reflection:—What is it that Theophrastus imputes to him as the *form* of his trickery? (whatever might be its drift.) It is—that he evaded a question to himself, and turned round upon the company with a question of his own. Now, it is evident that the question of price, when thrown into the negative form as a question about the cost, was a question for *him* to answer, and not for the company. That could be known only to himself. But, when our friend has taken his resolution of translating the *onus* to the buyers, the only way to accomplish this is—by throwing that question about price into a shape which only the company could answer. "Nay, gentlemen, how can *I* tell the value? Every man knows best what pleasure or what benefit he will draw from any given article. Do you mind your own business: the cost is *my* business; but yours is—the worth of the thing for use; for your uses, not for mine." Scamp seems to have the best of it: *their* benefit from the article could not be affected by the terms on which he had acquired it; he almost convicts them of being knavishly disposed. And thus even Hellas was *up* to this elementary distinction.*

Secondly, as to this special phrase

* Salmasius subsequently explained his view of the passage in a short paraphrastic commentary, which agrees exactly with our own in pointing to the double form of exchange value, except as to the temper of the vender, whom Salmasius [doubtless warped by the title of the particular chapter in Theophrastus, viz. Περι Ανθαδειας] conceives to be acting in the spirit of insolence, but whom we conceive to be merely keeping his hand in tune as a swindler. This is part of what Salmasius says, "Superbus et contumax venditor designatur his notis a Theophrasto—qui" [*i. e.* venditor] "merces suas quanti vendat indicare dedignatus, emptorem interroget—quanti valeant,

"*use*," value in *use*, there is another exposure to be made. In the ancient, very venerable, and very rotten antithesis which we have been revising, nothing has done more to mislead than the *équivoque* which lurks in the word "*use*." There are two distinct senses covered by this word. Apply the prismatic glass of some other language, Latin suppose, which is the short process for detecting double meanings, and you discover it to be a pun. Positively a pun, like any wild hog, has been routing in the tulip garden of Political Economy. The true meaning of use as regards economy is *in utendo*, value which arises *inter utendum*, or on contemplating such a purpose *utendi gratiâ*. Whereas the meaning, secretly adopted and reasoned upon, is *use* as opposed to *ornament*; that is, to express it in Latin, *quoad commodum, beneficii gratiâ*. This is the most monstrous of blunders; it leads astray the student upon a quest with which the economist has no possible concern. Punishably impertinent, did you say? It is feloniously so. Yet the common popular illustration shows that this absurd twist has in very deed depraved the true doctrine of its oblique undercurrent. For the usual case adduced is that of diamonds against water. This is shaped thus: "Many things have a high value in exchange, but little or none in use; diamonds, for instance. And, on the other hand, many, which notoriously have the highest value in use, as water suppose, have often none at all in exchange." Here we have the very hyperbole of nonsense endorsed upon the hyperbole of confusion; Ossa mounted upon Pelion.

1. Even the "more-ignorant-than-a-hedgehog" Greeks or Romans never made a comparison between two objects as to value except by assigning a fixed number, weight, or volume, of the one against the other. You cannot compare the water with the diamond unless you tell us previously how much against how much. Else it is the Cambridge problem—Given the skipper's name, to determine the ship's longitude. The Greeks, it is true, said of any article, that it was *ἐπιαργυρον*; meaning briefly that it interchanged with silver; and a man not used to that phrase, might find in it no information at all. But such phrases of the market were elliptical. The well-known meaning in this case was, that the commodity exchanged against silver—not bulk for bulk, but weight for weight. Hesychius, for instance, says most briefly to the ear, "*ἐπιαργυρον το βαλσαμον*"—the balsam (of Palestine) fetches its weight in silver. In elder days, viz. about three centuries before the Christian era, this same precious balsam fetched twice its weight in the same metal; it was not *ἰσοστασιον τῳ αργυρῳ*, did not exchange weight for weight with silver, but *διοταστον τῳ αργυρον*, (or *προς τον αργυρον*,) pulled against double its weight; or, in the Latin expression of Pliny, *cum duplo rependebatur argento*. An amusing instance of this brief appreciation, and especially so to ladies, (supposing the monstrous case that we could seduce any lady reader from her ordinary paths, which doubtless are the thorny paths of virtue and novel-reading, into the primrose-path of Political Economy,) is the answer of Aurelian when requested by his wife to give her a silk gown: "*Absit*," said the imperial ruffian—"*absit ut auro fila pendantur*," (the gods forbid that tissues from the loom should weigh off against gold.) And poor Mrs Aurelian could not obtain so much as a silk apron, because, weighing an ounce, it might have cost about four sovereigns. In our days, silk, unless manufactured into velvets, will hardly weigh off against silver; and Cinderella, in her lowest descent, would certainly have had that gown which the wife of a Roman imperator could not. Yet had that ill-fated lady contrived to live on for about 250 years from her churlish husband's reign, she would have found herself alongside of Justinian; and he notoriously made

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quo pretio emi dignæ sint?" True: this is the nature of the substitution which he ..., but not the spirit in which he makes it. Not as disdaining to declare at what he sells, but fraudulently, as seeing his interest in evading that question, does ... transfer the right of question to himself, and the duty of answer to the other

silk cheaper, by smuggling from some oriental land the silkworm itself.*

Now, then, upon this precedent, when the quantities, or weights, or volumes of the water, not less than of the diamonds, shall have been precisely assigned, we may deal with the proposition. There is a *quantum dabile* of diamonds undoubtedly able to draw down the scale against a Danube of water; but so also there is a *quantum dabile*, an assignable amount, of water, which, under the appropriate circumstances, would weigh down the Pitt, the Pigot, and the Czarina's diamonds. It is true, that by portability, so incomparably greater, diamonds can generally soon be transferred into those circumstances, or held in reserve for those circumstances, which are available for the operation of *their* value; whilst water demands a gigantic apparatus for connecting its supply to the human necessities which create its uses. Nay, the necessity itself often needs to be created. But this disadvantage for the water does not disturb the logic of the case. Each must be tried *sub conditione* of its being wanted, and on a graduated scale expressing the intensity of that want. Forty gallons of water, if offered to Governor Holwell and party in the "Black Hole" of Calcutta, would have been rated as ἰσοστασιον προς τον χρυσον—as isodynamic with gold: water would have borne a higher premium than ever yet did diamonds. You must have a case in which water is actually wanted, in which the affirmative value is sustained by a pressure then resting upon men, or else you cannot try the question in its exchange value. Atmospheric air never bears any price at all. But that is simply because such is its vast multiplication and diffusion that no man, however debauched in his use of air, can possibly consume his allowance. Imagine the case that, like light, the power of free respiration should decline after sunset, atmospheric air would "look up" in the market furiously. Not a month ago, two divers, under Major-General Pasley, were at the bottom of the sea, groping after Admiral Kempenfelt's traps, when suddenly, forasmuch as man (according to Cicero) is a perpugnacious animal, one of them, upon a point of honour, pitched into the other; rounds were fought, to the great astonishment of many respectable fishes, concerning which no bottle-holder will ever report: but at length a foul blow (not intentionally, we are sure) terminated the scratch, by smashing the facial apparatus for connecting the man with the atmosphere above. Of course he could not come to time; but the people overhead luckily did, and drew him up, not at all the worse for a slight foretaste of suffocation. Else, under the same accident, without the same relief at hand, what a monstrous price would atmospheric air have borne! How anxiously would it have been "enquired after" in any submarine manufactory of that commodity! Diamonds are seen to an unfair advantage; not only they can be pushed onwards from a brutal land to a refined land, but also from a brutal century to a refined century; but you cannot send down your present supply of water to a more water-using posterity. What is not used at the time is lost. Were diamonds thrown always upon the merely local and present market, often they would fetch, like water, nothing at all. But at all events, the capital solecism must be amended of comparing an unlimited A with an unlimited B; a *quantum vagum* with a *quantum vagum*. Take the two subjects under tangible forms, and it will not be easy to say which bears the higher value. All the water, for instance, in England, which bears any exchange value at all, bears unquestionably a much higher value than all the diamonds in England. For to the water which carries burdens you must add the water of baths,

* But here, turning from our path for a moment, let us avow our suspicion that some of the finest silk tissues, silk stuffs, or whatever you call them, from Justinian to the Crusades, *were in fact massy velvets and brocades*. Now, grossly weighed, a pound of gold, at our mint standard, might pass for fifty pounds sterling. But are not fine purple or violet velvets to be bought as high as two guineas a-yard? We have heard so. And in that case we conceive that a perfect dress, with all its appurtenances (as velvet shoes, morning body, and dress body, with short sleeves, &c.) [illegible] Aurelian's price, viz. its weight in gold.

of bed-rooms, of kitchens, potable water, and water used as a mechanic power, not to notice the water of irrigation, as less used in our husbandry than in more arid climates.

Consequently, when examined, this familiar statement of the comparative exchange value between diamonds and water not only appears to be false, but melts into a shapeless and incoherent nihility which really asserts nothing. For if you say—Let us take the separate diamonds, as the terms on one side the comparison—very well; but you do not know what to range against them on the other side. Is it an apothecary's phial of water that you must post, or a canal, or a reservoir? Never was contest or competition so ridiculously unguarded in its conditions.

2. But is this the worst? No. It is in the idea of *use* that the vital error lies. You see by the choice of cases, by the water (a thing of prime necessity) pitted against diamonds, (a thing of mere decoration,) that the artificer of this old antithesis has been dreaming of the useful against the ornamental—of the *utile* against the *pulchrum*. But this is mere delirious wandering. In great settled countries, where a regular reproduction of all commodities is going on for ever, nothing upon earth governs any man's rate of purchasing but the cost of producing; and he rarely asks himself, or suffers any man else to ask him, at what convertible rate he values the particular commodity as a thing *useable*. But this question, which seldom occurs in England or France, often *does* occur in infant colonies. The stores on such a day are nearly exhausted; they will not be replenished for a year, nor will any supplies at all arrive for three months. Now, then, all considerations of cost suddenly become obsolete, and the scale passes over, of necessity, from the relative producibilities of things to their relative useabilities. Supposing a registrar appointed, during this prevalence of affirmative price, to record all sales occurring at Port Adelaide. On such a day, he registers a sale of sulphuric acid. Upon enquiry, the larger part appears to have been used in the arts; but a small part has been used for the perpetration of suicides. The one application was, therefore, useful; the other destructive. But would this difference disturb the classification of the registrar? Undoubtedly not. Equally in both cases, the sulphuric acid had been rated and bought for its value in use; that is, for the sake of *using* it; that is, with a view to the fulfilment of a purpose, and not with a retrospective view to its cost. In the philosophy of final causes, any quality or act viewed in relation to such a final cause, as a means to an end, as a tendency to a purpose, is termed *teleological*. Thus, the peculiar beauty of a kitchen-garden, or of a machine, which must be derived from their tendency to certain ends or uses, is called teleologic beauty. Now, the *use*, contemplated in the doctrine of value, is simply teleologic use—adaptation to a purpose, whether that purpose were bad or were good, were beneficial or utterly ruinous. Whatever were its quality, this purpose, this end, having been the regulative force in settling the appreciation, has equally availed to separate the principle of valuation from the vast counter class in which the regulative force is different, viz. no purpose at all, which is a future thing, but a cost, which is a past thing.

Upon this investigation, it appears that diamonds realize the use contemplated in political economy, quite as much as water. Teleologically, that is, considered as means to an end—diamonds have as undeniably a value in use as any other article whatsoever. The owner surely means to use them. And you miss the whole object in making the distinction, if you fail to see this. For the thing aimed at is—not to learn whether, in making a purchase, our Jack has acted wisely or not, has bought a thing of use or a thing of show, but this—viz. whether in giving five guineas for an article, he was governed by the consideration of its efficacy for some purpose of his own, or by consideration of some expense incurred by another man. The term '*use*,' therefore, is totally misconceived. It is not the utility, but the useability of a thing which is in question. But now, to convince the reader how unsteady and capricious is this word *use*, even where it really *does* mean utility as opposed to ornament, imagine the case that you visit a friend in Bengal at his villa or bungalow. Looking from the windows, you say, "What is that ugly plant?

Really I cannot admire it at all: it is any thing but picturesque." "Picturesque!" retorts your friend, "I never thought of it in that light. It is for use. It is indigo. And if the rains or the inundations do not wash off the colouring matter, the coming winter will see me a rich man." At present, therefore, observe, the indigo is considered useful. Step forward two years, and you find your friend's indigo in London, hanging up to dry, after having saturated a beautiful shawl. Is it useful now? By no means. Now it is only ornamental: for what is it to the world whether that shawl had been dyed blue, (as it is,) or dyed scarlet, or not dyed at all? So, again, the founder of a temperance club asks your aid in extinguishing a fire at a distillery. "Why, is it of any use?" you ask. "Use!" he replies tartly, "this concern produces so many thousand puncheons of spirit." By which it appears, that the very same article, in mere tendency and inchoate rudiments, seems to him useful, which, as a finished thing, he judges damnable. "Oh, day and night! but this is wondrous strange"—that, as means to an end, things should be useful; yet, when accomplishing that end, as less than nothing!

But now pass to another and a final section of this subtle subject—one which practically has proved the source of more extensive errors by far than all those which we have endeavoured to expose. We will pave the introduction to it, by drawing attention to a remarkable distinction that is by no means obvious. Did it ever occur to you, reader, that rarity—that quality which plays so conspicuous a part in political economy—offers itself under two aspects? There is the rarity which nobody can fail to notice as one eminent attraction in jewels, without which their beauty and their imperishableness, taken separately, would not adequately sustain their value. This fact was memorably exemplified by the headlong fall in one day of Brazil emeralds. A single such emerald was offered to a Tuscan lapidary. Presuming it oriental, (for Brazil was yet hardly known to Europe,) he bought it for fourteen guineas. Half a bushel was offered by the thoughtless vender; and the lapidary would only give one shilling a-piece. When you buy a genuine oriental emerald or ruby, its rarity enters consciously into your estimate of the jewel. You are *glad* that it is rare. Doubtless that quality tells against yourself in the cost; but so does every other good quality of articles which have reached an exchange value: and certainly you would not wish that a peach should be rotten in order that you might benefit in the price. Now pass over to the very opposite pole. You have given a dozen splendid dinners in the course of a London season; and on looking at the bills, you notice that the poultry and the game for these dinners have cost you about twenty guineas more than on the average of the last seven years. Making enquiries, you find that of both, for separate reasons, the supply has been defective in London through the last six months. Here is a mode of scarcity which has added twenty guineas to the cost, but nothing at all to any man's pleasure in your twelve dinners. Your guests may have had some pleasure from the game, but surely none at all from its rarity. Do you prize this sort of rarity? Do you commend it? Do you vaunt it? So far from *that*, your best friend is pained on hearing "the frequent d—mn" escaping from your lips. This rarity has not even gained you applause; for you could not have mentioned at the time to your guests,—"Behold! that Canadian game cost three guineas!" Far less could you call an *ex-post-facto* meeting of departed guests, in order to state the now immedicable truth. You have had your rarity, and nobody has been aware of it, except yourself, when paying for it. With such rarity you are heartily disgusted. A third, or equatorial case, midway between these polar cases, is possible. In Covent-Garden during the last spring, that precise quantity, (by imperial measure,) of green peas, which on a given Saturday cost one guinea, did on the Saturday following cost one shilling. The difference arose between the hot-house culture of the earlier day, and the garden culture of the later. In such a purchase, the grace of the rarity will not entirely perish. Without needing on your part any inhospitable allusion to prices, if you give strawberries and green peas in January, the very season will remind your guests of their liberal treatment. Your hospitality *se fera valoir;* you are reconciled to

this rarity, though not ambitious of it; and you will be paid for it in *gloria* or *gloriola*, until the great wheel of night and day shall bring round tomorrow's dinner: which revolution, as you well know, like the revolution of Plato's *annus magnus*, cancels all such cœnatorial debts, either of gratitude or of praise.

Here then open upon us two modes of scarcity: one permanent, fixed in the object as an element of its value, and which even the purchaser regards with satisfaction, as in the cases of gems or Grecian statues; another fleeting, repulsive, not belonging to the object, but rather belonging to the accidents of time and place. The difference is as between a motive and an impulse. When a man acts under the influence of avarice, he does not set before himself this avarice as a conscious motive: avarice acts as an impulse; not by attracting consciously from before, but by propelling unconsciously from behind. A motive is judicious and objective: an impulse is blind and subjective. And so is rarity, when distinguished into its two modes. The rarity which affects butter or potatoes, adds no feature of excellence to those respectable articles—it does not attract you—it does not conciliate your esteem—it could never draw you; but it drives you *nolentem volentem:* whereas the rarity which cleaves to the masterpieces of art, to antique cameos, to coins, to relics in the Papal sense, or even in a sentimental sense, as memorials of great men, is one to which, *for its own sake*, you submit. It is a quality which you pay for. But on the other rarity you pay—not as for part of the price, but as for a *tax*, imposed by accidents of season or of place. This cause acts upon value, not as a *causa efficiens*, but as a *causa sine quâ non; i.e.*, as a negative, but not as a positive, condition of the exchange.

So far we have gone in distinguishing these two modes of rarity, as a step towards introducing the following elucidation, which (brief as we shall make it) is much more momentous than any other single elucidation on this science that we can offer. If the foundations are wrong, all is wrong. And some errors, like some truths, are prodigiously more fertile than others.

Imagine a lecturer upon physics to be explaining the law of gravitation. To this law it is owing, as he tells his pupils, that any thing falls. "For instance, that apple, which from its conspicuous size you all observed dropping to the ground in the orchard, did so under the coercion of this stupendous and mysterious force." "I beg your pardon," replies a pupil: "generally speaking you may be right; but, as to the particular apple, it was brushed off by a blow from John Smith's hat. I saw it myself." "Why, you foolish boy," answers the lecturer, "that may be true. John Smith had perhaps his own reasons for running against the apple: grant that he did so, and that Smith, not gravitation, it was which gave the original impulse: Smith detached the apple: Smith broke the adhesion of the apple to the tree. But that is not the question. The question is this—being detached, after it was detached, why did the apple fall downwards? Why not upwards? Why not horizontally? Why not diagonally? Why should it pursue a perpendicular line? Why not a 'slantindicular line,' as Mr Slick expresses it?" Now what we wish to have noticed, is this: that the objector in this case had not said any thing which was false. Precisely, because what he said was true, had his little demur, in favour of Mr J. Smith, a fair chance of sticking to him for life. Only by showing him that his true objection had no relation to the point at issue, could the teacher disabuse him of his conceit.

Precisely in the same circumstances, stand all those who attempt to explain the laws of price out of the relations between supply and demand. Is it false what they say? No, or not necessarily false: but it has no concern whatever with the real point at issue. And yet our leading journals, our *quarterly* journals, (which cannot plead hurry,) are overrun with it. And it is really as foolish in the application, as the remark about John Smith's hat; but unfortunately with more extensive effects. It is sternly affirmed, it is affirmed every day, that the relations between supply and demand are equal to the explanation of price, that they are the cause which forces the price to be what it is. Explain then to us, out of relations which we will assign between the present supply and the permanent demand, the answerable price. We will release you

from the labour of searching for any facts. We will assume that, at this moment, the supply in England is by one-fifth beyond the demand, and we will further assume that wheat is one of those articles which, being unduly raised in quantity by a fifth, will (according to Adam Smith) fall in price by a-half. In fact Sir Richard Steele, in an age of utter darkness on this subject, had remarked that wheat was an article upon which the variations in quantity were least of all in direct arithmetic ratio to the variations in price; a failure by one third might, for instance, even decuple the price. Now, then, out of these conditions as *data*, deduce for us the corresponding price of wheat. But, you reply, any disturbance made by this momentary excess in the quantity is not the total cause, it is but a modification; before I can know the result from a thing modifying, I must know also the thing modified. For grant that the excess has depressed the price by 50 per cent, the next question is, by fifty per cent upon what? Upon guineas or upon farthings? "How am I to learn that?" True, most true. And now you show, past all denying, that which we asserted—viz. that the mere relation between supply and demand could never generate a price. This relation modifies a past price; a price previously given. Consequently the new price, resulting in part from the altered *ratio* of supply to demand, *must be a function* of the preceding price. Consequently that preceding price must be known, or you cannot move a step. Put C to express the cost, and D to express the disturbance caused by alteration in the supply; that alteration will of course be representable by *plus* or *minus*, accordingly as the change is by excess in the supply or by defect. This being settled, then universally all price that ever was, will be, or can be, affected by the relation of supply and demand, must be expressible as C+D on the one side, or as C—D on the other. And here, consequently, by this one rectification of popular logic, we make the discovery that all such price (what, in the technical language of Adam Smith, is called "*market* price") must be a binomial. That is a very singular fact; for, in the two modes of ordinary exchange value, viz. cost-price, and use-price, the case is always mononomial. However many elements may enter into the cost, all furnish but one law; all do but express the resistance to the article in its process of making. Again, however many elements may enter into use-value, (or affirmative value,) as, for instance, the beauty of gold, its indestructibility, its portability, its fitness for concealment, its fusibility and ductility, all together do but express one law—viz. the teleologic worth of that article. But market value—that is, value into which has entered any modification from supply and demand—never can be a mononomial; there must always be a twofold law — viz. the previous price (probably the cost) as one element, and the particular modification arising from the supply as the other element. That is, always it will be C+D, or C—D.

This exposure we close with two remarks calculated to clench it. The first is this, that, according to the old notion of supply and demand as by any possibility yielding the causes of price, a most ludicrous consequence arises in the case where the two forces are evenly balanced against each other, viz. that no price at all should be the result. For if the demand is equal to ten, and the supply is on a level with it, neither more or less, then we have $+10-10=0$. Supply and demand could never lead to any *positive* result, except where one being in excess should cause an affirmative result. The demand being 12, and the supply being 8, then the other side of the equation would present us with an affirmative result of $12-8=4$; though unhappily the very same result would arise if the supply were 12, and the demand 8; that is, the price would be the same alike when the supply happened to be in excess, and when it happened to be correspondingly in defect. Such are the absurdities which arise under the common notion that the relation between supply and demand (never more than a co-cause and a modifying cause) is competent by itself to produce a price.

The other remark we have to make is this:—Is it not scandalous, that, after one pun in the term "*use*," (as already exposed,) trepidating between use teleologic (or capacity of being used) and use beneficial, now we are

presented with another pun in the word "*market.*" We will not allow any man to escape from this plain matter of fact: the word is used in two senses, and that is flat. Can he deny that "market-price" is used specially and technically, or that it was originally introduced to express a price that is affected (algebraicè *adfected*) by the accident of a redundant or a defective supply? Can he deny, 2dly, that it is used by all of us to express a price *not* so affected, or where that accident is entirely wanting? Riding home, you find a stranger in your company, who asks of you if you know the market-price of bread. Now, if you observe him to be a plain farmer-like man, in a frieze coat, you know at once that he has no bookish tricks in his head, and that he means simply the existing price—the selling price. But, if you suspect your man to be an economist, you reply by a question—viz. why it is that he should thus presume the article to be selling at all for "market-price?" Bread, shoes, and many other articles in constant demand, never *do* sell at market-price in the known technical sense introduced by Adam Smith; *i. e.* they never *do* sell at cost-price adfected by ratio of supply, but simply at cost-price. There never was such a case heard of, as that a pair of shoes should cost less in London because shoes were plentiful, or cost more because shoes were scarce. Shoes are never scarce, are never redundant, at so vast a market. In a small village such supplies may vary on the same principle—that the annual deaths are irregular. But, as the market rises in numbers, births, deaths, marriages—letters sent and received—sheep and oxen consumed—all tend more and more to uniformity, from month to month, and still more from year to year. The fifteen thousand shoemakers of London would easily produce the extra shoes wanted for a large army in three weeks, without at all affecting the level cost-price, through even a momentary languor in the supply.

Here we dismiss our commentaries on value. But we must plainly tell every reader, who complains of what may seem our disproportionate length dedicated to this branch of the subject, that here, in fact, the main battle is fought. Whenever two men are heard disputing on political economy, no matter what may have been the particular question, within a few minutes you find the discussion settling into a contest about value: "*How do you define value?*" One answers by some absurdity about things being "worth what they will fetch"—to which the other rejoins, by describing value to be "governed by supply and demand." And the later confusion of those disputants is deeper than the first. We repeat that the very definition and object of political economy is—"Given all possible disturbances of value, to show how the equilibrium restores itself?" And we must say, that, unless we expose such capital blunders as those which confound the useful with the useable—those which confound market as a fact, with market as a law—and those which conceit the possibility of deriving a price from blank scarcity or blank redundancy, all hasty advances to practical questions will end in confusion. But, if this exposure is to be made at all, it must be made in a detached place; since, to interpose such discussions in the midst of others, would be to perplex by parenthesis, or to disgust by continual retrogression.

We shall now rapidly run over a number of cases which may serve as a *praxis* on all that preceded.

I. You fancy, in looking back at our past explanations, that in the most common case of all, viz. the ordinary sale of ordinary articles, we have forgotten one thing. What is that? Why this: upon Ricardo's main principle we affirmed that, in the usual sale of commodities under the law of cost, this cost will resolve itself into the quantity of labour—not into the value of labour. Now, let that stand, you say: let that be true: but still you think we have forgotten one element, viz. the raw material. There is the day's labour in making the shoes; that doubtless is one element: but there is also the leather. True: but that also has been sold and bought on the very same principle of the labour which produced it. The objection merely proves that there have been two stages in the production of the shoes, and not a single stage.

II. You still find yourself unreconciled to the doctrine that a change in the value of labour, as opposed to a change in the quantity of labour, could

not by any possibility throw itself off upon the price. That the poor man who furnishes the capital and therefore the wages, must (and must always) stand the whole rise, (supposing the change to take that course)—this awakens your sympathy: it is positively tragic. And you are fixed to show fight on the occasion. But, for all that, you must submit. "Must?" Yes, and shall. We remember a case in Beaumont and Fletcher, of a man coming round upon his friend, who had twice told him that he "must" do something, by furiously expostulating —"How! *must?*" "Yes, man," retorts his friend; "again, I say, you must." Upon which the other, smiting his forehead, howls out frantically —"Oh, ye gods! have I lived to be *musted* three times in one day?" Yes —and you reader, will live to be thrice "musted" if you refuse our gag. You think there may be a way by which the man could escape: and so he would, if the rise in wages were peculiar to *his* trade. But that is not our case. The case upon which we argue, is—that the rise is universal. Now, in these circumstances, if one could evade it, all could evade it. "Well, and perhaps they do." But how? "Why, each in turn by throwing off the rise upon the article in which he trades." That is, the purchasers, the consumers, are to pay the rise, not the workmen nor those who pay the workmen. But then, as this last class—the capitalists —have little interest in the money which they receive, beyond their employment of it in purchases, as they also become purchasers in the end, they must forfeit in that character all that they have evaded in the other. Still you think that if money were out of the question, something might be done. Try it this way also. Let the hatter, who sells his total hats for £400, pay one half of that sum for wages, the other half remaining for raw material and his own profits. Wages suddenly rise by ten per *cent.* He sends out his hats for sale in £10 cases, for which *now* (in order to meet the rise) he demands £11. You are aware that other tradesmen (if the hatter) will have raised *their* corresponding cases of goods to £11; but *that* you disregard: for you say truly that, by raising his total prices ten per cent, he has neutralized the apparent effect of the rise. Others, it is true, as well as himself, have raised *their* stock by ten per cent: but still, in spite of all that, he obtains as many of their goods as he did before. He gets no more indeed; why should he? But he gets no less. And, if he enjoys the same consumable amount, why need he repine under any money expression of the case? But you forget that, under this mode of stating the case, the poor man will have to pay his work-people two additional cases of hats, viz. twenty-two boxes instead of twenty, leaving for all other demands only eighteen instead of twenty; for, by the terms of the case, not a single *additional* hat has been made. This sudden "spoke in your wheel" makes you sulky, until suddenly a gleam of triumph again shoots from your vindictive eyes. "How is this? twenty-two cases, if sold at the new price of £11, will produce £242. Come, come—fair play: your men, recollect, are to have ten per cent on their wages, but no more: so, at least, there is £22 to be stopped out of the proceeds for the poor hatter." No—not at all. Our workmen, we reply, are to have ten per cent *extra.* What they had before was £200. But £20 is first of all requisite to equate the £200 which they used to have, with the new value of money; for you have been degrading the money. You have caused £11 to sink into £10. Thus far you have given the workmen nothing at all *extra.* £220 is but what £200 was. They are now waiting for their ten per cent *extra,* and *that* upon £220 will be £22. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

III. This makes you desperate. And though you cannot but feel embarrassed by the consideration, that, where *all* simultaneously raise their prices in the same proportion, the result virtually (at least in reference to these venders) must be an entire neutralization of their effort—must be as if not one had raised his prices—yet, after musing for some time, a bright suggestion dawns upon you. Submitting for the present to the Ricardian view, as valid for most cases, because in most cases merely *human* labour is concerned, you suddenly fall upon the question, what if something else than human labour were the producing power? What if a horse, a water-course, a process of evaporation, should produce the article? Do

they take wages? What if machinery should produce it? Does *that* eat, drink, and require clothes? True, there must be some small proportion of human labour even in these cases, for the purpose of keeping such blind agents from doing mischief, of healing their decays, and so forth; but it may easily happen that seven-eighths of a certain productive process shall be executed by machinery, and one-eight by human hands. Now, then, in the case of a rise in wages, under common circumstances, the whole weight of that rise will descend upon the total process; but mark the astonishing difference in the case supposed—the rise descends only upon a fraction, upon one-eighth: it is a trifle of one-eighth against eight-eights. The rise cannot concern that part of labour which takes no wages. This is sublime; revenge is sweet; and you ask, "Have I hit you now?" Yes, you have: *now* you have. What you suggest is unexceptionable. But we lament to say that it has been fully anticipated by Ricardo: it is amongst his most brilliant discoveries. He went even further; he went to a startling extremity; he displayed what seemed a paradox. Not only, upon any rise in wages by ten per cent might the article A, as against the article B, remain almost unaffected, whilst B must sustain the full discouragement from the rise, (viz. that somebody, whether master-manufacturer under the new theory, or consumer under the old theory, must pay that loss of ten per cent without remedy;) but he affirmed, as a natural result from the mode of action, that a rise in wages would actually lower the prices of all articles partly produced by machinery. To prove this he took an extreme case; and, for severely testing a principle, it is always advisable to take an extreme case. He supposed an instance in which the entire process of manufacturing should be performed by an engine; not one atom, observe, in any stage, is to be executed or superintended by poor depreciated humanity. If the engine even misbehaves, or turns lazy, it is horsewhipped by itself, and reprimanded by one of its own boilers. In this case, supposing the durability of the machine such as to work unimpaired for a century, Ricardo undertakes that, by a rise of wages of about seven per cent, the prices of all articles produced by that machine shall actually *fall* by sixty-eight per cent. Do we assent to this doctrine? No; not in the breadth here laid down; and fancy not that merely our timidity is roused by consequences so gigantic. It is not so: "Go it," is always *our* cry in such cases of audacious inference: give us rope enough, we say. But we dispute one of Ricardo's elements, as we shall explain a little further on. Meantime, in principle if not in extent, Ricardo is certainly right. Doubtless it seems shocking to our common sense, that, because the man-labourer works for more, therefore our engine-labourer (a sort of Spenserian *Talus*, or iron man of Crete) should work for less. We have known a man to howl, and go off into a hornpipe of indignation, upon hearing this doctrine—but the true way to view it is this. Not directly and simply because wages have risen, will the products of this machine fall; the machine, though it never strikes for higher wages, cannot be imagined to pocket the affront of less wages, since it pockets nothing at all. But remember one Ricardian consequence—from higher rate of wages is a lower rate of profits. Now, although engine-owner pays no wages, he does not therefore receive no profits. On the contrary, after allowing for some kind of annual sinking-fund towards the final redemption of a cost (in this case not less than £20,000) originally laid out upon the engine, *every* thing is profit. The total price of the product, excepting for that small reserve necessary to insure the phœnix-like resurrection of the machine, is profit—and nothing *but* profit. You understand therefore, in a moment, why it is—that, where so large a surface of profit is exposed, even a small reduction in the rate of that profit will tell to a far greater *absolute* amount, than the very same, or a much larger rate of reduction in the profit upon a surface exposed exceedingly less. You must take Ricardo's case as Ricardo states it and conditionates it. First, you are to understand that it is not a case of monopoly; there is no secret about the machine—no protecting patent even—not so much as a "working license" to be bought. Every man is welcome to use the machine; there

is only the *slight* restraint upon him of the price. This being the case, Ricardo never admits the thought that possibly, when the price of the products comes to be settled, this price might be influenced by *affirmative* value; that the owner might say,—"Look at this shirting long lawn—it is far superior in strength and fineness of fabric to that which sells in the shops at half-a-crown a-yard; therefore you can be a great gainer by giving me two shillings. True, my engine makes it for eighteenpence; but what is that to you? If you gain a shilling a yard, is that to discontent you, because secretly I also gain a sixpence which is gratuitous?—a sixpence, which is so much above what I could afford to take." On this possibility Ricardo does not argue. He presumes the competition of producers to be sufficient for keeping down all men, little or great, to the same level of profit. That level he supposes, in the first stage of the machine's biography, to be ten per cent. What then will be the price of the total products thrown off by the machine in one year? Recollect—that wages there are none. Certainly there is the raw material; and *through* this, as embodied labour from an antecedent stage, no fluctuations in the value of that labour could reach the machine, because, on Ricardo's doctrine, all those fluctuations would have been thrown off upon profits. But still the raw material is to be paid for; and, strictly speaking, Ricardo should have allowed for it; and the more so because, if the machine were a hat-making machine, or a skin-dressing machine, &c., very great changes might reach the proudest machine through the fluctuating *quantities* of labour requisite for furnishing beaver-skins, or hides generally. But on the whole, perhaps, Ricardo is right: to have entertained this element of cost might have made the *calculus* more complete; but it would have disturbed its simplicity. And, generally speaking, after all, it would have affected the inferences no more than the same positive quantity added to both sides of an equation. To abstract from this condition, was right; but still, for the sake of the scrupulous, that abstraction ought to have been drawn under the reader's notice. In default, however, of this element, there is no other but the usual rate of profit and the annual sinking-fund, (on whatever principle adjusted.) The products of the machine are to be sold for their cost. And cost assignable there is none, but this small fund of redemption, and the ordinary loss of profit sustained upon the dead locking-up of £20,000. What shall we say for this profit? At starting, Ricardo assumes it to be 10 per cent annually. Therefore, in this stage of the machine, the cost (*ergo* the price) of the products will be thus estimated—two thousand pounds as the ten per cent profit on the sum invested in the machine—*plus* another little sum (*risum teneatis?*) of 2s. 11d., as the annual sinking fund, which, in the course of 100 years, (and supposing the rate still to continue at ten per cent, will avail, on the principle of an annuity, to replace the £20,000. Therefore the total price of the goods will be £2000 : 2 : 11. Leaving its period of infancy and innocence, this thoughtless machine passes through various ups and downs, which we need not record, and finally settles down into a low condition of vitality, in which profits are only three per cent, because wages have risen by seven per cent. At that rate, the cost of the goods which it will turn out in the course of a year, cannot be more than £632 : 16 : 7; as you will easily find, by computing the annual interest at three per cent on a sum of £20,000, (viz. £600.) and an annuity of £32 : 16 : 7, requisite to replace the capital sum in 100 years, on the basis of a three per cent interest. Here is a fall of sixty-eight per cent. We, indeed, must question the possibility of any compressing force upon profits availing to bring down the profit in this ratio. It is true that profit gravitates towards a level; but profit would be raised above that level by the case of a capital sunk. It is not upon the principle of an annuity that the restoration must be made; the capital would be retrieved in a short cycle of years, on the common basis of so many years' purchase. At least that has been the practical regulation in the few cases which we have been able to approach. Something in the shape of an annuity there still is; but it is a very rude one. Probably the produce of the machine, in the case supposed, would, at the initial stage, have sold for more than £3000,

We do not say this, because, by the terms of the supposition, representing the same produce from *human* labour to be selling at £22,000, there happens to be so vast a differential fund between the two producing forces out of which to draw a larger cost. That field would rapidly narrow, because the machines would be rapidly multiplied. But we cannot imagine that vast capitals could be sunk on the terms supposed: the inevitable combination of capitalists would prevent *that*. Neither do we understand how the principles of insurance are applicable to such a case. No insurance can be effected upon a commercial prosperity: and this it is, not the mere physical durability of the machine, which ensures the continued action of that machine. Besides, we do not understand what is the event* upon which Ricardo would insure. There is no contingency afloat, upon which calculations could be made. Either there is too absolute a certainty, or no approximation to a certainty. When machines became so populous, that the rate of mortality might be computed upon them, one for instance sure to die within each year against forty-nine that will *not* die, there is a basis for the *computus* upon each side; so much risk against so much security in every year. But at present, we cannot guess what is the contingency against which Ricardo means the insurance to be effected, or the annuity to be granted. We suspect, however, that this may grow out of our own stupidity: in which case, we beseech some reader, and will heartily thank him, to pitch into us without ceremony.

Meantime, all this collateral dispute about the applicability of an insurance or an annuity to such a case, may go on without prejudice to Ricardo's doctrine. The reader sees, that in any case, as wages should rise, profits would fall; and therefore, that upon a substratum, consisting mainly of profits, or in fact, (where no great capital had been sunk,) consisting exclusively of profits, an enormous depreciation of the products from such a machine would correspond to a very small variation in the price of labour. But the still more important doctrine is—that this change operating upon the products of the machine, would be in the inverse direction to the change operating upon wages. The products would descend when the wages rose; and which is equally observable, (though not equally observed by Ricardo,) would rise when the wages fell. Supposing the product of a machine, costing £20,000, to sell at 20 per cent profit, that is, for £4000: then, by a rise of five per cent on wages, profits will have fallen to fifteen per cent. By this rise, therefore, in universal labour, the total produce remaining exactly the same in quality and quantity, will fall by twenty-five per cent; for it will fall to £3000. Yet again, if wages should fall, then (because profits will rise commensurately) inversely the produce will be higher priced. This last reciprocal effect Ricardo notices too obscurely; what he says in that direction is confined to the very last sentence: "On the other hand they (commodities) may rise from a fall of wages, as they then lose the peculiar advantages of production which high wages afforded them." This is all; and it is by much too obscure. The real cause is plain: the rise of wages, wholly passing over the heads of those who pay no wages, nevertheless settles disadvantageously upon the capitalist, by all the reaction which it produces upon profits. But reciprocally, the fall in wages, though *per se* immaterial to those who have none to pay, yet reacts to its whole extent even upon *them* through the elevation which it gives to profits; for *their* produce, as derived from an *inhuman* machine, is all to be viewed in the nature of profit, after the cost of the machine has been once provided for by some fund of redemption.

These paradoxical, startling, and yet undeniable results, are most interesting for themselves. But, as respects instant practice, they have a

* *What is the event*:—You insure a house against fire? true: but that is possible, because out of so many houses insured, such a proportion is annually burned against so many *not* burned. But in Ricardo's case, *all* the machines are to be destroyed, and at a known time. There are no chances in the case, and no immunity or privilege from ruin. What is the *casus fœderis*? What is it that the offices undertake?

further interest. Can any man doubt that the disturbances given to prices, by the interfering and partial action of machinery, have been a large source of those apparent anomalies in the changes of markets which have perplexed all men, and have mainly fostered that notion current amongst tradesmen as to the capricious fluctuation of value? Machinery, it must be remembered, enters by all possible varieties and gradations into the constituent proportions of commodities; and in all the different stages of their preparation. There is another extensive cause for the frequent recusancy apparent amongst important commodities, and mere defiance (as might be thought) of all general laws claiming to govern price. When a man hears of iron suddenly falling from £10 a ton, to £7 a ton, he says, to himself—"Ay, these book-rules look well enough, but in downright truth they cannot be sound; for if the cost governed the price, and if that cost were estimated by the quantity of labour required, how could this sudden declension occur? No man will pretend that the quantity of labour can suddenly have altered upon a ton of iron, by 30 per cent." Certainly not—but here the case is simply thus: first comes a decay, gradual or sudden, in the demand. That does not operate directly upon price, for no iron dealers will sell for less than a remunerating price. It acts upon the supply, by forcing all the inferior mines to suspend their deliveries. Them it drives out of the market, for to them the old price is necessary towards profit. Those who survive the shock, are the workers of the superior mines; these could always afford, and always have afforded, the iron at £7. Then what became of the differential £3? *That* was rent. And supposing them to hold the mines on a lease, it will not make the case at all better to cease producing; nor will it make the case worse to produce as much as the market will take; the evil for them rests not upon the labour or the profit, but upon the rent, upon the lease; and that must be faced *at any rate*, whether they sell iron or not. The profit upon selling it at £7, is still profit, quite as much as it was before. Those only are forced to retire who required the differential £3, or part of it, not for rent, but as the means of profit, where the mine, as being radically inferior, was held at a much lower rent. In another large case, that of cotton goods, the case is different. Here there is no rent to be paid. But, upon the usual demand slackening, or upon the usual supply *arbitrarily* increasing, all who *can* hold back. The petty manufacturers, with small resources, and therefore a narrow range of credit, in order to meet past engagements are obliged to force sales. This, under a decaying demand, can be done only by increasing sacrifices; and here, what is seldom the case upon iron, true market price (that is, binomial price) does actually take place. Things sink by one third of their cost, or even by a half. But both cases alike lead to a misconstruction of the facts, which, as often as they are thoroughly searched, lead back to the great truth, that all sound theory is in eternal harmony with all attested experience.

THE STRANGER IN LONDON.

SENIORITY is a fine thing, even when it does not secure one a fortune; it conveys such an inexhaustible fund of self-conceit, and such a perfect assurance of one's superiority to any person who has the misfortune to be a few years one's junior, that, judging from our own feelings towards our younger brothers, we should think Methuselah must have had a most satisfactory opinion of himself compared with the rest of mankind—been the vainest and most disagreeable of men. But seniority, though it has its pleasures, has its disadvantages too; and among them one of the greatest is, first of all, stirring heaven and earth (not to mention any other regions, which might be unmusical to ears polite) to get a cadetship for an individual whom, from the force of habit, you continue to call little brother Billy—though the said Billy is a head and shoulders taller than yourself—and then to wear out your boots and temper in travelling from shop to shop in getting the young rascal his fitting-out. Oh, the bargainings, and calculatings, and advisings, and worryings of all kinds and degrees! the enormous weight of responsibility you feel on your own shoulders, and the imaginary epaulettes he feels upon his! Upon our word, though Billy is as nice a fellow as ever walked, and, considering that he is five years younger than we are, and therefore very troublesome to manage, as pleasant a companion as one would wish to meet with; we must say it was with no little satisfaction that we saw him, his trunks and boxes, camp-bed and cabin furniture, all comfortably stowed away in the good ship the Hungerford, and careering through the rough waters at the Nore, on his way to fame, fortune, and Bengal. What a blank it leaves in one's heart the parting even with so headstrong and occasionally disrespectful an individual as the jolly cadet! We almost wished we had been a cadet too, to share the hospitalities of our good friend Captain Pigott all the voyage out, and participate in a few of the tiger hunts and lion battues—not to mention the stormings of castles and capturing of Begums—the pleasant dreams with which an oriental soldier beguiles the interval of sea-sickness till he drops anchor in the Hoogley. We are certain no field-marshal ever felt himself more profoundly military than a youth in the Honourable John Company's service, when he has his half-uniform all under lock and key in the outward-bound. The Sunday before Billy was to embark, we made a pilgrimage through the Park, to take a last look of Apsley House, and wonder if there were any more Assayes to be fought. Our young friend had his surtout close-buttoned across the chest, and sported a pair of undeniable regulation gloves; he also wore his hat in a more threatening fashion than is beseeming simple laymen; and, on meeting a group of soldiers, revealed what was passing in his mind by saying to us, "I say, old chap, do you think they know I am an officer?" It took us a long time to get over the parting, a feat which we at last accomplished by promising ourselves a trip across the Desert, and a month or two with him in his bungalow, with endless successions of tiffins and elephant matches, whenever we have a little spare time. And now that business was over, we thought we'd have a week's lark on our own account, and examine for ourself a few of the lions of London. And a whole menagerie of them has sprung up since our last visit to the modern Babylon, three or four years ago. Decidedly the greatest improvement that ever took place in an equal space of time, is the introduction of the system of paving the streets with wood. A common cab, which in ancient days clattered and thundered along in a hurricane of noise and a deluge of mud, now glides peacefully on,

"With a soft and gentle motion,"

till you feel that you are, by some unaccountable process, in a coroneted carriage, hung upon the most limber of springs, and lined with the softest of velvet. It is only on being overcharged at the end of your journey

that you find out the delusion. Omnibuses are now very quiet inoffensive vehicles, not unlike Venetian gondolas in the noiselessness and somniferous uniformity of their motion. There is a long line of wooden pavement in Oxford Street which always puts us in mind of the Clyde, and we will tell you why. In sailing in certain states of the wind down that noble estuary, you are in water as calm as a mill-pond, and locked in all round by sheltering hills and beautiful projecting islands. Pleasant it is to watch the vessel gliding at its own sweet will, without a ripple on either side, so straight her course, so evenly-balanced her prow—so placid in her speed, that you sometimes almost doubt whether she is not motionless, as a white-winged swan asleep on some inland lake. And your enjoyment of her easy progress is perhaps increased by the sight of a great black-bodied, white-crested sea, howling and tumbling beyond the clear pellucid water on which you are at present gliding. Shorter grows the distance between you and that tumultuous agony of waves and breakers every minute, till at last, slap forward the vessel dashes into the turmoil, and creaks, and pitches, and jerks, and hobbles, and reels, and quivers, till you have an impression that some very detestable demon of the storm, or other spirit of evil, has walked down your throat, and is in the very act of turning you inside-out, as an old woman "flipes" a stocking. Such and so great is the difference you experience when the omnibus leaves the wood pavement, and crashes and jolts along the hard and uneven causeway, or ploughs and struggles along the stone-covered macadam. It is impossible to conceive that human stupidity will be so immense as to adhere to stone-paving, with Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Holborn, pointing out the superiority of wood.

Such an amount of fatuity is not to be expected in any of the sons of Adam, unless the Scottish branch of that family with the distinctive Mac before the name. But even in the breast of Macadam must soon arise a detestation of the great concrete of mud and dust and noise which constitutes his road, and soft tinglings will visit him of an affection more than paternal, to the silvan nymph who comes "from Scottish or Norwegian hills," to make our streets as level as a drawing-room floor, and as noiseless as an evening soirée at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. As amidst the twenty or thirty millions of people who monthly devour our lucubrations in this magazine, there may be a few hundreds here and there who have not seen any specimens of the wood-paving, we will enlighten their darkness with our usual condescension, and describe it to them as well as we can—how well that is, let the above-mentioned twenty or thirty millions of our admirers say. In most things—even in the roasting of eggs, as an ancient proverb instructs us—there are several methods to be pursued; and wood-paving has not escaped the common lot. There are in it not yet so many varieties as in more widely cultivated arts—such as that of dressing potatoes, of which the French have discovered eighty-four; and all the methods at present in use may be divided, with Aristotelian precision, into bad—moderate—and good. The simplest of all seems to consist merely of hexagon-shaped blocks about six or seven inches square, standing on their beam-ends, and stuck fast together with some sort of cement and gravel. It does pretty well in summer, but soon gets out of order, and is the first attempt that was made, but without any pretence to scientific principle. Then there are others so prodigiously complex, that, what with sawing off corners, and joining them together again, and reversing the shape, and twisting the grooves, it must cost a prodigious deal of money for mere labour, and be very difficult and expensive to repair. Most of these plans have failed in the winter. Old John Frost—a more dangerous Radical than his worshipful namesake, now studying the principles of colonization, and the six points and a-half of the Charter, in a distant seminary—comes up from the north with an ice neckcloth on, and proceeds, without much ceremony, to serve a notice of ejectment on the wooden blocks. They generally let the matter go by default. In short, there is no preparation made for the contraction and expansion of the pavement under the alternations of our varying clime. Some of them have

been obliged to be taken up, they were so very refractory—and some have taken the matter into their own hands, and broke up for their own amusement; one mischievous specimen bursting the foot-paving, by pressing upon it at the side. The only method that has been long enough in use to stand the test of experience, and has perfectly succeeded in every respect, is that which you see going on in all parts of the town, and rejoicing in the name of the Metropolitan Company's. This system was discovered or invented—whichever is the correct expression—by a scientific foreigner, and will eventually be the only one used. The blocks are from five to seven inches square—they are laid on a strong substratum of concrete, which itself would do for a road, it seems to get so firm in a day or two after laying down; and are so fitted and knitted together, that they form but one mass the whole way across the street. If the frost expands them, up they rise, an inch or two, perhaps, on the whole width, and form themselves into an arch—when the rain, or warm weather comes, down they settle again to their solid foundation. Never was any thing so ingenious; and the rapidity they can be laid down with is surprising. You see them piled up in immense cakes about a yard square, and filling a whole street; in a day or two, they are all snugly extended at full length, and have the great advantage over macadamized roads in this respect, that they are easy and comfortable the very instant they are finished. There are one or two small specimens of other projectors in the Strand and other places; but there seems no improvement on the Metropolitan Company's system possible, except one—and that is, that the householders along the line should be bound, on pain of death, to keep the street well swept in wet weather, and sprinkled with sand or saw-dust. The grooves are scarcely enough to give a horse foot-hold sufficient, when the scavengers are exploded like the climbing-boys, for the rain itself must add to the slippiness of the wood; but yet, if we consider the immensely diminished draught along so even and smooth a surface, we doubt not that a declaratory act would be passed in favour of the wooden pavement, by a vast Conservative majority, in a Parliament of Houyhnhnms. A tradesman or two suspended to a lamp-post in Coventry Street, with an unused broom in his hand, and a large sack of saw-dust round his neck, would be an edifying spectacle, and very exhilarating to the spectators. But, probably, the true cure for the slippiness of the pavement will be an alteration in the horse's shoes; and if the streets were universally ligneous, the thing could be easily managed. The common roughing that is used in frosty weather would be all that is required. But why the dickens—no offence, dear Boz—should the system be confined to London? Are the Cockneys to monopolize all the good things of this world—that inimitable brown-stout of theirs not excluded? We hope yet to have whole forests of paving in our own romantic town; for we believe that, over and above all its other advantages, it is far cheaper in the end than stone. Ye lodging-house keepers—ye masters of hotels—ye church-wardens and chapel-wardens, what are you all about? And, even you, ye doctors of physic, if your object is, as you pretend, to keep people in health, and not, as your maligners maintain, to keep people out of it, why are you dumb? Come with us into a shop in Regent Street—ask our smiling friend on the other side of the counter, what is the price of this neck-handkerchief? "Eight-and-sixpence, did you say? Well, that is not too dear; but we are not deaf—you need not roar quite so loud."

"Oh, la! really, sir, I beg your pardon; I always forget that we've got the wood pavement, and I go on hollowing just as I used to do. The difference is very great, I assure ye, sir—and I expect it will save many lives in this establishment."

"Indeed! How?" we enquired; "'tis drier, is it?"

"Oh, la! sir, that ain't it; but there never was a year when we didn't lose two or three of our young men, with bursting of vessels, and spitting of blood, and consumption, sir—all owing to the roaring; they couldn't make themselves heard, and so they got ill, poor fellows! I had an attack on the windpipe myself—but that's over now."

"It must be a great comfort to you."

"Comfort? You may say that

truly, sir—and the lodging-rooms above will let twice as well. I made a curious calculation for the statistical society of our parish. There's 415 shops, great and small, in Regent Street alone, sir; each of them, on an average, has six assistants; 6 times 415=2490. Out of thirty young men, we lost three every year by complaints brought on by bellowing and roaring. As three is to thirty, so is 249 to the sum total of shop-boys and apprentices. What a saving of human life! 249 young people saved every year!"

"Then you are not a proprietor of the new cemeteries?"

"Oh no, sir!—and in another point of view, sir, this wood pavement is a great religious move."

"A religious move," say we astonished—"not of the Shakers?"

"No—not the Shakers as you say, sir—just the observation that was made by one of our young gentlemen who contributes some of the rejected articles to Punch. No, sir, it's a high moral and religious discovery, and highly beneficial to all the commandments, especially the third; the storming and swearing it does away with among customers is immense. Gentlemen that used to come into our shop used to get into such passions—especially quiet persons from the country, sir; the noise of all the vehicles drove them distracted, they had to speak so loud, and make such faces, and, after all, could not make us hear them; then they got angry, sir, and thought us deaf, or stupid, or inattentive, and used to go blustering out of the shop as if they had been insulted, sometimes swearing, and always with an immense amount of hatred in their hearts, sir; and preventing all that, is what I call a truly Christian work, and ought to be encouraged by the Home Missionary Society, and the Society for the Prevention of Vice. And besides all that, it's so rural, sir!"

"In what respect?"

"Our young gentleman sent an answer to that question last week, sir; he said, 'Tis because we can walk in the grooves, sir; groves perhaps is the right spelling. But Punch wouldn't put it in. He thinks Punch must be owner of a stone quarry, or perhaps a pavier, sir—who knows?"

As we do not profess to be in possession of the information, we pay our eight-and-sixpence, and proceed on our tour of inspection. In Windmill Street, near the Haymarket, we encounter an old man with a board over his shoulder, whereon is depicted what appears to us to be some insane person tumbling out of an immense carriage, which, by some undiscoverable means, has fixed its wheels on the top of some prodigious hoop—and is going on with its body downwards, as if it were a real *bona fide* musca, and not merely a vehiculary fly. To Dubourg's grand saloon accordingly we go, for such sights are not to be seen every day. And oh heaven! oh earth! what a falling off is here, our countrymen—not that the insane person falls off his seat, which would be perhaps the best part of the entertainment, but that it is not a bit more curious than a whirligig at a village fair. On entering the dingy, ill-lighted room, we were saluted in a strongly Scottish accent by a being who has been our abhorrence for many years—a wretch who, after going through the usual course of law-student, writer's apprentice, dandy and roué, was finally on his way to New South Wales, as he facetiously said, to settle. We wished Dubourg and his abominable centrifugal railway at Norfolk Island—but what was to be done? Here was Jock Drumly claiming acquaintance, and how was it possible to shake him off?

"Well, and hoo 'ave ya bin this loang time?" he said, as if he had been a Siamese Cockney of the two metropolises—one half St Giles's, and the other the Lawnmarket. "'Ave ya bin loang in tawoon." Such was the mode he adopted in pronouncing *town*, as if he had come to a compromise between its right pronunciation, and his more vernacular *toon*—"'xtrornary exhibeetion, ain't it—eh?"

"You must let me see it first."

"Oo—this little humpy-backit felly will tell ya every thing monstrous well—he's a rig'lar trump."

The gentleman thus complimentarily described was very polite, and somewhat dirty—handling a great rod with the air of a field-marshal, and explaining matters as he went, like Sir Isaac Newton lecturing on astronomy. The model he had chosen for his eloquence was evidently Macauley. His sentences were short—his style sparkling—his judgments oracular. The room or gallery we were in, was

like a caravanserai of wild beasts, surrounded by cages of all shapes and sizes, and the dens were occupied by a great number of wax figures, instead of tigers and leopards. Oho! thought we, this is a parody of Madame Tussaud.

"Them figures," said the hump-backed cicerone, "is all moving figures. What lives, moves. Them figures seem alive. Machinery moves them. The springs is being wound up—now walk this way and I'll explain."

"Clever little felly!" said Jock Drumly; "he would be a rare good lecturer on ellycushion."

"This represents a Roman story," said the showman, as if he was filled with his prototype's *Lays of Rome*.

We looked, and saw a representation of an enormous lion, lifting its paw into the hand of a gentleman in the uniform of the cuirassiers, who sagely shook his head, and rolled his glass eyes about in a most medical and surprising manner.

"This is the story of Androcles and the Lion. He was called the Lion's physician. Androcles was a runaway slave. He hid himself in a cave. A large lion—this is the one—entered it—see how natural he lifts his paw—there is a thorn in it. Androcles observes it. He takes it out—and wipes it with his hankercher. Observe the eyes. This group is very much admired—see the natural motions of the lion's tail—the heaving of his sides. It is perfection."

"'Am sayin'"—interposed Jock—"He's a monstrous 'ansome felly, the soldier—was he done from life?"

"Hush," said we, "don't interrupt the showman."

"I was only going to say it's a most 'xtrornar statue—a monstrous sight better than the National Gallery—bijove, you could swear it was a real wig the man has on his head."

"Why should it not be a real wig? You didn't think it was Androcles's own hair, did you?"

"'Pom-my-soul! I never thought of that there."

But the indicator, in the mean time, had advanced to the next cage. It was a dimly-lighted den, about twelve feet square, and round a table stood an interesting group, ornamented with fetters, and looking as diabolical as wax and old clothes could make them. It seemed like a collection of frontispieces from Jack Sheppard, and other specimens of the Newgate school.

"This group is immensely interesting. That is the notorious Greenacre; this one, more prominent, is Daniel Good; behind is Courvoisier, the murderer of an old nobleman in his bed—one of the most atrocious murders on record;—observe how he rolls his eyes—and all the others, how natural they move their heads. That one is Blakely; he killed his brother-in-law. And that is Oxford, who shot at the Queen. He was brought in guilty, but pleaded insanity. He is now in Bedlam"——

"'Am sayin'"——

We nudged our Edinburgh acquaintance to be quiet.

"Well, I was only going to ask who the footman was; for I think such natural velvet breeches I never saw—na, not on a real man"——

"But they *are* real velvets"——

"Oh, that's a good one!" replied Jock, evidently persuaded that every part of the exhibition was a mere *deceptio visus*.

"He was a footboy in a gentleman's family in Sloane Street, and murdered a young woman, his fellow-servant."

"An' will ya tell me, sir," enquired Jock, "did the calfs of his legs grow in front?"

The philosophic lecturer looked at the querist indignantly, but made no reply; but we can safely say, that if his lower limbs were not of the peculiar construction alluded to by Mr Drumly, the artist has been greatly to blame; for, in the representation of the hero here presented to us, there are certainly two very tolerable calves resting on the instep, and protruding their proportions on the fore part of the leg. But nothing is so curious in this exhibition as the promiscuous antiquity of the different parts of the body—and the miscellaneous collection of knees turned back, and hips out of joint, and heels where the toes are usually found in the living subject. It would be an excellent school of comparative anatomy.

"They're awful-looking fellies, these murderers," said Jock; "and I think that infernal Curvizzer is the worst of them. We've no French vallets in New South Wales, and that's a comfort"——

"This is the tomb of Napoleon," continued the demonstrator; "these two officers shaking their heads in sign of lamentation, is French officers. From the decorations at their breasts, and their appearance of age, they were probably the companions of his glory. Observe the attitude of grief depicted in their countenances. Napoleon was buried under that cypress. In that narrow spot of ground lay that great man. He was the pride and glory of his own country, and the terror of surrounding nations."

Jock's attention seemed by this time diverted from the eloquence of the showman, and he left our side. As there were some curious-looking people in bonnets among the spectators, we were not surprised (knowing the habits of the animal of which Jock was a specimen) to see him go towards where they were standing, and pour in on them a broadside of most impudent stares and winkings—tapping his boot, at the same time, with his riding-whip, and putting on all the airs and graces he could command. Finding his assaults produce no effect for some time, he lounged towards the murderers' den once more.

"'Am sayin'," he said loud enough to be heard by the ladies; "that Daniel Good seems a very tidy dressed groom—I wouldn't care just to have such another—he looks a rig'lar sportin' carroter"——

"This is a beautiful Circassian captive," proceeded the showman, raising his voice, as if offended at his monopoly of the conversation being interfered with; "observe how languishing she looks. Her eyes are lovely"——

"Aha! let's see her," exclaimed Jock—with a side glance to the queer people in bonnets; "ah—very pretty, pom-my-soul!—lucky old boys these Jews with the beards"——

"She is a captive in war, and is now being sold as a slave to the Turks. She lies on the ground. She is in despair. That old man is taking out his purse. The detestable traffic in slavery is allowed in that country."

"How much is he goin' to give, sir?" asked Jock; but again the hump-backed philosopher disdained to reply, though there can be no doubt that Jock's question was propounded in perfect good faith.

"For ye see," he added to us in a whisper; "if that there market wasn't very far out of my way, I might maybe go to it, and buy a couple of them or so. They wad be very valuable in New South Wales. Though for my part," he said, with another look to the bonnets, "I think English gulls better than Circassians, and would be a far finer article in the market."

The bonnets took no notice—and Jock made another tour of the gallery.

"This is the greatest triumph of the artist's skill," said the showman, pointing to a large den at the further end of the room, where a tall figure was every minute putting its hand before its eyes, and bowing its head towards another figure in female attire, which rolled its eyes with a startling expression, compounded of all the feelings, and a great majority of the sentiments. "This is the matchless group of Currylanus, taken from Shakspeare. He was banished from Rome by the ingratitude of his country. He is now dictating terms of peace at the head of the Volscian army. The two figures in black is his wife and mother. They are begging him to have pity on the town. 'Mother,' he says; 'you have saved Rome, but lost your son.' Observe the anger of Tullus Aufidius, the Volscian general. He is sore at being hindered from the plunder of the city. Currylanus is shortly afterwards stabbed. Soldiers are carrying off the dead. Agitation reigns over all. All this is moved by one spring—astonishing mechanism—see how it all stops."

Saying this, the "guide, philosopher, and friend," struck the floor very loudly with his wand, and in an instant all the figures became still life. The captive no more rolled her languishing eyes—the murderers no longer swayed their heads oracularly from side to side—Androcles left the lion's paw unhealed, and that over-excited animal repressed the angry fury of his tail, and ceased to twist his eyeballs—which probably saved him from a permanent squint.

"Now see how it all goes again," exclaimed the interpreter, thumping the floor with his wand, and casting a look of triumph among the twelve or fourteen people who composed his audience; "it all arises from one spring—it is astonishing mechanism." And upon this, all the figures resumed their

activity, and rolled their respective eyes, and shook their respective heads, with the same painful liveliness as before.

"They're a set of uncommon clever fellies in London," said Jock Drumly; "I wad like to see the figures in Lapsley's windy in Embro' move their features like that. I wonder if it was Sir Humphrey David that invented it. Pom-my-soul! them provincials would be astonished!" But the great wonder of the exhibition was now about to be displayed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the hump-backed showman; "the Centriffigle Railway is now to be seen." We looked, and Jock looked, and the odd people in bonnets looked—but nothing was visible but a long line iron rods, commencing with a steep descent, twisting round like a double hoop in the middle, and ending in another acclivity at the other end.

"The carriage descends from the height, turns round the circle, and ascends the other plane."

"Bijove! it'll fall down," said Jock.

"No more than a stone in a sling," said a man standing near.

"Or a glass of water in a hoop at Astley's;" remembered another gentleman, whose appearance strongly reminded us of the celebrated Widdicombe of that establishment.

"This effect is produced," continued the showman, "by the centre of gravity. It is called the centriffigle railway on account of the tendency that every thing has to fly off from the centre. It rises round the circle by means of the momentum it acquires in coming down the plane. It overcomes the centre of gravity so much, that it flies up the other plane. It travels on the centre at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. It begins its descent from the floor above Currylanus." The indignant Roman continued to frown and place his hand before his eyes, but did not exhibit any symptoms, so far as we could see, of surprise or admiration; on the contrary, he seemed rather to think the concern a considerable specimen of the article Humbug, and on this account rose greatly in our opinion as a sensible and respectable man. We think Tullus Aufidius should figure in the cage at the other end of the room, along with Greenacre and the other gentlemen of bloody and literary celebrity. The carriage was brought out—a thing like a child's car, and after being duly hauled up one of the planes, and having a jug of water placed in it, was set off.

"Don't be frightened, ladies," said the dingy showman; "it rattles amazing along the rails"—but the queer people in bonnets, to whom this was addressed, seemed by no means timid, and Jock sidled close up to them, evidently in the expectation of catching one of them in his arms when she fell senseless through terror at the astonishing spectacle. The little car came down at a good rate, curled round the circle, and rolled quietly up the other rails.

"'Am sayin'," said Jock.

But the little man did not entertain any respect whatever of Jock's opinion.

"You'll observe, ladies and gentlemen, that none of the water is spilt. It goes with such amazing philosophy (perhaps a Malaprop for velocity)—that the water has no time to be attracted by the centre of gravity, and continues in the jug head downwards. The car will descend with a person seated in it. Would any lady or gentleman like to try? Will you try, sir?"

"Me!" exclaimed Jock; "bijove, do you think 'am going to break my neck and lose my passage-money to New South Wales! Maybe the ladies would like it."

But the bonnets shook in the negative.

"Ye needna be the least alarmed at the petticoats, leddies," said Jock; "they'll stay just where they should. Do try—it'll be a great obligation to me and my friend, another gentleman from Edinburgh. I'se warrand your clothes will never come above the ankle, and I da'ssay your feet needn't be ashamed to show themselves. They seem rig'lar thorough-bred pasterns, as Wordsworth says."

The ladies placed their heads close together, and at last one of them lifted up her veil, and revealed a countenance radiant with the most rampant virtue, and further beautified with a row of teeth that would have done honour to a shark.

"We want none of your imperance, young man, and advises you to be quiet," she said, and dropt her veil.

The looks of the outraged vestal

seemed to have as much effect in repelling Jock's further advances as the threat, not very obscurely announced, of a visit to the police-office.

"They're nothing but a set of bairns'-maids and cooks," muttered the discomfited Jock; "bijove, we've no such ill-natured anes as that in our good tawoon!"

Finally, as none of the spectators availed themselves of the offer so obligingly made to whirl round the circle, a heroic-looking youth, all grease and long hair, seated himself in the machine, and performed the somerset more, apparently, to his own satisfaction than that of any one else.

"I'll tell ye what, showman," said Mr Drumly, somewhat disconcerted at the slight sensation he made, "your exhibeetion's no great shakes for London, my fine felly, and I advise ye to take it down to the Mound in Embro', where this gentleman and me came from, and ye'll maybe get a few twopences, but here it's no go—and I have a great mind to ask sixpence out of my shilling back again."

The demonstrator was probably ignorant of the full import of Mr Drumly's observations, for he deigned no other reply than an indignant look, which was evidently borrowed from Currylanus. Mr Drumly hurried into the street, seizing our arm, and dragging us along with him.

"It's all rig'lar rubbage, that centriffagle railway," he said; "for what's the use o't? Who the mischief is going from London to Birminghom, twirling half the time on their heads? I don't think it'll ever be useful, and wull certainly not patronize it in New South Wales."

We looked more attentively at our companion than the dinginess of the exhibition-room had hitherto allowed us. He was dressed in a very bright green-coloured cut-away coat, a striped tartan waistcoat, very large neckcloth, and trowsers that fitted very tight every where except the lowest six or seven inches of the leg—and there they were buttoned with large horn buttons. He carried a riding-whip, and wore his hat—which was very narrow at top and much turned up at the brims—very much on one side; altogether presenting an unmistakable specimen of what e himself would have called a knowing cove. His legs had been endowed by nature with the indescribable bend so favourable to the assumption of the character of a groom, and his walk was studiously copied from the majestic motions of some celebrated hero of the turf. Nor were his manners less redolent of Prince's Street than his language and attire. Strange low whistles were plentifully bestowed on all the good-looking girls we encountered, intermixed with occasional coughs and chirps—all deeply expressive of admiration, and a desire of a nearer acquaintance.

"'Pom-my-soul, never saw such a quantity of pretty gulls in my life! and all so desperate modest!"

"They don't understand your pretty style of compliment," we suggested.

"Oh Lord! they're no such fools as that. It's the only way to begin a friendship with a gull you never saw before. We always do it in Embro'. I wush you heard me whistling at the foot of a common-stair. They aye called me the Linty."

We devoutly wished the Linty at that moment in full song in any common-stair he chose; for, without a joke, there were very uncommon stares cast on him from time to time by sundry gentlemen in blue uniform, with detached portions of the alphabet and multiplication table embroidered on the collars of their coats. However, the Linty was totally regardless of all the observation he excited, or rather enjoyed it.

"I hate the new police," he said, "they're so infernal strict. There was me and Waterford got near catched last night; we were only cribbing a knocker or two. He's a real nice felly—and not half so proud as an Embro' advocate, for a' he's a lord."

"Do you mean to say he and you were larking last night? What sort of a larking man is he?"

"He's a very fat, broad-shouldered little man, with black e'en—about forty-five years auld, strongly pitted with the small-pox, and such a terrible tongue! Lord! he's the chap for the Irish brogue and drinking whisky. We're as intimate as thieves. He's going to sell me a horse to take out with me to Sidney—and I'm to meet him to-night in Covent-Garden to get back fifty pound I lent him yesterday at the Coal-Hole."

"And has he introduced you to any others of his set?"

"Has he no!—Gad, you should hear till him and Dursy. Dursy can't speak a word of English, and, if he wasna lame and rather asthmatic, wad be the wildest of the lot."

"Have you lent *him* any money?"

"Only seventeen and sixpence in half crowns, at extra times. He's the richest man in Europe, they say, but so dreadful charitable he always empties his pockets into the hats of the blind men in Regent Street, and the little baskets that the dogs carry in their mouths. He's a real judge of horse-flesh, and got his lordship to let me have the piebald horse for forty pounds. He asked sixty guineas, and he's worth a hundred and fifty at least."

"Now, Mr Drumly," we said, compassionating the foolish fellow's greenness in spite of our disgust at his behaviour, "be on your guard, and cut your new acquaintance; don't buy the horse, and get back your money, if you can. In the mean time, good morning."

"Lord!" said the Linty, "did you ever see any thing so lucky! There's Waterford and Dursy smoking segars. I'll go and speak to them this minute." We looked, and in the doorway of a billiard-room in the Quadrant, we beheld the illustrious objects of Mr Drumly's admiration. His lordship was evidently a Jew of the most unimpeachable descent, bearing Monmouth Street and Shoreditch in every feature of his bloated countenance. A hook nose and black piercing eyes, with an expression of remorseless rascality about the corners of his wide and prominent mouth, left us in no doubt as to Mr Drumly's chance of escaping being pillaged; while the appearance of his majestic companion, a tallow-faced little man of about sixty, very shabbily dressed, and covered with enormous grey whiskers and mustaches, left equally little doubt as to the probability of the Linty recovering the odd half-crowns.

The happiness of getting quit of a bore, is one for which mortals can never be sufficiently grateful. We enjoyed a walk through the Park, looked for half-an-hour at Apsley House, then at Buckingham Palace, then at the Green Park, then at the new House of Parliament, then at a splendid leg of mutton and pint of port at our club in St James's Square, and then at the finest play that ever was performed at Drury-Lane. Any person who doubts that Macready is a man of great and original genius has never seen "As you Like it"—not that his Jacques, though a very admirable performance, is by any means one of his best parts; but the keeping of the whole play—the judgment in all the accessories—the nature pervading every scene—description can give no idea of it! You see long retiring vistas in the forest of Ardenne—you hear the birds whistling, and actually feel the cool forest wind bringing freshness from the buds and leaves. Then the Duke and his companions are discovered in all manner of picturesque groups; and in the easiest, most natural way in the world, one of the foresters lying on the ground sings the beautiful song, "Come hither," with a sweetness and taste we never heard equalled; or better still, perhaps, the equally beautiful song, "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind." Compare the perfect order that presides over the stage in all its departments, when Macready wields the sceptre, with the villanous confusion that every now and then breaks out in the best regulated establishments without him, and confess that the poetry of representation was never so united before to the firmness and purposeness (if there is such a word) of direction. Rosalind is perhaps too palpable a creature of flesh and blood, in the person of Mrs Nesbitt, for the idealized beauty of the play; but as such flesh and blood are not to be seen by profane eyes every day, we are even thankful for the change, and hereby return our hearty thanks for the clear, happy, large, and joyous intonation of that captivating damsel, the absence of which must have made the usurper's court more dismal than a Quaker's meeting. There are no stars among the performers, or rather, they are all stars; but no great fiery-faced, eye-blinding sun is allowed to pale them. Each illumines his path with tranquil light, and such is the effect of the perfection produced by oneness in execution and design, that though there are no pathetic characters in the piece, nor any situation exciting sympathy or compassion, there were many bright eyes of fair young girls suffused with tears,

they did not know why, but we did, and liked them all the better for it. Their hearts were so filled with the placid beauty of all they heard and saw, that very likely tears were a relief to them—at all events, they were a true compliment to the performance; and another perhaps was this, that we would not have stayed on any consideration to see the farce, particularly as we were engaged to supper at ten o'clock, at the British Hotel.

Did any body ever remark the sedate intelligent look of the youngest babies in London? If you sit opposite a woman in an omnibus, with a child in her arms, there is a look of precocious wisdom about its face that you don't see any where else, even in ladies and gentlemen of mature years. It looks about it as if making observations on the rest of the passengers, and listens, apparently with silent gravity, to any conversation that may be going on. They never squall and make a row like other infants, and probably they all die of too much knowledge; for you very seldom see any children between twelve months and eight or nine years old. The loss is supplied by a perpetual immigration of young healthy lads from the country, who rise to be pot-boys at inns, and light porters, and understrappers at stables, if they escape being crushed to death by cabs and omnibuses! What do all the cabs do? Where do all the omnibuses go to? You see miles of them in every street, all apparently driving a flourishing trade—blocking up crossings in all directions, and making it a service of as much danger to get over to the other side as to lead a storming party at St Sebastian. Large as London is, it is not half large enough for the inhabitants; for, though it covers the area of an ordinary county, nobody has elbow-room; and spring, summer, autumn, or winter, makes no perceptible difference in the multitudinousness of its crowds. We always feel inclined to kick a conceited jackanapes from some wretched provincial townage, even if it is Edinburgh herself—Scotia's darling seat—who meets us in September or October in Oxford Street or Cheapside, and complains, with a sigh, that the town is empty! Empty?—what would the blockhead have? At the very hour he is speaking, every portion of the city—including the West End—is in a more crowded state than the doorway of a church. We have no doubt that in the shooting season London might appear comparatively empty to the Duke of Devonshire, or some other leader of the fashion; for they would miss the faces they see at their dinners and balls, and the crowds of coroneted carriages kicking up a dust in their court-yards; but it is sheer impertinence in ordinary mortals to maintain, that the absence of the two or three thousand people, who think it disgraceful to be seen in town after a certain month in each year, makes any difference whatever on the emptiness or the fulness of London. You might just as well say, that the few herrings a solitary fisherman catches in his wretched coble off the west coast of Ireland, makes any difference in the shoal, which extends in unbroken line over five or six hundred miles of sea. The streets are never empty—night and day, traffic of some kind or other is going on. The tide of life, without an hour's intermission, has been pouring through Temple-bar for hundreds of years. From Elizabeth's days, Cheapside has never been entirely still—all these generations have died away; but probably, in all that time there has been no period when that street has been perfectly and completely silent. Even in the stormiest nights some wayfarer was passing, enough to break the solitude, and keep up the clatter of its vitality, till day brought again the tramp of unnumbered feet, the roll of wheels, and the steady rush of the great human Mississippi, till it joined the vast ocean at the Bank.

Sight-seeing—a delightful occupation for a day or two—becomes rather tiresome when it is pursued as a business; and if seeing the sights begins after a while to pall upon the sense, the pleasure of describing them becomes rather faint. We will therefore omit the Chinese Exhibition, with all its oriental wonders, and the indelible impression it gives you all the time you are in it, that you are at Hong-Kong or Canton, and particularly intimate with mandarins and graceful kwangs, and dignified but rather brawling Lins. We will also leave untold the feelings excited in our hearts by the view of the panorama of Cabul, with its wild groups of Affghans, and circling hills, with dreadful-looking passes boring their dark way

through them. The whole scene, by a slight effort of association, recalling the glorious storming of Ghuznee, of which the gallant Dennie encountered all the risk, and received at the niggard hands of a narrow-minded commander none of the glory. Fancy called up to us the walls of Jellalabad, on looking at those nearly similar walls of Cabul—and again Dennie rose before us—the bravest of the brave, neglected but struggling onward in his path of duty, foremost in every danger, till at last worn out with "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," he rushed onward as if regardless of life, thought for the last time on the dear family circle he was about to leave uncherished and unprotected, and then—

"With no blot on his scutcheon, no stain on his name,
Look'd proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."*

But all these sights and shows, and many more, the Polytechnic, the Adelaide Gallery, the Pantechnicon, and the Museum, we leave to rear their heads unsung, for we are summoned from them all to render assistance to Jock Drumly.

We were dining in Harley Street, and all went gaily as a marriage bell; our host was overwhelmingly great in anecdotes of his youth, corrected and improved to the present time; our hostess charming, and her daughters—but of that no more. Suddenly we heard an inordinate squalling in the lower regions, which led us to suppose that the cook had fallen into the fire; but the cries of police soon diverted our suspicions into another channel, and made us fancy that the swell mob was upon us. No notice was taken of all the rings that the impatience of two people enabled them to extract from a single dining-room bell; and at last our host volunteered a voyage of discovery, if we would consent to be his convoy. On arriving at the scene of action, which was in the outside area, we discovered the two footmen firmly retaining their hold of an individual, who, from time to time, made an attempt to shake himself loose; and in that unhappy individual, we recognized with no little astonishment the intended colonist of New South Wales—no other than the sporting Mr Drumly.

"What brought you here, sir?" exclaimed our host.

"The gulls brought me here, sir," answered Jock indignantly; "and it's a devilish piece of impidence in their flunkies to behave as they've done. It's what every gentleman in Embro' always does—he always rins down the arey stair whenever he sees the housemaid"——

"And tries by her aid to get into the house in search of the silver spoons. Hold him fast, Thomas. The police will be here soon, and he'll have a month of Bridewell."

"And if the wind changes I'll lose my passage," said Jock,—"I'll hae an action again' ye for wrongous imprisonment.—Bijove I will."

"Who are you, sir?" enquired our host, "you look too much of a fool for a London thief—you are a Scotchman, I perceive, by your uncouth dialect."

"I'm John Drumly, Esq., well known in Embro' to all the first faimlies—Scott, and Inglis, and Wordsworth. I'm on my way to colonize with five hunder pound, or rather four hunder, for I've lent a hantle siller to some of your English and foreign noblemen about this town, intimate friends of mines."

"Do you mean your illustrious friends in Regent Street?" said we, and at sight of our countenance the joy of the prisoner knew no bounds.

"Lord have a care o' us, is't you?—Jist tell these fellies to leave me alane."

He was soon released when our host saw he was an acquaintance of ours.

"What were you doing down here?" we asked.

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* We trust the letters of this heroic officer will excite the attention they deserve, and induce some person who has the prosperity of our Indian Empire at heart, to interest himself in behalf of those in whom the writer's whole solicitude centred. The pension already granted to his four orphan daughters, is utterly inadequate as a mark of the appreciation in which such a man's services should be held. Kindness to *them* is the only reparation that can now be made for the extraordinary neglect he experienced in his lifetime.

"I was jist wantin' to pay a compliment to one of the gulls in the arey. I slipt down the stairs to see her, when two other women cam' out. They skirled as if I had been goin' to kill them, the moment they clapped eyes on me; and I was nearly killed myself with disgust, for it turned out to be the three dreadful-looking women, in the funny-like bonnets you and me saw at the Centriffagle Railway—out cam' the flunkies, and after a fecht for't, I had to give in."

A few words set matters straight.

"Have you got back your fifty pounds?"

"No!"

"Have you got the piebald horse?"

"No, but Dursy has given me two oxen instead."

"Oxen? what in the world are you going to do with oxen?"

"Take them to New South Wales. They'll maybe improve the breed of the outlandish cattle in them foreign parts, and mine is to be a breeding-farm."

"The piebald horse would have been a better bargain, but you shall go free, and the police shall be dismissed, if you will engage to go down this very night and embark. Promise this, and that you will not attempt to see your illustrious friends again, and you may go this moment. They are two London pickpockets, and will not leave you a sous."

"It was oxen," said Mr Drumly; "I never said a word to one of them about swine."

"For you may depend on it," continued we, without minding his interruption, "that an Embro' blood, however knowing he thinks himself, is no match for a London shark!"

Jock agreed to the conditions; and, as we have watched for him in vain in the police reports, we conclude he is safely on his way. At all events, we saw no more of him—"Sic nos servavit Apollo."

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. IV.

The Greatness of Creation.

[This Poem, embodying an idea truly sublime, belongs, as does also the subsequent poem of Minna, to the class of Schiller's earliest productions.]

Upon the winged winds, among the rolling worlds I flew,
Which, by the breathing spirit, erst from ancient Chaos grew;
Seeking to land
On the farthest strand,
Where life lives no longer to anchor alone,
And gaze on Creation's last boundary-stone.

Star after star around me now its shining youth uprears,
To wander through the Firmament its day of thousand years—
Sportive they roll
Round the charmèd goal:
Till, as I look'd on the deeps afar,
The space waned—void of a single star.

On to the Realm of Nothingness—on still in dauntless flight,
Along the splendours swiftly steer my sailing wings of light;
Heaven at the rear,
Paleth, mist-like and drear;
Yet still as I wander, the worlds in their glee
Sparkle up like the bubbles that glance on a Sea!

And towards me now, the selfsame path, I see a Pilgrim steer!
"Halt, Wanderer, halt—and answer me—What, Pilgrim, seekst thou here?"

"To the World's last shore
I am sailing o'er,
Where life lives no longer to anchor alone,
And gaze on Creation's last boundary-stone."

"Thou sail'st in vain—Return! Before thy path, INFINITY!"
"And thou in vain!—Behind me spreads INFINITY to thee!
Fold thy wings drooping,
O Thought, eagle-swooping!—
O Phantasie, anchor!—The Voyage is o'er:
Creation, wild sailor, flows on to no shore!"

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK.

Beside the brook the Boy reclin'd
And wove his flowery wreath,
And to the waves the wreath consign'd—
The waves that danced beneath.
"So fleet mine hours," he sigh'd, "away
Like waves that restless flow:
And, like my bloom of youth, decay
The flowers that float below.

"Ask not why I, alone on earth,
Am sad in life's young time;
To all the rest are hope and mirth
When Spring renews its prime.
Alas! the music Nature makes,
Her thousand songs of gladness—
In me that music only wakes
The heavy heart to sadness.

"Ah! vain to me the joys that break
From Spring, voluptuous are;
For only ONE 'tis mine to seek—
The Near, yet ever Far!
I stretch my arms, that shadow-shape
In fond embrace to hold;
Still doth the shade the clasp escape—
The heart is unconsol'd!

"Come forth, fair Friend, come forth below,
And leave thy lofty hall,
The fairest flowers the spring can know
In thy dear lap shall fall!
Clear glides the brook in silver roll'd,
Sweet music fills the air;
The meanest hut hath space to hold
A happy loving Pair!"

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

A BALLAD.

From Rhegium to the Isthmus, long
Hallow'd to steeds and glorious song—

Where, link'd awhile in holy peace,
Meet all the sons of martial Greece—
Wends Ibycus—whose lips the sweet
  And ever-young Apollo fires;
The staff supports the wanderer's feet—
The God the Poet's soul inspires!

Soon from the mountain-ridges high,
The tower-crown'd Corinth greets his eye;
In Neptune's groves of darksome pine,
He treads with shuddering awe divine;
Nought lives around him, save a swarm
  Of CRANES, that still pursued his way—
Lured by the South, they wheel and form
  In ominous groups their wild array.

And "Hail! beloved Birds!" he cried;
"My comrades on the ocean tide,
Sure signs of good ye bode to me;
Our lots alike would seem to be;
From far, together borne, we greet
  A shelter now from toil and danger;
And may the friendly hearts we meet
  Preserve from every ill—the Stranger!"

His step more light, his heart more gay,
Along the mid-wood winds his way,
When, where the path the thickets close,
Burst sudden forth two ruffian foes;
Now strife to strife, and foot to foot!
  Ah! weary sinks the gentle hand;
The gentle hand that wakes the lute
  Has learn'd no lore that guides the brand.

He calls on men and Gods—in vain!
His cries no blest deliverer gain;
Feebler and fainter grows the sound,
And still the deaf life slumbers round—
"In the far land I fall forsaken,
  Unwept and unregarded, here;
By death from caitiff hands o'ertaken,
  Nor ev'n one late avenger near!"

Down to the earth the death-stroke bore him—
Hark, where the Cranes wheel dismal o'er him!
He hears, as darkness veils his eyes,
Near, in hoarse croak, their dirgelike cries.
"Ye whose wild wings above me hover,
  Whose voices round me breathe alone,
Witness the deed—the hand discover—
  Avenge!"——He spoke, and life was gone.

Naked and maim'd the corpse was found—
And, spite full many a mangling wound,
The awaiting Host at Corinth knew
The face so dear, the memory to.
"And must I meet thee thus once more?
  Who hoped with wreaths of holy pine,
Bright with new fame—the victory o'er—
  The Singer's temples to entwine!"

And loud lamented every guest
Who held the Sea-God's solemn feast—

As in a single heart prevailing,
Throughout all Hellas went the wailing.
Wild to the Council-Hall they ran—
  In thunder rush'd the threat'ning Flood—
" Revenge shall right the murder'd man,
  The last atonement—blood for blood!"

Yet 'mid the throng the Isthmus claims,
Lured by the Sea-God's glorious games—
Waves in that Human Sea sublime—
How mark the guilty?—track the crime?
Did robbers smite him on the way,
  Or dastard blades of stealthy Foes?
The Delphin God alone can say—
  Who every earthly secret knows.

Perchance he treads in careless peace,
Amidst your Sons, assembled Greece—
Hears with a smile revenge decreed—
Gloats with fell joy upon the deed—
Your holy temples may be shrouding
  The steps that mock the Gods—and mute,
Perchance the floors your steps are crowding,
  The foot of murther may pollute!

Wedg'd close, and serried, swarms the crowd—
Beneath the weight the walls are bow'd—
Thitherwards streaming far, and wide,
Broad Hellas flows in mingled tide—
On, hollow-sounding, on they go,
  As ocean surges tempest-driven—
Till rang'd, and widening, row on row,
  And sweeping, arch-like, up to Heaven!

The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
That, guest-like, there assembled came?
From Theseus' state, from Aulis' strand—
From Phocis, from the Spartan's land—
From Asia's wave-divided clime,
  The Isles that gem the Ægæan Sea,
To harken on that Stage Sublime,
  The Dark Choir's mournful melody!

True to the awful rites of old,
In long and measured strides, behold
The Chorus from the hinder ground,
Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
So this World's women never strode,
  Their race from Mortals ne'er began,
Gigantic, from their grim abode,
  They tower above the Sons of Man!

Across their loins the dark robe clinging,
In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
Now to and fro, with dark-red glow—
No blood that lives the dead cheeks know!
Where flow the locks that woo to love
  On *human* temples—ghastly dwell
The Serpents, coil'd the brow above,
  And the green asps with poison swell.

Thus circling, horrible, within
That space—doth their dark hymn begin,

And round the sinner as they go,
Cleave to the heart their words of woe.
Dismally wails, the senses chilling,
The hymn—the FURIES' solemn song;
And froze the very marrow thrilling
As roll'd the gloomy sounds along.

"And weal to him—from crime secure—
Who keeps his soul as childhood's pure;
Life's path he roves, a wanderer free—
We near him not—THE AVENGERS, WE!
But woe to him for whom we weave
The doom for deeds that shun the light;
Fast to the murderer's feet we cleave,
The fearful Daughters of the Night.

"And deems he flight from us can hide him?
Still on dark wings We sail beside him!
The murderer's feet the snare enthralls—
Or soon or late, to earth he falls!
Untiring, hounding on, we go;
For blood can no remorse atone!
On, ever—to the Shades below,
And there—we grasp him, still our own!"

So singing, their slow dance they wreathe,
And stillness, like a silent death,
Heavily there lay cold and drear,
As if the Godhead's self were near.
Then, true to those strange rites of old,
Pacing the circle's solemn round,
In long and measured strides—behold,
They vanish in the hinder ground!

Confused and doubtful—half between
The solemn truth and phantom scene,
The crowd revere the Power, presiding
O'er secret deeds, to justice guiding—
The Unfathom'd and Inscrutable
By whom the web of doom is spun;
Whose shadows in the deep heart dwell,
Whose* form is seen not in the sun!

Just then, amidst the highest tier,
Breaks forth a voice that starts the ear;
"See there—see there, Timotheus;
Behold the cranes of Ibycus!"
A sudden darkness wraps the sky;
Above the roofless building hover
Dusk, swarming wings; and heavily
Sweep the slow cranes—hoarse-murmuring over!

"Of Ibycus?"—that name so dear
Thrills through the hearts of those who hear!
Like wave on wave in eager seas,
From mouth to mouth the murmur flees—
"Of Ibycus, whom we bewail?
The murder'd one! What mean those words?
Who is the man—knows *he* the tale?—
Why link that name with those wild birds?"

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* Conscience.

Questions on questions louder press—
Like lightning flies the inspiring guess—
Leaps every heart—" The truth we seize;
Your might is here, EUMENIDES!
The murderer yields himself confest—
  Vengeance is near—that voice the token—
Ho!—him who yonder spoke, arrest!—
  And him to whom the words were spoken!"

Scarce had the wretch the words let fall
Than fain their sense he would recall;
In vain; those whitening lips, behold,
The secret have already told!
Into their Judgment Court sublime
  The Scene is changed;—their doom is seal'd:
Behold the dark unwitness'd Crime,
  Struck by the light'ning that reveal'd!

THE HOSTAGE. A BALLAD.

THE tyrant Dionys to seek,
  Stern Mœrus with his poniard crept;
  The watchful guards upon him swept;
The grim king mark'd his changeless cheek:
" What wouldst thou with thy poniard? Speak!"—
" The city from thy yoke deliver!"—
" The death-cross guerdons thine endeavour."

" I am prepared for death, nor pray,"
  Replied that haughty man, " to live;
  Enough, if thou one grace wilt give:
For three brief suns the death delay
To wed my sister—leagues away;
I boast one friend whose life for mine,
If I should fail the cross, is thine."

The tyrant, musing, paused, and said
  With gloomy craft, " So let it be;
But mark—if, when the time be sped,
Thou fail'st—thy surety dies instead.
His life shall buy thine own release;
Thy guilt atoned, my wrath shall cease."

He sought his friend—" The king's decree
  Ordains my life the cross upon
  Shall pay the deed I would have done;
Yet grants three days' delay to me,
My sister's marriage-rites to see:
If thou, the hostage, wilt remain
Till I—set free—return again!"

His friend embraced—No word he said,
  But silent to the tyrant strode—
  The other went upon his road.
Ere the third sun in heaven was red,
The rite was o'er, the sister wed.
And back, with anxious heart unquailing,
He hastes to hold the pledge unfailing.

Down the great rains unending bore,
  Down from the hills the torrents rush'd,
  In one broad stream the brooklets gush'd.
The wanderer halts beside the shore,
The bridge was swept the tides before—
The shatter'd arches o'er and under
Went the tumultuous waves in thunder.

Dismay'd, he takes his idle stand—
  Dismay'd, he strays and shouts around;
  His voice awakes no answering sound.
No boat will leave the sheltering strand,
To bear him to the wish'd-for land;
No boatman will Death's pilot be;
The wild stream gathers to a sea!

Sunk by the banks, awhile he weeps,
  Then raised his arms to Jove, and cried
  "Stay thou, oh stay the madd'ning tide!
Midway behold the swift sun sweeps,
And, ere he sinks adown the deeps,
If I should fail, his beams will see
My friend's last anguish—slain for me!"

Still swells the huge stream, fierce and fast;
  Billow on billow darkly dying—
  Hour after hour remorseless flying;
Till desperate, but resolved, at last,
Into the flood his form he cast;
Cleaves with bold arms the death before him,
Safe—for some pitying god was o'er him.

'Tis past—he scours along the strand,
  And grateful, thanks the guiding god;
  When sudden, on the lonely road,
From woods, whose darkness gloom'd at hand,
Rush'd the grim murther's robber-band;
Swift on the wanderer—swift t[illegible]ge,
Round and aloft their huge [illegible]

"What would ye?" cri[illegible]
  "For nothing but [illegible]
  A life I carry to o[illegible]
He snatch'd the cl[illegible]
"That life to fri[illegible]
Three of the ba[illegible]
Lay, and the [illegible]

Through the green boughs the sun gleams dying,
  O'er fields that drink the rosy beam,
  The trees' huge shadows giant seem.
Two strangers on the road are hieing;
And as they fleet beside him flying,
These mutter'd words his ear dismay:
" Now—now the cross has claim'd its prey!"

Despair his wingèd path pursues,
  The anxious terrors hound him on—
  There, redd'ning in the evening sun,
From far, the domes of Syracuse!—
When towards him comes Philostratus,
(His leal and trusty herdsman he,)
And to the master bends his knee.

" Back—thou canst aid thy friend no more,
  The niggard time already flown—
  His life is forfeit—save thine own!
Hour after hour in hope he bore,
Nor might his soul its faith give o'er;
Nor could the tyrant's scorn deriding,
Steal from that faith one thought confiding!"

" Too late! what horror hast thou spoken!
  Vain life, since it cannot requite him!
  But death with me can yet unite him;
To the fell king we'll leave the token—
How friend to friend keeps faith unbroken.
Two victims one red shrine above,
Shall teach him faith in truth and love!"

The sun sinks down—the gate's in view,
  The cross looms dismal on the ground—
  The eager crowd gape murmuring round.
His friend is bound the cross unto,
Crowd—guards—all—bursts he breathless through:
" Me! Doomsman, me!" he shouts, " alone!
His life is rescued—lo, mine own!"

Amazement seized the circling ring!
  Link'd in each other's arms the pair—
  Weeping for joy—yet anguish there!
Moist every eye that gazed;—they bring
The wond'rous tidings to the king—
His breast Man's heart at last hath known,
And the Friends stand before his throne.

Marvelling, he gazed, with eyes that stream—
  Then spoke—" At peace, in joy depart,
  Victors, ye have subdued my heart!
Faith is not yet an empty dream.
Ah, me your comrade could ye deem!—
Yes, that one grace accord to me,
And let the band of Love—be THREE!"

PHILOSOPHERS.

To learn what gives to every thing
The form and life which we survey,
The law by which the Eternal King,
Moves all creation's order'd ring,
And keeps it from decay—
When to great Doctor Wiseman we go—
If help'd not out by Fichtē's Ego—
All from his brain that we can delve,
Is this sage answer—" Ten's not Twelve."

The snow can chill, the fire can burn,
Man when he walks on two feet goes ;—
A sun in Heaven all eyes discern—
This through the senses we may learn,
Nor go to school to know.
But the profounder student sees,
That that which burns—will seldom freeze ;
And can instruct the astonish'd hearer,
How moisture moistens—light makes clearer—

Homer composed his mighty song,
The hero danger dared to scorn,
The brave man did his duty, long
Before—(and who shall say I'm wrong)—
Philosophers were born !
Without Descartes and Locke—the Sun
Saw things by Heart and Genius done,
Which those great men have proved, on viewing,
The—possibility of doing !

Strength in this life prevails and sways—
Bold Power oppresses humble worth—
He who cannòt command obeys—
In short there's not too much to praise
In this poor orb of earth.
But how things better might be done,
If sages had this world begun,
By moral systems of their own,
Most incontestably is shown !

" Man wants mankind, must be confest—
In all he labours to fulfill,
Must work, or with, or for, the rest;
'Tis drops that swell the ocean's breast—
'Tis waves that turn the mill.
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities."
Thus *ex cathedrâ* teach, we know,
Wise Messieurs Puffendorf and Co.

Yet since, what grave professors preach,
The crowd may be excused from knowing ;
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
Tinkers the chain, and mends the breach,
And keeps the clockwork going.
Some day, Philosophy, no doubt,
A better World will bring about.
Till then the Old a little longer,
Must blunder on—through Love and Hunger!

Punch Song.

Four Elements, join'd in
  An emulous strife,
Fashion the world, and
  Constitute life.

From the sharp citron
  The starry juice pour;
Acid to Life is
  The innermost core.

Now, let the sugar
  The bitter one meet;
Still be life's bitter
  Tamed down with the sweet!

Let the bright water
  Flow into the bowl;
Water, the calm one,
  Embraces the Whole.

Drops from the spirit
  Pour quick'ning within;
Life but its life from
  The spirit can win.

Haste, while it gloweth,
  Your vessels to bring;
The wave has but virtue
  Drank hot from the spring!

Punch Song.

To be Sung in the North.

On the mountains' chainless summit,
  Where the southern summers shine,
In the strength of light begotten,
  Nature bears the golden wine!

Who can mark the mighty mother,
  Till the birth is born at length;
All unfathom'd is the labour,
  All inscrutable the strength.

As the sun's son, springs it sparkling,
  As the flowing fount of light,
From the tun a liquid crystal,
  Or a glory purple-bright.

All the senses it rejoices,
  Gives the heart a nobler fire;
To the hope a heavenlier balsam,
  To the life a new desire.

But the green leaves scarcely tinting,
  Doth our Northern summer gleam,
And the fruits that languish under,
  Wane unripen'd in the beam.

Yet the North has life within it;
  Never life will joy resign:
Though our valleys know no vineyard,
  Yet our wits invent a wine!

Pale its hue—the dim libation,
  Which the household Altar knows,
Ever that which Nature gives us,
  In a brighter glory flows.

But although the Well is troubled,
  It is clear enough for mirth;
Art, whose gift is fire from Heaven,
  Still may borrow fire from Earth!

Mighty kingdoms in invention,
  Still the strength of Will await—
From the Old the Novel shaping,
  To invent is to create!

Art, the Elemental union,
  Can, at pleasure, separate,
And the Sun-God's mighty lustre
  With the Hearth-flame imitate!

Onwards to the Blessed Islands,
  Sail the wingèd vessels forth;
And the southern fruits are glowing,
  Golden captives, in the North.

So, be this bright juice, companions—
  Type and happy symbol, still,
Of the things that man can master,
  With the Force and with the Will.

The Playing Infant.

Play on thy mother's bosom, Babe, for in that holy isle
The error cannot find thee yet, the grieving, nor the guile;
Held in thy mother's arms above Life's dark and troubled wave,
Thou lookèst with thy fearless smile upon the floating grave.
Play, loveliest Innocence!—Thee, yet Arcadia circles round,
A charmèd power for thee has set the lists of fairy ground;
Each gleesome impulse Nature now can sanction and befriend,
Nor to that willing heart as yet the Duty and the End.
Play, for the haggard Labour comes to weary out and tire—
When Duty once becomes thy law—the heart and the desire.

Forum of Women.

No single deed of man should woman lead,
But whisper soft to man the words that prompt the deed.

To ———

Truths thou canst not, though thou woo me
For thy pupil, teach unto me;
Through thee nothing will I see,
Since through all things I see—*thee!*

Minna.

Or dream I—or deceives mine eye?
  Do mists with falsehood fill the spot?
Or did there pass my Minna by,
  My Minna—and she knew me not?

Link'd to the Flatterer's arm, she cross'd,
  And fann'd the cheek's immodest glow;
Vain of herself, herself was lost.
  Was that—was *that* my Minna?—No!

How, o'er the headgear, proudly wave
  The plumes—my gift in times more fair—
The scarf that veils that breast, I gave—
  Do they not whisper thee—"Beware!"

And still they bloom upon the bosom,
  The flowers I fondly cull'd for thee;
As fresh the glow on every blossom;
  The heart—'tis *that* which fades from me!

Go, take the hollow incense tender'd—
  Go, learn for ever to forget;
To Flatterers and to Falsehood render'd,
  Vain woman, scorn is left me yet!

There beat for thee—with what belief!—
  There beat a not ignoble heart—
A heart still strong to bear the grief
  To have loved the trifling thing thou art.

Thy beauty has thy heart betray'd,
  Thy form—thy form—O shame to thee!
To-morrow, and the glow shall fade,
  And the brief roses wither'd be!

Swallows, that wanton in the sun,
  Fly when the northern winds awaken;
And false ones shall thine autumn shun,
  For whom the true one is forsaken!

Mid wrecks that once have beauties been,
  I see thee left to thy decay;
To weep in every summer scene
  The memory of thy vanish'd May.

They who, with hot and eager arms,
  To snatch thy tempting kiss, have flown,
Shall, mocking, hiss thy ruin'd charms,
  And scoff thy winter—left alone!

Thy beauty has thy heart betray'd;
  Thy form—thy form—O shame to thee!
To-morrow, and the glow shall fade,
  And the brief roses wither'd be!

How shall I scorn thee in those years!
  Scorn! sad one!—scorn!—God pardon me!
Then will I weep such bitter tears—
  Tears shed, O Minna, over thee!

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

At Smithfield* once, as I've been told,
Or some such place where beasts are sold,
A bard, whose bones from flesh were all free,
Put up for sale the Muse's palfrey.
His ears how cock'd, his tail how stiff;
Loud neigh'd the prancing hippogriff.
The crowd grew large, the crowd grew larger;
"By Jove, indeed a splendid charger!
'Twould suit some coach of state!—the king's!
But, bless my soul, what frightful wings!
No doubt the breed is mighty rare—
But who would coach it through the air?
Who'd trust his neck to such a flyer?"—
In short, the bard could find no buyer.
At last a farmer pluck'd up mettle;
"Let's see if we the thing can settle.
These useless wings my man may lop,
Or tie down tight—I likes a crop!
'T might draw my cart; it seems to frisk it;
Come, twenty pounds!—ecod, I'll risk it."
I blush to say the bard consented,
And Hodge bears off his prize, contented.
The noble beast is in the cart;
Hodge cries, "Gee hup!" and off they start.
He scarcely feels the load behind,
Skirrs, scours, and scampers like the wind.
The wings begin for heaven to itch,
The wheels go devilish near the ditch.
"So ho!" grunts Hodge, "'tis more than funny;
I've got a penn'orth for my money.
To-morrow, if I still survive,
I have some score of folks to drive;—
The load of five the beast could drag on;
I'll make him leader to the waggon.
Choler and collar wear with time;
The lively rogue is in his prime."

All's well at first; a famous start—
Waggon and team go like a dart.
The wheeler's heavy plod behind him,
But doubly speeds the task assign'd him;
Till, with tall crest, he snuffs the heaven,
Spurns the dull road so smooth and even.
True the impetuous instinct to,
Field, fen, and bog, he scampers through.
The frenzy seems to catch the team;
The driver tugs, the travellers scream.
O'er ditch, o'er hedge, splash, dash, and crash on,
Ne'er farmer flew in such a fashion.
At last, all batter'd, bruised, and broken,
(Poor Hodge's state may not be spoken,)
Waggon, and team, and travellers stop,
Perch'd on a mountain's steepest top!
Exceeding sore, and much perplext,
"I fegs," the farmer cries, "what next?

* Literally Haymarket.

This helter-skelter sport will never do,
But break him in I'll yet endeavour to;
Let's see if work and starving diet,
Can't tame the monster into quiet!"
The proof was made, and, save us, if in
Three days you'd seen the hippogriffin,
You'd scarce the noble beast have known,
Starved duly down to skin and bone.
Cries Hodge, rejoiced, "I have it now,
Bring out my ox, he goes to plough."
So said, so done, and droll the tether,
Wing'd horse, slow ox, at plough together!
The unwilling griffin strains his might,
One last strong struggle yet for flight;
In vain, for well inured to labour
Plods sober on his heavy neighbour,
And forces, inch by inch, to creep,
The hoofs that love the air to sweep;
Until, worn out, the eye grows dim,
The sinews fail, the founder'd limb.
The god-steed droops, the strife is past,
He writhes amidst the mire at last!
"Accursed brute!" the farmer cries;
And, while he bawls, the cart-whip plies.
"For aught that's good, it seems you lack legs;
It's clear I'm bubbled by a blacklegs."
He vents his wrath, he plies his thong,
When lo, there gaily comes along,
With looks of light, and locks of yellow,
And lute in hand, a buxom fellow;
Through the bright clusters of his hair
A golden circlet glistens fair.
"What's this—a wondrous yoke and pleasant?"
Cries out the stranger to the peasant.
"The bird and ox thus leash'd together—
Come, prithee, just unbrace the tether:
But let *me* mount him for a minute—
That beast!—you'll see how much is in it."

The steed released—the easy stranger
Leaps on his back, and smiles at danger;
Scarce felt that steed the master's rein,
When all his fire returns again.
He champs the bit—he rears on high,
Light, like a soul, looks from his eye.
Changed from the creature of the sod,
Behold the spirit and the god:
The shape some storm had downwards driven,
Gains the lost pride, and pants for heaven.
Before the eye can track the flight,
Lost in the azure fields of light.

THE INDIAN'S DEATH-SONG.

See on his mat—as if of yore,
  All life-like, sits he here!
With that same aspect which he wore
  When light to him was dear.
But where the right hand's strength?—the breath
  That breath'd so stoutly, where?
What time the pipe its lusty wreath
  Sent cheerly through the air?
And where the hawk-like eye, alas!
  That wont the deer pursue,
Along the waves of rippling grass,
  Or fields that shone with dew?
Are these the limber, bounding feet,
  That swept the winter snows?
What stateliest stag so fast and fleet?
  Their speed outstript the roe's!
These arms that then the sturdy bow
  Could supple from its pride,
How stark and helpless hang they now
  Adown the stiffen'd side!
Yet weal to him thus pass'd away,
  Where snow can fall no more,
To fields where dwells eternal May,
  And toil itself is o'er!
Where birds are blithe on every brake—
  Where forests teem with deer—
Where glide the fish through every lake—
  One chase from year to year!
With spirits now he feasts above;
  He leaves what glory gave—
The deathless deeds for praise to love,
  The dead clay for the grave!
While high the Death-song wails for thee,
  Thy wants shall we forget?
All in thy grave shall buried be
  Which pleased—they please thee yet!
We lay the axe beneath his head
  He swung, when strength was strong—
The bear on which his banquets fed—
  The way from earth is long!
And here, new-sharpen'd, place the knife
  That sever'd from the clay,
From which the axe had spoil'd the life,
  The conquer'd scalp away!
The paints that deck the Dead, bestow—
  Yes, place them in his hand—
That red the Kingly Shade may glow
  Amidst the Spirit-Land!

THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

To the solemn Abyss leads the terrible path,
  The life and the death winding dizzy between;
In thy desolate way, grim with menace and wrath,
  To daunt thee the spectres of giants are seen:
That thou wake not the Wild One,* all silently tread—
Let thy lip breathe no breath in the pathway of Dread!

High over the marge of the horrible deep,
  A phantom-like arch seems a bridge to bestow;†
Not by man was it built, o'er the vastness to sweep;
  O'er that bridge never mortal has ventured to go;
The stream roars beneath—late and early it raves—
But the bridge, which it threatens, is safe from the waves.

Black-yawning a portal, thy soul to affright,
  Like the gate to the kingdom, the Fiend for the king—
Yet beyond it there smiles but a land of delight,
  Where the Autumn in marriage is met with the Spring.
From a lot where the care and the trouble assail,
Could I fly to the bliss of that balm-breathing vale!

Through that field, from a fount ever hidden their birth,
  Four rivers in tumult rush roaringly forth;
They fly to the fourfold divisions of earth—
  The sunrise, the sunset, the south, and the north.
And, true to the mystical mother that bore,
Forth they rush to their goal, and are lost evermore.

High over the races of men in the blue
  Of the ether, the Mount in twin summits is riven;
There veil'd in the gold-woven webs of the dew,
  Moves the Dance of the Clouds—the pale Daughters of Heaven,
Resting lone where most lonely the ridges may be,
Not an earth-born to hearken—a witness to see.

August, on a throne which no ages can move,
  Sits a Queen, in her beauty serene and sublime,
The diadem blazing with diamonds above
  The glory of brows, never darken'd by time,
His arrows of light on that form shoots the sun—
And he gilds them with all, but he warms them with none!

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* The avalanche—the equivoque of the original, turning on the Swiss word *Lawine* it is impossible to render intelligible to the English reader.

† The Devil's-Bridge.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES. WITH NOTES BY JOHN BURNET, F.R.S.

THERE never has been a period in this country when the arts have excited such general interest. Every where, in every society, they are a topic of conversation. They contribute to the amusement, at least, (dare we say improvement?) of classes that heretofore paid them little regard. Nor is this a sudden, but a growing love; we cautiously avoid the word taste, for we are not so certain that taste *equally* advances with the love. Yet must we acknowledge that the admiration of the actually low and vulgar which once degraded the profession, and did little credit to our patronage, has been so declining, that we hope to see its utter extinction. There is, in fact, more refinement in the whole social system, and it would be strange indeed if the arts did not feel the influence of that change. But we cannot admit that the public taste is in a right direction, nor that the knowledge of art is on a right basis, nor its true principles understood. The common confession of artists, that they must please the public taste—if it be true, and not altogether, as it undoubtedly sometimes is, an excuse for inferiority and a refuge from criticism—must show that the arts are not in their true position; which should be rather to precede than follow, to teach, and not to submit to the requirements of a diseased ignorance. As there never has been a great painter of an uncultivated mind, so has there never been a taste for great works but in minds previously cultivated, or improved by continual observation of such works themselves. Neither men's tastes nor men's powers are beyond themselves. Every artist in his works, to a great degree, represents himself; and such is pretty much the case with every admirer in his admiration. A man of weak intellect cannot exhibit the *strength* of humanity. This is very remarkable; it is strictly true. Note all the works of any one painter, you will find nearly all his figures of the same intellectual grade; none go beyond the painter's own reach. Nay, most probably the heads and attitudes, as characterized by the mind, will, more minutely than we are at first aware of, identify themselves with the peculiarities of the artist's own mind, temper, and feelings. At least, it will be *difficult* for him, when he would affect variety, to escape from himself. In fact, even in execution, if the mind be weak, so will be the mode of expression; if vain, flashy; if vigorous, strong and powerful: and as to the higher expression, which the best hand will but inadequately give, it is impossible that that should exceed the mental conception which, in fact, *characterizes* every artist. The very men are in the works of Michael Angelo, of Raffaelle, and Coreggio, both as to their intellectual grasp and feeling. We could name painters whose men, women, and children, are always fools; and some whose figures are all remarkable for vain pretension. A man without sense cannot paint an imaginary Socrates; nor admire wisdom when he sees it truly represented. We remember hearing of the discretion of an invalid, who, wherever he might be in his travels for any length of time, made it his first object to become acquainted with the medical practitioners of the place, whom he invited to his table, and freely conversed with them upon every subject but medicine. Those whom he found to have most sense, he employed. We remember, too, an anecdote of a lady who carried this idea to rather a whimsical experiment. She sent for all the medical practitioners of any name in a very considerable city, one after the other. To each she asked the same question, "What is the matter with me?" Symptoms she would not tell—that would be putting sense into their heads; she would only show her tongue, and that rapidly, as if helping them too much. One said he should judge she was bilious, another nervous; some one thing, and some another; and all were dismissed with their fees, till one more boldly came, and decided that there was nothing at all the matter with her. "You are right," said she; "you are the only man of sense I have seen: there

nothing the matter with me; but I am come to that time of life that I cannot expect health to continue, and whenever it fails, you are the man I send for." We are running into medical illustration. A lady once told us that her practitioner was hardly sane; in fact, a very great fool, but he was skilful in his profession. To apply these illustrations. It is in proportion to the mind's cultivation in art and out of it, that we shall have good painters, and good judges, and true lovers of their works. The profession should be cultivated as an intellectual pursuit, and to be intellectually understood—to be raised by the aim, not by the number of its professors. The love of mere imitation is so great and general, and the arts in this respect so fascinating, that to a certain point both taste and execution are easily attainable, and the mere fashion of embellishment will demand and produce multitudes of artists of no little skill. We would, however, rather see the scope of art enlarged than professors multiplied; and must be permitted to doubt if the sort of encouragement now given, and feelings with which art is regarded, are such as are befitting a country which would form a school from which it would derive honour. It is not by teaching every man to draw correctly, a great and proper acquirement, that the higher excellences are to be attained. We may thereby force innumerable persons into the profession, of little mind and little education—make pictures a drug, patronage an idle amusement, and confirm and establish an inferiority of taste. We look upon our schools of design as greatly impeding the advance of art. Thence will arise a familiarity that will breed contempt. We rivet as much as we can the chains that bind art to manufacture, that dead-weight first imposed upon it as in a degraded condition, and which the most consummate genius has not been able to remove from the profession. The best way to raise art is to honour it, not to send it to a low school—not to teach, but to be taught by it. We do not honour it. That truth must be told. Let not our Royal Academicians start to hear it. They are not honoured as others are *in their* professions. How often has genius been averted from its earliest predilection, in the families of our higher gentry, and forced upon laborious and uncongenial pursuits, from a feeling of pride, and a notion that art as a profession would degrade? Individual instances to the contrary are nothing; like other exceptions, they but prove the rule. It is therefore a rare thing that the cultivation of mind, arising from a higher education, brings its power and its influence into the profession. Give art a settlement in our universities, let it receive all the advantages of classical and scientific instruction, and give in return the knowledge and taste peculiarly its own, and which will be the additional grace to all other education, and we shall see that station assumed and honourably maintained by artists, which the other professions have attained in public estimation. We do not charge this wrong feeling upon the present generation; it is indeed of long standing; and we state it now but to protest against it, and against a system of encouragement which tends to perpetuate it. Let us for a moment consider the origin of this feeling. We believe its history lies in this line of the Latin poet,

"Græcia *capta* ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit in Latium."

In Greece, when free, we know how art was honoured; the overthrow which brought it into Italy, brought it through a *conquered*, and so despised, people. It was the occupation of slaves, and not native in the soil, and therefore flourished with disparagement, and faded before the overthrow of the Roman empire. Even the revival in modern times was taken up from this faded Greek art, just kept alive, and that was all; and the efforts to restore it still showed its admitted condition. It was rather an adjunct to inferior arts than erect upon its own merits; a mere assistant in the embellishment of cabinets and other furniture—in fact, subservient to trades of handicraft; and painters, having no company or guild of their own, were embodied in those of workers in gold and saddle-makers. Even in its highest glory, which attached rather to the greatness of individuals than to the profession, art never thoroughly emancipated itself from the inferior grade; the disgrace of "Græcia *capta*" still attended it, and has never yet, as

it should, been taken off by public vote and voice. That such was the case even in the time of Raffaelle's splendour, we know from the testimony of his friend Balthazar Castiglione, who, in recommending the knowledge and practice of painting as a necessary accomplishment for the formation of his perfect gentleman, his "Courtier," laments the little estimation in which it is held, particularly with regard to rank, and that even Raffaelle has failed to give it its due distinction. We fear some of the forced efforts now making for art, have not a tendency to raise it; let us hope that there are, however, causes at work, which may at least counteract much of the bad. We most earnestly desire to see art rank at least with the other learned professions, as that which requires as much knowledge, learning, and ability, as any, and to which genius, the highest quality of the mind, must be added. And certain we are, that the benefits to be conferred upon the world, upon present and future ages, by the best cultivation of the Fine Arts, are far greater, and bring a more permanent glory, than any other profession whatever can hope to confer. It may be questioned if the English School has gained ground since its foundation in the Royal Academy. The character, the manners, the real good sense, the eminent ability, knowledge, and power of imparting it, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, did more at the commencement, for art, than any or all its subsequent professors. We mean not in the least to disparage any, living or dead; but are sure that it must be admitted, that the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds is still more identified with the profession than any, or all others. Nor has this been owing so much to his works, excellent though they are, as to his Discourses, which were so admirably written as to engage the attention of the reading public, not artists alone; which have, in fact, beyond every other publication, widely disseminated a love of art, and which still have a kindly influence, wherever they are read, in forming a correct taste. We believe there are no class of persons by whom they are less frequently read than artists. They, in fact, contain so few rules, so few helps to the mere hand, have so little of the technical guide in them, that they are less sought by those who need them most, than will be easily credited. The admiration too, which they every where profess for the Old Masters, has created a jealousy among moderns, which has kept the work much out of their hands. Yet is it still the textbook of art with the world at large, and deservedly so. Sir Joshua did not profess to make new rules, but to lay down clearly, to elucidate, and to enforce, by particular criticism, those which lay scattered in various productions. Perfect novelty would have been indeed a suspicious thing in treating of an art which had produced Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Titian, and Coreggio. It was the object of Sir Joshua to show the principles upon which these great men had laboured to establish taste upon a sure foundation; to show what is nature, and what is art. In this, his aim, he has admirably succeeded, charming, by a winning manner, his readers into a portion of that enthusiasm which he himself felt. Hence it is that Sir Joshua's Discourses are perhaps more known to the classical and general reader, than to painters. They are among our English classics.

We were pleased, when we found a new edition of the Discourses announced, illustrated by notes and plates, from the pen and hand of Mr Burnet, an artist himself; not indeed in the walk mostly referred to by Sir Joshua; but we had admired the great skill and feeling with which he had, in a masterly manner, brought out the Cartoons, one of the cheapest and most valuable of modern productions in engraving, vastly superior to those highly-finished engravings which particularize beyond the master, and are greatly deficient in effect. We reasonably thought, too, that the notes of Mr Burnet would be valuable. His illustrations in plates are too few; good, certainly, as far as they go, but still a better selection might have been made. The notes sadly disappointed us. They repeat, indeed, Sir Joshua's meaning, but by no means with equal force; are for the most part unnecessary, and are so strangely written that the conclusion of a note has often very little to do with its beginning. Nor do we think him successful in those points of difference between him and the author of the Discourses, whom it would appear he not unfrequently

misunderstands. The work, too, should not have been brought out thus incomplete: it should have contained the "Tour to the Netherlands," and "Notes on Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting," and Sir Joshua's Essays and Memoranda. In all these the subject is so decidedly one and the same, that no edition can be complete, in any sense, that does not contain all. The Discourses are fifteen in number. It must be remembered that they were delivered before, and addressed to students. They are therefore of a progressive character. They certainly have an *ex cathedrâ* air, for which we like them the better, evidently proceeding from a mind conscious of ability to teach, and strengthened, beyond doubt, in the faith of the principles of art to be set forth. They breathe, too, a spirit of manliness and modesty, in which respect they are, like the art itself, in its best state. The first Discourse was delivered upon the opening of the Royal Academy, January 2, 1769. This may be considered merely as a preliminary discourse, in which are set forth the advantages of an academy. He compliments the professors, with a somewhat bold belief, that they had the advantage of having nothing to unlearn; recommends the enforcement of obedience from the young students, and represses the disposition to masterly dexterity, in which practice we suspect there was much to unlearn; recommends diligence to acquire exactness, leaving it to the superintendence of the visiters to take care that the diligence be effectual. He reproves the practice, in all academies he had visited, of rather designing than drawing from the living models—in fact, of taking little more than the attitudes; and points out the contrary method of Raffaelle as exemplified in "The Dispute of the Sacrament;" in the drawing for which, that great painter had drawn his figures from one model, and exactly, as shown by the cap which the model happened to wear. Mr Burnet has given a plate of this drawing. It should seem that Sir Joshua, in this, his first recommendation, had some notions of higher authorities than students to combat. "This scrupulous exactness," said he, "is so contrary to the practice of the academies, that it is not without great deference that I beg leave to recommend it to the consideration of the visiters; and submit to them whether the neglect of this method is not one of the reasons why students so often disappoint expectation, and, being more than boys at sixteen, become less than men at thirty." He adds, that the variety of models which the council would supply, would avert the only danger which would arise from that exactness, of mistaking deformity for beauty. The consternation of many a conceited student when told that there was something better than dexterity and finish, upon which they had prided themselves, must have been amusing enough. There are some pleasant ancedotes of Fuseli, who was in the habit of taking the conceit out of these aspirants. "What a pity," said he, looking over a student at work, "that all this fine finish has not a little good drawing." Upon one occasion, a student, with much pride that he had highly worked up his drawing without rubbing out any part, observed, that he had drawn it all without the use of a bit of bread. "Let me then advise you," said Fuseli, "to go directly and buy a whole loaf."

Mr Burnet, in a note, supplies the history of the formation of the Academy. It contains some curious matter. The first suggestion of a "School of Design" is to be found in the Society for promoting Arts and Manufactures, now situated in the Adelphi, where are Barry's pictures, as full of absurdities as talent. This owed its existence to Mr Wm. Shipley, brother to the Bishop. But as here art was forced into the unnatural union with manufacture, we do not mean to dwell upon it; but to relate that we were once present when the council were sitting, and heard the President gravely read a proposal from a tailor in St Martin's Lane, "to supersede the necessity of oil painting;" the process was to be by some sort of junction of patches of cloth. This was certainly indicative of the character of the union.

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L.3139. The next approach was in a court off Arundel Street, under the superintendence of Michael Moser, which was removed in 1739 to St Martin's Lane, and in 1767 to Pall-Mall. A large body of artists, on the fame acquired from exhibition of their works in the Foundling Hospital, opened an exhibition of their own, in the great room of the society, at the Adelphi, 21st April 1760—admittance gratis, catalogues sixpence. Sir Joshua sent four pictures. Next year they removed to Spring Gardens—raised the catalogue to a shilling—next year, catalogue nothing, admittance a shilling. It is somewhat strange that this alteration should have required an apologetic appeal from the pen of Johnson. In this a plan is proposed, that a secret price shall be put upon works by a committee. If the works sell for more, the advantage to be the artist's; if for less, the secret value to be made up to him. The annual sale did not, as might have been expected, answer. Squabbles arose among artists, and separation. The Society at the Adelphi, by having premiums to distribute, retained the younger members. The body of exhibitors having obtained a charter from the King, in 1765 exhibited at Spring Gardens, as "The Chartered Body of Artists of Great Britain." Here the worst painters, always the most numerous, school-design them as you will, carried every thing; the better seceded—the Society was broken up, and a new one incorporated, as the Royal Academy. The parent society at length became extinct, when the Royal Academy passed a law, that no one belonging to any other society should be eligible into their body. Sir Joshua's first lecture was delivered in the large room, Pall-Mall, in 1769. The ninth, in 1780, commenced the series in Somerset-House. It was at first proposed that the Academy should not only be a depository, by means of lecturers, of the principles of art, but that it should possess a collection of fine works, that precept and example might be together. If we except the works of the academicians themselves, presented on their election, and which, as examples, would be worse than useless—being, indeed, the inferior works of the masters—the plan has never been carried into execution, nor is it ever likely to be.

Discourse the Second. — This is of simple plan, and is confined to the course and order of Study, which he divides into three distinct periods. In the first is to be acquired an ability to draw; herein is the grammar of the art. In the second, the student is to collect subjects for expression, and to amass a stock of ideas for combination and variety; he must learn all that has been known and done before him. Now he must consider art his master, and must look for more general instructions; quitting one, he is to look to the perfections of many masters—to be still under discipline, and mistrust his own judgment, and to fear a track in which are not the footsteps of a former master. The third period emancipates him from subjection. He is to exercise "a sort of sovereignty" over rules; for he may form them. Without the independence of this third period, art would be shackled. Having, in the former period, learned "to know and to combine excellence, wherever it was to be found, into one idea of perfection, in this he learns what requires the most attentive survey, and the most subtle disquisition, to discriminate *perfections that are incompatible with each other*." "The established judgment and stored memory" may make the boldest attempts. The words we have marked in italics, are important; they are a key to the very principles of art, and are a text for most curious disquisition. He proceeds to the method of studying the works of the old masters. The more acquainted with all that has been done before you, the more original will you be: a seeming paradox—but it is clear you will have more materials to work from, and therefore true. The President is severe upon the conceit of modern Italian painters, who affect a superiority over the old. The test of ages is not to be set aside. The works of the "great man" cannot be studied too much; he shows *how* they ought to be studied. Too much copying is injurious. Of every large picture, the greater part is necessarily commonplace—to copy which is a waste of time—a "delusive industry." The powers of invention and compo-

misunderstands. The work, too, should not have been brought out thus incomplete: it should have contained the "Tour to the Netherlands," and "Notes on Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting," and Sir Joshua's Essays and Memoranda. In all these the subject is so decidedly one and the same, that no edition can be complete, in any sense, that does not contain all. The Discourses are fifteen in number. It must be remembered that they were delivered before, and addressed to students. They are therefore of a progressive character. They certainly have an *ex cathedrâ* air, for which we like them the better, evidently proceeding from a mind conscious of ability to teach, and strengthened, beyond doubt, in the faith of the principles of art to be set forth. They breathe, too, a spirit of manliness and modesty, in which respect they are, like the art itself, in its best state. The first Discourse was delivered upon the opening of the Royal Academy, January 2, 1769. This may be considered merely as a preliminary discourse, in which are set forth the advantages of an academy. He compliments the professors, with a somewhat bold belief, that they had the advantage of having nothing to unlearn; recommends the enforcement of obedience from the young students, and represses the disposition to masterly dexterity, in which practice we suspect there was much to unlearn; recommends diligence to acquire exactness, leaving it to the superintendence of the visiters to take care that the diligence be effectual. He reproves the practice, in all academies he had visited, of rather designing than drawing from the living models—in fact, of taking little more than the attitudes; and points out the contrary method of Raffaelle as exemplified in "The Dispute of the Sacrament;" in the drawing for which, that great painter had drawn his figures from one model, and exactly, as shown by the cap which the model happened to wear. Mr Burnet has given a plate of this drawing. It should seem that Sir Joshua, in this, his first recommendation, had some notions of higher authorities than students to combat. "This scrupulous exactness," said he, "is so contrary to the practice of the academies, that it is not without great deference that I beg leave to recommend it to the consideration of the visiters; and submit to them whether the neglect of this method is not one of the reasons why students so often disappoint expectation, and, being more than boys at sixteen, become less than men at thirty." He adds, that the variety of models which the council would supply, would avert the only danger which would arise from that exactness, of mistaking deformity for beauty. The consternation of many a conceited student when told that there was something better than dexterity and finish, upon which they had prided themselves, must have been amusing enough. There are some pleasant ancedotes of Fuseli, who was in the habit of taking the conceit out of these aspirants. "What a pity," said he, looking over a student at work, "that all this fine finish has not a little good drawing." Upon one occasion, a student, with much pride that he had highly worked up his drawing without rubbing out any part, observed, that he had drawn it all without the use of a bit of bread. "Let me then advise you," said Fuseli, "to go directly and buy a whole loaf."

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rected not too slavishly to copy pictures, nor too closely to imitate masters, so is he now, when become a master himself, told, that even nature is not to be too closely copied; "a mere copier of nature can never produce any thing great." He is not "to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations—he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; instead of seeking praise, by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination." Poets, orators, rhetoricians, ever enforce, "that all the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty, superior to what is to be found in individual nature." This ideal beauty is the leading feature of the great style, which has been often combated, and, we may add, misunderstood, and by none more than by artists themselves. Upon this subject, Sir Joshua is most clear; indeed, it is the golden thread of all his discourses, into whatever labyrinths of art he may travel. He boldly throws down the gauntlet to the adversaries of the ideal. "Could we teach taste and genius by rules, they would be no longer taste and genius." "But the power of discovering what is deformed in nature, or, in other words, what is particular and uncommon, can be acquired only by experience; and the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consist, in my opinion, in being able to *get above* all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind." "All the objects which are exhibited to our view by nature, upon close examination, will be found to have their blemishes and defects." "His eye being enabled to distinguish the accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and deformities of things, he (the painter) makes out an abstract idea of their forms, more perfect than any one original; and, what may seem a paradox, he learns to design naturally, by drawing his figure unlike to any one object. This idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artist calls ideal beauty, is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted." It should be borne in mind, that he does not by any means reject nature; on the contrary, he recommends that knowledge of nature in her perfections, which will enable the painter "to correct nature by herself." "There is a rule obtained out of general nature, to contradict which is to fall into deformity." It may be said that we have striking examples in the great style, particularly in many of Raffaelle's most important works, as his Cartoons and his Transfiguration, of a contrary practice. True—nevertheless the rule holds good, and is seen in most parts of those very pictures. The painter's object, the very story, sometimes requires a deviation in parts, and that because there are other rules, and all must work together. Sir Joshua, aware of this, adds—"Whenever any thing is done beyond this rule, it is in virtue of some other rule which is followed along with it, but which does not contradict it." There are minds that have been disgusted with the deformity of the Possessed Boy in "The Transfiguration;" yet hereby does that wondrous master, by showing, in the picture below, the lowest state of humanity, more directly, and by direct contrast, show its perfection as deified in the transfiguration of Christ. There is a beauty of story as well as of form. Sir Joshua had been speaking of external nature only. This abstract idea branches off into classes, from man as man, to man as warrior, statesman, &c., and so from childhood to every age; but the more perfect is that first of man as man, including in one the Hercules, the Apollo, the Gladiator—that form which shall express a power to do all acts that all men do—the "general form." There is likewise a kind of symmetry in deformity. "A figure lean or corpulent, tall or short, though deviating from beauty, may still have a certain union of the various parts, which may contribute to make them on the whole not unpleasing." He shows the difficulty in separating fashions from habits of nature, and exemplifies it by the ridiculous airs and graces of the court of Louis XIV. given to Grecian heroes. The whole of this discourse supposes the painter to aim at the noblest style—the great style—in and by which he is to teach, and dignify, and honour mankind, by showing forth the absolute perfections of human nature; and that perfection, moral, intellectual, as well as formal, is within his reach. Other styles he does not condemn, but on the contrary praises. Even Sir Joshua does not admit the great moral purpose of

Hogarth. He speaks of him as one of those who, "expressing with precision the various shades of passion, as they are exhibited by vulgar minds, (such as we see in the works of Hogarth,) deserve great praise." The President takes this high view of art, and for which we think he has met with unmerited blame, because artists, capable of what is great, have been lost from being originally misguided; and he takes the authority of Vasari, who asserts that Albert Durer would probably have been one of the first painters of his age, had he been initiated into those great principles of the art which were so well understood and practised by his contemporaries in Italy. The notes to this Third Discourse do not elucidate—in one, style is mistaken for ideal beauty; and as it has happened before and elsewhere, the "interpreter" is often the harder to be understood of the two. Sir Joshua is always clear, and requires no interpreter. We do not think Mr Burnet, in his praise of Hogarth, properly characterizes him. We do not think with him, that that great painter had any thing to do with the "inferior walks of the English school;" nor that in general those walks are at all ennobled by any "infusion of moral and poetical embellishments." They are, and have been, for the most part, things without meaning; and if the whole style or school were obliterated from the history of British art, it would stand higher, and suffer no loss.

The Fourth Discourse is in continuation; the Grand Style, formed upon the omission of particularities, extends to every part of the art. This principle of omission gives its grandeur to "invention, composition, to expression, and even to colouring and drapery." By invention he does not mean the invention of the subject, which ought to be "some eminent instance of heroic action, or heroic suffering"—that in which, as all are concerned, all can sympathize. The invention is, that ideal representation of the story which omits or throws into shade all particularities which would draw off the mind from the *impression* of the story. That omission which the mind, in fact, makes when it conceives the subject: though things such as dress, furniture, &c., re there, they are unnoticed by the mind; and the difficulty of the painter in his invention is to keep down the necessity of representing them. It may be said that the most difficult part of art, practically, is to paint nothing—that which must be, have its effect, yet not its notice. "All smaller things, however perfect in their way, are to be sacrificed, without mercy, to the greater." The imagination must be captivated—it will not be so if drawn off to observe the means of the attempt. Invention, too, must "deviate from vulgar and strict historical truth in pursuing the grandeur of his (the painter's) design." The following is excellent—it founds the rule upon its reason:—"A painter of history shows the man by showing his actions. A painter must compensate the natural deficiencies of his art. He has but one sentence to utter—but one moment to exhibit. He cannot, like the poet or historian, expatiate, and impress the mind with great veneration for the character of the hero or saint he represents, though he lets us know, at the same time, that the saint was deformed or the hero lame. The painter has no other means of giving an idea of the dignity of the mind, but by that external appearance which grandeur of thought does generally, though not always, impress on the countenance; and by that correspondence of figure to sentiment and situation, which all men wish but cannot command. He cannot make his hero talk like a great man; he must make him look like one." Had our Wilkie read, or remembered this passage, he would have obliterated his figure of Knox preaching. This principle of omission in expression—"care must be taken not to run into particularities." Bernini is censured for the mean and particular expression given to his statue of David, biting his lip as he is about to throw the stone. In colouring, the same principle of omission is to be observed—"To give a general air of grandeur at first view, all trifling or artful play of little lights, or an attention to a variety of tints, is to be avoided; a quietness and simplicity must reign over the whole work, to which a breadth of uniform and simple colour will very much contribute. Grandeur of effect is produced by two different ways, which seem entirely opposed to each other. One is, by reducing the colours to

little more than chiaro-scuro, which was often the practice of the Bolognian schools; and the other by making the colours very distinct and forcible, as in those of Rome and Florence; but still the presiding principle of both these manners is simplicity." The one, in fact, omits the forcible colours, the other the forcible effects. As he does not there enter into the detail of colours, so in drapery must the historical painter omit particularities. "It is the inferior style that marks the variety of stuffs." Carlo Maratti is censured for making his drapery too artificial—in fact too particular. From this point he proceeds to show that there are two distinct styles in history painting, or, as he says it really is, "poetical painting," the grand and the ornamental, from which arises the composite. The ornamental is principally the Venetian, whose object appears to display that art which the grand endeavours to conceal. It is a sensual style. In this part he is more severe upon the Venetians than elsewhere; his mind brought them in too direct comparison with the great Roman and Florentine; in other places he does them more justice. "The powers exerted in the mechanical part of the art have been called the *language of painters*, but we may say it is a poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk; words should be employed as the means, not as the end; language is the instrument, conviction is the work." And it may be added, that as our best writers and best orators have but a small vocabulary, so the best painters use the fewest colours. The simplest palette makes the grandest picture. The comparing a Venetian picture that does not affect the passions, to a "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," is too severe. The ornamental style is not idiotic. The Venetians love multitudes with various dresses, to show their art in massing them, and displaying the colour. Annibale Caracci used to say, that more than twelve figures were figures to let, yet here are eight more than the critic allows the dramatist—"nec quarta loqui persona laboret." Sir Joshua excepts Titian in his general censure of the Venetian school; considers that Paolo Veronese and Tintoretto lowered art. He says there is a "senatorial dignity about Titian." Indeed, it is afterwards shown, that Titian not unfrequently aimed at, and in great part succeeded, in the grandeur of design of Michael Angelo himself—an example of which is the Peter Martyr. The Flemish and Dutch schools were formed upon the Venetian—Rubens the head of the Flemish school. Neither a mixture of the Venetian nor Flemish can improve the great style. The Dutch and Flemish seek distinction from particularities and localities, and, as he styles them, tricks, which extend even to their landscape painting. Upon landscape he here touches lightly, delicately; he did not feel his ground sure; he, in fact, had little taste for it, though his general taste enables him to reason correctly as far as he goes, because that taste was founded upon principles which, in a greater or less degree, are applicable to every branch of art. He praises the generalization of Claude, yet doubts if landscape painting has a right to aspire so far as to reject what the painters call the accidents of nature. It is extraordinary, that throughout these discourses, the greatest landscape painter, the one most learned in the rules of art, the most sure in his great principles, Gaspar Poussin, should have been entirely unnoticed. "The great style stands alone." "The ornamental style also possesses its own peculiar merit. However, though the union of the two may make a sort of composite style, yet that style is likely to be more imperfect than either of those which go to its composition." This he calls a "perilous attempt," in which, of those who have succeeded, Coreggio is the foremost. Next to him Parmegiano, who has dignified grace by adding to it the severity and grandeur of Michael Angelo. We doubt if Sir Joshua did not somewhat modify his opinions, which in this discourse raises the *condemned* ornamental style above the composite of Coreggio and Parmegiano, whom he could scarcely treat as the idiots of art. What sacrifices have not been made to the turn of a sentence! In one of his notes, Mr Burnet laments the "total want of judgment" of painters in selecting subjects, "and especially in the English school!" In a note on Landscape, Mr Burnet shows that he has not correct taste or feeling for it. He speaks the com-

monplace of Claude as at the head of his class, but as not superior to Rubens, Salvator Rosa, or Richard Wilson; but, with Sir Joshua, omits mention of the greatest landscape painter, Gaspar Poussin. He asserts what is true enough, that generally the best historical are the best landscape painters, as "Titian, Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Nicholas Poussin." It is singular that Claude is never noticed as a marine painter—are these subjects included under "landscape?" He is certainly very superior in his marine and architectural. Mr Burnet's remarks upon "fireside compositions," are in utter ignorance of this part of the art. "A stick or a stone drawn from nature is worth a thousand of such imbecilities." So is a leg or an arm in historical, but these are but parts, and have nothing to do with the "composition." The fact is, that there never was a landscape taken wholly from nature without reference to fireside composition, or previous knowledge in the management, whereby deviations are made, that was worth a farthing. These views are vile things, and it is the habit of doing these, and seeing these, and the non-application of the best principles of art to landscape, that keeps this delightful—and why not say great?—department of art in a degraded inferiority. The external works of the Creator, besides man, are full of the greatest grandeur, have form, colour, and impression, and are as fit as man himself for the application of the great principles of art. We might conceive a Michael Angelo of mountains and forests as of the human figure. The fashion of setting the figure above every thing in all cases, is a conceited and foolish one; as if there were more dignity in man in a pot-house, than in the spirit of the mountain, the flood, and the whirlwind! The painter may dip his pencil—the expression is Shelley's—in "Earthquake and the Storm," and then have it gravely doubted if he be not inferior to the painter of vulgar pranks and unmeaning humanities.

The Fifth Discourse is in continuation upon the Great Style. It should appear that offence had been taken by artists who thought themselves degraded in these departments by the President's remarks. As the multiplicity of objects distract the mind, it above all things behoves the painter to have a certain aim. It well becomes the *teacher* to point out the highest. As there is in art such a variety, so will there be many excellences, some of which will bear to be united, others are discordant. Herein is great caution to be exercised. The excellences of form, as they arise from classes, will in a single figure only produce a monster. The simplicity, the characteristic of greatness, is requisite even in delineation of the passions—"mixed passion appears to me out of the reach of art." Every passion he considers the "disturbance of beauty." "If you mean to preserve the most perfect beauty, *in its most perfect state*, you cannot express the passions, all of which produce distortion and deformity, more or less, in the most beautiful faces." This is startling. Yet it seems to agree with the idea of the ancients—perfect repose. The beauty ought, however, here to have been more defined—his argument does not readily refer to his abstracted beauty; and it is a subject that should have been treated at greater length. For there is *a* beauty in the expression of the passions, greater than any beauty without—adding the feeling, the beauty of the soul as it were to that of form; a beauty to be more distinctly recognised in art than we find it here. Sir Joshua evidently considered it the minor grace, to be added or omitted as the subject may require; for abstract beauty of form is not always, or at any time the only requisite in art. The President was afraid of too much being attempted, as in mixed passions, and complains of critics who, in describing the Cartoons, have described their own imaginations. Yet we are not sure that this does not too much circumscribe art. Is not the countenance animated by mixed emotions? is there not the trace of the passing emotion, even when its opposite is superseding it? If so, this blending of emotions must be within the province of art. Let us take an instance. A saint is about to suffer martyrdom, as St Catharine; there is in her soul a divine firmness, fixed patience—in a moment the instrument of torture is destroyed by lightning, super-human interference saves her. Thankfulness is added to the previous resignation, the effect of which passes not off in a mo-

ment; the fulness of the throat, the intensity of the eye, show the new emotion, and it is as yet blended with the former. We know such a picture, and cannot agree that the attempt is not in the "reach of art." Some emotions, indeed, are contradictory, and either do not immediately succeed each other, or with a shock that gives a momentary immobility to the features. He thinks Pliny wrong in his praise of a statue of Paris by Euphranor, where he says, "you might discover at the same time three different characters; the dignity of a judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the conqueror of Achilles." "The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of contrary qualities, but mixed, in such proportions that no one part is found to counteract the other. How hard this is to be attained in every art, those only know who have made the greatest progress in their respective professions." We have met with nothing so obscure as this passage, connected with what precedes and what follows in the Discourses. The excellence spoken of seems to be that of one object, as of Jupiter for instance, having in himself all the qualities of the inferior gods; but the transition is sudden to the *excellences* of art—as style, &c. So that the word excellence is not used in one and the same sense. He here, too, somewhat modifies his former opinion, that the ornamental style (one of the excellences) cannot be united with the great. He cautions against it as a principle; but that, "properly placed and properly reduced," it is "not unworthy the attention of those who aim even at the grand style." He admires the practice of the union in Ludovico Caracci, who, knowing the works of Coreggio and the Venetian painters, "took only as much as would embellish, but not overpower, that manly strength and energy of style, which is his peculiar character. He proceeds to enlarge upon the great style, and promises "some particulars relative to the leading principles;" but is rather led away in this discourse to panegyrize Raffaelle and Michael Angelo. Almost unwillingly, he gives the first place to Raffaelle. "These two extraordinary men carried some of the higher excellences of the art to a greater degree of perfection than probably they ever arrived at before. They certainly have not been excelled nor equalled since." Raffaelle was by no means the same in oil as in fresco; with exception of "The Transfiguration," his oil pictures have generally even a littleness. He made other men's materials his own. Michael Angelo's works proceeded from his own mind alone. To the great and the ornamental, Sir Joshua here adds, "the original or characteristic style being less referred to any true archetype existing either in general or particular nature, and must be supported by the painter's consistency in the principles which he has assumed, and in the union and harmony of his whole design." But as it is this consistency which is required for *every style*, notwithstanding so great an authority as that of Sir Joshua, we doubt the propriety of making a new characteristic class. Every style should be characteristic. As an example, Salvator Rosa is instanced; and Sir Joshua evidently speaks of him and his style as he appears in landscape. Had Sir Joshua directed his mind to the subject of landscape, he would have perhaps decided, that the principles of the great style alone could account for Salvator's manner. The principle of omission and abstraction, and a more than usual attention to *characteristic execution*, were the means used by that great painter. He was the very reverse of Claude, whose execution in detail was little. Indeed, the severity of the great style in Salvator was extended even to his colour, of which, in his best pictures, there is but little variety. He opposes to Salvator, Carlo Maratti, learned in all the rules of art, who, borrowing from all, had no manifest defects and no striking beauties. He instances Rubens and Poussin for their consistency. In Rubens, the effect of this consistency is, that, "if we should allow him a greater purity and correctness of drawing, his want of simplicity in composition, colouring, and drapery, would appear more gross." To him, Poussin is a contrast, who lived so much among ancient statues, that his figures more resemble them than beings among whom he lived. He is consistent in his dry simplicity. He instances portraits as requiring this consistency; a portrait in the historical style and antique air will be ridiculous in modern

dress. Rubens and Salvator Rosa he considers to have shown the greatest uniformity in their works. We cannot but think Sir Joshua more loose and less consecutive in this Fifth Discourse than elsewhere. We do not see from what has preceded, that "Upon the whole, it appears, that *setting aside the ornamental style*, there are two different modes, either of which a student may adopt without degrading the dignity of his art. The object of the first is to combine the higher excellences, and *embellish* them to the greatest advantage: of the other, to carry one of these excellences to the highest degree." He concludes by recommending great principles and great models; and reminds the students, that even an immoderate love of fame will tend to degrade their style; for the "lowest will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself." Mr Burnet's notes on the great style, though good, are not perhaps wanted; they are accompanied by an outline of Michael Angelo's Creation of Eve. In this drawing, the *grace* is in the head and upper part of Eve. The illustration of greatness, from holding the hand before a candle, and throwing shadow on a ceiling, is very good—vide page 82; as is likewise his note distinguishing style from manner—page 85. He says, that Sir Joshua's Mrs Siddons was "suggested by the sybils and prophets of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and treated with all the severity and sublimity of character existing in those wonderful conceptions; yet by skilful adaptation of the dress to the air and general look of the whole, he has rendered it complete;" and by this union, "made it become in some sort a rival to that style which we have fixed as highest." In the life of Mrs Siddons, we find it stated, that Sir Joshua seized an accidental attitude assumed by the great actress. We believe the fact to be, that Sir Joshua had examined his portfolio of studies made abroad, and that he, who, like Raffaelle, borrowed largely from the materials of his predecessors, found one suited to his subject in a sketch from a picture of Domenichino's, a St Catharine, (*apud nos*,) and which picture we alluded to in our remarks upon mixed passion. It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance, even in minute particulars; every one acquainted, even with Sir Joshua's print, notices it. The most remarkable difference is, that Sir Joshua has the arm up, which we think a defect, as it could be but a momentary action, or in continuance painful, therefore derogating from the dignity of repose. After these remarks, we not unaptly come to

The Sixth Discourse, the subject of which is Imitation; it is, indeed, an enlargement of the discussion begun in the Second Discourse, wherein he gives the student directions in copying. It was probably aimed at the conceit, and real or assumed opinions upon the subject, of some contemporary artists, who wished to impress upon the public mind, that the art was an inspiration, the gift of genius, too proud to be indebted to any but itself. Sir Joshua combats this effectually, certainly no difficult work, for there can be no more silly a notion of art entertained. Those "unacquainted with the cause," as Sir Joshua observes, "may consider it as a kind of magic." Sir Joshua treats art as to be acquired by means; and as all arts are progressive, and do not arrive at once at perfection, so the observance and even imitation of all that has been previously done, are among the first means to acquire it. Invention, the "great mark of genius," is at least enlarged by the knowledge of previous inventions, "as by reading the thoughts of others, we learn to think." To relish the beauties of the great masters, is greatly to have advanced study, and formed taste—hence, genius will have established materials, and learn the art of collecting new. Imitation implies the continued "contemplation of excellence," which may be called the food of genius. It is well to test our own ideas by those of others which have stood the test of ages, and may be said "to have been consecrated." He does not advise too exact imitation, but a liberal imitation—"not to tread in the footsteps," but in "the course" of another, with the object of overtaking him. Nor does he recommend the study of artists to the exclusion of that of nature. "Art, in its perfection, is not ostentatious; it lies hid, and works its effect, itself unseen. It is the proper study and labour of an artist, to uncover and

find out the latent cause of conspicuous beauties, and from thence form principles of his own conduct; such an examination is a continued exertion of the mind, as great perhaps as that of the artist whose works he is thus studying." "He admires not the harmony of colouring alone, but examines by what artifice one colour is a foil to its neighbour. He looks close into tints, and examines of what colours they are composed, till he has formed clear and distinct ideas, and has learned in what harmony and good colouring consists." "It is by seizing on this clue that we proceed forward, and get further and further, in enlarging the principles and improving the practice of our art." He cautions against imitating peculiar marks. Peculiarities are blemishes; doubtless, he means what we term mannerism. Even that may be good in one, as a novelty, but is not of a character to please twice in imitation. Great names may thus be used to cover faults; Michael Angelo may cover defect in colour, Poussin dryness and hardness, and the Venetians a careless unfinished air. "If he makes no selection of objects, but takes individual nature just as he finds it, he is like Rembrandt. If he is incorrect in the proportions of his figures, Coreggio was likewise incorrect. If his colours are not blended and united, Rubens was equally crude." He points out the practice of Raffaelle in imitating: first implicitly, Perugino, then Michael Angelo, then in colour, Leonardo da Vinci and Fra Bartolomeo. He might have added, that Raffaelle imitated his father, whom he not a little resembles in the grace of some of his single figures. Yet is the father little known. He gives the student a list of those who have too narrowly, and those who have liberally copied.—*vide* page 103. Having spoken of imitation, "as it tends to form the taste," he proceeds to notice more particular imitation, "the borrowing a particular thought, or an action, attitude, or figure, and transplanting it into your own work." This he greatly justifies, and by the authority and example of Raffaelle himself. Moderns may make collections easily, by engravings from whence to borrow; Raffaelle collected, at much cost, copies of ancient works; in copying even thus and borrowing, the artist should consider himself as "entering into competition with his original." The works of moderns he considers more the property of the authors. Something or other will be found to be borrowed from all schools, and most good masters. "To find excellences, however dispersed; to discover beauties, however concealed by the multitude of defects with which they are surrounded, can be the work only of him who, having a mind always alive to his art, has extended his views to all ages and to all schools; and has thus acquired, from that comprehensive mass which he has thus gathered to himself, a well-digested and perfect idea of his art, to which every thing is referred. He concludes with the anecdote of meeting with an Italian painter (said to be Raffaelle Mengs) "of great fame throughout Europe," who affected to have but an obscure memory of the works of Raffaelle, and told Sir Joshua, that (though living at Rome) he had not set his foot in the Vatican for fifteen years together. "That he had been in treaty to copy a capital picture of Raffaelle, but that the business had gone off. However, if the agreement had held, his copy would greatly have exceeded the original." We are sorry to observe that we have met in our own times artists of similar affectation, and professed opinion. In one of the notes to this discourse, Mr Burnet grossly flatters Sir David Wilkie, at the expense, too, of Hogarth, with whom, for genius, there should be no comparison whatever. However, it is not only Hogarth who is thrown into the background, but Teniers, Ostade, and Rembrandt; for "Wilkie, by uniting such properties (combining incidents) to the charms of pictorial beauty, has *produced a style more perfect than any of the models upon which it is founded.*" Mr Burnet as a painter has been an imitator of Wilkie; and his flattery shows how much, and how false an admiration, too close imitation will engender.

The Seventh Discourse is upon Taste—that there is a real standard of it, as there is of corporeal beauty. It is a nicer discrimination of right and wrong, and, therefore, is the knowledge of truth; but these are secondary truths, which, admitted into the mind, are to be comprehended by

dress. Rubens and Salvator Rosa he considers to have shown the greatest uniformity in their works. We cannot but think Sir Joshua more loose and less consecutive in this Fifth Discourse than elsewhere. We do not see from what has preceded, that "Upon the whole, it appears, that *setting aside the ornamental style*, there are two different modes, either of which a student may adopt without degrading the dignity of his art. The object of the first is to combine the higher excellences, and *embellish* them to the greatest advantage: of the other, to carry one of these excellences to the highest degree." He concludes by recommending great principles and great models; and reminds the students, that even an immoderate love of fame will tend to degrade their style; for the "lowest will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself." Mr Burnet's notes on the great style, though good, are not perhaps wanted; they are accompanied by an outline of Michael Angelo's Creation of Eve. In this drawing, the *grace* is in the head and upper part of Eve. The illustration of greatness, from holding the hand before a candle, and throwing shadow on a ceiling, is very good—vide page 82; as is likewise his note distinguishing style from manner—page 85. He says, that Sir Joshua's Mrs Siddons was "suggested by the sybils and prophets of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and treated with all the severity and sublimity of character existing in those wonderful conceptions; yet by skilful adaptation of the dress to the air and general look of the whole, he has rendered it complete;" and by this union, "made it become in some sort a rival to that style which we have fixed as highest." In the life of Mrs Siddons, we find it stated, that Sir Joshua seized an accidental attitude assumed by the great actress. We believe the fact to be, that Sir Joshua had examined his portfolio of studies made abroad, and that he, who, like Raffaelle, borrowed largely from the materials of his predecessors, found one suited to his subject in a sketch from a picture of Domenichino's, a St Catharine, (*apud nos*,) and which picture we alluded to in our remarks upon mixed passion. It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance, even in minute particulars; every one acquainted, even with Sir Joshua's print, notices it. The most remarkable difference is, that Sir Joshua has the arm up, which we think a defect, as it could be but a momentary action, or in continuance painful, therefore derogating from the dignity of repose. After these remarks, we not unapfly come to

The Sixth Discourse, the subject of which is Imitation; it is, indeed, an enlargement of the discussion begun in the Second Discourse, wherein he gives the student directions in copying. It was probably aimed at the conceit, and real or assumed opinions upon the subject, of some contemporary artists, who wished to impress upon the public mind, that the art was an inspiration, the gift of genius, too proud to be indebted to any but itself. Sir Joshua combats this effectually, certainly no difficult work, for there can be no more silly a notion of art entertained. Those "unacquainted with the cause," as Sir Joshua observes, "may consider it as a kind of magic." Sir Joshua treats art as to be acquired by means; and as all arts are progressive, and do not arrive at once at perfection, so the observance and even imitation of all that has been previously done, are among the first means to acquire it. Invention, the "great mark of genius," is at least enlarged by the knowledge of previous inventions, "as by reading the thoughts of others, we learn to think." To relish the beauties of the great masters, is greatly to have advanced study, and formed taste—hence, genius will have established materials, and learn the art of collecting new. Imitation implies the continued "contemplation of excellence," which may be called the food of genius. It is well to test our own ideas by those of others which have stood the test of ages, and may be said "to have been consecrated." He does not advise too exact imitation, but a liberal imitation—"not to tread in the footsteps," but in "the course" of another, with the object of overtaking him. Nor does he recommend the study of artists to the exclusion of that of nature. "Art, in its perfection, is not ostentatious; it lies hid, and works its effect, itself unseen. It is the proper study and labour of an artist, to uncover and

was his "great end," to which lesser considerations must give way. We question if dignified art or taste should admit such an end to be legitimate. Sir Joshua was not averse to allegory in his own practice. He touches upon the *questio vexata* of the naked in statuary: considering dress as not the man, or part of the man, but after a time only "an amusement for an antiquarian," he thinks "common sense (which would seem to require the dress the man wears) must here give way to a higher sense," and that the more as the statue is not for immediate time. The arts, applying themselves to the "intellectual and sensitive part of our nature," doubtless *that* art is the highest which represents heroic acts, dignified passions, which teaches man "to venerate himself as man." The sensual, which includes ornament, the lower. But to treat art as an artist or connoisseur, it is necessary to consider it in the *perfection* of its several classes. Perfection in an inferior class, may be reasonably preferred to mediocrity in the highest walks of art. "A landscape of Claude Lorraine may be preferred to a history by Luca Giordano; but hence appears the necessity of the connoisseur's knowing in what consists the excellency of each class, in order to judge how near it approaches to perfection."

Inferior excellences are founded in the truth of *general* nature; they tell the *truth*, but not *the whole truth*. By these considerations, which can never be too frequently impressed, may be obviated two errors, which we observed to have been, formerly at least, the most prevalent, and to be most injurious to artists—that of thinking taste and genius to have nothing to do with reason, and that of taking particular living objects for nature. The painter is to consider not what himself or one man, but what all, think and feel. His appeal is not to himself, but to all. It is the "general uniformity and agreement in the minds of men" that is authoritative. For "we have no reason to expect a greater difference between our minds than between our forms." A knowledge, therefore, of the fabric of the mind as of the body is required—the general mind; for many think they are resisting prejudices when they are resisting authority. "What has pleased and continues to please, is likely to please again; hence are derived rules of art, and on this immovable foundation they must ever stand." He considers ornament "as natural, and therefore worthy attention." Many of the ornaments of art, those at least for which no reason can be given, are transmitted to us, are adopted, and acquire consequence from the company in which we have been used to see them. Hence the partiality for the dresses of Greece and Rome. Inasmuch, however, as those dresses are of a more *general* character, and more large character as drapery, they may be continually good, better for art, as less obstructing, and less calling, by particularity, attention from the action represented. Has not Sir Joshua again qualified his opinion of the ornamental schools in the following passage?—"The striking distinction between the works of the Roman, Bolognian, and Venetian schools, consists more in the general effect which is produced by colours, than in the more profound excellences of the art; at least it is from thence that each is distinguished and known at first sight." Colouring he considers the chief ornament of painting, not inaptly called by Du Fresnoy, *lena sororis*. We cannot but think, however, that the view taken of colouring by Sir Joshua, and others who have written upon the subject, does not go far enough. It does not show the whole truth. It may be, after all, that colour as an art may have a power of moving the passions, though unequally with drawing, with form. Combinations of colours in their congruity, and in their opposition, may do much that lines do; in some respects, perhaps more. We feel in an instant predisposed, by the colour of a picture that is really well coloured, to the sensations which the subject will produce. Not only is there the difference of grave and gay, but there are more minute distinctions, which the practical eye will discover. Let a painter collect masses of colour, in cloth or of board, and combine them, or view them separately, and then examine the current of his thoughts, as he views each portion. We doubt not, if there be no interruption of previous thought, no regular occupation of mind, that he will invariably find they will produce *certain* trains of thought. If this be so, colouring,

particularly assisted by chiaro-scuro, will be found of more importance in art than it is generally considered; and so far from being incongruous to the great style, is in reality, if scientifically employed, that which will perfect it.

It appears to us, that, upon some such theory of colouring, Rembrandt painted, aiming to express his subject by colour and chiaro-scuro principally. We scarcely question his figures for his subject; they merely assist his design, not using that word in the sense of drawing. He moves us to a sense of the grand, the awful, the mysterious, solely by colour and chiaro-scuro; and to treat him as a vulgar painter on account of the meanness of his figures, (though they are, by the by, seldom mean—ugly perhaps, but not unintellectual,) is to be blind to his purpose. If his subject is sacred, the colouring spreads a religious atmosphere from the surface, that fills the eye and affects the mind with superstitious awe. Say what we will of the great style, there is sublimity in this; so that there may be a great style also *in* colouring and chiaro-scuro. Do not the poets ascribe colour to feelings by these epithets—

> "And breathe a browner horror o'er the woods?"

Does not Nature express all her various moods by colour? A scientific application of the theory, pursued as it might be, is, we verily believe, yet a desideratum in art. We hear the English school praised for colour, and none more so than Sir Joshua; but the aim seems as yet to be but *harmony* of colouring, which is not the expression of colouring. In fact, there *is* historical or poetical colouring, as much as there are historical composition and drawing; and though we have not been in the habit of examining the finest works for colour, with a view of discovering the rules, (such as the Peter Martyr,) we cannot but think that Titian, Coreggio, and above all, Rembrandt, worked upon well digested principles of colouring, as *capable* of affecting the mind independently of their subjects, but to which they made it agree. Mr Burnet's notes in explanation of taste, would be good, were they not subject to the text—as they are, they are superfluous; for lest he should not be clear, Sir Joshua has repeated, perhaps too frequently, his definitions, in this Seventh Discourse. He estimates the colouring of Rembrandt highly, though he does not appear to be aware of the object of that wondrous magician. "The most extraordinary examples of this refinement of taste, are to be found in the works of Rembrandt—the most exquisite tones that the various tones are capable of assuming, unite in a delicious harmony, mingling in the most retired obscurity, subdued, but not overpowered by shadow—while small portions of their undiminished freshness are touched in above the glazings, like flowers on the surface of a lake, leading the eye into the beauties of its transparent bosom. Had the local taste of his country allowed him the same command over form, the works of Coreggio would not have stood alone. How far a combination of the excellences of the several great painters would unite, is yet a desideratum: For to be excellent in their several branches is all that has hitherto been accomplished." The illustration, by the example of engraving, in all parts of the art of which Mr Burnet has a thorough knowledge, is most apt, interesting, and well worth the attention of the painter; for there is much in it that will throw a light on the art of painting—*vide* page 131. Finding that we should trespass too much on the pages of Maga, were we here to proceed with the remaining Discourses, we shall reserve them for another occasion.

DICKENS'S AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

By Q. Q. Q.

When the cruel and subtle grimalkin, roused from her slumbers by some sudden impulse of hunger, meditates an expedition to the regions which she knows to be occupied by mice, do you think she foolishly frustrates her purpose by heralding her approach, shoeing herself, as it were, with walnut-shells, clattering, mewing, spitting, and sputtering? Alas, unhappy mice! no; but she glides suddenly, unseen, and noiselessly into your dusky territories; and you are not made aware of the terrible visitation you have experienced, save by her hasty departure, bearing in her ensanguined jaws the crushed writhing bodies of one or two of perhaps your best citizens, uttering faint and dying squeaks. Now, to compare small things with great, (the former Grimalkin, the latter Boz,) when we first heard it breathed that he was going to America, we thought within ourselves thus:—If *we* had the admirable talent for observation and description, and the great reputation (to give universal currency to our "*Notes*") of Boz—a man who has amused for several years, a greater number and more various classes of his fellow creatures, than any one we have for some years known, heard, or read of—and had intended to break up new ground in America, we should have imitated the aforesaid cat, in all except her bloody designs and doings. In plain English, we should have resolved to take—good-naturedly—brother Jonathan off his guard; and transmuting Mr Charles Dickens into Mr John Johnson, or Mr Benjamin Brown, gone away without allowing a hint of our visit to transpire either at home or abroad. We should thus have entered America, and made all our most important observations, under a strict *incognito*. A month before quitting it, however, we might perhaps have resumed our character of "*Charles Dickens, Esquire*," and presenting the best letters of introduction with which we had come provided, mixed in the best society in our own proper person. Thus we should have seen Jonathan asleep, in dishabille; and also wide awake, and in his best clothes, and his best manners. And we hereby give him notice that, if ever we go over the water, this will be the plan of our proceeding; and our American friends will be unconscious, while we are doing it, that

> "A chiel's amang them takin' '*notes*,'
> An' faith he'll prent them."

But what did our good friend Boz do? Why, alas! to our inexpressible concern and vexation, we saw him formally announce his intentions to the whole world, months before he set off; nor was there a newspaper in Great Britain which did not contain paragraphs intimating the fact, the time, and the manner, of this amusing satirist's departure for the scene of his interesting observations. From that moment, (as we then said to those around us,) we gave up all expectation of any such product as Mr Dickens's qualifications and opportunities, prudently used, would have entitled us to rely upon. He was hamstrung and hoodwinked at starting; he doubtless unconsciously prepared himself for a triumphal progress through America—all having long before been put on their guard, and by a thousand devices of courtesy, hospitality, and flattery, disabling their admired visitor from taking, or communicating to his countrymen, just and true observations on the men and manners of America; for it was to see *them* that we supposed such a man as Boz would have gone; and not the mere cities, villages, railroads, coaches and steam-boats, or the rivers and mountains and forests of America, all of which have been repeatedly scanned, and adequately described, by perhaps a hundred of his predecessors. Maga would not deserve her hard-earned and long-held position in the world of letters, were she to permit any private personal partialities—to suffer *any* consideration to warp her judgment, or induce her to withhold her real sentiments from her readers on any subject of general literary inter-

American Notes for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. In two vols post 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall, 1842.

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borne by the surrounding hasty and unskilful daubing. He judged it necessary, also, at length, to extend the sphere of his action according to the growing exigencies of his stories, and introduced characters and scenes taken from the higher classes of society; and *here*, with due deference to those who may think otherwise, we consider that he is never successful—that he has never presented one single character in superior life, with a tithe of the truth, force, and consistency, with which he has delineated those of inferior life. —We deprecate again his recourse to *history*, as in his last story, for the substratum and material of his fictions. We object to this in him—we object to it in the case of all the other writers of the day—on *principle*, as calculated to give the vast mass of partially and imperfectly educated persons, *who are in the habit of reading works of fiction only*, in the present day, most superficial, distorted, and mischievously erroneous notions on the subject. Sir Walter Scott we recognise as a magnificent *exception*: but, dear and delightful, yet *youthful* Boz, consider for a moment the character and circumstances of that giant writer—the mature age at which he had arrived before he at once enchanted and instructed the public with the glorious and immortal series of his works, commencing with *Waverley*—his prodigious knowledge, his complete mastery of history and all its adjuncts, his universal reading, his facility of writing—the many years of silent acquisition, observation, and reflection he had enjoyed—his amazing natural powers, his imagination, his prodigious memory, his strong and chastened taste and judgment—all these combined to make him deservedly the wonder and idol at once of his own and all future times. What may have been Mr Dickens's early education, opportunities, habits, acquirements, and society, we know not, nor are intrusive or impertinent enough to enquire into, or speculate upon; but let him bear in mind how young he is, and how many years he has before him to acquire and treasure up rich and varied materials for enduring reputation. Let him reflect on Seneca's maxim, "Non quàm *multa*, sed quàm *multum!*" "Trees which abide age," it was beautifully observed by Mr Burke, we believe, "grow slowly; *the gourd that came up in a day, withered in a day.*"

Before concluding this brief sketch of the progress of Mr Dickens, let us advert to one or two other matters deserving to be taken into account. There can be no doubt that, originally, and all along, he has been greatly indebted for his popularity, among his numerous readers in the lower classes of society, to the spirited and often admirable *illustrations* with which all his writings have been accompanied, by Cruikshank and others—at once rousing and sustaining the most dull and torpid fancy, giving form, and substance, and corporeal and tangible shape and reality, to his characters. They have, however, had also another effect, not hitherto, perhaps, adverted to by either Mr Dickens himself, or his readers. The constant presence of these pictorial illustrations has unconsciously *influenced his own fancy* while at work in drawing his ideal characters; which are insensibly moulded by, and accommodated to, the grotesque, quaint, and exaggerated figures and attitudes of the caricaturist's pencil. The writer's "*mind's* eye" becomes thus obedient, insensibly, to the eye of his body; and the result is, a perpetual and unconscious straining after situations and attitudes which will admit of being similarly illustrated. Thus the writer follows the caricaturist, instead of the caricaturist following the writer; and *principal* and *accessory* change places.

Again. The credit he has attained for "a rare and happy power of placing matters of ordinary occurrence in a new light, and detecting and bringing forth to view some features of interest from the most trite and common topics," he is most justly entitled to; but it is the credit which he has already obtained by, and for, this, which may be indicated as a source of danger to him; for it is calculated, since he *must* write so much, and so frequently, to *put him upon straining after, and forcing out*, these hidden qualities and effects, instead of—so to speak—allowing them to *exude* before the eye of a minute and penetrating observation. We could fill columns with striking illustrations of this remark, taken from the volumes now before us, and from, indeed, almost all Mr Dickens's other works. What is more natural? What

est; and it is with infinite concern and reluctance, especially knowing that our judgment also will be somewhat regarded in America, that we acknowledge that our apprehensions prove to have been warranted by a perusal of these volumes. They contain many evidences of the peculiar and unrivalled powers of Boz; quite as many evidences of his literary faults and imperfections; and still more of his self-imposed difficulties and disabilities.

The suddenness and universality of the popularity of Boz, constitute a remarkable event in the literary history of the times. Who, or what he was, or had been; what his early education, and habits, and society, no one knew; yet all of a sudden, he started from the crowded ranks of his eager competitors in the race for popularity and distinction, and distanced them at a bound unapproachably. We have watched his progress with lively interest and curiosity, and with, we trust, an anxious disposition to acknowledge his undoubted merits. When he thus suddenly burst on the public, he could not have been more than six or seven-and-twenty; yet he evinced the possession of several of the best qualities of Goldsmith, Smollett, and Sterne: the same fond eye for the simplicity of nature; the same perception of broad and humorous capabilities; the same tenderness of sentiment. He touched off with ease and beauty the true characteristics of the lower orders of English, particularly of metropolitan, society. His eye was keen and clear, his heart full of generous feelings. He seemed to have been born and bred among the scenes he delineated with such accuracy and sprightliness. His humour long excelled his pathos; it was sly, caustic, spontaneous, original, always wearing a gay, good-humoured expression, and governed by an impulse of evident love towards all men. Under his Hogarth-like pencil, a Cockney, in all his low varieties of species, became the most entertaining creature in the community; his language, his habits, his personal peculiarities, were suddenly introduced into the drawing-rooms of the great, the haughty, the refined; into the cottages of the poor in the counties, into the little garrets and factories of the manufacturing towns—in fact, everywhere; affording universal amusement, not only at home, but abroad, and amongst those ignorant even of our language: and be it observed, that Mr Dickens in all this never exceeded the boundaries of moral propriety; so that all, the young, the old, the virgin, the youth, the high, the low, might shake with innocent laughter. Surely in all this he showed himself to be a man of original genius. His powers of *pathos* were prominently developed not till some time afterwards. The *Quarterly Review* pronounced, *ex cathedrâ*, that his forte lay *there*. Mr Dickens seemed so satisfied of this, that his writings thenceforth assumed a somewhat different character—pathetic touches greatly predominating over the humorous. He planned, moreover, (observing how firmly fixed he was in the public favour,) far more elaborate and ambitious performances than any which he had previously contemplated. His series of light detached "Sketches" of persons and places, gave way to formal *Novels*, appearing in very copious monthly numbers, for twenty months running—each novel following close upon the heels of the other, with a sort of literary superfœtation. Shall we acknowledge our opinion, however, that each one of them, which contained, by the way, variations and re-productions of his original characters, was inferior to its predecessor; and all of them, trebled, unequal in genius and execution to the creations which originally delighted the public? His '*Sketches*,' several portions of his '*Pickwick*,' and of his '*Oliver Twist*,' we believe cannot be equalled, in their way, by any living writer; and in producing them, Mr Dickens became his own greatest rival. Quantity, not quality, seemed subsequently, however, to become his object—to win "*golden* opinions" of one sort, at least, from his innumerable and enthusiastic admirers. He did not give his genius fair play; he did not allow himself leisure either to contrive a complete plot, (essential to the composition of a sterling and lasting novel,) to conceive distinctly the incidents of which it was to be constructed, or to sustain, consistently, the characters by whom it was to be worked out. What imagination could stand such a heavy monthly drain? You saw the man of genius, indeed, but painfully overworked and exhausted; exhibiting in his rapidly succeeding productions frequent master-strokes, but obscured and over-

them by the Americans! We perceive in every step he takes, in whatever he says or does, and all that he has written, the blighting effects of his original blunder in proclaiming before-hand his going to America. Where are his sketches of, at all events, the public characters, and of the pursuit and manners, of the great men of America with whom he must have frequently come into close contact—the statesmen, the judges, the more eminent members of the bar, the clergymen, the physicians, the naval and military men, the professors in the universities — nay, even the theatrical men, but above all, the authors, of America? *Not one!* or if any of them are mentioned, it is in only a word or two of vague and spiritless eulogy! Yet Boz—a shrewd, acute, watchful observer, has been six months among them all; went to the President's levees, to the Houses of Legislation during their sittings, to very many courts of justice, to churches and chapels, to universities, and into the best and most varied society of America. Why is all this? And *why* did he form the once-or-twice-expressed determination to give no notices or sketches of individuals? And if he thought fit thus to resolve — thus to exclude all possible topics of interest to the reading public—why, with his reputation and influence, did he publish a book on America at all? Would not such a performance, *iis omissis*, be indeed the play of Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted? How many names of eminent persons in America occur to one's recollection, of whom personal sketches by so spirited and faithful a pencil as that of Boz, would have been delightful and invaluable! Yet in his pages, they all—

"Come like shadows, so depart."

His book gives one an uneasy notion of perpetual and very unpleasant locomotion; as if you had been hurried along in company with a queen's messenger over the greatest possible space of ground in the shortest possible space of time—in every possible variety of land and water carriage, continually thrown among disagreeable and vulgar fellow travellers, experiencing all sorts of personal inconveniences and annoyances; dashing past cities, towns, villages, huts, forests, plains, hills, rivers, canals:—surely, surely, dear Boz, there was no necessity to give us minute and monotonous records of such matters as *these*, great though we acknowledge even our interest in your movements. You should have left all these to the hack travellers and tourists who can see and describe nothing else. Why, again, are there such reiterated, and sometimes most sickening details of the inattention to personal cleanliness, and of the filthy habits of the inferior Americans—have we not long ago heard of all them *ad nauseam usque?* Why dwell so long and painfully on the disgusting peculiarities of your commercial and other fellow-travellers, and say nothing about the manners of the educated and superior classes—the *ladies* and the *gentlemen* of America? Are we right, or are we wrong, in concluding from these volumes, that every man, from the highest to the lowest, at all times and places—at meal-times, in evening society, in the houses of legislature—in courts of justice—at the President's levees—equally in ladies' as in gentlemen's society—chews tobacco, and —faugh!—spits out his "tobacco-tinctured saliva?" Again—we do not feel the least desire to accompany Boz in his character of inspector of prisons and visitor of lunatic asylums; to discharge which melancholy duties seems to be his first and anxious object on arriving at any new town. Boz is undoubtedly always eloquent and graphic on these occasions—often painfully so; and his sketch of the system of solitary confinement at Philadelphia, is powerful and harrowing. We did not want the many political or statistical details, nor the minute descriptions of buildings, streets, squares, villages, and towns, which so frequently appear in these volumes. They are neither interesting, valuable, nor new; we expected, at all events, *different* topics from Boz. Whenever he descends from the stilts of political and moral declamation, and walks quietly along on his own ground—the delineation of manners and character, especially among the lower classes—Boz is delighful, and fresh as ever; though displaying, here and there, an evident anxiety to make the most of his materials.—We shall now, however, go rapidly over these volumes, making such observations as occur to us in passing along. Boz must bear with us when we speak a little unpleasant truth—recollecting that *sweet are the wounds of a friend.* Boz is strong

requires more watchfulness? From an eye settled upon her, with a business-like determination to make the most of her delicate and hidden charms, Nature flies, alarmed and shocked. Look at her, and love her for herself, originally and solely; and treasure up your impressions afterwards, with anxious fondness, if you like, and make what use you please, hereafter, of the precious results of your observations.

Yet once again. The works of Mr Dickens afford many evidences of their writer's great familiarity with *theatrical* matters and associations; a dangerous thing to a young writer on men and manners, as apt to induce a style of writing, turgid, factitious, and exaggerated. It is to look at the *realities* of life through a glaring, artificial, and vulgarizing medium. How painfully conscious of this are most persons of sound judgment and cultivated taste, immediately on quitting a theatre—the moment that the glitter and excitement of novelty and scenic decoration are over! Mr Dickens, we have reason to believe, is a great frequenter of such scenes; and we are sure his candour and good-nature will not take our suggestion otherwise than as well-meant and *well-founded*.—Now, however, to his book on America. What were we warranted in expecting from Mr Dickens's account of his visit to that country?

To an accomplished and philosophical observer, especially from England, America presents fruitful fields of interesting and instructive reflection and speculation; to which, however, we need not more distinctly allude, since we did not desire or expect from *Boz* any dissertation upon the political institutions of America, or their remote influence upon the habits, humours, and character of its citizens. We have long had, and are constantly acquiring, ample materials for judging whether the men, or the institutions, are to be praised or blamed for the state of things at present existing in that country. The penetrating intellect of the candid, but biassed, De Tocqueville, and the invaluable observations of our accomplished, experienced, and highly-gifted countryman, Mr Hamilton,* (the author of *Cyril Thornton*,)—whose work is greatly superior, in our opinion, in point of solidity and interest, to that of any other English writer upon the subject—and others whose names will at once occur to the reader, have laid bare to us the very pulsative heart of America. We expected from Boz great *amusement*; and thought it not unlikely that, before setting off on his trip, or, at least, before publishing an account of it, he would have read the fine works of his more eminent predecessors, if not to guide his observations, at all events to enable him to avoid pre-occupied ground. An acute and watchful observer of the social, the academical, and literary characteristics of America, including such personal notices of leading men as a gentleman might feel warranted in giving, without any breach of etiquette or abuse of confidence, or sense of personal embarassment, cannot even now fail of producing a work equally interesting and valuable to Englishmen, who have a deep stake in all that concerns their brethren in the far West. We utterly dislike and despise all those who would seek to set us against Jonathan, by dwelling, as some have done, with resolute ill-nature on the weak parts of his character—needlessly wounding his vanity, and irritating his national feelings. Jonathan may rely on it, no British heart beats which does not delight to own that he is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and were we ourselves to go over to America, we feel sure that we should be greatly affected, the instant of setting our foot on the shores of the vast Western Continent, to hear *our own dear mother-tongue* spoken in our ears, in accents of kindliness and welcome. The Americans may say, that we and our institutions have our faults: we believe that they and theirs have very grave faults; but we make all such allowances for them as a kind experienced father, with willing affection, makes for the errors and imperfections of a youthful and inexperienced son.

Alas, how very sad it is to have to own the feelings of chagrin and disappointment with which we have risen from the perusal of these volumes of Mr Dickens, and to express our fears that such will be the result of the perusal of

* Men and Manners in America. 2 vols. 1834.

the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky, but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining, a speck of light amidst the darkness, like something sentient and of divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block, and rope, and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its resistless power of death and ruin. At first, too, and even when the hour, and all the objects it exalts, have come to be familiar, it is difficult, alone and thoughtful, to hold them to their proper shapes and forms. They change with the wandering fancy; assume the semblance of things left far away; put on the well-remembered aspect of favourite places dearly loved; and even people them with shadows. Streets, houses, rooms; figures so like their usual occupants, that they have startled me by their reality, which far exceeded, as it seemed to me, all power of mine to conjure up the absent; have, many and many a time, at such an hour, grown suddenly out of objects with whose real look, and use, and purpose, I was as well acquainted as with my own two hands.

"My own two hands, and feet likewise, being very cold, however, on this particular occasion, I crept below at midnight. It was not exactly comfortable below. It was decidedly close; and it was impossible to be unconscious of the presence of that extraordinary compound of strange smells which is to be found nowhere but on board ship, and which is such a subtle perfume that it seems to enter at every pore of the skin, and whisper of the hold. Two passengers' wives (one of them my own) lay already in silent agonies on the sofa; and one lady's maid (*my* lady's) was a mere bundle on the floor, execrating her destiny, and pounding her curl-papers among the stray boxes. Every thing sloped the wrong way; which in itself was an aggravation scarcely to be borne. I had left the door open, a moment before, in the bosom of a gentle declivity, and, when I turned to shut it, it was on the summit of a lofty eminence. Now every plank and timber creaked, as if the ship were made of wicker-work; and now crackled, like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs. There was nothing for it but bed; so I went to bed.

"It was pretty much the same for the next two days, with a tolerably fair wind and dry weather. I read in bed (but to this hour I don't know what) a good deal; and reeled on deck a little; drank cold brandy-and-water with an unspeakable disgust, and ate hard biscuit perseveringly; not ill, but going to be.

"It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there's any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal-barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head.

"Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say 'Thank heaven!' she wrongs again. Before one can cry she *is* wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a summerset. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on, staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking; and going through all these movements, sometimes by turns, and sometimes altogether; until one feels disposed to roar for mercy.

"A steward passes. 'Steward!' 'Sir?' 'What *is* the matter? what *do* you call this?' 'Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head-wind.'

"A head-wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Samsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and

enough in his own just consciousness of genius, and in his established reputation, to bear a little rough handling without being either shaken or hurt by it.

First, as to the title—"*American Notes for General Circulation*"—we were a little uncomfortable at the view which our countrymen might take of it; Jonathan's "notes"—his engagements in pecuniary matters—not being latterly, at all events, in very high estimation here; and before our mind's eye rose, in large black letters, "REPUDIATION! As the Queen, however—God bless her, and in his own good time send Jonathan such another!—may legitimate foreign coin, and make it pass current here whenever she pleases, so King Boz, by his fiat, can make, and has made, even his American Notes circulate very generally.

Then comes the "*Dedication*"—and we think it calculated, by its air of pretension, to lead the reader to form expectations as to the character and object of the work, which will be quickly disappointed.

Chapter I., contains the "Going Away" of "*Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady*," which is feeble and exaggerated; its details are trivial and uninteresting, and display a highly Cockneyish ignorance of the commonest nautical matters. From the repeated and pathetic leave-takings between Boz and his friends, and their tearful allusions to the vast distance so soon to separate them, you might have imagined, that instead of a fourteen days' passage in her Majesty's snug and stout steam-packet, Britannia, the adventurous Boz was setting off, by some mysterious electro-magnetic conveyance, on a fifty years' voyage to one of the fixed stars! As soon, however, as Boz has got rid of his companions, and is fairly off, his peculiar talents are exhibited in describing "the Voyage Out," by far the best portion of the two volumes. Here are fully exhibited his minute observation, his facility of descriptive illustration—in fact, innumerable happy touches of every sort. Here Boz, whether above or below deck, by day or by night, whether well or ill, whether "sick" or "*going to be* sick," whether awake or asleep, even whether comic or pathetic, is inimitable. Yet are there occasional symptoms even here of *forcing*, and a tone of exaggeration.

"We all dined together that day; and a rather formidable party we were; no fewer than eighty-six strong. The vessel being pretty deep in the water, with all her coals on board and so many passengers, and the weather being calm and quiet, there was but little motion; so that, before the dinner was half over, even those passengers who were most distrustful of themselves plucked up amazingly; and those who in the morning had returned to the universal question, 'Are you a good sailor?' a very decided negative, now either parried the enquiry, with the evasive reply, 'Oh! I suppose I'm no worse than any body else,' or, reckless of all moral obligations, answered boldly, 'Yes;' and with some irritation too, as though they would add, 'I should like to know what you see in *me*, sir, particularly to justify suspicion!'

"Notwithstanding this high tone of courage and confidence, I could not but observe that very few remained long over their wine; and that every body had an unusual love of the open air; and that the favourite and most coveted seats were invariably those nearest to the door. The tea-table, too, was by no means as well attended as the dinner-table; and there was less whist-playing than might have been expected. Still, with the exception of one lady, who had retired with some precipitation at dinner-time, immediately after being assisted to the finest cut of a very yellow boiled leg of mutton, with very green capers, there were no invalids as yet; and walking, and smoking, and drinking of brandy-and-water, (but always in the open air,) went on with unabated spirit, until eleven o'clock or thereabouts, when 'turning in'—no sailor of seven hours' experience talks of going to bed—became the order of the night. The perpetual tramp of boot-heels on the decks gave place to a heavy silence, and the whole human freight was stowed away below, excepting a very few stragglers, like myself, who were probably, like me, afraid to go there.

"To one unaccustomed to such scenes, this is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterwards, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great black mass holds its direct and certain course; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad, white, glistening track that follows in the vessel's wake;

the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky, but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining, a speck of light amidst the darkness, like something sentient and of divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block, and rope, and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its resistless power of death and ruin. At first, too, and even when the hour, and all the objects it exalts, have come to be familiar, it is difficult, alone and thoughtful, to hold them to their proper shapes and forms. They change with the wandering fancy; assume the semblance of things left far away; put on the well-remembered aspect of favourite places dearly loved; and even people them with shadows. Streets, houses, rooms; figures so like their usual occupants, that they have startled me by their reality, which far exceeded, as it seemed to me, all power of mine to conjure up the absent; have, many and many a time, at such an hour, grown suddenly out of objects with whose real look, and use, and purpose, I was as well acquainted as with my own two hands.

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"A steward passes. 'Steward!' 'Sir?' 'What is the matter? what *do* you call this?' 'Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head-wind.'

"A head-wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Samsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and

artery of her huge body swoln and bursting under this mal-treatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating; all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this, the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault;—and there is the head-wind of that January morning.

"I say nothing of what may be called the domestic noises of the ship; such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols, overhead, of loose casks and truant dozens of bottled porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their various state-rooms by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up to breakfast. I say nothing of them; for although I lay listening to this concert for three or four days, I don't think I heard it for more than a quarter of a minute, at the expiration of which term I lay down again, excessively sea-sick.

"Not sea-sick, be it understood, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; I wish I had been; but in a form which I have never seen or heard described, though I have no doubt it is very common. I lay there, all the day long, quite coolly and contentedly; with no sense of weariness, with no desire to get up, or get better, or take the air; with no curiosity, or care, or regret, of any sort or degree, saving that I think I can remember, in this universal indifference, having a kind of lazy joy—of fiendish delight, if any thing so lethargic can be dignified with the title—in the fact of my wife being too ill to talk to me. If I may be allowed to illustrate my state of mind by such an example, I should say that I was exactly in the condition of the elder Mr Willet, after the incursion of the rioters into his bar at Chigwell. Nothing would have surprised me. If, in the momentary illumination of any ray of intelligence that may have come upon me in the way of thoughts of home, a goblin postman, with a scarlet coat and bell, had come into that little kennel before me, broad awake in broad day, and, apologising for being damp through walking in the sea, had handed me a letter, directed to myself in familiar characters, I am certain I should not have felt one atom of astonishment; I should have been perfectly satisfied. If Neptune himself had walked in, with a toasted shark on his trident, I should have looked upon the event as one of the very commonest every-day occurrences.

"Once—once—I found myself on deck. I don't know how I got there, or what possessed me to go there, but there I was; and completely dressed too, with a huge pea-coat on, and a pair of boots such as no weak man in his senses could ever have got into. I found myself standing, when a gleam of consciousness came upon me, holding on to something. I don't know what. I think it was the boatswain: or it may have been the pump: or possibly the cow. I can't say how long I had been there; whether a day or a minute. I recollect trying to think about something (about any thing in the whole wide world, I was not particular) without the smallest effect. I could not even make out which was the sea, and which the sky; for the horizon seemed drunk, and was flying wildly about, in all directions. Even in that incapable state, however, I recognised the lazy gentleman standing before me: nautically clad in a suit of shaggy blue, with an oilskin hat. But I was too imbecile, although I knew it to be he, to separate him from his dress; and tried to call him, I remember, *Pilot*. After another interval of total unconsciousness, I found he had gone, and recognised another figure in its place. It seemed to wave and fluctuate before me as though I saw it reflected in an unsteady looking-glass; but I knew it for the captain; and such was the cheerful influence of his face, that I tried to smile: yes, even then I tried to smile. I saw by his gestures that he addressed me; but it was a long time before I could make out that he remonstrated against my standing up to my knees in water—as I was; of course I don't know why. I tried to thank him, but couldn't. I could only point to my boots—or wherever I supposed my boots to be—and say, in a plaintive voice, 'Cork soles:' at the same time endeavouring, I am told, to sit down in the pool. Finding that I was quite insensible, and for the time a maniac, he humanely conducted me below.

There I remained until I got better: suffering, whenever I was recommended

to eat any thing, an amount of anguish only second to that which is said to be endured by the apparently drowned, in the process of restoration to life. One gentleman on board had a letter of introduction to me from a mutual friend in London. He sent it below with his card, on the morning of the head-wind; and I was long troubled with the idea that he might be up, and well, and a hundred times a-day expecting me to call upon him in the saloon. I imagined him one of those cast-iron images—I will not call them men—who ask, with red faces and lusty voices, what sea-sickness means, and whether it really is as bad as it is represented to be. This was very torturing indeed; and I don't think I ever felt such perfect gratification and gratitude of heart, as I did when I heard from the ship's doctor that he had been obliged to put a large mustard poultice on this very gentleman's stomach. I date my recovery from the receipt of that intelligence."

After encountering a somewhat serious accident, at the close of their voyage, owing to the ignorance of the pilot, and the stress of weather—all of which is excellently well told—Boz lands at Boston, and soon finds the results of his previously announced arrival.

"Not being able, in the absence of any change of clothes, to go to church that day, we were compelled to decline these kindnesses, one and all; and I was reluctantly obliged to forego the delight of hearing Dr Channing, who happened to preach that morning, for the first time in a very long interval."

Dear Boz, we are disposed to be very angry with you! Fancy him deliberately foregoing the only opportunity he had of hearing the most distinguished of American preachers, and expressed object of high admiration to Boz himself, because he had not a change of clothes! Why not have gone as he was! What if he had struck into a corner of the gallery, with a glazed cap and damaged pea jacket? *We* would have done so; but Boz was known to be Boz, and must dress accordingly! And now Dr Channing is dead! How interesting and valuable *now* would have been such a graphic sketch as Boz could have given, of the countenance, person, carriage, conversation, and mode of delivery, of this eminent person! Yet there is not a word on the subject. The university—the first American university he saw—is dispatched in a very few words of vague eulogy: not a word of professors, students, or college life—dress—buildings—mode of procedure! Authors educated at our own universities, at all events, would have seized the opportunity of giving us an insight into the mode in which Jonathan manages matters at college; and we are greatly disappointed at being left entirely in the dark. What sort of discipline prevails? Have they private tutors?—lecturers? How are the classes divided? How many professors? and of what? Do they or the students wear any particular species of costumes, caps, or gowns? The following disagreeable allusion to our own universities (of which Boz can really know nothing personally or practically) is quite uncalled-for, and in very bad taste.

"Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls."

We regret to say that Boz takes many opportunities, in the same way, of making *gratuitous* disparaging allusions to our own institutions.

Twenty pages are then devoted to an account by Dr How of a very remarkable occupant of that institution—a little girl, blind, deaf, dumb, and almost totally destitute of both taste and smell. We shall never hear the name of Dr How again without feeling grateful for his profoundly interesting and instructive account of his little patient, towards whom his whole conduct—his patient training of the imprisoned soul, his gentleness, acuteness, and sagacity—is above all praise. How suggestive of metaphysical speculation is this powerfully interesting case! What a treasure would it have been to Locke or Dugald Stewart! But we pass on, sincerely thanking Mr Dickens for his

thoughtfulness in allowing so competent a person as Dr How to tell his tale in his own words. Mr Dickens's own description of the little girl is also beautiful and delicate.

At Hartford, Boz gets again into a lunatic asylum and jail, and describes the inmates of each. Yale College is then mentioned—only, however, to be dismissed in half-a-dozen lines, which are devoted to an indication of the style of the buildings. Here, again, was lost an opportunity of giving us highly interesting information; for Yale College is a really distinguished institution, and has very eminent professors. Then we roll rapidly along in a steam-boat, catching only hasty glimpses of what we pass—one object, "a mad-house, (how the lunatics flung up their caps, and roared in sympathy with the headlong engine and the driving tide!)" Once for all, one's feelings are quite oppressed by the perpetual introduction of these wretched topics of lunacy and lunatics; which, as in the above instance, dash away all one's cheerfulness, and fill us with feelings and associations of pain and melancholy. Arrived at New York, Boz gives some gay and graphic sketches of its general appearance, and of its coteries—and presently betakes himself—*more suo*—to the lock-ups, the prisons, the lunatic asylums, and, at midnight, to those horrid quarters of the town where the profligacy of the lowest of the low is being carried on. In all these scenes, we perceive the author of *Oliver Twist*, engaged, as it were, storing up fresh impressions, and images, and topics, for future use; but *the reader* is apt to turn aside, wearily, and with a sigh. Many of his touches are equally painful and powerful.

On his going to Philadelphia, amidst "a playful and incessant shower of expectoration" (!) Boz makes a new acquaintance; though slight and brief, we think the following a specimen of Boz's exquisite perception of the humorous—and it is not overdone.

"I made acquaintance, on this journey, with a mild and modest young quaker, who opened the discourse by informing me, in a grave whisper, that his grandfather was the inventor of cold-drawn castor-oil. I mention the circumstance here, thinking it probable that this is the first occasion on which the valuable medicine in question was ever used as a conversational aperient."

Philadelphia is a "handsome city, but *distractingly regular*." Boz thinks Philadelphian society "more provincial than Boston or New York," and "that there is afloat in the fair city, an assumption of taste and criticism, savouring rather of those genteel discussions of the same themes, in connexion with Shakspeare and the Musical Glasses, of which we read in the *Vicar of Wakefield*." The remainder of the chapter (thirty pages) we spend within the gloomy walls of the "Penitentiary," and the petrifying horrors of its "Silent System," described with fearful force, and most justly condemned.

At Washington, Boz comically figures as a very angry lion, (and well he may be,) among the little street-urchins. If he be in earnest here, these young gentlemen are the most impudent varlets we ever saw or heard of. The general character and unfinished appearance of the buildings of Washington, are thus humorously described. "To the admirers of cities, it is a Barmecide Feast; a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in; *a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness.*" His description of the Senate and House of Representatives, then sitting, are very meagre and unsatisfactory; and nothing can be more turgid and feeble, than the long paragraph of declamation which follows them; most irritating and offensive in tone to the Americans, however well-founded in fact. Topics of this sort should be handled with great delicacy and sobriety, in order to have a chance of being beneficial in America, or appreciated by persons of judgment here. Here again, too, Boz goes out of his way to indulge in a very foolish and puerile sneer at our Houses of Lords and Commons. Its tone is more that of some wearied reporter for a radical newspaper, than of an intelligent and independent observer; and it affords a strong illustration of a remark we have already made, on the perpetual tendency of Mr Dickens to undervalue and abuse our best institutions. We see, and even say,

this, with real pain, and consider it our duty to point it out as very reprehensible. To proceed, however:—Boz's ire is excited by seeing, in one of the rooms at the Post-Office, all the presents received by American Ministers and Plenipotentiaries from foreign potentates. May not this custom be supported by a reason less discreditable to the Americans than that assigned by Boz? He thinks that reason to be, their foolish fears lest, by means of such petty presents, their representatives should be corrupted! May they not, however, be only desirous, with a reasonable pride, of preserving for ever for public exhibition, these various mementos *of the respect paid to the State*, through its organs and representatives? Boz, by the way, calls them "Ambassadors," but erroneously; for Chancellor Kent informs us, (1 *Commentaries*, p. 40, note, 4th edition,) "that the United States are usually represented by ministers, plenipotentiaries, and *chargés d'affaires*, and have never sent a person of the rank of ambassador in the diplomatic house." The Prince of Orange once expressed to Mr Adams his surprise that the United States had not put themselves, in that respect, on a level with the crowned heads. The morning after Boz's arrival at Washington, he is "carried" (as he tells us, with rather an amusing swell of expression) "to the President's house by an official gentleman, who was so kind as to *charge himself with every presentation* to the President!" The President Tyler is very slightly noticed. At a levee, which is fairly described, Boz saw "his dear friend Washington Irving," whom he takes the opportunity of paying a high compliment.

Here ends Vol. I. We feel compelled to say generally of Vol. II. that it is *almost* totally destitute of interest: a record of the personal inconveniences and annoyances experienced by Boz, while *pelting* over the country in steam-boats, canal-boats, rail-roads, and coaches, in which a vast portion of his time seems to have been passed, surrounded by very unpleasant and unfavourable specimens of American travellers, viz., the lower orders of commercial persons, and of settlers—almost always described as most offensively intrusive, inquisitive, vulgar, and filthy in their persons, and most disgusting in their habits. The reader will, we fear, rise from the perusal of this volume with feelings of weariness and *ennui*. Now, however, for a brief account of its contents. After dropping a hint that he travelled accompanied by a "*faithful secretary*," (!) Boz takes us into a night steamer on the Potomac river, where we are kept for eight pages. Then he travels by land along a Virginia road, which, together with the stage-coach and its sable Jehu, are described with broad comic humour, but a little strained. Then Boz reaches Virginia, justly oppressed and disgusted at the consciousness of being in a slave country. He looks in at the Legislative Assembly then sitting; and goes over a manufactory for tobacco, (for chewing,) worked entirely by slaves, whom he is allowed freely enough to see there employed, *but not at their meals*. He then hurries on to Baltimore, the appearance of which he dismisses in a few lines, but (as usual) soon gets into the Penitentiary, and describes some of its inmates. Before quitting Baltimore, he "sits for two evenings looking at the setting sun," which comes out for him on the occasion in quite a new character, viz. that of a "*planet*" (!) We are not detained long at Harrisburgh. Boz makes some just and very touching observations on the subject of the treaties entered into (some of which are here shown him) between the poor unsophisticated Indian chiefs and the wealthy overreaching white tradesmen.

"I was very much interested in looking over a number of treaties made from time to time with the poor Indians, signed by the different chiefs at the period of their ratification, and preserved in the office of the Secretary to the Commonwealth. These signatures, traced of course by their own hands, are rough drawings of the creatures or weapons they were called after. Thus, the Great Turtle makes a crooked pen-and-ink outline of a great turtle; the Buffalo sketches a buffalo; the War Hatchet sets a rough image of that weapon for his mark. So with the Arrow, the Fish, the Scalp, the Big Canoe, and all of them.

"I could not but think—as I looked at these feeble and tremulous productions of hands which could draw the longest arrow to the head in a stout

elk-horn bow, or split a bead or feather with a rifle-ball—of Crabbe's musings over the Parish Register, and the irregular scratches made with a pen, by men who would plough a lengthy furrow straight from end to end. Nor could I help bestowing many sorrowful thoughts upon the simple warriors whose hands and hearts were set there, in all truth and honesty; and who only learned in course of time from white men how to break their faith, and quibble out of forms and bonds. I wondered, too, how many times the credulous Big Turtle, or trusting Little Hatchet, had put his mark to treaties which were falsely read to him; and had signed away, he knew not what, until it went and cast him loose upon the new possessors of the land, a savage."

Then we make a long and dreary passage in a canal-boat, whose domestic economy, passengers, and passages, are described at great length. He uses here a favourite comparison in speaking of steam-boat beds, which he mistakes for "long tiers of hanging *book-shelves*."

Fifteen pages are devoted to the details of this truly miserable passage. There is one capital sketch, however, to enliven the dreariness—the settler "from the brown forests of the Mississippi." From Pittsburgh, "the Birmingham of England," Boz hastens, after a three days' stay, to Cincinnati, in a "western steam-boat;" this, again, being described at great length, but better than the one preceding, as its subject is also much superior, in respect of the various interesting objects it presents. Boz does not particularly excel in descriptions of scenery; but some of his sketches are very pretty, and a few beautiful. In noticing this part of his book, we may observe, that he fails here, and in many other places, into the error of attempting to describe events in the present tense and first person—abruptly passing into it, moreover, from the ordinary style of the narrative in the past tense. Successfully to imitate the illustrious ancient original, in this mode of narrating past transactions, so as to place the reader really in the midst of them, requires rare powers, and even these very sparingly exercised. That great master, Sir Walter Scott, disdained all such artifices; yet see how you are bounding along, panting and breathless, with the excitement of the scene he lays before you! To return, however. Some humble and indigent settlers, quitting the boat, and set ashore in the desolate regions to which they have betaken themselves, are described by Boz with great feeling and beauty. Poor souls! he makes our hearts ache for them. The following is one of the best passages in the book:—

"Five men, as many women, and a little girl. All their worldly goods are a bag, a large chest, and an old chair: one, old, high-backed, rush-bottomed chair: a solitary settler in itself. They are rowed ashore in the boat, while the vessel stands a little off awaiting its return, the water being shallow. They are landed at the foot of a high bank, on the summit of which are a few log cabins, attainable only by a long winding path. It is growing dusk; but the sun is very red, and shines in the water and on some of the tree-tops like fire.

The men get out of the boat first; help out the women; take out the bag, the chest, the chair; bid the rowers 'good-bye;' and shove the boat off for them. At the first plash of the oars in the water, the oldest woman of the party sits down in the old chair, close to the water's edge, without speaking a word. None of the others sit down, though the chest is large enough for many seats. They all stand where they landed, as if stricken into stone; and look after the boat. So they remain quite still and silent: the old woman and her old chair, in the centre; the bag and chest upon the shore, without anybody heeding them: all eyes fixed upon the boat. It comes alongside, is made fast, the men jump on board, the engine is put in motion, and we go hoarsely on again. There they stand yet, without the motion of a hand. I can see them, through my glass, when, in the distance and increasing darkness, they are mere specks to the eye: lingering there still: the old woman in the old chair, and all the rest about her: not stirring in the least degree. And thus I slowly lose them."

Cincinnati is soon dismissed. Boz witnesses a temperance procession here. We catch a glimpse of a court of justice, trying a nuisance cause.—

"There were not many spectators; and the witnesses, counsel, and jury formed *a family circle, sufficiently jocose and snug.*"

Excellent! Pushing on, in another steamer, to Louisville, Boz has a god-

sen I, in the shape of one "*Pitchlynn*," a chief of the "Choctau tribe of Indians, who *sent in his card* to Boz"—and, being admitted, unconsciously sate for a full-length sketch. On his way to Portland, Boz has a capital sketch of a magistrate's office:—

"On our way to Portland, we passed a 'Magistrate's office,' which amused me as looking far more like a dame school than any police establishment: for this awful institution was nothing but a little lazy, good-for-nothing front parlour, open to the street; wherein two or three figures (I presume the magistrate and his myrmidons) were basking in the sunshine, the very effigies of languor and repose. It was a perfect picture of Justice retired from business for want of customers; her sword and scales sold off; napping comfortably with her legs upon the table."

Then follows an anecdote of two pigs; which, if seriously told as a fact, is one of the drollest realities we ever met with.

The "famous Mississippi" river ought (Boz *et omnibus aliis testantibus*) to be rather called "the *in*famous Mississippi." Boz is particularly furious against it; exhausting upon it his vocabulary of execration. Mr Hamilton, however, forms a different opinion of its merits—at all events, of its scenery; of which he gives a most striking and picturesque description. A young mother, returning with eager pride and fondness to her husband, accompanied by her infant, which he has not yet seen, gives Boz an opportunity of exhibiting both his peculiar excellences and faults; the latter being (in this instance) an over-anxious straining after effect—a sort of business-like determination to make the most of a luckily occurring incident. We refer the reader to it.—Boz undertakes an expedition to the *Looking-glass Prairies*. His account of them is not very interesting; but they "disappointed" Boz, who is therefore excused. Here is a specimen of an American high-road!—

"Our way lies through a beautiful country, richly cultivated, and luxuriant in its promise of an abundant harvest. Sometimes we pass a field where the strong bristling stalks of Indian corn look like a crop of walking-sticks, and sometimes an enclosure where the green wheat is springing up among a labyrinth of stumps; the primitive worm-fence is universal, and an ugly thing it is; but the farms are neatly kept, and save for these differences, one might be travelling just now in Kent.

"We often stop to water at a roadside inn, which is always dull and silent. The coachman dismounts and fills his bucket, and holds it to the horses' heads. There is scarcely ever any one to help him; there are seldom any loungers standing round, and never any stable-company with jokes to crack. Sometimes, when we have changed our team, there is a difficulty in starting again, arising out of the prevalent mode of breaking a young horse; which is to catch him, harness him against his will, and put him in a stage coach without further notice: but we get on somehow or other, after a great many kicks and a violent struggle; and jog on as before again.

"Occasionally, when we stop to change, some two or three half-drunken loafers will come loitering out with their hands in their pockets, or will be seen kicking their heels in rocking-chairs, or lounging on the window sill, or sitting on a rail within the colonnade: they have not often any thing to say though, either to us or to each other, but sit there, idly staring at the coach and horses. The landlord of the inn is usually among them, and seems, of all the party, to be the least connected with the business of the house. Indeed, he is with reference to the tavern, what the driver is in relation to the coach and passengers: whatever happens in his sphere of action, he is quite indifferent, and perfectly easy in his mind."

While lying in bed, in the steamboat, in passing from Sandusky to Buffalo, Boz unavoidably overhears a fellow-traveller thus addressing his wife:—

"First of all I heard him say: and the most ludicrous part of the business was, that he said it in my very ear, and could not have communicated more directly with me if he had leaned upon my shoulder and whispered me: 'Boz is on board still, my dear.' After a considerable pause, he added complainingly, 'Boz keeps himself very close:' which was true enough, for I was not very well, and was lying down with a book. I thought he had done with me after this, but I was deceived; for a long interval having elapsed, during which I imagine him to have been turning restlessly from side to side, and trying to go to sleep; he broke out again with, 'I suppose that Boz will be

writing a book bye and bye, and putting all our names in it!' at which imaginary consequence of being on board a boat with Boz, he groaned, and became silent."

This was on his way to view that grand object of attraction to travellers in America—the Falls of Niagara. Shall we own that we trembled at accompanying Boz to Niagara? Not that we doubted his ability to appreciate that stupendous scene; but knowing how he must have been aware of having set every one on tiptoe to read *his* description of Niagara, and how naturally anxious he would be to fulfil expectation, we feared that he would, as it were, flag, and *work himself up* to the proper pitch—would make desperate exertions to do justice to his subject, and show the public what surprising reflections Niagara can suggest to a man of genius. How many, at least, of his predecessors, have done the same—have gone swelling like little frogs, and burst at the base of Niagara!

As for ourselves, we have read all that has been written on the subject, by those from whom (whether Americans, or English, or other visitors to America) we had a right to expect the best things; and we have also conversed with several such. We have besides, to our sorrow, read many "Descriptions" and "Sketches" of Niagara, which exhibited in truth only the spasms of weakness in their inflated writers. We have ourselves an intense desire to visit the Falls; but we much fear that—if we *must* needs write—we also should, in our turn, share the fate of the aforesaid frogs, and leave our little body to bleach amidst their spray! To be serious—we would not give a fig for our own impressions, or subsequent descriptions of Niagara, unless they were the natural and spontaneous results of our observation, and not the forced product of one who had gone with a pre-determination to publish an account of them. Fancy, indeed, a mere book-maker *inspecting Niagara!*

Of the many descriptions which we have seen of this magnificent and stupendous object, which Mr Stuart compares to "a great deep ocean thrown over a precipice 160 feet high," we think that the best, in point of minute and distinct information as to its physical characteristics, and of the images and reflexions which it is calculated to suggest to a person of superior qualification, are those of Mr Duncan, Mr Howison, and Captain Basil Hall. The first, in his *Travels through the United States*; the second, in his *Sketches of Upper Canada*, (Ed. 1822); the third, in his *Travels in America*, (1829.) Each of these is a disciplined observer, whom it is delightful to accompany. Their descriptions are in the highest degree graphic, vivid, distinct, and *sober*; no competent reader will fail to peruse them without profound and thrilling interest. You do not see one single glimpse in them of the *writer*, who completely occupies your expanding imagination with the tremendous object which had overpowered his own. By such men, Niagara is looked at with worthy eyes. Their accounts all concur in filling the mind with images of awful grandeur, of a sort of terrible beauty, of stupendous and irresistible power. There seems nothing like it upon the earth, and it requires first-rate powers to speak of it, after having witnessed it, without extravagance and bombast. How finely does Mr Duncan prepare the mind for the great scene, by quietly pointing out to you what makes you gradually draw in your breath and hold back—we mean the smooth silent surface of confluent waters, flowing irresistibly onwards to the dread verge!

"The rapidity of the stream soon increases so considerably, that vessels cannot with safety venture further. The change becomes very soon obvious on the surface of the water. Neither waves, however, nor any violent agitation is visible for some time: you see only

'The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.'

Dimples and indented lines, with here and there a little eddying whirl, run along near the shore, betokening at once the depth of the channel, the vast body of water, and the accelerated impetus with which it hurries along. Every straw, also, that floats past, though motionless upon the bosom of the river, and undisturbed by a single ripple, is the index of an irresistible influence which sweeps to one common issue all within its grasp. Goat Island, the lowest of all, now appears, inserted like a wedge in the centre of the stream. By it the river is divided into two currents, which issue in the two great Falls: and the nearer channel shelves down into a steep and rocky declivity, over

which an extensive rapid foams and rushes with prodigious fury. Before reaching the Island, the traveller remarks at a distance the agitated billows, then the white-crested breakers, and at length he has a full view of the rapid, nearly a mile in length, the immediate and most appropriate prelude to the Great Fall."

Would that our space admitted of our giving the description which ensues, *of the Falls*. One little touch, however, we must not omit.—"The craggy end of Goat Island is more precipitous and grand. A bold eagle was perched upon its very edge, and close by the side of the Fall, and waved its pinions in safety over the profound abyss." Oh, fortunate incident, and how finely taken advantage of! The following brief and matter-of-fact comparison, by an American minister, we are assured by Mr Stuart, gives, nevertheless, "as simple and intelligible a description as a mere verbal picture of the spectacle can be." "Imagine the Frith of Forth rushing wrathfully down a steep descent, then leaping foaming over a perpendicular rock 175 feet high, and then flowing away in the semblance of milk from a vast basin of emerald!"

Mr Howison gives the following striking account of the scenes which must be passed to reach the *bottom* of the Falls:—

"A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this, there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places, they rise abruptly to the height of a hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world, thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the Creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattle-snakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles, soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling in among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion—that of uncontrollable terror."

Now, however, for *Boz at Niagara*.

"It was not until I came on Table-rock, and looked—Great Heaven! on what a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

"Then, when I felt *how near to my Creator I was standing* [!]—the *first effect*, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was PEACE. [!] *Peace of mind* [!]—*tranquillity* [!]—*calm recollections of the dead—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of gloom or terror.* Niagara was at once stamped on my heart an image of Beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat."

Boz is a man of unquestionable genius; but this (and there is more like it) is quite unworthy of him; it is wretched, in most seriously questionable taste, and gives an utterly improbable and inconceivable account of the real state of his feelings *at the time*—unless, indeed, his mind is very oddly constituted. Many observations occur to us on the foregoing paragraph; but we really love Boz, and shall abstain from them.

Boz is greatly outdone in what he has written about Niagara by the following eloquent, albeit *a little* inflated, passage from Mr Hamilton, which we give to enable the reader to compare the two men; and because we suspect Boz had read it, and unconsciously adopted its tone.

"In a few minutes I found myself standing on the very brink of this tremendous, yet most beautiful cataract.

"The spot from which I first beheld it was the Table-rock, and of the effect produced by the overwhelming sublimity of the spectacle, it is not possible to embody in words any adequate description. The spectator at first feels as if stricken with catalepsy. His blood ceases to flow, or rather is sent back in overpowering pressure on the heart. He gasps, 'like a drowning man,' to catch a mouthful of breath. 'All elements of soul and sense' are absorbed in the magnitude and glory of one single object. The past and future are obliterated, and he stands mute and powerless, in the presence of that scene of awful splendour on which his gaze is rivetted.

"In attempting to convey to those

who have never visited the Falls any notion of the impression which they produce, I believe it is impossible to escape the charge of exaggeration. The penalty is one which I am prepared to pay. But the objects presented by Niagara are undoubtedly among those which exercise a permanent influence on the imagination of the spectator. The day—the hour—the minute—when his eye first rested on the Great Horse-shoe Fall, is an epoch in the life of any man. He gazes on a scene of splendour and sublimity far greater than the unaided fancy of poet or painter ever pictured. He has received an impression which time cannot diminish, and death only can efface. The results of that single moment will extend through a lifetime, enlarge the sphere of thought, and influence the whole tissue of his moral being."

After lingering about Niagara for ten days, in a sort of trance or ecstasy, Boz takes leave of it in the following passage, containing a bold and striking image, but somewhat startling to our *geological* notions.

"But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on Creation at the Word of God."

Does Boz, then, really imagine this waterfall to have stood here since the Creation—in "*this place?*" Does he make no allowance for *wear and tear* (!) during nearly six thousand years? Those who have resided at the spot for thirty or forty years, tell us that the Falls have receded forty or fifty yards during that time. Dr Dwight says they have receded a hundred yards in that time. Whoever, indeed, observes and considers the structure of the land between the two lakes, Erie and Ontario, between which the present site of the Falls is equidistant, will be satisfied of the great recession of the Falls. Lake Erie is 334 feet higher than Lake Ontario; and, to make the descent, the land does not slope gradually to the southward, but stretches in broad plains, and descends by precipices. The last, and principal of these abrupt declivities, is at *Lewiston*, eight miles from the cataract; and at *this place* (not "*this place*" spoken of by Boz) must have been what we may take as the original site of the cataract; but how long ago the river began to cut this vast chasm, and how long it will take to extend it to Lake Erie, who can tell? Dr Dwight considers that, taking the average at a hundred yards in thirty years, the degree of recession would be more than sufficient to have proceeded the whole distance from Queenstown, *since the Deluge*, even should we compute according to the commonly received chronology. The process, he adds, would be, however, of course far from uniform. In seasons marked by great and sudden changes of temperature, the decomposition of the rock would be more rapid and extensive. Physical circumstances may have at least co-operated in forming the channel; and the mass of limestone to be worked through, may be supposed to diminish in depth towards the termination of the ridge. Whether, however, (as justly observed by Mr Conder,) "the process has been suddenly, or more or less gradually effected, this at least may be considered to be ascertained—that the objections urged against the truth of the Mosaic account of the Creation, founded on the number of years which must have elapsed since the Falls commenced their retrocession, are utterly gratuitous, and not less unphilosophical than irreligious." We do not, of course, intend to enter into the calculations and speculations of Mr Lyell with reference to Niagara and the confirmation which he considers it to afford his geological theory as to the age of the earth. His calculations (we speak from recollection) founded on the geological examination of the locality in question, are to this effect—that at the rate of about forty yards in fifty years, (or fifty yards in forty years,) it would require a period of 10,000 years for the Falls to have receded from Lewiston to their present site—viz. a space of eight miles; and 30,000 years to reach Lake Erie—viz. twenty-five miles. Whether or not the premises from which these conclusions with their somewhat startling consequences be correct, it is no part of our present duty to enquire. We may add, that he shows from the present shallowness of Lake Erie, and the probable immense interval of time required for

the recession of the Falls to that Lake, that there is no ground to apprehend the frightful and desolating effects which have been anticipated from such an event. We refer the reader to Dr Dwight's *Travels in New England and New York*, (vol. iv. p. 92,) for an account of the probable final consequences of the recession of the Falls.

Boz's account of Canada is not very interesting. At Toronto he takes the opportunity of making an uncalled-for and irritating political allusion:—In speaking of an election, at which the successful candidates were fired at, and their coachman nearly killed, from a window where a certain flag was waving, Boz observes, "Of all the colours in the rainbow, there is but one which could be so employed: [viz., sheltering a murderer in the commission, and from the consequences, of his crime,] I need not say, *that flag was Orange*." What, Boz! And has not THE TRICOLOR sheltered every species of crime that can be committed by man? To proceed, however: Boz stayed there but a short time, and, after having been most hospitably entertained, returned to America; on his way to New York going in quest of the grotesque, to the Shaker Village. He is refused admission, as all strangers here are, to their religious services, on the ground of the insult and interruption they have experienced from visitors. Mr Hamilton was, however, more fortunate in 1830, and gives an interesting account of them, and a specimen of what he witnessed in their proceedings.

Then comes chapter viii.—"The Passage Home," which is described with liveliness and spirit: Boz being installed president of a daily-tilting jovial "association" below the mast. Their passage is diversified by no such stirring incidents as had attended their passage out. His account of the hundred emigrants returning home in the same ship, disconsolate and utterly ruined, is painfully interesting and instructive. Boz concludes his travels with the following cheerful notice of the journey by railroad, from Liverpool to London:—

"The country by the railroad seemed, as we rattled through it, like a luxuriant garden. The beauty of the fields, (so small they looked!) the hedge-rows, and the trees; the pretty cottages, the beds of flowers, the old churchyards, the antique houses, and every well-known object: the exquisite delights of that one journey, crowding in the short compass of a summer's day the joy of many years, and winding up with Home and all that makes it dear: no tongue can tell, or pen of mine describe."

There are two *supplementary* chapters:—The first is "On Slavery," and, though containing one or two passages of justly indignant eloquence, is deficient in sobriety, and communicates nothing new on the execrable vice of slavery. Into the other and last chapter, "Concluding Remarks," are compressed Boz's notions "of the general character of the American people, and of their social system, as presented to a stranger's eye." We fear his reflecting readers, both here and in America, will consider this chapter as very superficial and unsatisfactory; but we have neither time nor inclination to enter into detail on the subject.

Thus ends Mr Dickens's book on America; and it is so very flimsy a performance — we must speak the disagreeable and painful truth—that nothing but our strong feelings of kindliness and respect for a gentleman of his unquestionable talents, and of gratitude for the amusement which his better and earlier works have afforded us, could have induced us to bestow the pains which were requisite to present so full an account of it as that which we have above given our readers. Let the eagerest admirers of these, turn again to his very injudicious "Dedication," and they will feel how unwarranted it is by the substance and body of the work; —if, indeed, any substance, if any body, it has. Can it stand, for one moment, a comparison with Captain Marryat's book, or those of Mrs Trollope or Fanny Kemble, faulty in many respects as are the latter two in point of taste and execution? Mr Dickens should have either written no account at all of his visit to America, or a vastly different one. His work will surprise and disappoint his readers both there and here.

He may not, perhaps, have wished or intended it, but his book is calculated to leave on the mind of the reader a most unfavourable impres-

sion of American character, habits, and manners; for the occasional eulogistic passages which are to be found thrown in, here and there, are excessively vague and forced, undiscriminating and unsatisfactory. The truth is, that Mr Dickens was kept in such a continual fever of hurry and excitement, during his whole stay in America, as incapacitated him, even if able or disposed so to do, from ever looking beneath the surface of things and persons around him. We fear that the ethereal essence of *character* has wholly escaped him. He allowed himself no leisure for accurate and discriminating observation and reflection. We do not say that he received greater honour in America than he was entitled to from his distinction in the world of letters; but there are abundant evidences in these volumes of the usual and natural effect of such extraordinary popularity on even the strongest minds: namely, an unconsciously overweening estimate of the importance attached to his own movements, and his own views and opinions. Many sufficiently egotistic and oracular passages will occur to the reader, in support of this observation: we have cited one or two of them. It is again very obvious that Mr Dickens, as he has a perfect right to be if it so please him, is a man of very 'liberal' opinions in politics. We are as strong Tories as he is a Whig or Radical; but we earnestly advise him not to alienate from himself the affections of his readers, by indulging, in such works as his, in *political* allusions and dogmas. We greatly doubt whether he has read or thought sufficiently long and deeply on such matters, to enable him to offer confident opinions on them. In his own peculiar line, he is original, admirable, and unrivalled—and that line, too, is one which lies level with the taste of *the million* of persons of all shades of political opinions. We offer this hint in unaffected friendship and anxiety for his continued success. We have no personal knowledge of him beyond having once seen him at dinner; when we were so much pleased with his manly and unaffected conduct and demeanour, that we felt a disposition to read what he wrote with much greater favour than ever. He must, however, take far more time, and bestow far more care, in his future writings, than he has hitherto done. The present work is written in a very careless, slipshod style. The perpetual introduction, for instance, and not only in this but his other works, of the expressions—"*didn't*," "*shouldn't*," "*don't*," even when writing in a grave strain, is annoying as an eyesore. They are mere vulgar Cockney colloquialisms: and the reader will see instances of them (a few out of very many in these volumes) at pages 7, 9, 15, 25, 28, 29, 30. Many minor blemishes of style, such as—"*mutual* friend" (p. 31, vol. i.) for "*common* friend,"—and sentences concluded with the word "*though*," might be pointed out were it worth while. We would beg to recommend to Mr Dickens's attentive perusal, (if he be not already familiar with it,) before commencing his next publication, the essay "On Simplicity and Refinement in Writing" of that great master, Hume; in the opening of which there are a few sentences which Mr Dickens, if we mistake not, will feel specially applicable to himself. If he will, after reading it, turn to pages 1, 2, 4, 7, 12, 19, 24, 25, 30, 31, 146, 173, 184, 187, 280, (we could have cited *at least* a hundred others,) he will find instances of such strained, and whimsical, and far-fetched images and comparisons, as very greatly impair the character and general effect of his composition. Though the eternal recurrence of such comparisons as that of a bed on shipboard to "a surgical plaster spread on most inaccessible *shelf*," (?) p. 1; and of such illustrations as "portmanteaus no more capable of being got in at the door, *than a giraffe could be persuaded or forced into a flower-pot*," may provoke a loud laugh from readers of uncultivated taste; to persons of superior education and refinement they are puerile and tiresome indeed. Let Mr Dickens but keep a little check upon his wayward fancy—bestow adequate pains on the working out, both in thought and language, of his fictions; write at far longer intervals than he has hitherto allowed himself, (employing these intervals in the judicious acquisition of new materials, by observation of nature, and the perusal and study of the best masters,)—let him follow the leadings of his strong

and original genius, rather than goad and flog it into unnatural, excessive, and exhausting action;—let him do this, and his works will live, and his name be remembered, after nineteen-twentieths of his contemporaries shall have passed into eternal oblivion. His name may then aspire to be placed beside those of Goldsmith, of Sterne, of Smollett, of Steele, and even of Addison. Let him, on the contrary, disregard or despise these hints, and his name and writings will be forgotten in fewer years than he has yet been before the public. His fame is in his own hands; he may make or mar it. Any momentary annoyance which the telling of these plain truths may occasion him, will, we are certain, fly away before his strong good sense and acuteness — his practical knowledge of himself, and of the world. Our last word to him we deem of perhaps greater importance than any: as he values his permanent reputation — as he would cherish his genius—let him at once and for ever avoid and fly from the blighting, strangling influence of *petty cliques and coteries.*

We cannot close this article without expressing an earnest hope of seeing, *in due time*, a record by Lord Morpeth, of *his* visit to America. A candid and careful account of what he has seen, by a distinguished English nobleman of ancient family, of most amiable character, of scholarly and cultivated mind, of practical acquaintance with the law and constitution of his country, and capable of enquiring into and appreciating those of America—can hardly fail of having first-rate claims on the attention of Lord Morpeth's countrymen, and of Americans. Albeit his lordship is at present a Whig, he will find that Maga will do him, as she does every body else, *justice.* His manly conduct, let him know, at the close of the last Yorkshire election, has disposed us to regard his forthcoming performance with peculiar favour.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

A MAN of genius told us, a good many years ago, that ours is a mechanical age, and, in his own eloquent way, gave us some of his reasons for thinking so; but, unfortunately, few of his followers have much of his wit or wisdom, and all of them have so long kept repeating pragmatically his *dicta*, that, but for the love we bear him, we should have lost our temper with Thomas Carlyle. Thank heaven, it is a mechanical age; but, thank heaven, it is likewise an intellectual and imaginative age; as ages go—even a moral and religious age. Consider that the vital functions of our souls and bodies are still dependent on machinery not worked by steam. It seems but poor philosophy to believe that mind can suffer loss in its nobler faculties from its power over matter—that the discoveries and inventions of physical science enlarge not the sphere of our spiritual being. With what, out of ourselves, have we human beings been contending since the birth of time, but with the difficulties of nature? As we continue to conquer more and more of them, so much power is left free to be employed in the harder conquest over the evils inherent in our own hearts. Again, then, we say, thank heaven, it is a mechanical age—a practical age—an age of Utilitarians. The earth, as if to shame the seers in our own time, has by knowledge been made more and more productive of necessaries, comforts, and luxuries, after her fertility was said to be exhausted; and the great law is now seen to be, that as civilization advances, population creates subsistence. Meanwhile, has the soil of the soul become barren?—and if so, from want of cultivation, or from having been overcropped?

We know not well how many years compose an age. And does it not, eagle-like, renew its youth? The present age seems in its prime—yet we remember it holding its head high fifty years ago. To observe its character truly, and to the life, you must be conversant with all it has said and done. Be not so foolish, we beseech you, as to imagine, for a moment, that it is dead when it is but asleep—that it is asleep when it is but silent. Then, surely, there is an allowable resting on its arms, in august repose, after victories won. The age may be thinking, and therefore still and mute, till, all of a sudden, it rises up, and speaks like the sea.

Never again, as ye love us, say that the age has no imagination. It is the age of genius. A more poetical age never flourished. Thought and passion are prevalent in its highest literature. It rejoices in its

> "Serene creators of immortal things."

Some of the greatest lately dropped the body—some are preparing to follow—few will be seen ten years hence—probably not one; yet the nations, while they are yet weeping, forget their grief, and remember that nature lets not her sweet and solemn singers die, but has destined them a life here below to fade but with the stars.

But, haply, you hold that the age we have been speaking of is past. You see numbers of young men and women; and, regarding them collectively, you call them the present age. The old and elderly seem to you lingering survivors of a time, along with which they had better have departed in the course of nature—and, impatient of their stay, you would forget them if you could; or you say, their day is over, while another and brighter sky salutes the new sons of the morning.

What say you, then, to them who call yours a mechanical age, and yourselves a generation of manufacturers? To refute them, produce your poets. Alas! of poets there are plenty—enow and to spare; but sad and strange to say, few will listen to the nightingales. In plain prose, poetry is declared a drug. The supply, it is averred, has outrun the demand. Oh, horror, there is a *glut!*—and Apollo shuts up shop, having appeared as apothecary in the Gazette—in the list of bankruptcies superseded!

Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1842.

Now, ours is a different opinion altogether on this matter. We assert there is no glut of the real commodity —the genuine article; but flimsy counterfeits of all the favourite patterns have been so multiplied, that people are afraid to buy, and stand far aloof; and we need not dwell on prices in a market-place, how spacious soever, which is peopled exclusively by sellers.

But leaving the consideration of the law of supply and demand to the political economists, let us look in the face of the Pensive Public, and say whether or no we discern there any symptoms of indifference or disgust to poetry and poets. She doth wear, we confess it, a somewhat sourish aspect; but on what poetry, and on what poets, may the melancholy maid be musing? On the Small-beer School, or haply, on that of Imperial Pop? These Schools insist on being heard at all hours, even on the most solemn occasions; and what, we ask, can be more unseasonable than the sudden clunk or crack of a cork, during a formal forenoon call, an evening conversazzione, a marriage, or a funeral? The beer may, like that of Trinity, be a very pretty beer, but it ought to learn to take things quietly, and be less ambitious; seldom doth brown stout, in that obstreperous style, seek to burst on the world—Glenlivet never. Yet sometimes to such report doth the Pensive Public her ear not ungraciously incline; and, putting forth her lily hand, she lifteth to her rosy mouth that of the importunate blackamoor; when, lo and behold! the contents have vanished in froth, and she kisses a barmy deposit.

But there is better poetry than the above to be had for love or money. Its cultivators "the primrose path of dalliance tread." They are "all for love and a little for the bottle"—nature is the mistress they adore—and with a phial in the left hand, of rose-water or prussic acid, they seem, while inditing a sonnet, intent on suicide. They excel in the pathetic and the sweetly pretty; but some of the more highly gifted among them are addicted to delineations of the darker passions, and their *forte* is the intense. Keep that threne some inches further from your noses and eyes, or they will water as at the contact of a vinaigrette. Remarkable inconsistencies of genius! That threne was indited by a curled darling with pink cheeks, who has occasionally performed the part of a peristrephic image in the window of a friseur!

Where shall we place "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease?" They have no connexion with the swell mob, though that incorporation has its poets too; but are persons of birth and breeding, and the best of them border on an agreeable mediocrity, that in manuscript appears tip-top composition. But, somehow or other, it does not stand being printed, and comes out very wish-washy from the press. Yet among them are prize poets, men who in their Club continue to cultivate the fine classical vein that distinguished them in their College. Nevertheless, Shelley and Keats are their idols; and they, too, must needs sing of the Sensitive Plant and Ruth.

Next come the professional poets. Most of them are young men from thirty to fifty years of age, who, having figured with effect in some chosen periodical while yet mere boys pretty well on in their third decade, come forth, when able to stand by themselves, in a separate volume, in the full effulgence of youthful manhood. Half a century ago, poets half a century old were gazed at reverentially by the risen generation, less perhaps on account of their genius than of their grey hairs. Nay, poets of a quarter of a century were respected for their years, and their images were combined in public imagination with those of a wife and small family. Now-a-days, they are regarded as precocious children, and the leading Reviews break out with prophecies of glory awaiting them in future years, when they shall be nearing man's estate. People in the provinces, who have not been let into the secret, start on their introduction to "one of the most promising of our young poets," at beholding a bald or bush-headed man of middle age, in spectacles, and, if not with an indisputable pot-belly, yet "corpulent exceedingly," and, by rude guess, fourteen stone avoirdupois. Some are indeed slender; but, with few exceptions, they agree in this—in case of a militia they are safe from the ballot.

For a good many years have we been praising the Young Poets—not without a sense of the ludicrous, patting their puerile heads. "Lyart

haffets wearing thin and bare," look queer on an Apollo adolescens, fat fair and forty, blushing from his first maiden attempt before the eyes of the town. Why, "when our auld cloak was new," a poet was supposed to have reached the age of puberty at twenty—ere that term Campbell had realized the Pleasures of Hope—soon after it, Akenside the Pleasures of Imagination. A poet of thirty was reckoned quite an old stager, entreated by miss in her teens not to dance lest he should crack the Achillean tendon, or bring down the floor. Now he leaves the dinner-table with the ladies, and hands the tea-cups.

> "Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
> He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
> Soft disengage"——

To be serious—what have our Young Poets done? They pray for a soul like a sea, and out it squirts in a sonnet. They tell you that it flows like a river; but you know a canal when you see it, and a cut, too, before the water has been let on from the reservoir. A pond with a drooping willow, and a leash of wooden ducks, is a pretty close scene—quite a picture—but not for the pencil of a Turner. In landscape-painting by a great poet, we look for a breadth of canvass—or, which is the same thing, or better, "a region" on an oblong that might be put into your pocket. Our Young Poets, as Fanny Kemble used to say of herself in her Journal, potter, potter, potter, and all about themselves; morning, noon, and night, they potter, potter, potter all about their own dear, sweet, consumptive, passionate, small, infantile selves—trying at times to look fierce, nay facetious—and in the very whirlwind of passion, sufficiently tropical to lift up a curl tastefully disposed on their organ of identity three inches broad, are they seen picking obsolete-looking words out of a pocket edition of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary—an artifice among the cognoscenti called "tipping the quaint." And thus are they occupied for years! Never for a moment conjecturing that possibly they may have immortal souls to be lost or saved. A pin-point burnisher appears in comparison a many-sided man, plying a various and comprehensive handicraft, in which mind ministers to metal, and on material substance all the spiritual faculties are brought into full play.

Our friends, the Young Poets, will forgive in the Old Man these splenetic moods of his own mind, "between malice and true love," worth a thousand eulogies from any other quill, and reconcilable not only with kind affection, but with high admiration. Why, ye are all boys of our own, ye dogs; and Crusty Christopher has celebrated your names—so he need not now mention them—over "whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms." And now we perceive that we have brought ourselves, by a pleasant circumbendibus, sweepingly round to the very point from which we started in our initial sentence; and if there were any mystery before in the fact—if fact it be—that poetry is a drug, and a drug at discount, we think we have afforded the solution.

The lovers of poetry have fallen back on the old bards yet living, or but lately dead. By searching out, they find nothing in you Young Poets of equal excellence with the treasures lying in the works of your immediate predecessors, open to the whole world's use. Concealed beauties are nature's delights; but they are concealed by her, not that human eyes may miss them in the places of their nativity, but because by her fiat they love the shade, and live by glimpses of light that know the way into their most shy recesses. Lift up the leaf, and there is the flower. The buds are encaged in dew, but the blossoms affront the sun softly shining through trees; and in the forest glade, that bank, all spring long, has been gorgeous with unburning fire.

The lovers of poetry have fallen back on still older bards. Think ye Shakspeare and Milton are without their worshippers? God forbid they should be talked about as men talk about politics and the weather! But in how many thousand libraries—great and small—are they to be found? Bequeathed unawares from generation to generation—neglected by whole families during whole lifetimes—by their successors rescued from idle oblivion, their names again household words, and their spirits household gods!

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs

Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be number'd among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days."

So prayed Wordsworth — not in vain. Few are they who might blamelessly join in that prayer—that is, with justifiable hope of its fulfilment.

One grievous fault may be found with all our Young Poets—they want fire. Steel and flint seldom meet in their hands—when they do, the sparks fall on matter that will not ignite. Or we may say of them, that they walk into dark corridors with unlighted candles—with torches that will not flare up—with lamps unprovided with oil, as if the bearers thought the polished burnish would the gloom illumine. They look like patients enjoying a partial recovery from ague—"Poor Tom's a-cold!"

And yet, such is the indestructible love of poetry in the hearts of men, that, in spite of all their wants, our Young Poets have been hailed with loud acclaim, and their merits, so far from having been overlooked or undervalued, have been allowed, and rated much above their intrinsic worth. Therefore the hearts of more than one of the worthiest have burned within them, not, alas! with more fervent heat of inspiration, but with flickering fires of vanity, thought by them to be pride; and, making golden calves of themselves, they have bowed down and worshipped their own reflections in brazen mirrors, artistically contrived for the solemn rites of self-adoration. Tell them they are calves—and sucking-calves, too—and they low against you with voices corroborative of the truth they deny. We pity Narcissus—but have no patience with the self-idolatry of the son of a cow.

No poet who hopes for immortality should ever look into a glass, except for a few minutes, on Saturday night, when beautifying his visage *by a shave*. Whereas, our Young Poets are seldom away from it—perpetually "holding the mirror up to nature," and falling "to such perusal of their face as they would draw it." We verily believe they see it in their dreams. It haunts every house in which they happen to take a night's lodging; and, in cases of indigestion, it grins at them through the physiognomy of the nightmare.

The world and we are beginning, we suspect, to be wearied of the Young Poets; and, in such peevish moods as will occasionally steal upon the most benign, we captiously enquire into their age. We give parish-clerks shillings to search parish-registers, and we fling in their teeth extracts establishing their conversion to Christianity before the present century had seen the sun. By deducting a few lustres from our own longevity, we find that the difference between our age and theirs is not worth mentioning; and, on their calling us Old Christopher, we ask them to explain. We then offer to show legs—challenge the most agile to the Houlachan, and set the question at rest for ever, by throwing a somerset.

Old Christopher, indeed! Do not, most pensive of Publics, accuse us of pride. We are railing in humility of heart at the sons of little men, for strutting on tiptoe, with smirking faces, among the shadows of the mighty, and among the selves of the mighty yet moving sedately in flesh and blood on this our green round earth. Why, ours has been and is the Age of Gods, and Demigods, and Heroes, and Men. Nor among the Hoipolloi has there been a want of tall fellows. Why, then, all this strutting and smirking on the part of pigmies? How dare their Forlorn Hope, even to the maddening blare of many penny trumpets, seek to storm Mount Parnassus?

Now, would you believe it, all this is intended for a preface or introduction to a short critique on Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome!"

What! Poetry from Macaulay? Ay—and why not? The House hushes itself to hear him, even when "Stanley is the cry." If he be not the first of critics, (spare our blushes,) who is? Name the Young Poet who could have written The Armada, and kindled, as if by electricity, beacons on all the brows of England till night grew day?

The Young Poets, we said, all want fire. Macaulay, then, is not one of the set; for he is full of fire. The Young Poets, too, are somewhat weakly; he is strong. The Young Poets are rather ignorant; his knowledge is great. The Young Poets mumble books; he devours them. The Young Poets daily with their subject; he strikes its heart. The Young Poets

twiddle on the Jew's harp; he sounds the trumpet. The Young Poets are arrayed in long singing-robes, and look like women; he chants succinct—if need be—for a charge. The Young Poets are still their own heroes; he sees but the chiefs he celebrates. The Young Poets weave dreams with shadows transitory as clouds; with substances he builds realities lasting as rocks. The Young Poets are imitators all; he is original. The Young Poets steal from all and sundry, and deny their thefts. He robs in the face of day. Whom? Homer.

We said just now—he is original. In his Preface, he traces what appears to him to have been the process by which the lost Ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. And the object of his Ballads is to reverse the process—to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made.

"The Latin ballads perished for ever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the old Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose. It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected, on such an occasion, to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles. It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshalling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the same proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces, and to command the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompanies the adventurers through the streets; but the voice of lamentation is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayers and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving great deeds of valour against overwhelming numbers, all perish save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring, for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so full of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place. The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body, all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and the most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle, as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet, from the dull and feeble narrative by which they were

surrounded, would retouch them with a delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal."

All scholars know that Niebuhr speaks of the *lays and legends* out of which grew the fabulous history of old Rome. He calls Livy's account of the battle at the Lake Regillus, "a rich and beautiful epical narrative;" and says, "the gigantic battle, in which the gods openly take part, and determine the result, closes the *Lay of the Tarquins;* and I am convinced that I am not mistaken in conjecturing, that, in the old poem, the whole generations who had been warring with one another ever since the crime of Sextus, were swept away in this *Mort of heroes.*" "Lays of Ancient Rome," then, is not a thought of Macaulay's; but the thought, though suggested before, would not have appeared capable and worthy of execution except to a man of genius and a scholar, one who had a strong power of placing himself under the full influence of an imagined situation, and whose elaborate and accurate study of antiquity furnished him with an ample and authentic store of names and incidents, dress and drapery, manners and feelings. The seed scattered abroad found here a fit and fertile soil to receive it.

Let Niebuhr flourish: let truth, in its most rigid and critical particularity, be sought for and sifted. But, after all, the legends of a nation like Rome will be as full of truth as the dry bones of authoritative history. As history in general is said to be less truthful than poetry, so the fictions which were formed and cherished among a great people, though false in their details, may be more true in the spirit, than the letter of the best attested discoveries which had been lost sight of in popular tradition.

That much of early Roman history must be fabulous, all men always knew; for they had no letters for centuries—no historians till centuries later—and all public monuments had been destroyed by fire. All, then, was left to tradition; and what faith could be placed in tradition, reaching back so far?

Tradition, it is easy to see, must, from many causes, still stray further and further from the truth in each succeeding generation. What innumerable unintentional inaccuracies must occur in each successive narrator's statement of the facts—from the gathering on them of obscurity, through which they loom larger than life, or sink into the shade, or are partially discerned, or recede into oblivion! Then how perpetual is the action of imagination upon every narrative! A slight variation in the circumstances of the event suggests a new meaning in it; and the event itself is then altered in its outline to sustain that idea of its significance. Sometimes that is done involuntarily; oftener, perhaps, the process is wilfully indulged, as nothing more than an innocent ingenious restoration of the traces which time had obliterated.

But more powerful in its operation than all these influences, is the natural disposition in men to find something great and marvellous in the antiquity—in the "mighty youth" of a great nation. Otherwise it would seem as if the present greatness wanted an adequate cause.

"Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!"

There are proud regards of the olden time natural to a people possessed of empire; and, as Livy pleasantly observes, we must just admit the one, as we submit to the other. There was here justice in the fiction. If Romulus was not, he ought to have been, the Son of Mars.

Much of the early Roman history, then, is pure fable; but much of it also must have a basis of truth. When pure fable, must it be omitted from history? Livy thought not. But the obviously fabulous he generally gives as tradition, (*fama tenet,*) and traditions are a legitimate part of history when they are given as such. The pursuit of the fabulous in Roman history, is not of the noblest, and sometimes it signally fails. Thus the story of Horatius Cocles was denied, because Polybius, who wrote before Livy, says that Porsena completely conquered the Romans, as if the two things were not perfectly compatible.

Out of a natural reverence of antiquity, springs, it would seem, a disposition in men to find in its history the marvellous in incident, as well as the marvellous in human character and achievement. Is not the *pure* fable often in the incidents? the *mixed* in the character and situation of the great men? Incident being

the natural element of fiction; and hence the coinage easiest, and afterwards ready for the apprehension of all minds.

The legends of early Rome are well adapted to imaginative treatment, as themselves are the offspring of imagination. They have already received their first purgation from the dross of reality—they have been smelted, and lie prepared for another glowing furnace. Or may we not rather say, that the whole life and meaning of the early heroes of Rome are represented in the few isolated events and characters which have come down; and what a source of picturesque exaggeration to these events and characters there is in the total want of all connected history! They have thus acquired a pregnancy of meaning which renders them the richest subjects of poetic contemplation; and to evolve the sentiment they embody in any form we choose, is a proper exercise of the fancy. For the same reason, is not the history which is freest of the interpreting reflection that characterizes most modern histories, and presents most strictly the naked incident, always that which affords the best, and, as literature shows, the most frequent subjects of imagination?

The Roman character is highly poetical—bold, brave, and independent—devoid of art or subtlety—full of faith and hope—devoted to the cause of duty, as comprised in the two great points, of reverence for the gods and love of country. Shakspeare saw its fitness for the drama; and these "Lays of Ancient Rome" are, in their way and degree, a further illustration of the truth. Mr Macaulay might have taken, and we trust will yet take, wider ground; but what he has done, he has done nobly, and like "an antique Roman."

Who, when looking back upon the nations, with the view of understanding what that specific character of greatness may have been, which in the highest power of human achievement rested, in simple heroic magnanimity, *most absolutely upon itself*, feels not his imagination drawn irresistibly to the old warriors and statesmen—real or fabulous he cares not—the more fabulous the more real—of Republican Rome? Wielding, as they did, the only unmatched power that was ever known upon earth, nursed in arms and danger, sustaining each in his person the celebrity of a great ancestral name, and growing up alike to the highest charges of civil and military command—there could not well be a birth, a morning, and a noon of life, in which the spirit of the human heart might rise more gloriously and steadfastly in the consciousness and the capacity of a great destination. They knew nothing higher nor greater than the lot to which they were born, and they saw nothing above themselves; they stood at the top of earthly pre-eminence. Serving their ambitious country, they were called to enterprize without bounds; they must know no fear, nothing unachievable. The renown and the safety of the republic rested on the single leader of one day's battle. They must feel themselves to be invincible. And these are indeed the characters which we find in these heroic minds; no height of daring was above their hope to climb; no invasion of peril could appal them; and whatever duty might be laid upon them, they felt themselves equal to the charge. What is extraordinary is, that among such numbers of intrepid, ardent, and unconquerable minds, engaged too in prosecuting ambitious wars, so many should have been found, in whom it does not seem that ambition had a place. They served their country's passion for conquest and renown, and yet kept themselves temperate, austere, and just. We cannot but think that we are to ascribe to the virtuous and simple manners of the early republic, that peculiar character of these great men, their own virtuous simplicity. We imagine nothing above the powers of their minds, or their noble desires, in those spirits which have made the earth blaze with their course. These ancient fathers of Rome are *their* equals. Whence is it, then, that their greatness did not break forth in ceaseless and consuming flames? Because the hand that had thrice triumphed returned to the plough; and the dictator must leave his new-turned furrows to take upon him the deliverance of Rome. It was the simple virtue of those stern but pure times—a virtue never forgotten—that was able, like a mighty spell, to control the grandeur of those unconquerable spirits, and confine them within themselves. And hence it is not possible

for us to read their history, without feeling that there rests upon them the august renown of a moral greatness. They were sages in the calm and meditative quiet of their little field, as they were awful rulers while they held, in their might of princely counsel, the sway of the state—as they were dread leaders in the front of victorious fight. We can find no other explanation of what is scarce elsewhere to be found, nowhere else in such frequent example, the very height of heroic greatness with the simple plainness and contented obscurity, if the expression could be used, of these men, who, when they had discharged their part to their country, were indifferent further to their own glory.

But will we never have done? To the book.

The Ballad of Horatius is supposed to have been made about the year of the city CCCLX.—about a hundred and twenty years after the era it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. Lars Porsena of Clusium has sworn by the Nine Gods to restore the Tarquins, and over all his dominions summoned his array. The Gathering is good, and proud may be the King; for

"There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena,
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er;
Traced from the right on liven white
By mighty seers of yore.

"And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
'Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven!
Go; and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shield of Rome.'"

The alarm in Rome is well described in a few picturesque stanzas, and the flocking in "from all the spacious champaign" of the terrified rustics, with their goods and chattels, old men, women, and children. Astur has stormed Janiculum; and the Fathers rush from the Senate to the walls.

"Outspoke the Consul roundly,
'The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.'"

The enemy's van approaches the bridge—and Porsena in his ivory car is conspicuous, with Mamilius the Latian prince, and Sextus the ravisher, at his side.

"But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist."

Nothing can be simpler than the soul-stirring stanzas in which Horatius offers to defend the pass till they hew down the bridge, and Spurius Lartius and Herminius step forth to join him, with a few sufficient words.

"Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

"The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass;

"Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

"Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

"Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

"Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail.'

"But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

"But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

"He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?'

"Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

"He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprung right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breath out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

"And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

"On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?'

"But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

"But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood."

Meanwhile Fathers and Commons have not been idle, but with hatchet, bar, and crow, have been hacking away at the planks and props—a cry from the walls warns the Three to recross, and Lartius and Herminius having done their duty, obey it, but Horatius stands fast.

"Then, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosen'd beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splash'd the yellow foam!"

We have quoted enough to show the strength and spirit of the unflagging fifty-six stanzas, in which all these great ongoings are pictured; but the best are to come:—

" Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

" Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

" 'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

" No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

" But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

" Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

" 'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus;
'Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!'
'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena,
'And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.'

" And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

" They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

" It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

" And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

" And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

" When the oldest cask is open'd,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

" When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

There are critics who think they

have paid a ballad of some six hundred lines, like this, the highest of all possible compliments, when they have said that they read it once and again right through, from beginning to end, without fatigue or ennui, and without skipping a single stanza—a week only having intervened between perusals. And nothing more common than to hear people in general speak of one perusal as the utmost demand any human composition can be privileged to make on any human patience. The instant they happen to take up a book they have "read before," that very instant they drop it, as if their hand were stung. Why, Sir Walter kept reciting his favourite old ballads almost every day in his life for forty years, and with the same fire about his eyes, till even they grew dim at last. He would have rejoiced in "Horatius," as if he had been a doughty Douglas. We have read it till we find we have got it by heart, and, as our memory is nothing remarkable, all the syllables must have gone six times through our sensorium.

We do dearly love to see a poem of action get over the ground. The bridge down, there was no time to lose, and no time is lost. Horatius is in no hurry—but he hastes. All is sudden and quick—the sight of his home—the prayer—the plunge—the silence—the cheers—the swim—the dry earth—the shouting—the weeping—the elevation through the gate of the River who saved his hero. A tender touch or two come in here and there; and we especially applaud "his *gory* hands." Striking out in that style across good Father Tiber in flood, one might have thought his hands would need no more washing; but they did—and slight fingers and fair ones cleansed them in a silver basin—nor wanted his head, we venture to say, that night such pillow as once assuaged Mars, months before Romulus was born.

Porsena was a noble personage; and he "shines well where he stands," throughout the ballad. Much is made of his power and state on the march, for he knew what kind of city he sought to storm. But his magnanimity is grandly displayed by his behaviour at the bridge—in contrast with the false Sextus, cruel and pusillanimous ever. The conclusion of the ballad is eminently beautiful.

"The Battle of the Lake Regillus" is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the Lay of Horatius, and to have been chanted at the solemnities annually performed on the Ides of Quintilis, in commemoration of the appearance of Castor and Pollux on the great day decisive of the fate of the Tarquins. All the knights, clad in purple, and crowned with olive, met at a temple of Mars in the suburbs, and thence rode in state to the Forum, where the Temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome.

The Lay opens abruptly, in the ballad style:—

"Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!
  Ho, lictors, clear the way!
The knights will ride, in all their pride,
  Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
  Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,
  To Mars without the wall."

Transition is finely made to the career of the Twins from the East, on the Great day—

"To where, by Lake Regillus,
Was fought the glorious fight;"

and, after some most impressive lines on the peaceful beauty in which the famous field has been lying for two hundred years, the poet sings of the origin of the war with the Latines, (the demand by the Thirty Cities on Rome to receive the Tarquins,) and the march of the Romans, under Aulus, the Dictator, to give them battle near the Lake. A splendid description ensues of the Latin host; and we cannot help quoting from it one most striking stanza:—

"Lavinium and Circeium
  Had on the left their post,
With all the banners of the marsh,
  And banners of the coast.
Their leader was false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame:
With restless pace, and haggard face,
  To his last field he came.
Men say he saw strange visions,
  Which none beside might see;
And that strange sounds were in his ears,
  Which none might hear but he.
A woman fair and stately,
  But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
  Sate spinning by his bed.

And as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she,
Until the East was grey;
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
And shrieked, and fled away."

Such fighting as forthwith ensues we have not read of for many a day. Mr Macaulay, in his prefatory note, tells us, almost in the words of Niebuhr, (whose words he more than once uses without seeming to be aware of it,) that the Battle of the Lake Regillus, in Livy, is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants are on horseback instead of chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides, he adds, is, as in the Iliad, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain; and several circumstances are related, which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus. What think you of *this?*—

"But fiercer grew the fighting
Around Valerius dead;
For Titus dragg'd him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head.
'On, Latines, on!' quoth Titus,
'See how the rebels fly!'
'Romans, stand firm!' quoth Aulus,
'And with this fight or die!
They must not give Valerius
To raven and to kite;
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
And aye upheld the right:
And for your wives and babies
In the front rank he fell.
Now play the men for the good house
That loves the people well!'

"Then tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest,
When a strong north wind blows.
Now backward, and now forward,
Rocked furiously the fray,
Till none could see Valerius,
And none wist where he lay.
For shivered arms and ensigns
Were heaped there in a mound,
And corpses stiff, and dying men
That writhed and gnawed the ground;
And wounded horses kicking,
And snorting purple foam:
Right well did such a couch befit
A Consular of Rome."

The day is black on Rome; and the Dictator, looking north, asks Cossus, captain of the guard, what he sees "through yonder storm of dust come from the Latian right?" The banner of Tusculum—and, before the plumed horsemen, him of the golden helmet, purple vest, and dark-grey charger, Mamilius, Prince of the Latian name. The Dictator bids his captain ride southward, where Herminius is engaged with the Lavinians, and summon him to oppose Mamilius. Full soon

"The cheering
Rose with a mighty swell;
Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well!
* * * *
All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and grey.
* * * *
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score!"

Like master like man, is an old homely saying—and we add, like rider like horse. Mamilius was a fiery spirit—so was Herminius—and they killed one another so suddenly, that they gave us no time to study and discriminate their characters, as they might have been exhibited in a protracted combat. But, if like rider like horse be an admitted truth, the Roman was the superior man of the two—the better to conduct a retreat or pursue a victory.

"Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thunder'd his flying feet:
He rush'd through the gate of Tusculum,
He rush'd up the long white street;
He rush'd by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.

And straightway round him gather'd
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him cries of rage
Brake forth, and wailing loud:
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall.

"But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he look'd
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia wash'd and comb'd,
And twined in even tresses,
And deck'd with colour'd ribands
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire."

Titus Tarquinius — too good for such a race—springs forth to seize Black Auster, but Aulus of the Seventy Fights indignantly strikes him dead. Then stroking the raven mane, the Dictator says to Auster—

"'Now bear me well, Black Auster,
Into yon thick array,
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day.'

"So spake he; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know:
White as snow their armour was:
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

"And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak.
'Say by what name men call you;
What city is your home?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome?'

"'By many names men call us;
In many lands we dwell:
Well Samothracia knows us;
Cyrene knows us well.
Our house in gay Tarentum
Is hung each morn with flowers:
High o'er the masts of Syracuse
Our marble portal towers:
But by the proud Eurotas
Is our dear native home;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome.'

"So answer'd those strange horsemen,
And each couch'd low his spear:
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
Were bold, and of good cheer:
And on the thirty armies
Came wonder and affright,
And Ardea waver'd on the left,
And Cora on the right.
'Rome to the charge!' cried Aulus;
'The foe begins to yield!
Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
Charge for the Golden Shield!
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay:
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day.'

"Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose,
The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close.
Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay:
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rush'd Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker lay the slain;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toil'd in vain.
Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain:
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow;
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po."

That is the way of doing business. A cut-and-thrust style, without any flourish—Scott's style, when his soul was up, and the first words came like a vanguard impatient for battle; as—

"When down came the Templars, like Kedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood."

The apparition of the Twins is seen by poetical eyes, and felt by a martial heart. Godlike they are, yet manlike too. The Romans rejoice in the aid from heaven—if from heaven these strange

horsemen be—but old Aulus fights as well as either—and black Auster charges close at the heels of the steeds as white as snow.

The Dioscuri sustain their divinity as nobly in the city as by the lake.

"'Hail to the great Asylum!
Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!'

"Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, 'The day is ours!'
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And wash'd their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they pass'd,
And no man saw them more.

"And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius the High Pontiff
Alone found voice to speak:
'The Gods who live for ever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph,
Who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they wash'd their horses
In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis,
Mark'd evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
With music and with song;
And let the doors and windows
Be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summon'd
To Mars without the wall:
Thence let them ride in purple
With joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
And each with olive crown'd;
And pass in solemn order
Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.'"

The great occupation of the power of man in early society, is to make war. Of course, his great poetry will be that which celebrates war. The mighty races of men, and their mightiest deeds, are represented in such poetry. It contains "the glory of the world," in some of its noblest ages. The whole Iliad is war. If we consider warlike poetry merely as breathing the spirit of fighting—the fierce ardour of combat—we fall to a much lower measure of human conception. The songs of Tyrtæus, goading into battle, are simply of this kind; and their class is evidently not a high one. Far above them, must have been those poems of the ancient German nations, which were chanted in the front of battle, reciting the acts of old heroes, to exalt their courage. These being breathed out of the heart of passion of a people, must have been good. The spirit of fighting was there involved with all their most ennobling conceptions; and yet was purely pugnacious. One would conceive, that, if there could be found any where in language the real breathing spirit of lust for fight, which is in some nations, there would be conceptions and passion of blood-thirst—which are not in Homer. There are flashes of it in Æschylus. Lord Byron could have done it notably. We discern two distinct species of martial composition. One simply martial, which is a sort of voice to the spirit of war—of which there must have been many among the early states of Italy and Greece—national hymns and songs, with which the whole warlike feeling of

the people was associated; something like the effect of the Marseillois Hymn. And the other—the poetry of genius—which merely uses war, because there is grandeur in it; and partly, because it happens to be that species of greatness which has fallen under its own observation. This cannot properly be called martial—though it becomes martial at moments—truly addressing itself to the fighting nature of man. As to warlike poetry in these days of ours, it is not possible to doubt that there are many mighty poetical scenes to be derived from our warfare. A single mighty battle like Waterloo, deciding the fates that were in arbitration, might be the subject of a poem; because the contemplation of the destinies of nations is of the matter of poetry; and it is conceivable there might be a poem of the most exalted kind, by some Homer, in which the destinies of man, and the philosophy of the events of the Revolution, should be sung incomparably, and in the midst of which a battle of Waterloo, graphic even in its description, should have place; because such a battle, locally, and in a point of time, deciding such destinies by prowess of men, amidst fires and death, is in the highest degree poetical, bringing the usually indefinite shapes of the great agencies and processes of national events for a moment into distinct and palpable reality, giving to the indefinite invisible powers a momentary presence in human life. In such a battle there might be a few famous names of men; and very technical terms of war might be introduced, inasmuch as they are words comprehending powers. This is merely to say that modern war may be made a subject of description in great poetry; but that is a very different matter from warlike poetry. The battle of Trafalgar would be a better instance—which, in some sort, neither began nor ended any thing, but which was a sort of consummation of national prowess. That would have had its magnitude in itself. Such a poem could not have been a narrative one, which becomes at once a gazette: but it might have been to a great degree graphic. The purport of it would have been the power of England upon the ocean; and it would have been a song of glory. In such a poem, the character and feelings of British seamen would have had agency, and very minute expression of the feelings with which they fight would have been in place. In fact, the life of such a poem would have been wanting, if it had not contained a record of the nature of the children of the ocean—the strugglers in war and in storm. It seems to us more difficult to ground a poem under the auspices of the Duke of York or Lord Hill. The character of sailors, severed as it is from all other life, has more of a poetical whole: their fleet, too, borne on the ocean—being human existence resting immediately upon great elementary nature—and connected immediately with her great powers, and even to the eye single in the ocean solitudes—all is at once, and almost in itself, poetical. But military war is much harder to conceive of in poetry. Our army is not an independent existence, having for ages a peculiar life of its own. It is merely an arm of the nation, which it stretches forth when need requires. Thus, though there are high qualities in our soldiery, there is scarcely the individual life which fits a body of men to belong to poetry. In Schiller's *Camp of Wallenstein*, there is individuality of life given to soldiery with good effect. We do not see that the army of Lord Wellington, all through the war of the Peninsula—though the most like a continued separate life of any thing we have had in the military way—comes up to poetry. We think that if our army can be viewed poetically, it must be merely considering it as the courage of the nation, clothed in shape, and acting in visible energy—to that tune there might be warlike strains for the late war; but then it would have nothing of peculiar military life, but would merge in the general life of the nation. There would be no camp life.

All which conclusions are rather inconclusive; because it is plain, that if any poet, breathing the spirit of battle, knew intimately the Peninsular war, it would rest entirely with himself to derive poetry from it or not. Every passion that is intense may be made the ground-work of poetry; and the passion with which the British charge the French with bayonets or sabres is, or may be believed to be, sufficiently intense to ground poetry upon. But

it could not go a great way. It would merely furnish some chants of battle; and the introduction of our land-fighting into any great poetry, would, as we conjecture, require the intermingling of interests not warlike.

Of the circumstances that give a real character of greatness and sublimity to war, it may scarcely be necessary to speak. The imagination of all nations of men has acknowledged their grandeur. Even philosophical poets, treating with disdain the blind tumult of conflicting powers in which war consists—as Milton, who often speaks scornfully of war—yet avail themselves of its poetical greatness. It is, indeed, that blind fierce tumult that gives to war its essential grandeur. If there were nothing but an intellectual guidance of great powers, it would not have the same dread sublimity. But the unconquerable powers of courage and thought, struggling and maintaining their own supremacy in the midst of horrible and raging destruction, is essentially sublime; and the very *lowness* of the powers that are engaged in the conflict are requisite to this peculiar character. The pain—the rending of limbs and flesh—the material elements of destruction—the sword's remorseless edge—the lance driven through all defence—and yet more, perhaps, the bayonet piercing the naked breasts—bullets that fly like the arrows of chance—and the dread artillery that shatters away whole legions of men in its tempestuous sweep—these, and the agonies of animal nature—writhings, groans, and shrieks, and savage exultation—flames, and sulphurous clouds—and the roar of battle; all these things magnify the greatness of those spiritual powers that walk in their unblemished majesty in the midst of this horrible strife: to all of which is to be added the effect of the beauty of material power—the splendour of arms and array—the magnificence of horses charging through clouds of smoke, throngs of men, or rivers—the admiration with which we look upon the strength, stature, and speed of men, when ministering to the work of their spirit. The very thundering of cannon is sublime, because it is a voice of destructive power—as the peal that rolls through the heavens—the bellowing of volcanoes—the flash in which the concentrated energy of destruction is visible to the eye.

But let us return to our book. Mr Macaulay says, that a collection, consisting exclusively of war-songs, would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads; for the patricians, during a century and a half after the expulsion of the kings, held all the high military commands, and plebeians, however distinguished by valour and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. The warriors mentioned in the two preceding Lays were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the commonwealth. He therefore supposes that a popular Poet has made a New Song on the election of Lucius Sextinius Lateranus and Caius Licinius Calvus Stolo, Tribunes of the People, for the fifth time, in the year of the city CCCLXXII.; and, for that Song, the Poet—himself a plebeian—availing himself of the license of such an occasion, and burning with hatred of the Patrician Order, chooses the subject of all others best fitted to annoy Appius Claudius Crassus—grandson of the infamous decemvir—who had been in vain opposing the re-election of the men of the people—and to "cut the Claudian family to the heart." Just as the plebeians are bearing the two champions of liberty through the Forum, the Poet takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and recites to the crowd the Lay of which we here have the surviving fragments.

He begins fiercely, and, by a few strong strokes, brings "the worst of all the wicked Ten" before the eyes of his auditors. His language is at first somewhat coarse, as it ought to be—and not the worse for that; but all at once his voice softens, and his words grow gentle, as he sees a vision of the young Virginia.

"Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.

With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank, brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet."

Here some verses of the Lay are supposed to be lost; and then comes an animated narrative of the commotion caused by the seizure of Virginia by Marcus, the creature of Appius Claudius, on pretence of her being his slave. The crowd are awed by the sound of the Claudian name—but

"Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius press'd,
And stamp'd his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords are hung,
And beckon'd to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Pour'd thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"'Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance done on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sires?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that storm'd the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curb'd the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whiten'd the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They fac'd the Marcian fury; they tam'd the Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shiver'd fasces home.
But what their care bequeath'd us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honours—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No Tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye have them:—keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?

Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street,
Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,
Lest when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare!'"

Out of Scripture, neither man nor woman, we believe, can bear to read of Jephtha's daughter. Iphigenia at Aulis is a spectacle from which we avert our eyes—and thinking of it, we could almost pardon Clytemnestra for dispatching Agamemnon. Brutus condemns his sons to death with shut doors—to us, at least, the court that day is closed. It is too horrid for us to hear Medea murdering her children—for ears communicate to the soul as dismally as eyes—witness panics. We shall say not a word of the smothering of Desdemona. Call them sacrifices—not murders—but shudder. In Rome a father's power was great—and sacred in his soul the virginity of a daughter. Slavery and pollution are in themselves worse than death—and we do not condemn Virginius. The legend accompanies well that of Lucretia, and could have risen and prevailed only among a virtuous people.

"Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown:
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse changed voice he spake, 'Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou know'st not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died."

This is the only passage in the volume that can be called—in the usual sense of the word—pathetic. It is indeed, the only passage in whic

Mr Macaulay has sought to stir up that profound emotion. Has he succeeded? We hesitate not to say he has, to our heart's desire. Pity and terror are both there—but pity is the stronger; and, though we almost fear to say it, horror there is none—or, if there be, it subsides wholly towards the close, which is followed by a feeling of peace. This effect has been wrought simply by letting the course of the great natural affections flow on, obedient to the promptings of a sound, manly heart, unimpeded and undiverted by any alien influences, such as are but too apt to steal in upon inferior minds when dealing imaginatively with severe trouble, and to make them forget, in the indulgence of their own self-esteem, what a sacred thing is misery.

In the hubbub is heard a father's curse—and the howl of Appius Claudius, mad with rage and fear, as Virginius strides off to call vengeance from the camp.

"By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, 'What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!'
Till then the voice of pity and fury was not loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian hill, beyond the Latin gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers, and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnaw'd his lip, and the blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckon'd with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell.
'See, see, thou dog! what hast thou done; and hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that would'st make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!'
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs, and his wrongs,
His vengeance, and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan bow'd;
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes colour like a maid at sight of sword and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the City-towers;
The Claudian yoke was never press'd on any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild-cat, springs ever at the face;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase;

But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those who smite.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouch'd, and wrung his hands, and smote upon his thigh.
'Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest way!'
While yet he spake, and look'd around with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair;
And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the right,
Array'd themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for fight.
But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they seized his gown:
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down:
And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the yell—
'Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!'—rose with a louder swell:
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an Eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape has donn'd his veil of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear;
And ere he reach'd Mount Palatine he swoon'd with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and sway'd from side to side;
And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be.
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see!"

No such mob-orator and poet, in our days, have our Tribunes of the People. Such spokesmen might do the state some mischief—haply some service. Thank heaven, the history of our party feuds can show no comparable crime; yet there is no want of fuel in the annals of the poor, if there were fire to set it a-blaze. What mean we by mob? The rabble? No! The rascal many? No! no! The swinish multitude? No! no! no! Burke never in all his days called the lower orders of Parisians, at any period of the Revolution, "*the* swinish multitude." His words are, "*that* swinish multitude"—at one particular hour, a multitude of wild, two-legged animals, dancing, all drunk with blood, round a pole surmounted with the bright-haired head of a princess, who had all her life been a sister of charity to the poor. Mob is *mobile*. It matters not much how it is composed, provided only it be of the common run of men and women, and that they have, or think they have, wrongs to be redressed or avenged.

But let us compose ourselves with the "Prophecy of Capys"—a Lay sung at the Banquet in the Capitol, on the day when Manius Curius Dentatus, a second time Consul, triumphed over King Pyrrhus and the Tarentine
the year of the city CCCCLXXIX.
such a day," says Macaulay, "we
suppose that the patriotic enthu
of a Latin poet would vent itself
iterated shouts of *Io Triumphe*,
as were uttered by Horace on
less exciting occasion, and in
resembling those which Virgil,
hundred and fifty years later, pu
the mouth of Anchises. The
riority of some foreign nation, a
pecially of the Greeks, in the la
of peace, would be admitted wit
dainful candour; but pre-emi
in all the qualities which fit a p
to subdue and govern mankind,
be claimed for the Romans."

Yes, say we, the mighty effe
imagination may be observed
lofty patriotism of that great Rep
which rose from such small begin
and at length looked down from its
hills on a conquered world. Amo
noble warriors, the sublime id
mighty Rome seemed almost to
and consecrate the deeds she
manded, and the iniquitous war
were to extend her destined
Though continually in arms
children seldom fought to defe
country; their battles were
yoke people after people to

her triumphs. Men just, and wise, and virtuous, and kind, in the relations of private life, went forth as the willing servants of her ambitious greatness; and, in the midst of her long-continued victory, felt their spirits elated and sustained by love of that country which knew no law but the desire of still-spreading dominion. Their justice and their wisdom lay prostrate under the delusive imagination of a sacred right in that country to command their obedience—under the belief that the gods befriended, and fate had decreed her greatness. They bowed down, in the worship of their souls, before that majestic greatness which was to overshadow land after land; and knew of no right violated, and no duty left undone, while keeping their allegiance, they obeyed her fierce mandates to subdue or to destroy. One image was in their souls: Rome, great and glorious, fulfilling her conquering destinies. To that they devoted their unprized life. In that they were content to find their perpetual fame. In that they accomplished the law of their severe and arduous virtue. When we remember what men they were whom that high and "palmy state" sent forth to execute her triumphs, our mind is filled with wonder, in contemplating the lofty character of their invincible souls; when we consider in what service they grew to their lofty stature, our wonder is augmented; but it may cease, if we consider the power which imagination may hold over the whole spirit of a magnanimous and mighty people; and when we consider what was that awful idea of their country, which held bound, as under a spell, the imagination of the whole Roman race. Their great poet has, indeed, admirably expressed the conception of this never-forgotten principle of Roman minds, this ruling purpose and belief of their spirits through all time, when he has led the founder of the line into the shades, and there his father, the old Anchises, shows him the future heroes of his race, the spirits of the unborn warriors of Rome, and, prophetically describing their fame, he breaks out at last into an inspired exclamation which might seem as directing, with oracular power and preternatural command, the spirit of their deeds through their victorious career of ages to come.

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.
Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

This conception of the City of Mars, as of a power endowed for conquest and dominion, seems to have been perpetually present to the imagination of those great spirits, and to have transformed the virtue of their heroic patriotism, into the service of a gigantic and unprincipled ambition.

Perhaps the "Prophecy of Capys" is the loftiest Lay of the Four. The child of Mars, and foster-son of the she-wolf, is wonderfully well exhibited throughout in his hereditary qualities; and grandly in the Triumph, where the exultation breaks through, that all this gold and silver is subservient to the Roman steel—all the skill and craft of refinement and ingenuity must obey the voice of Roman valour. There are many such things scattered up and down Horace's Odes; but we can scarcely remember any that are more spirited, more racy, or more characteristic, than these Lays; and perhaps the nobility of the early Roman character is as fondly admired and fitly appreciated by an English freeman, as by a courtier of the reign of Augustus.

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum:
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's order'd line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which, with their laurell'd train,
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove's eternal fane.

"Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall vail his lofty brow:
Soft Capua's curled revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow:
The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see;
And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

"The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night;
Thou shalt give his fair-hair'd armies
To the raven and the kite.

"The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East.
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,

The beast who hath between his eyes
  The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
  Wedged close with shield and spear;
And the ranks of false Tarentum
  Are glittering in the rear.

" The ranks of false Tarentum
  Like hunted sheep shall fly:
In vain the bold Epirotes
  Shall round their standards die:
And Apennine's grey vultures
  Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
  Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

" Hurrah! for the good weapons
  That keep the War-god's land.
Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
  In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,
  That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
  Hews deep its gory way.

" Hurrah! for the great triumph
  That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the wan captives
  That pass in endless file.
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
  Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
  Is not the gown wash'd white?

" Hurrah! for the great triumph
  That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,
  And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
  Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
  That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
  The goblets rough with gold,
The many-colour'd tablets bright
  With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
  The brass that seems to speak;—
Such cunning they who dwell on high
  Have given unto the Greek.

" Hurrah! for Manius Curius,
  The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
  Thrice drawn in triumph home.
Weave, weave for Manius Curius
  The third embroider'd gown:
Make ready the third lofty car,
  And twine the third green crown;
And yoke the steeds of Rosea
  With necks like a bended bow;
And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
  The bull as white as snow.

" Blest and thrice blest the Roman
  Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
  Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
  And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
  Of Capitolian Jove.

" Then where, o'er two bright havens,
  The towers of Corinth frown;
Where the gigantic King of Day
  On his own Rhodes looks down;
Where soft Orontes murmurs
  Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
  Of dark-red colonnades;
Where in the still deep water,
  Shelter'd from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
  Of Byrsa's thousand masts;
Where fur-clad hunters wander
  Amidst the Northern ice;
Where through the sand of morning-land
  The camel bears the spice;
Where Atlas flings his shadow
  Far o'er the Western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
  The mighty name of Rome."

It is a great merit of these poems, that they are free from ambition or exaggeration. Nothing seems overdone—no tawdry piece of finery disfigures the simplicity of the plan that has been chosen. They seem to have been framed with great artistical skill—with much self-denial, and abstinence from any thing incongruous—and with a very successful imitation of the effects intended to be represented. Yet every here and there images of beauty, and expressions of feeling, are thrown out that are wholly independent of Rome or the Romans, and that appeal to the widest sensibilities of the human heart. In point of homeliness of thought and language, there is often a boldness which none but a man conscious of great powers of writing would have ventured to show.

In these rare qualities, "The Lays of Ancient Rome" resemble Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," which must have been often ringing in Macaulay's ears, since first he caught their inspiring music more than twenty years ago—when, "like a burnished fly in pride of May," he bounced through the open windows of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." Two such

volumes all a summer's day you may seek without finding among the *works!* of "our Young Poets." People do not call Lockhart and Macaulay poets at all—for both have acquired an inveterate habit of writing prose in preference to verse, and first-rate prose too; but then the genius of the one man is as different as may be from that of the other—agreeing, however, in this, that each exhibits bone and muscle sufficient, if equitably distributed among ten "Young Poets," to set them up among the "rural villages" as strong men, who might even occasionally exhibit in booths as giants.

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